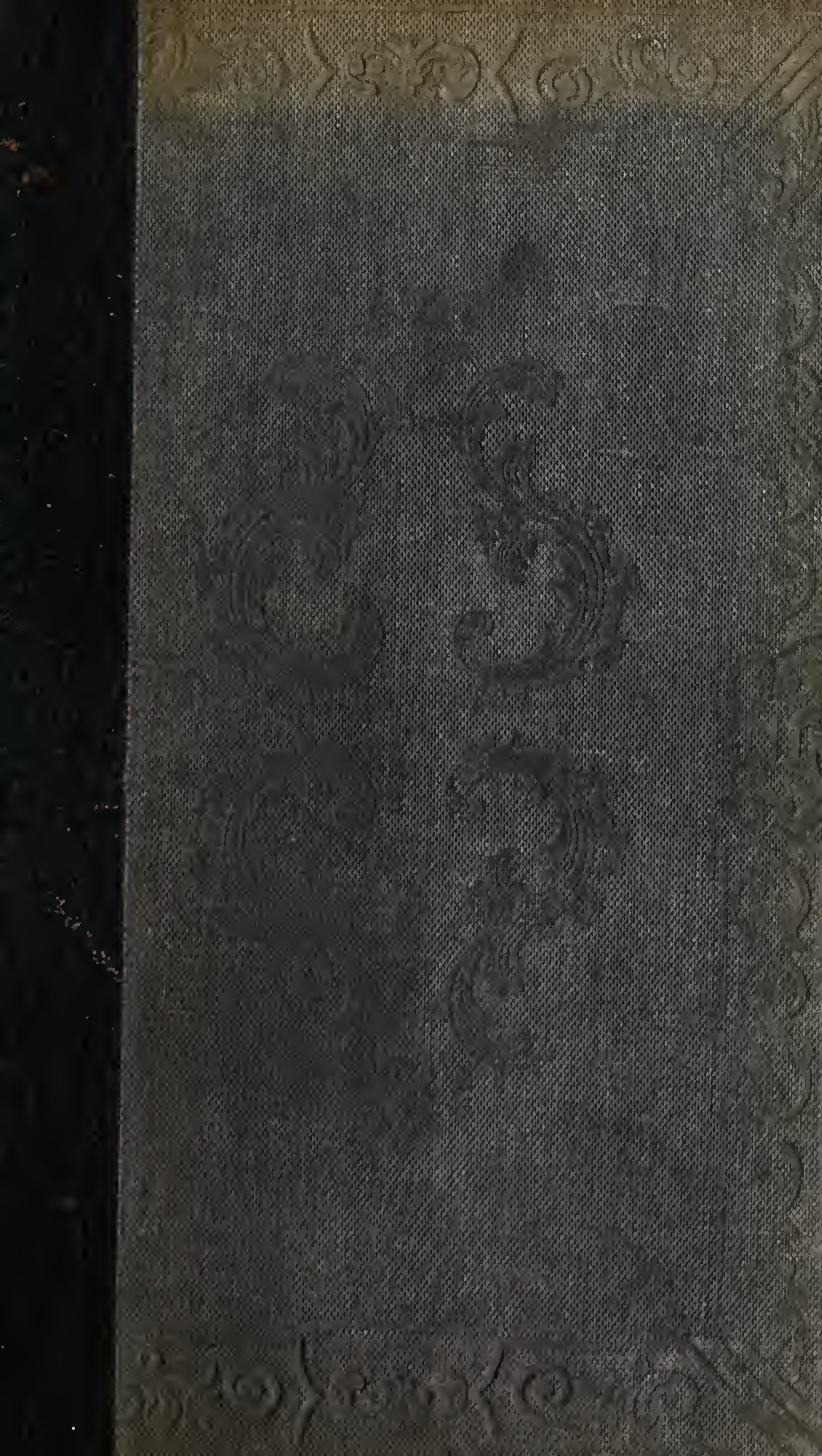


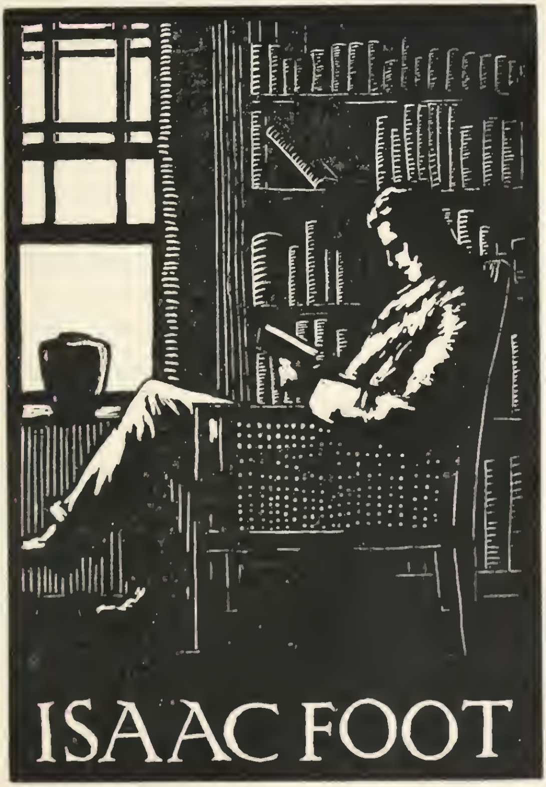
T. Hamilton
116 George Street

THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO
Henry. V Sloan
Dec. 1895

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find when often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.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NAPOLÉON.

NAPOLEON'S

LIFE

IN CAMP AND CABINET,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. DE BOURRIENNE, SEGUR, LAS CASES, &c. &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

> ———"New honours came upon him,
> Like our strange garments. He was a man
> Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
> Himself with Princes."

[FIFTIETH THOUSAND.]

EDINBURGH:
ROBERT MARTIN, 3 BROWN STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

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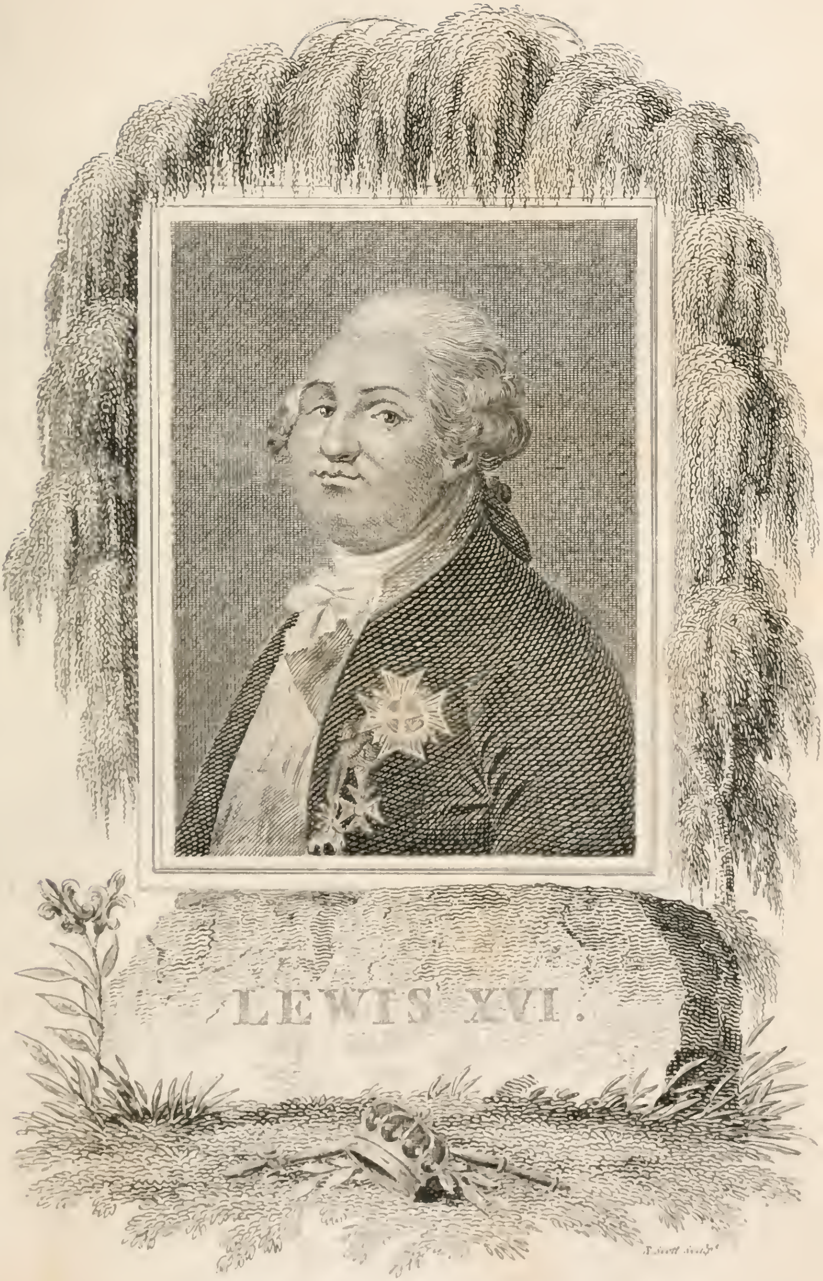

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R. Scott sculpt

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NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

> "Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!
> . . . .
> His desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it,
> To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
> When it deserves with characters of brass
> A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
> And razure of oblivion."—*Shakspeare.*

IT will hardly be controverted, that the outlines of the future man are formed in the nursery; if the superintending female be intellectual, the infant will, generally speaking, rise above the common level. The first lessons imbibed by a child are frequently the foundation of his conduct through life; they commonly supply the germ which is either to ripen into a useful harvest, or to choke the ground with noxious and debilitating weeds. There is something so sweet, so soothing, so irresistible in the monitions of a mother, that they make impressions which are indelible, which "grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength," and which generally give the tone to future character. Amidst the bustle of the world, we recur back to the scenes of our earliest home with inexpressible pleasure, recall the never-failing kindness, the unwearied anxiety, the lasting affection, of our maternal parent, with feelings of delight that beggar description; we dwell upon them with a holy enthusiasm, for which we cannot readily account; we cherish them as something so imperatively requisite to enjoyment, that to be deprived of them were to be reduced to the condition of a solitary outcast. This reminiscence cheers us in our misfortunes, gladdens us in our prosperity, clings to us through all the various changes of our existence, and never ceases to operate but in the silence of the grave.

Like Day, the accomplished author of "Sandford and Merton," Napoleon Buonaparte was blessed with a mother who was a woman of strong understanding, with an enlarged mind; one who made the education of her children a primary object It was always his pride to acknowledge the obligations he was under to her for the excellent rudiments which she instilled into his youth, to which he gratefully attributed his almost unprecedented success. The marked attention which he paid her, after he had attained to supreme power, was the best proof of his sincerity, at once honourable to his character, and a valuable example of filial affection and dutiful respect.

Few, if any, among the intelligent, will be found to dispute the towering and comprehensive genius of Napoleon Buonaparte the Corsican, for as Corsica had only been made a department of France some two months previous to his birth, he could hardly be called a Frenchman: poor, although of a good family; destitute of that powerful interest usually found so important to give efficiency to professional advancement, whatever rank he obtained was the result of his own gigantic acquirements: to his own indomitable spirit, to his unremitting perseverance, aided by his elastic and irrepressible energies, he was solely indebted for the exalted position he held in society: as such, his name must be prominently enrolled among the heroes of the world, and he will ever occupy a distinguished niche in the great Temple of Fame; seeing that his actions afford ample food for the pen of the historian.—To his poverty, however, he possibly owed his greatness, while the want of influential friends, by throwing him upon his own resources, might very probably be the proximate cause of his brilliant career. The life of such a being, so gifted, so remarkable, so astounding in his course, cannot but be highly interesting, while it will unquestionably offer a fruitful source for moral reflection; open a mine of useful information; which, if properly digested and rationally applied, cannot fail to become beneficial to ethics, and prove eminently instructive.

The family of Napoleon Buonaparte is of Italian origin, was located in that classic land, and during the middle ages was of some consequence, ranking among the gentry. Pending the unhappy dissensions between the two factions of the Guelphs and Gibellines, which for nearly two centuries ravaged Italy, and laid waste its verdant and productive plains, the branch from which he sprung, to avoid the evils of civil strife, removed to Corsica, a mountainous but fertile island, surrounded with beautiful coral rocks, containing a population of 175,000 souls, eminent for its numerous swarms of bees, which produce very superior honey, as well as remarkable for its metallic ores of copper, lead, silver, and iron; also for talc, porphyry, jasper, amianthus, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones; situated in the Mediterranean Sea, between 41° 20′, and 42° 38′ of north latitude, and between 8° 38′, and 9° 37′ of east longitude, lying in the neighbourhood of the island of Sardinia, from which it is separated on the south by the Strait of Bonifaccio. Its atmosphere is reckoned more salubrious than that of the latter; the current language is Italian.

Opposition to tyrannic sway would seem to have been, as it should be in all others, a distinguishing feature in the Buonaparte family. The sovereignty of the island of Corsica was vested in the Genoese republic, who sent over Governors for the administration of its public affairs; the injustice and rapacity of these functionaries knew no bounds; one after the other, they acted with shameless disregard of moral duty; exercised the most unbridled cruelty; condemned the islanders to an ignominious death without legal trial, and made the most grinding exactions upon their property: this oppressive conduct was severely felt by the Corsicans, and at last so roused the feelings of the natives, that in 1755, they revolted under the command of General Pascal Paoli, then a young warrior, only twenty-nine years of age. In this dilemma, their oppressors finding themselves inadequate to cope successfully with the insurgents, made a virtue of necessity, and ceded to France that which themselves were no longer in a capacity to retain: the result of the negociation was a civil war, which, notwithstanding the corrupting influence and lavish distribution of Genoese gold, backed by the murderous operations of French armaments, was carried on with undulating advantage for nearly fourteen years. These transfers of territory, together with their resident population, in like manner and with as little ceremony as the proprietor of an estate will make over to a purchaser a piece of land with its grazing herds, so commonly put in force by governments calling themselves legitimate, may, possibly be very statesman sort of performances, may very probably have called into activity superior diplomatic talents, in which great tact and deep finesse may have been displayed by the negociators; still, however, it will be more than doubtful if they be strictly in accordance with the principles of genuine liberty.—That convenient, hackneyed old term "expediency" may certainly be resorted to for the purpose of covering the transaction; but then the question will arise:—has it invariably occurred that, that which was deemed expedient was also just?

At the period of this struggle by the Corsicans for their independence, the father of Napoleon Buonaparte, whose christian name was Charles, resided at Ajaccio, a seaport town, where he practised as an advocate with considerable reputation: the lawyer ranged himself on the popular side: during the contest he contrived to unite love with war by marrying a young lady, whose maiden name was Letitiæ Ramolina, alike eminent for her exquisite beauty and her intellectual endowments. His bride, who possessed a masculine understanding, and who was enthusiastic for the restoration of her country's freedom, courageously joined her husband in the ranks, shared both in the fatigues and dangers of his mountain campaigns, enduring privations, sustaining toils, and encountering hazards, which nothing short of the noble motive for which they were borne could have reconciled to a delicate, intelligent, and lovely female in the bloom of youth. Liberty is said to be a mountain goddess;—whatever she may be, her dictates are of so fascinating a character, her service is so genial to the heart of man, that when battling in her cause, fear seems to have taken flight, his arm appears to be nerved with well-tempered steel, at once powerful and elastic: were it possible to prevent the adversaries to her invigorating doctrines from sowing dissensions among her votaries, to restrain her enemies from injuring her sacred rights by disturbing the harmony which should subsist among her defenders, thus weakening their prowess and paralyzing their efforts, no earthly power would be able to resist her animating impulse: all must bend before a shrine at whose altars alone true happiness is to be found. If the friends to rational freedom would only be unanimous, make simultaneous movements, and not suffer artful knaves to disunite and mislead them, vain would be the attempts of the whole tribe of despots with their fawning servile coadjutors to crush its infancy, oppose its progress, or prevent its maturity: its mandates must then become universal. It should be constantly borne in mind, that whenever nations have been submitted to the lash of despotism, it has generally been brought about by the treacherous defection of some of their degraded citizens: frequently by renegades who have apostatized. "Divide and conquer" is the tyrant's motto; that of the freeman should be "unite and we shall be invulnerable,"—above all it should never be forgotten, that sterling liberty repudiates deception, abominates falsehood, execrates duplicity; her firm and only base is truth, her pedestal high moral courage: unless these be supporters, she can have no substantive, no permanent existence;

these and these only can qualify her effectually to repel the rude shocks of tyranny, fit her to bid defiance to slavish hordes, preserve her from the more insidious attacks of sordid dispositions, and enable her to maintain her normal position, despite the undermining subtleties of unprincipled desperate adventurers.

That old but homely proverb which says, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," was fully verified by the result of the Corsican outbreak: the inhabitants, by espousing different interests, as must ever be the case where there may be a similar want of unanimity, contributed to rivet their own chains; the partizans of liberty by these means were discomfited by the arms of France; the standard of the Bourbons consequently supplanted the banners of freedom; the islanders were thus reduced to a state of vassalage, treated as a conquered people, and annexed to the French domain; the brave and skilful Paoli was exiled; the father of Napoleon Buonaparte, who had been his adjutant, was willing, at first, to expatriate himself with this renowned commander, to share the fortunes of his intrepid general; but the importunity of relatives prevailed over inclination; he consented to remain at Ajaccio, subsequently became reconciled to the conquering party, and was ultimately taken under the protection of Leopold, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who recommended him to the notice of his sister, the Queen of France, this was strengthened by the countenance of the French Governor, Count de Marbœuff; through their joint patronage he was appointed *Procureur du Roi*, an office nearly resembling that of our attorney-general. Napoleon, in his youth, was in the habit of expressing his disapprobation of his sire's conduct in this business: the principal of the school at Brienne, where he was educated, one day at table spoke in disrespectful terms of Paoli; young Buonaparte took fire at the circumstance, and observed, with much vehemence, "He was a great man, he loved his country, and I shall never forgive my father for consenting to the union of Corsica with France; he ought to have followed the fortunes of Paoli." At a later period of his life his opinions upon this subject would appear to have undergone a change; he felt convinced that Corsica was too small a territory to maintain its own independence, consequently that she must either fall under the domination of England, as was then the case, or become an integral portion of France; he decided for the latter, as the preferable arrangement: while on a visit to his mother, 1793, notwithstanding the entreaty of Paoli, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, he opposed the British troops by joining the army of Salicetti, one of the Corsican deputies to the French legislature, and succeeded in reducing the small fortress Torre de Capitello, near Ajaccio, where he was in his turn besieged by the English forces; after a most obstinate and gallant defence—his provisions being exhausted, both himself and his garrison were compelled to exist upon horseflesh, when hope of relief being at an end,—they evacuated the tower, made good their retreat, and escaped by sea. In consequence of this, the Buonapartes were banished from the island; his mother and sisters first retired to Nice, afterwards settled at Marseilles, in which city they were exposed to all the discomfort and attendant miseries of poverty coupled with exile. It does not appear that he entertained any very strong affection for his native soil, seeing that, in the zenith of his power, he only erected one small fountain at Ajaccio, the place of his birth. The death of a relative made him master of a small olive-garden near that town.

The mother of Napoleon Buonaparte, after giving birth to thirteen children at the early age of thirty, was bereaved of her husband, who died 27th February, 1785, of a cancer in the stomach, aged forty-five: five of these pledges of mutual affection would appear to have died in their infancy; eight only, five boys and three girls, having reached maturity and mingled with the great world; these, although the offspring of an humble individual, ultimately became a family of nobles, through the ascendant power of their brother, who had so unexpectedly reached the acme of his ambition: most of the males wore crowns, while the females were the consorts of either princes or monarchs.

Joseph, the eldest son, was made King of Naples, 1805, upon the expulsion of the then reigning Bourbon; subsequently he was invested with the Spanish diadem, having relinquished the Neapolitan sceptre in favour of his brother-in-law, Field-Marshal Murat.

Napoleon, the second son, and maker of the whole, was proclaimed Emperor of the Gauls, 20th May, 1804, crowned King of Rome, May, 1805, first married to Josephine, relict of Count de Beauharnois, who shared his humble fortune, but from whom, as he had not any issue, he was separated, that he might take for his empress the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis of Austria; their nuptials were celebrated 2nd April, 1810. After all his greatness, he died a prisoner and an exile in the island of Saint Helena.

Lucien, the third son, although frequently offered a crown, maintained his original predilections in favour of republicanism; he was, however, as president of the Council of Five Hundred, mainly instrumental to his brother's elevation on the 18th and 19th Brumaire.

Louis, the fourth son, declared King of Holland, 1806, was the husband of the beautiful Hortense Fanny de Beauharnois, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by Count de Beauharnois; the same hand that raised him to the kingly dignity, deprived him of his kingdom, which was annexed to the then imperial France.

Jerome, the fifth son, was created King of Westphalia, July, 1807, and a kingdom was carved out for him, consisting of territories taken from other states, including Hanover. He married a Miss Patterson, an American lady, possessed of great personal attractions, and distinguished for the brilliancy of her talents, whom, as being deemed of too plebeian birth by his imperial brother, he was compelled to divorce, when he united himself in wedlock to a daughter of the newly created King of Wirtemberg, whose second wife was our English princess Royal.

Eliza, the eldest daughter, was created, 1805, Sovereign Princess of Lucca, a small duchy in Italy, formerly a republic, situated on the east coast of the Gulf of Genoa.

Caroline, the second daughter, espoused General Murat, who was elevated to the throne of Naples on the removal of Joseph Buonaparte to that of Spain.

Maria Pauline, the youngest daughter, was first the wife of General Leclerc, after whose decease, which happened 23d November, 1802, she wedded, 6th November, 1803, with Prince Camillo Borghese, the representative of an ancient and noble Roman family, when the sovereignty of Guastalla, an insignificant duchy in Italy, included in that of Parma, was conferred upon her; her form was so perfect, so exquisitely shaped, her features so lovely, that her statue has been executed in marble by the celebrated Canova: this production of his chisel, styled the modern Venus, is considered a successful image of the Goddess of Beauty; she died at Florence, [illegible]th June, 1825, in her forty-fifth year.

The Earl of Warwick, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century, has been honoured with the *sobriquet* of the King-maker, or setter up and puller down of royalty; his operations, however, were of very limited amount, as compared with those of Napoleon Buonaparte, who was unquestionably the most extensive manufacturer of European monarchs that has yet engaged in that perilous trade, seeing that, independent of what he did that way for his own family, he caused the deposition of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and placed Bernadotte, one of his own generals, on the Swedish throne; that he also, by a decree bearing date 17th May, 1809, put an end to the sovereign power of the pope, and constituted Rome a free imperial city, of which he afterwards created his son king; added to which, he transformed electorates into kingdoms, and converted the Electors of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemberg into kings, which titles the respective sovereigns of these countries retain to this hour. He established the confederation of the Rhine, by which he materially abridged the power of the Austrian emperor, whom he obliged to relinquish his title of Emperor of Germany. It is true, much of his workmanship proved fragile—of but little worth and of transient duration; enough, however, remains to evidence his dexterity, to bear testimony to the wide range of his connections, and to show that he exercised his art upon a large scale.

The host of parasites who ever contrive to flutter around those whose superior energies have elevated them above the crowd, commonly attempt to crawl into favour by inventing genealogies by which their hero is described as descended from some remote but highly distinguished progenitor; they not unfrequently discover that the birth of their idol was ushered in by some portentous event, marked by some extraordinary operation of nature,—nay, there have not been wanting mercenary panders who have been grovelling enough to trace the objects of their fulsome flattery almost to divinity itself—to make them out as something superhuman. This species of homage was attempted with Napoleon Buonaparte, who, however, was not to be trapped by such nauseous adulation, to be crammed with such disgusting food; he was above such coxcombry; with a manliness suited to his character, his pride was to be the constructer of his own fame, not to derive it from a long line of ancestry. When he had climbed to the top of the ladder of sovereign power, and after he had become connected, by marriage, with imperial royalty, the Emperor of Austria, with whose daughter he had entered the Temple of Hymen, in his eagerness to cover up the unwelcome alliance, was anxious to make him appear as the descendant of some petty Italian prince, that of Treviso; upon the mortified father-in-law making the intimation, Napoleon is said to have contemptuously replied to the haughty German, "No, Sire, I am the Rudolph of my race"—alluding thereby to Rudolph of Hapsburg, who was the founder of the Austrian family. On another occasion, when teazed by an officious professional genealogist, he sarcastically observed, "Friend, my patent dates from Monte Notte," meaning the place where he fought his first battle.

If, according to an old adage which is full of wisdom, "a man can be known by the company he keeps," may it not also be a truism, that his bent can be fathomed by the nature of the books he most inclines to peruse, that his bias will manifest itself by those subjects which appear most prominently to occupy his attention, by the kind of reading in which he most delights to indulge, by that which seems to afford him the greatest pleasure? If this be granted, then was the character of Napoleon Buonaparte most favorably developed by the choice he made for his literary recreation; a more worthy selection it would probably be difficult to make; his favourite authors were Plutarch as a biographer and moralist, Tacitus as an historian, Macpherson as a poet, although not then recognized as the writer of the poems which bore the name of Ossian, the son of Fingal, which were for a long time supposed to have been the work of a former age, translated by him from the original Gaelic, the style and manner of which he had so successfully adopted, that he completely hoodwinked the most elaborate and accomplished critics of his day. The first charms by the simplicity of his diction, beguiles his readers into profitable reflection by the integrity, unassuming good sense, extensive learning, and benevolent feelings displayed throughout his pages; his portraits are finished with such nice but masterly touches, that the motives which actuated their originals are clearly exposed, they are rendered as it were transparent, so much so, that their very thoughts become almost visible. Nevertheless, there are not wanting those who object to his method; Menage, however, no mean judge of literary merit, was so enamoured with them, that he declared if only one work could be saved from the immense mass of literature, that work should be Plutarch's Lives: it is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of biographical composition extant. The second can scarcely be surpassed for strict adherence to truth in his narration of facts; few excel him in acumen, skilful policy, and depth of reasoning, conveyed in language which at once delights by its eloquence, and convinces by its solidity; he was unquestionably the most finished orator and greatest politician of his time; may safely be looked upon as a model worthy of imitation, as a most valuable school in which the profound statesman may be advantageously formed, It is but fair, however, to say, that Mr. Hunter entertained a very different opinion; speaking of the writings of Tacitus, he thus describes them; " in antiquity he is a pedant, in the philosophy of nature a sceptic,in morals loose, in description gaudy and pompous, in politics subdolous, refined and knavish,"—he has thus completely stripped him of his plumage. The third Ossian is one of those fascinating productions which must ever find favour with fervid and enthusiastic dispositions; it is the fruit of a lofty imagination, vast in conception, sketchy and indistinct in portraiture; the imagery wild, gloomy, and solemn, embodying the sublime yet of the most captivating description; all the heroic passions are brought into full play; Love is painted in all the extended variety of its fantastic romantic dresses; war is depicted in strong, glowing colours; the pictures, though darkly shadowed out, are full of life, and such as inspire a contempt for death, with an insatiable longing after victory. Taken as a whole, these poems are admirably calculated to lend additional stimulus to ambitious genius, to gratify enterprising spirits with its vigorous and masculine sketches of chivalrous exploits, to infuse dignity into ardent minds, and lead them on to noble actions and glorious achievements. Such were the mental companions of this extraordinary man: that he was a great admirer of ably detailed deeds of heroism may be gathered from a remark in one of his letters to his mother, in which he says, " With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I think I shall be able to make my way through the world."

Napoleon Buonaparte although a consummate General, a skilful Engineer, a sound Mathematician, and a profound Statesman, was not, however, remarkable for that suavity of demeanour which generally proves so captivating : the refined habits and polished bearing of a practised courtier he never acquired; very probably never coveted: a certain *brusquerie* characterized his manners that savoured more of the camp than of the drawing-room : he was destitute of that fawning sycophancy found so useful in promoting courtly interest, in gaining an ascendancy over the weakness of the ruling star in the monarchial atmosphere : nevertheless he possessed in an eminent degree the art to render himself agreeable whenever it was his wish to conciliate those for whom he entertained a regard : whatever he might lack of the *suaviter in modo* he was by no means deficient in the *fortitor in re:* impetuous and daring he decided quickly ; his movements were rapid almost beyond credibility ; naturally industrious, he slept little, studied hard ; simple in his diet, temperate in his habits, forcible in his language whatever course he determined that he executed with a promptitude that usually proved irresistible ; his resentments were deep and lasting, his friendships strong and enduring, he rarely forgot an injury, seldom failed to reward a service ; sensitive to a degree, he could neither withstand ridicule nor bear contradiction ; yet withal he was passionate, ambitious and overbearing : persevering in whatever he undertook he never lost sight of his object, allowed nothing to intervene that might prevent the acquisition of that the possession of which he deemed eligible : when he had once made his election, he was not easily turned aside : this inflexibility was well understood by his associates : General Pichegru was consulted as to the chance of enlisting Buonaparte in the cause of the then exiled Bourbons : his reply was " the attempt will be lost time, I knew him in his youth, he has taken his side, and he will not change it."

Ever ready to share the privation and fatigue of his soldiers, almost foremost to occupy the post of danger, by no means backward to perform even the duties of a private when occasion required, he became the idol of the army ; the natural result was, that no enterprise was thought too formidable for encounter, his orders were punctually and cheerfully obeyed, whatever he directed was performed with steadiness and alacrity, murmurs were unheard ; the LITTLE CORPORAL as he was called from his dauntless exposure of his person had only to project to ensure execution. This devotion, on the part of his troops while it rendered him almost invincible, in the field, not unfrequently rescued him from situations of imminent peril ; often carried him triumphantly through the most difficult and adventurous undertakings.

His personal appearance was greatly in his favour, his figure, though short, was well proportioned, perfectly knit, slender, and full of activity, the outline of his countenance was classically beautiful, his eye deep set, penetrating and dazzlingly brilliant : he was by no means impervious to the influence of the God of soft persuasion ; his address was manly, well calculated to attract female admiration, and give birth to affectionate attachment.

The French revolution, the stepping-stone to the elevation of Napoleon Buonaparte, the arena where he so eminently displayed the workings of a master-mind, was one of those tremendous explosions which astonish by the magnitude of their consequences ; its force, after the lapse of fifty years, is not yet spent—the elements remain—the volcano still burns, although it may not latterly have thrown forth such immense volumes of lava. Whether contemplated morally or physically, it holds out an instructive lesson, which, whatever it may do to the present, speaks trumpet-tongued to the rising generation: with the impetuosity of a torrent, its overwhelming influence carried all before it, no power escaped its devastating rage, it unhinged the whole system of continental government, levelled thrones with the dust, caused new divisions of territory; England alone stood erect amidst the general wreck—at one time she resisted, single-handed, the combined hostility of Europe; at length, she broke the phalanx marshalled against her; subsequently subsidized those with whom she had so successfully sustained the unequal contest; for years she endured an increased and increasing taxation of upwards of forty millions annually, over and above which, she incurred a debt of some six hundred millions sterling, which, to the present day, hangs like a mill-stone about her neck; all this she expended in a warfare that endured for the quarter of a century, out of which she emerged triumphantly, although sorely crippled in her finances. It was a most unholy, ruinous crusade; the name of Liberty was shamefully prostituted, made subservient to the vilest purposes, and ultimately suppressed by the traitorous direliction of many of those who had clamoured most loudly—who had been foremost in their professions to uphold its sacred structure.

If it be asked, how was England, which is only a speck upon the map of the world, enabled to arrive at and maintain such colossal power? the answer is easy, she owes it all to the thrifty, meritorious sons of Agenoria, whether located in her bosom or traversing the ocean; to the unremitting industry of her population, to honest, well-directed labour, to the skill and ingenuity of her artisans, aided by machinery conducted upon true scientific principles, and the giant strides of chemical knowledge; this, added to the intelligence and commercial enterprise of her merchants and manufacturers, to the hardihood and dauntless character of her seamen, with the intrepid gallantry of her naval commanders; together with that ceaseless exertion which induces them to seek, wherever a vessel can find anchorage, or a boat reach the shore, an outlet for British manufactures, raised her to the proud eminence she enjoys among nations; these, and these alone, are the true sources of her wealth, the springs of her power, the foundation of her almost unlimited sway—would it could be said that the superior address of her statesmen, the wisdom of her legislature, the integrity of her public functionaries, were of a quality to insure the continuance with undiminished lustre; but they are split into factions, engaged in petty squabbles for place, merging the public weal in private emolument, falsely conceiving that they consult their own interest by neglecting to look carefully after that of their fellow countrymen: can they be so blinded by party spirit, so lost to high-minded feeling, as not to be aware unless they retrace steps which may have been unwisely taken, give up degrading controversy, so withering in its effect, carry out good and wholesome measures regardless of patronage, that that which has proved so fatal in other lands may chance to cross the seas and fasten its vampire fangs upon the vitals of our beautiful island? The wants of the nineteenth century differ from almost every other period of our history: the relative position of the various classes of society is materially altered; knowledge has made a great and forward movement, it cannot now be repressed but may be advantageously guided.

An administration to be effective should move with majestic but quiet philosophic steps, be guided by common sense, throw prejudice together with favouritism overboard, and regulate its actions by the eternal principles of justice; ably followed out, this course will invigorate a country, generate the commanding strength of the lion, but, if violated, will ultimately reduce it to the contemptible weakness of the mouse. A ministry, to be efficient, must progress steadily through the sinuous mazes of contending interests, examine all with sedulity, act impartially, and use the most strenuous endeavours to make the object of each, like the mouth of a river, flow separately into one continuous stream for the general benefit.

Jurisprudence must be carefully attended to: the laws of a country, to be truly beneficial, to gain universal respect, should be few, concise, and clearly expressed; where they are numerous, lengthy, and ambiguous, they become an engine of oppression in the hands of the rich; worse than useless to the poor; they engender and encourage knavery, because veering to every point of the compass without being determinately fixed to any, they open a door to artful designing characters to twist them to their own destructive views to the great annoyance and decided disadvantage of the truly loyal, well intentioned portion of society; nevertheless they not unfrequently entail poverty upon those who may be silly enough to appeal to what is professionally called their "glorious uncertainty." The code Napoleon is looked upon with favour by most jurisconsults; but is susceptible of great improvement.

Above all, a truly wise government will strive to cherish and encourage the industrious classes, to consider them as an imperative and most valuable portion of the community, will never forget that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," consequently, will leave no means unessayed to render food plentiful and cheap. A country so regulated cannot fail to become influentially prosperous, morally happy, and decidedly invulnerable.

The life of Napoleon Buonaparte may be partly considered as the history of that surprising revolution which upset the French monarchy, seeing tha it embraces nearly all the great events connected with that terrific outbreak; that in most of them he performed a conspicuous and very important part; that he was both the cause of its success and of its downfall; his acknowledged talents carried it splendidly forward, overcame all obstacles to its progress, and not unfrequently corrected errors committed by the then rulers, which, but for his foresight, strength of intellect, and promptitude of action, might have rendered the whole nugatory. His ambition, however, subsequently carried him astray, blinded his judgment, hurried him into measures which ended in his own discomfiture, and led to the re-establishment of the expatriated Bourbons upon the throne of France;—these infatuated men, notwithstanding the awful lessons they had received, added to the degrading mortification they had undergone during some twenty years of exile, driven, as they were, from place to place, profited nothing by past experience, it had not sufficiently enlightened them to cure them of their despotic inclination; they returned to Paris with all those vicious propensities which had before involved them in disgrace; the consequence was, they were obliged to fly, to avoid the evils attendant upon their unconquerable predilection for misrule.

CHAPTER I.

From his Birth to his first Commission as a Second Lieutenant of Artillery.

Napoleon Buonaparte, one of those superior mortals who, like meteors, blaze forth at intervals to astonish the world with their brilliancy, first saw the light 15th August, 1769, in his father's dwelling, at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica. His mother, who had attended mass in the morning, on her return was taken suddenly ill, and gave birth to a son, upon a couch said to have had, at that moment, a covering of tapestry representing scenes from the Iliad of Homer.

Of his earliest days we know hardly any thing, save what he himself has informed us respecting the sedulity with which his maternal parent sought to store his infant mind with sound and wholesome lessons; even of his boyhood but little has escaped the devouring hand of time—the fact is, that, as the sharp-sighted experience of the Corsican sages had not then foreseen the future importance of their countryman, no regular series of marvellous "sayings and doings" was concocted for him, with a view to bring their hero with credit upon the stage; he was consequently considered, like other youths of his age, only as one among a number, perhaps remarkable, by his own account, for obstinacy and curiosity, not, generally speaking, very praiseworthy qualities; according to others, he was high-spirited, imperious in his manner, prone to quarrel, noted for the slovenliness of his attire, as well as for his attachment to a pretty little girl in the neighbourhood; the two latter traits afforded subjects of merriment for his playmates, who were wont to shout after him in their native Italian—

"Napoleone di mezza calzetta,
Fa l'amore a Giacominetta."

which may be thus translated into English—

Nap, with his stockings dangling at his heels,
To Giacominetta's love appeals.

At this period of his life he would seem to have been of an unsociable disposition, seeking solitude; his favourite retreat during the school vacations, was a detached summer-house built among the rocks on the sea-shore, about a mile from his birth-place, belonging to his maternal uncle's villa, who was a Romish priest, afterwards known as Cardinal Fesch. This solitary erection is now called "Napoleon's Grotto," though long since in ruins and overgrown with bushes. As is the case with other boys, he was sometimes engaged in mischief, and not always quite correct in distinguishing mine from thine; for want of precision in this particular, he was detected in stealing figs from an orchard; the owner threatened to inform his parents, but his eloquence in pleading for forgiveness overcame the determination of the proprietor, and he was permitted to escape scot free. From his earliest youth, the profession of arms was his choice the plaything with which he appeared most delighted was a small brass cannon. His paternal uncle Lucien, who was Archdeacon of Ajaccio, died while

Napoleon was yet a boy; on his death-bed he called his nephews around him to give them his dying benediction: "You, Joseph," said the expiring priest, "are the eldest, but Napoleon is the head of his family; take care to remember my words." This exhortation was not thrown away upon Napoleon, who, that he might not disgrace his dying uncle's prediction, brought his brother Joseph into subjection by bestowing upon him a hearty beating. In 1776, when he was about seven years old, the Corsican noblesse deputed a special commission to wait on Louis XIV.; through the interest of the French governor, Count de Marbœuff, Napoleon's father was appointed one of the deputation; the same influence also procured for Napoleon himself an admission into the military school at Brienne in Champagne: in consequence of this arrangement, he accompanied his sire into France; the parting with his mother, however, led to a scene which considerably damped his joy at his projected travels: their sorrow was mutual—deluged in tears, he hung upon her neck with true filial affection, and craved her blessing: nature broke forth in all the exuberance of maternal love, she clung to her child with all the fondness of a mother, wept over his tender years, blessed him over and over again, yet, delighted with the prospect of future advantage to a son in whose fortunes she felt so deep an interest, she recovered her serenity; then, giving him good advice, witnessed his departure with grief and pleasure so nearly balanced, that it would have been difficult to have selected one as predominating over the other: this circumstance made such an impression on his youthful and naturally ardent mind, that, to the end of his life, he was accustomed to say, he should never forget the bitterness of that first separation from a parent to whom he was so devotedly attached, and of whom he was so deservedly fond.

The human mind, naturally ductile, when about to gratify its bent, generally acquires irrepressible elasticity; all is then *coleur de rose*, unpleasant forebodings are unknown: thus it happened with Napoleon,—change of scene, crossing the ocean, the amenities of the beautiful continental countries through which he had to pass on his route to the gay city of Paris, where every thing that met his eye had the imposing charm of freshness, added to the usual buoyancy of youth, diverted the attention of the would-be warrior—recurrence to the past merged into prospects of the future—galling, painful recollections, mellowed by the lenient hand of time, softened by the novelty of every thing by which he was surrounded, were imperceptibly undermined by passing events, by degrees subsided and settled down into tranquil reminiscence of the home he had quitted, of the enduring affection of the mother he had left behind, admirably counterpoised by contemplation of the vista opening to his ardent gaze, studded with enticing visions, glittering with the bright creations of youthful fancy, where Hope, smiling from her imperishable throne, lured him onward, nothing loth, to an Elysium only to be adequately appreciated by those sanguine temperaments accustomed to revel in her ever-pleasing but unsubstantial reveries, which, notwithstanding, are peculiarly calculated to infuse fresh vigour, and lull to sleep the sorrows of disappointment. Pity it is such delectable phantoms should be scattered by after commerce with mankind. However humiliating and melancholy these reflections may be, such things are, nevertheless, of every day ocurrence. After traversing part of Italy, he entered the French territory, and arrived safe at the great emporium of fashion, made a short sojourn, mingled with the lively Parisians, then quitted the metropolis of France and his father's embrace, for that theatre on which he was destined to act so meritoriously: for the seminary at which his future education was to go forward: where his genius was to be cradled, his intellects cultivated, his budding talents expanded, his nascent excellence matured; in short, to that school where his capacity was to be tested, his energies called forth, disciplined, and directed into the road for profitable exertion.

Whatsoever is new is also attractive: if it chance to fall in with long-cherished wishes, it will generally prove doubly so. The boy appeared delighted: his bent was about to be gratified; the rudiments of his selected profession were to form a material portion of his studies; the elements of military tactics were within his grasp; he resolved they should not pass lightly through his hands; he applied himself diligently, grappled his subject with masculine vigour, read history with avidity, distanced all his competitors, won the esteem of his mathematical tutors, with whom he became a decided favourite; the result was equally creditable to the teachers and to the taught; his progress was commensurate with his industry; he passed the *pons asinorum* with êclat, mastered the problems of Euclid, grounded himself thoroughly in the principles of geometry, and proved himself, to the satisfaction of his instructors, an able, intelligent, and first-rate mathematician; he dipped deeply into dynamical science, entered advantageously into all the intricacy of conic sections, followed out the doctrine of the hyperbola, the parabola, and the ellipse: became intimately familiar with the mechanical philosophy of projectiles, and habituated himself to its skilful application to gunnery: thus qualified himself for active service in the artillery. At this institution he was associated with many, who in after life figured in the same drama in which he was the leading character; for example, Pichegru, subsequently a general so notorious for bravery, military reputation, and for apostacy, was for some time his monitor.

To the acquirement of the dead languages he paid little attention; was no great proficient in either the Greek, the Latin, or the belles lettres; his whole soul was wrapped up in the mantle of Mars: the great strength of his mind, the force of his bias, evinced itself in the mode in which he employed the hours usually set apart for relaxation at scholastic establishments; the common pastimes in which such hours are generally consumed, would appear to have had but little influence over him. Every scholar had a piece of ground allotted to him for the purpose of horticultural amusement, in this he was at home: being somewhat of an unsociable disposition, reserved in his manner, proud in his feelings, with little of that temper which generates attachment, he had few friends—no bosom companion; he lived for the most part isolated, surrounded by his books, poring over his maps; he therefore frequently secluded himself within the boundaries of his little garden, which he had environed with palisadoes and trees, with a view to give himself entirely up to contemplation on the objects of his favourite pursuit. Here he was wont to devote himself to the construction of miniature fortifications, reared, according to the season, sometimes with turf, sometimes with snow, but always in strict conformity with acknowledged sound principles of military architecture. When these were completed, he assembled such of his comrades as were willing to serve under his dictation; divided them into attacking and defensive parties; then displayed his skill in leading the first, and directing the operations of the last. It was in the conduct of these mock encounters, these fancied investments, that he elicited the admiration of all who witnessed his Lilliputian warfare, by the manœuvres he brought to bear upon the besieged, as also by the obstinacy and tact he displayed in the resistance he maintained. These strategic evolutions attracted considerable notice, and were at last very numerously attended.

The invincible aversion to intrusion at those moments when he was desirous to seclude himself in his garden, was strongly manifested by an occurrence which gave decisive evidence to the resolute manner he was disposed to maintain the privacy of his retreat. The fête of Saint Louis was annually commemorated by the scholars at Brienne ; but in these festivities Buonaparte, being of rather a gloomy turn of mind, very rarely participated: a display of fire-works manufactured by the pupils was the usual mode of its celebration, for this purpose such of them as had reached the age of fourteen were permitted to make purchases of the explosive materials ; the yearly festival arrived, a grand pyrotechnical exhibition was about to take place in the form of a lofty pyramid : by some oversight a package of gunpowder had been carelessly left in an exposed situation, a spark unfortunately communicated with the combustible, a violent explosion ensued ; the spectators, who upon these occasions were numerous dispersed in consternation: *sauve qui peut* was the word : in the confusion some of them broke through the enclosures of Napoleon's garden ; when he found them thus trespassing upon his solitude, regardless of the cause, he armed himself with his garden tools, stood upon the defensive, and repelled them *sans ceremonie.*

That intrepid enterprize, together with the most perfect confidence in his own resources which formed so striking a feature in his character unfolded itself while he was yet a student at Brienne, in the course of one of the examinations he underwent ; it was enquired " how he would conduct himself if closely besieged and his garrison destitute of provisions," to which he immediately replied, " While there was any in the enemy's camp I should not be at a loss for a supply."

Thus far all was radiance ; but as every medal has a reverse to its obverse, so Buonaparte found that he had many mortifications to endure, much unplesantness to contend with, during the period of his tuition. On his arrival at Brienne, his Italian complexion, his speaking no other language, together with a dash of sarcastic bitterness, that pervaded all his observations, made impressions by no means favorable to him. He was looked upon as a solitary alien ; this, added to his known poverty, induced the gay, volatile French youth, who were his fellow students, to treat him with a haughty levity, which his no less haughty spirit could illy brook ; his name, Napoleon, sounded foreign in their ears, was made the subject of their mirth, upon which they freely cracked their jokes. This untoward conduct on their part rankled in his bosom ; he felt, and felt keenly, that he was insulted without the opportunity of redress ; this was maddening to a sensitive mind like his : the acuteness of his feelings on this occasion, with the depth of his resentment, may be gathered from a conversation which he held upon this subject with Bourienne, who was his friend, fellow pupil, and in latter days, his private secretary .—" Hereafter," said he, speaking emphatically to his companion, as was his custom, " I shall not scruple to do the French any injury in my power, they laugh at me : as for you, you love me ; you never make me your jest :" it affords no small testimony to the natural kindliness of his nature, that he not only ceased to remember this humiliation, but that he adopted France for his country, Frenchmen for his countrymen, became their determined friend and most powerful defender.

During the course of his studies one of the teachers condemned him, for either some offence or neglect, to do penance by wearing a coarse woollen dress on a certain day, also to dine upon his knees at the door of the refectory; sensible of the disgrace, yet disdaining to solicit any remission of his sentence, his proud spirit swelling under the indignity, brought on a sudden vomiting, attended with a strong fit of hysterics. The mathematical master, who happened to be passing at the time, feeling for his favourite pupil, immediately released him from his irksome situation, observing that "they did not understand what they were dealing with;" this kindness operated more powerfully with him, than would the most severe chastisement to which he could have been subjected.

It was the practice of the scholars to form themselves into companies, commanded by officers of their own selection, the whole constituting a battallion with a colonel at their head; young Napoleon was appointed a captain, but did not long retain his promotion, for as he did not enter heartily into their other sports, was, moreover, rather unceremonious in his manners and strict in his discipline, jealousy arose; he was still only a poor Corsican, looked upon almost as a foreigner, they conceived a dislike to him, brought him to a court-martial, broke him, and reduced him to the ranks; he treated this with cool contempt, for which and for his usual inflexibility of character, he was by way of reproach styled the Spartan; nevertheless with the younger lads he was somewhat of a favourite, owing to the great pains he bestowed in training them for their sham battles, and instructing them how to manœuvre in the field, at all which he was allowed to be an adept.

It was customary for the pupils to receive the communion and be confirmed on the same day. The archbishop was performing the ceremony at the military school; when it came to Buonaparte's turn, he was asked for his christian name; the youth replied aloud: struck with the appellation Napoleon, then scarcely known in France, the prelate requested him to repeat it; this he did with an evident degree of impatience: "Napoleon!" said one of the officiating clergymen, addressing himself to his superior, "Napoleon! I do not recollect that name in the calendar;" "No wonder," observed Buonaparte, indulging his usual sarcastic mode of expression, "there is nothing extraordinary in that, seeing that the saint was a Corsican."

These, with various other annoyances common in youthful congregations, however unwelcome, can only be viewed as vapours rising above the horizon and passing through a healthy region: the superiority of his genius was acknowledged; like the cheering sun, it shone resplendent, dissipated the clouds leaving the atmosphere clear and serene; a new era was about to dawn upon his commendable application to the business of his education. Such had been his assiduity, so unremitting had been his study, so discriminating the powers of his mind, that at the annual examination of the students, 1784, by the Royal Inspector-General, the Chevalier de Renault, his proficiency was so manifest, his progress so indisputable, that although not then more than fifteen years old, it was deemed only coequal with his merit to award him the highest distinction in the power of the masters of his College to bestow. He was accordingly recommended for removal to the Royal Military School at Paris, and furnished with a report which ran thus: "M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; height four feet, ten inches, ten lines; good constitution, health excellent, character docile, upright, grateful; conduct very regular: has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics. He is passably acquainted with history and geography: is weak enough as to his Latin diction and other elegant accomplishments: would make an excellent sea-officer, deserves to be transferred to the military school at Paris." No mean testimonial thus for an aspiring youth who had hardly emerged from boyhood.

The arrival, under such flattering auspices, of a well-formed highly gifted youth, at the Royal Military School in the metropolis of France; of one to whom, although so young, the professors at Brienne had paid such an uncommon and so distinguished a compliment; that youth, too, a kind of foreigner, the native of a country recently conquered by France, was an event not likely to remain long unnoticed by the volatile inhabitants of the gay city of Paris: to continue, an uninteresting circumstance to a brisk, restless population, constantly on the *qui-vive;* to be heedlessly passed by a set of aerial beings always on full wing seeking after some new occurrence to keep their buoyant spirits afloat; ever on the alert for any thing that may serve to prevent their imagination from slumbering, or their lively fancy from sinking into inactivity; his fame spread rapidly, his extraordinary acquirements were the general theme: his merits were scanned in all companies, they were canvassed in the salons, discussed in the boudoir: the name of Napoleon, which had previously been unheard of, became as suddenly current as that of either a new fashion or a popular actress. All were, therefore, eager to get a glimpse of the lion of the day; each was anxious to behold a lad in whose praise report spoke so loudly: those to whom access was easy pressed forward to see and compare him with his fellow-students, of whom there were at that time about three hundred; from these, however, he selected only two for his intimate companions, Lauriston, who was a lad of a phlegmatic temperament, and Dupont, a youth of a most impetuous, daring character.

The handsome little Corsican, with his sparkling eyes and intelligent countenance, was not looked upon with indifference by the softer sex; the ladies, with their usual warmth of good feeling, appeared to take a strong interest in the future fortunes of a youth, upon whose person nature had been so lavish, whose mental powers had been so happily cultivated, and who began to shine in the world of science with the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude. It is creditable to both parties to know that, when he most needed it, he received substantive aid from that amiable and endearing portion of our species, which when well treated is so admirably calculated to constitute the great charm of human existence, whose loveliness may be looked upon as the sun shine by which every thing is nourished, ripened, and adapted to pleasurable enjoyment; but which man, much to his dishonour in the recklessness of his cruelty, too frequently uses every art to undermine, spares no effort to wither in its bud, invents stratagem after stratagem to destroy in the flower of its beauty, then ruthlessly casts it from him as a rank and loathsome weed, without reflecting that he first robbed it of its redolence; was himself the cause of that graveolence which he then finds so offensive.

He might now be said to be fairly embarked upon the great ocean of life, on that tempestuous sea upon whose quicksands so many master spirits have been fatally wrecked: welcome every where, caressed by his tutors, sought after by the literati, looked up to by the scientific, he glided easily into society; mingled at his pleasure with the busy world, made many valuable and some very lasting connexions: among others the venerable, liberty-loving Raynal, the celebrated author of "The Philosophical and Political Narrative of the European Commercial Establishments in the East and West Indies," a man whose reputation was at that pitch, that being observed when in England among the spectators in the House of Commons, the then Speaker suspended the business of the day until he had seen the aged and erudite historian placed in a more commodious seat. Such is the influence of intellect when honestly directed. It was a custom with this veteran in literature to assemble around his breakfast-table a company comprising most of the cleverest men of his day: among these Napoleon was freely admitted, and before he was eighteen he had become one of the brightest ornaments of the scientific circle. In further confirmation of the good opinion which the Abbé had formed of his mental powers, he was unanimously declared the victor for the prize given by the Academy of Lyons for the best essay on the following question, propounded by the experienced Raynal himself—"*What are the principles and institutions calculated to advance mankind to the highest possible degree of happiness?*" From this it would appear that he had not applied his mind solely to the acquirement of military knowledge, but that, although a very young man, he was also fully adequate to maintain a distinguished standing among the literati of Europe. This production, which was perfectly in unison with the then prevailing opinions, made considerable noise in the learned world, and was carefully preserved among the archives of the academy, from whence it was withdrawn, during the imperial reign of Buonaparte, by that heartless apostate, Talleyrand, afterwards known as Prince Benévento: the arch traitor, originally an ecclesiastic, who never lost any portion of that cunning and pliability generally so prominent in the clerical character, that ready tool of every faction, of whom it might be truly said, "Once a priest, always a priest," that subdolous *ci-devant* bishop, with a view to ingratiate himself with his sovereign, whom he hesitated not subsequently to betray, in one of their familiar conversations, contrived, with all the tact of a practised courtier, to lay the abstracted manuscript before the Emperor. Napoleon cast his eyes carelessly over the paper, read a few lines, then threw it into the fire, exclaiming, "One can never observe every thing." Not forseeing such a catastrophe, the wily minion had neglected to make a copy; the contents are therefore lost, unless, like the Phœnix, they could arise from their own ashes. Whatever they might have been, it is but fair to conclude that the recorded opinions of a poor lieutenant were too much in accordance with truth and humanity, were couched in language too masculine and independent, breathed too purely the sound principles of liberty, to be acceptable to the ears of one who could consent to dim the uncommon splendour of his own brilliancy, by contaminating it with the fetid vapours and pestiferous exhalations issuing from the rank composition of an emperor's diadem—that they broached sentiments which were no longer congenial with the feelings of a general who had surrounded himself with a morbid atmosphere, in which nothing was ever known to thrive except duplicity, treachery, and ingratitude, which had always proved a hotbed for nurturing the worst passions that can debase the race of man: "Pity it is, 'tis true, and true, 'tis pity."

Napoleon, in his youth, is said to have commenced an heroic poem, to stimulate the regeneration of liberty in the land of his birth, by its deliverance from the arbitrary trammels of foreign domination, in which he supposed the Genius of his Country to appear to him in a dream, while he was yet slumbering in one of her numerous caverns, who, placing a dagger in his hand, called upon him to avenge the wrongs of Corsica.—An ill-directed ambition would seem to have put the vision to flight, as it was never heard of more.

The decision of his character, the soundness of his judgment, as also his determined adhesion to temperate habits, shone conspicuously soon after his arrival at the Royal Military School in Paris: that establishment may be considered as the Gallic nursery for youthful warriors, tenanted by the scions of good families in reduced circumstances, who, as pensioners to the French King, were trained to the profession of arms. and familiarized with military evolutions; the object being to render them available as officers: these cadets were supported upon a costly scale, the diet sumptuous, with the attendance of a numerous suite of servants; added to which horses and grooms were at their command. The keen eye of Napoleon at once saw the error of the system, consequently he viewed it in an unfavourable light, and was extremely anxious for its reformation: luxurious ease and effeminate enjoyment he deemed to be incompatible with the duties of the "tented field:" such indulgence was not, in his estimation, the best possible means to the purposed end, that of forming hardy veterans: he felt that such an enervating mode of living was but little suited to fit men for bellicose contention; but ill calculated to enure them to the continual vicissitudes of a soldier's life, in which, from the very nature of the occupation, they must be content to submit to the severest privations, must necessarily be exposed to hardships of the most harassing description, the resolute and patient endurance of which can alone render their services truly valuable, or afford the slightest chance to secure victorious issue to a well-contested campaign. Thus thinking, he drew up a memorial which he presented in person to the then vice-principal Berton, in which, among other things, he submitted "that the plan was pernicious, and could never accomplish the end desired by every wise government: that the royal pensioners, being all the sons of gentlemen of decayed fortune, instead of having their minds improved. could derive nothing therefrom, save a love of ostentation, together with sentiments of conceit and vanity, so that, on rejoining the domestic circle, far from relishing the frugal gentility of their parents, they will feel inclined to despise their modest homes, and even to blush for the authors of their being; that, therefore, in lieu of retaining a numerous crowd of domestics about these young men, setting before them meals of two courses daily, making a parade with a very expensive establishment of horses and grooms, would it not be better to oblige them to do every thing for themselves, with the exception of a little cooking, to place before them ammunition bread, and soldiers' rations, and accustom them to the business of the field, by making them brush their own clothes, clean their own shoes and boots, and mend their own stockings? That, since they are far from being rich, and are destined for the military service, the duty of that service is the only education which they should receive: that, thus habituated to a life of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the bearing of a soldier, they would at the same time grow up more robust, would be able to brave the inclemencies of seasons, to support with courage the fatigues of war, and inspire the men under their command with respect and devoted attachment."

Thus reasoned Napoleon, a boy of fifteen; his subsequent institutions are evidence that he never deviated from his primary conception of a military education. The memorial, however, did him no service with the inmates of the establishment, who were not much disposed to adopt his Spartan propensities; nevertheless, the brilliancy of his talents, together with the splendour of his genius, conciliated the good opinion of all the principals of the school, with the exception of M. Bauer, the German master, a heavy, phlegmatic personage, whose teutonic pride took alarm at the little progress young Napoleon made in acquiring that language which has been emphatically described as fitted only to hold converse with the horse. This man, indeed, was the only one among the professors who appears to have taken an erroneous view of his subject, to have been mistaken as to the capacity of his pupil, and to have resolved to continue in his error with the obstinacy peculiar to his country. One day it so happened that Buonaparte was not in his place, upon which the pedagogue inquired where he was; he was given to understand that he was attending his examination in the artillery class; "*Oh,*" said the linguist, with a sneer, "*then he does learn something.*" "Learn something," re-echoed one of the students, "sir, he is one of the best mathematicians in the school." "*Very well, it may be so,*" replied the opinionated preceptor, sarcastically; "*truly, I have ever heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed the remark to be true, that none but a fool could learn mathematics.*" Of course, the self-conceited German was not fool enough to be a mathematician! When Napoleon was emperor, he was fond of repeating this anecdote, observing, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bauer lived long enough to become acquainted with my real character, and to enjoy the confirmation of his own judgment."

With M. Keraglion, who occupied the mathematical chair, Napoleon was a most decided favourite; he not only supplied the youth with pocket-money, but invited him to his dinner table every Sunday. When an examination takes place, it is usual for the cadets to affix their signatures to the report made by the examiner: at the last which our youthful engineer underwent, under the great Laplace, M. Keraglion is said to have written as a testimonial upon the margin opposite that of Napoleon Buonaparte, "*A Corsican by character and by birth: if favoured by circumstances, this young man will rise high.*" Napoleon was not insensible to this spontaneous friendship on the part of his instructor; it redounds to his honour that he never failed to remember and to reward those who had been friendly to him in his earlier years. Before the Professor was called upon to pay the great debt of nature, Buonaparte had reached the pinnacle of grandeur; thus elevated, he was not unmindful of what he owed to the attention of his preceptor; when the kind-hearted teacher had breathed his last, he settled a handsome annuity upon the widow: this conduct on his part was by no means uncommon. Ever ready to acknowledge his obligations, there are numerous instances on record of his generous recognition; after his accession to the purple, he continued to employ all those who had worked for him in his humbler fortunes. A silversmith, when Napoleon set out for his Italian campaign, had given him credit for a dressing-case, worth fifty pounds; for this he was rewarded with all the recommendation to business which, as emperor, he had power to make—under this patronage he became one of the wealthiest citizens in Paris. He would have done as much for a little hatter, as also for a cobbler who had worked for him when he was very poor, but they were not so skilful in their respective trades as the silversmith; the consequence was, singular as it may appear, that all Napoleon's influence, great as it then was, could not persuade the Parisians to wear clumsy boots and ill-shaped hats; for himself, however, he never ceased to purchase from them. When he landed at his native town, Ajaccio, upon his return from Egypt, his first care was to seek his nurse, who was still residing in that place, but in very indigent circumstances; after conversing with her with great affability, he left her with a handsome memorial of his gratitude for her care of his infancy: at a subsequent period during his consulate, when his fortune was smiling, he settled a yearly pension of fifty napoleons upon the dame; but when, at a later period, the old woman was informed that her nursling had become an emperor, nothing would please her, although then greatly advanced in years, short of being an eye-witness to his grandeur. This being communicated to Napoleon, he cheerfully complied with her desire, and gave directions to have her brought carefully to Paris at his own expense. She consequently, although bending with age, commenced the journey, landed at Marseilles, and proceeded to the Tuilleries, where she was most kindly received by Buonaparte, who upon this occasion doubled the amount of her annual stipend.

Many years after he had quitted the school at Brienne, when he had become a general, he visited the place of his early studies, and sought an interview with the person in the neighbourhood who had supplied him with milk and fruit. The old woman could hardly call to mind her former juvenile customer: Napoleon then questioned her if she remembered a boy of the name of Buonaparte? "Oh, dear yes—now I recollect perfectly well." "Did he always pay you, my good woman, for what he had?" She believed so. "Possibly," replied he, "some few sous might be left in arrear; if so," presenting her with a purse of gold, "there is something by way of liquidation for any outstanding claim."

M. de Mairon, who presided over the belles lettres class, was wont to observe, that "he had always been struck with the singularity of Buonaparte's amplifications," which, to use his own expression, he compared to "*flaming granites poured from a volcano.*"

M. Monge, whose department it was to familiarize the students with sound principles of fortification, always appeared delighted to speak of the rapid progress made by Napoleon under his tuition. This portion of his studies, which he pursued with unabated avidity, spending even the hours set apart for relaxation in consulting the works of Vauban, Muller, Cohorn, and Folard, would seem to have reference to the determination he had formed, that when he entered into active service it should be either in the artillery or the engineers, those being the only two military corps in which merit alone was the means to insure promotion; he was therefore resolved that no assiduity on his part should be wanting to render him fit to hold a commission in one or the other. He accomplished his object; for, after his examination, he was appointed second lieutenant in the regiment *La Fere.*

The world is not unusually misled by high sounding titles; men are but too apt to conceive themselves honoured by the notice of their possessors: it should, however, be constantly borne in mind that the presence of a prince, unless that prince be greatly distinguished for his abilities and high moral courage, cannot, by possibility, shed lustre upon any establishment: as, however, the Prince de Conde was a tried veteran in the camp, known as an experienced, intelligent, military commander, the cadets could not avoid considering themselves highly flattered by a communication that he would visit the school, and personally examine their respective merits. It was, therefore, no small tribute paid to superior genius, that the commandant, in preference to family distinction, as well as to more wealthy claims, should place Buonaparte, who was proverbial for his poverty, at the head of the polygon, when the venerable Condé made his appearance. The conduct of young Napoleon on this occasion fully justified the propriety of the selection.

When the variety of attainments displayed by Napoleon Buonaparte during his extraordinary career are brought into account, it must be pretty evident that, unless he had collected an ample fund of useful information in his youthful days, he never could have been enabled in after life to have drawn so largely as he was wont to do upon his own resources; we cannot, therefore, avoid arriving at this conclusion—that he must have diligently furnished his mind during the period of his scholastic probation; seeing that, when he quitted the scientific halls of the Royal Military School at Paris, the means of increasing his stock were not only materially abridged, but nearly, if not quite, annihilated, because the busy scenes in which he was subsequently engaged were too continuous, and, from their very nature, directly opposed to further literary acquirement; in short, he must have worked hard to have accumulated that which there can be no question of his possessing in an eminent degree. Indeed, it may be said to have been one among the many distinguishing traits in his character that he never trifled with time, never neglected an opportunity to acquire valuable knowledge, for we find it recorded that he was so intent upon completing his education, so bent upon strengthening his intellectual powers, so determined to make the best use of the passing moments, that he never allowed any circumstance to interfere with his progress; whatever, therefore, that in any shape might have a tendency to call off attention from his main object, or in any manner to interrupt the course of his studies, was sure to meet with an unwelcome reception from him, to incur his displeasure, to experience his most decided resistance, and, not unfrequently, to embroil him with the disturber. This disposition evinced itself even while he was yet a boy:—In his early youth he chanced to be one in a party of gay young folk, who had assembled at Marseilles for amusement; as is usual with French children, singing and dancing formed the prominent features in the entertainment of the evening. Napoleon, as was customary with him, had retired into a corner of the room, with a book in hand, upon the contents of which he was ardently intent, keeping himself apart from the merry group, and thus, in some measure, throwing a damp upon the hilarity of the meeting: his companions were somewhat vexed at this unsocial conduct, and were extremely anxious that he should participate in their mirth; for this purpose he was strongly solicited to join in their sports. At length, tired out with their entreaties, irritated by their incessant applications to him, but resolved not to comply with their wishes, he peevishly replied to their renewed solicitation, "*Jouer et danser! ce n'est pas la maniere de former un homme;*" which, in plain English version, implies that "The way to form a man is not by playing and dancing."

This humour still pursued him through all the stages of his education. Nothing could torment him more than noisy interruption. At Brienne he was remarkable for his abstraction from the juvenile pastimes of his schoolmates; he was very seldom known to mingle in their youthful games; on the contrary, his leisure from the business of the school was usually occupied either by some abstruse subject, or manly exercise, which, at the time, engrossed all his attention, and left him no appetite for puerile enjoyments. At the celebration of the holiday fètes at this school, when it was usual for the scholars to perform a play, invitations were generally sent to all the inhabitants of the place; no one, however, was allowed to pass into the inner hall without presenting a ticket bearing the signature of either the principal or sub-principal; guards were established for the maintenance of this regulation, whose business it was to keep order, and prevent improper intrusion; on these occasions it was also customary to appoint an officer and a subaltern, under whose inspection the whole amusement was conducted: these situations, however, which were considered as giving dignity to the possessor, were only conferred upon those pupils who were most distinguished among their fellows. As Buonaparte, by unanimous consent, ranked among the select few, upon one of the festivals of St. Louis, 1782, he was invested with the command; in exercising the functions of which an adventure crossed him that threw into broad daylight the firmness of his character, and advantageously displayed the inflexibility of his temper, and his strict adherence to what he considered to be his duty. The piece to be performed was the death of Julius Cæsar, in which his friend and schoolfellow Bourrienne, who relates the anecdote, performed the part of Brutus. The janitor's wife, who was perfectly well known, presented herself for admission to the representation; as, however, she had no ticket, she was refused entrance. Thinking to pass the sergeant on guard, she began to raise a clamour, insisting upon her right: in this she was disappointed; the subaltern reported to his superior officer, Napoleon; who, upon inquiring into the case, unhesitatingly exclaimed, "Let that woman be removed. who brings into this place the licence of a camp." In his prosperity he recalled the circumstance to mind, recollected both the woman and her husband, had them transferred to the palace of Malmaison, made the latter porter to the establishment, at which place, while holding this office, both the man and his wife ended their days.

It was not every student in the Royal Military College who had the same penchant for studious industry and quiet seclusion as Napoleon: these indeed constituted the very essence of his existence while under the care of his tutors; nothing, therefore, could irritate him more than that which, by diverting his application, was the cause of either the remission or the destruction of that in which he so much delighted. It was his unfortunate destiny to be located in the room immediately under that occupied by a cadet named Bussy, who afterwards became a colonel; this young man had taken a fancy to learn to blow the French horn; for this purpose the gentleman, when swelling his buccinator, which is that muscle in the cheek which requires to be inflated in order, by compressing the mouth, to bring out tones from the instrument, was wont to produce such hideous noises as completely distracted the attention of those within hearing. This, as may be supposed, greatly incommoded Buonaparte, who warmly remonstrated against the annoyance, but without obtaining any abatement of the nuisance: at length, the adversaries chanced to meet one day upon the stairs, when the following colloquy ensued:—

Napoleon. Are you not tired of practising the horn?

Bussy. Not at all.

Napoleon. At any rate, you tire other people.

Bussy. I am sorry for it.

Napoleon. It would be better if you went to practise elsewhere.

Bussy. I am master of my own apartment.

Napoleon. Perhaps you may be taught to entertain a doubt upon that point.

Bussy. I scarce think any one will be bold enough to attempt to teach me that.

The result of this conversation was a challenge. Before the antagonists went into the field the dispute was referred to a committee of the cadets, who decided that the horn-blower should practise at a greater distance, and that Buonaparte should be more accommodating.

In the campaign of 1814, Napoleon, who was then Emperor, again met his horn-player, who was residing on his estate in the neighbourhood of Soissons, or Laon; and who furnished some very important information respecting the position of the enemy. The Emperor instantly recognised his old opponent, adverted with good-humoured frankness to their former dispute, shook him heartily by the hand, and appointed him one of his aides-du-camp.

By the regulations of the school, no letter written by a student was allowed to be posted without being previously submitted to the perusal of the superior. In an epistolary correspondence of Napoleon with his family, some disrespectful observations were made upon the king; the offensive passage was noticed, for which he was severely reprimanded—the inspector reading him a smart lecture for his irreverent expressions, while the epistle itself was condemned to the flames: from this it would appear that he had imbibed an unfavourable impression of the court very early in life. As he was not of a temper to be put down by rebuke, it may be easily imagined that this reproof operated but slenderly upon a mind so constituted, that it therefore rather augmented than diminished the disgust he had conceived, tended to confirm his anti-Bourbon notions, and strengthen the contemptible opinion he would seem always to have entertained of that miserable family; indeed, the whole tenor of his conduct during the continuance of his education was of a nature to distinguish him from the generality of youths so circumstanced; his demeanour was marked with such peculiar features, that they seemed to cast before them the shadows of his future greatness. Ever the dauntless advocate of the rights of his comrades, nothing could induce him to compromise their integrity; he was usually, therefore, the ringleader in any act of insubordination consequent upon their infringement; however degrading the punishment with which he was visited, however severe the chastisement he had to endure, far from soliciting mitigation or suing for pardon, he bore it with stoical fortitude, defended his conduct and treated the castigation with scornful nonchalance, with a provoking disregard that not unfrequently stung his correctors to the quick by making them feel the superiority of the character committed to their charge. Reproachful language he disdained to retaliate, always treating the utterer with biting contempt. Unmoved by promises, unawed by threats, he neither built upon the one nor feared the other. Neither inflated by praise nor disheartened by censure, he was alike indifferent to either; pursued no sinuous means to procure the first, nor travelled out of his course to avoid the latter; he appeared to move straight forward, marking out his own road without regard to surrounding opinions

Many years after, 1802, when he was first consul, he sent a message to his old tutor to attend the levee for the purpose of receiving a pupil; when the professor appeared, Buonaparte received him with great cordiality, and good-humouredly reminded him of the circumstance, observing, with a friendly shake of the hand, that times had very materially altered since the burning of his letter.

Among other peculiarities incident to his character, was his impatience under disappointment. Irascible in the extreme, he never possessed sufficient equanimity to sustain the rude shock of contradiction. His ire once roused, his rage was boundless; reckless as to consequences, he plunged incontinently into mischief, committed the most vindictive acts, and appeared to think no sacrifice too great to achieve that of which he was desirous; this disposition, not perhaps the most laudable that can be indulged, was, however, indignantly manifested in almost the last known exploit of his boyhood, just previous to his leaving the royal military school at Paris. An ingenious philosopher, desirous to mount into the regions of air for the gratification of the Parisians, had constructed a magnificent balloon upon an extensive scale in the Champ de Mars, with which he proposed to make the ascent: mingled with the numerous spectators was young Napoleon, who, impelled by that irrepressible curiosity which he always evinced, when opportunity offered to make himself acquainted with anything that was novel, or embraced even a scintilla of science, forced his way through the massive throng, and unnoticed, entered the inner fence which encompassed the apparatus and materials for inflating the silken conductor of the suspended car, destined to hold the aërial traveller. At that period, the balloon was nearly filled with the gaseous fluid, and all the cords which restrained its flight, with the exception of one, had been removed; Napoleon, ardently desiring to partake in the projected voyage, requested permission to take a seat in the vessel, and accompany him. The artist, however, thinking that the nerves of a boy might fail, and not prove adequate to bear the extreme elevation of the machine, consequently might tend to embarrass, if not spoil the experiment, peremptorily refused to grant the request, alleging the fear of his youth as the reason for his denial; thus repulsed, Buonaparte, in a violent fit of anger, exclaimed, "I am young, certainly, but fear neither the powers of earth, nor of air," and concluded by sternly asking, "will you allow me to ascend?" The aeronaut, with equal sternness, replied, "No sir! I will not—I beg you will retire." Boiling with passion at this rebuke, Napoleon instantly drew a small sabre which he wore in his uniform, pierced the swollen silk in several places, from whence the gas rushed out in torrents; thus, in a moment of irritation, he destroyed the labour of days, and rendered abortive the toil and ingenuity of the astonished projector. O'Meara, who relates this adventure, concludes with the remark, that "Napoleon had, in this one event, prefigured the whole of that extraordinary career which he afterwards ran; as the clouds aspiring, as the air trackless, its only object to ascend; its rudder the whirlwind: a vapour its impulse; downfall its destiny."

He had, however, before this given proof of the lengths he would not scruple to go, if his objects could not otherwise be obtained, than by the desolation they involved. When he was about fourteen, being in a company in which military characters were discussed, in the course of conversation, one of the party eulogized the great talents of Mareschal Turenne: a lady, who chanced to be present, added, "Certainly, he was undoubtedly a great man, a most admirable commander; but I should have liked him much better had he not burned the Palatinate"—to which Napoleon warmly replied, "What does that signify, if its destruction appeared necessary to accomplish his designs?"

Most conquerors reason after this fashion, they care little for the devastation they produce, or the misery they create, their only desire is to harrass an enemy, and exhibit their own dexterous manœuvres; for that purpose they will not hesitate to immolate at the shrine of their ambition, thousands upon thousands of human beings, to lay waste a whole country, destroy the labour of the husbandmen, regardless of the famine that must ensue, of widowed mothers and orphan children, the necessary consequence of their inhuman butchery!

CHAP. II.

JOINS HIS REGIMENT AT VALENCE; BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MADAME DU COLOMBIER, FORMS AN ATTACHMENT FOR HER DAUGHTER; WITNESSES THE ATTACK ON THE TUILLERIES, WITH THE MASSACRE OF THE SWISS GUARDS; MADE A CAPTAIN; WANDERS ABOUT PARIS UNEMPLOYED; HIS EXPEDIENT FOR RECRUITING HIS FINANCES.

In August, 1785, he received his first commission as second lieutenant in the Artillery Regiment *La Fere*, then quartered at Valence, a handsome, strongly-walled, well-built city on the river Rhone, in the department of Drome, 335 miles south-east of Paris, longitude, 4° 52′ east latitude, 44° 56′ north, most of the public places and many of the private houses being adorned with gardens, having a School of Artillery, with a magnificent Cathedral, being, also, the see of a bishop.

Perhaps there never was a more critical period in the affairs of France than that at which Napoleon Buonaparte first entered upon actual service. Men's minds were unsettled, the times appeared to be completely out of joint, yet big with portentous events; the electric spark of liberty had come into contact with contending interests, and deluged the Western Hemisphere; the thunder of Revolution was heard in the distance, fearfully rolling towards the Gallic shores; the hurricane of discontent whistled through the land, foreboding a terrible storm, and uprooting old opinions: the monarchy began to totter to its base; the junior or Orleans branch of the Bourbons was at variance with the elder, the head of which at that moment occupied the French throne. The unbounded extravagance of the court had deranged the finances, which were no longer found adequate to the wants of the state: the insolent bearing of the noblesse rendered them odious; the tyranny exercised under *lettres de cachet*, the grinding extortion of the *fermiers généraux*, the *gabelle*, or tax upon salt, were grievances keenly felt and resented by the whole nation; these, coupled with the besotted obstinacy of the French cabinet, in foolishly pursuing unpopular measures, completely alienated the affections of the people, whose murmurs began to be both loud and deep; generated such an unconquerable aversion to the passing scenes, that sober reasoners clearly foresaw that matters could not remain in their present state. It was therefore evident that a change of system was inevitable, and all well-informed impartial men felt convinced that a new order of things must speedily take place.

The French soldiery, who aided, under the immortal La Fayette, to consummate Transatlantic freedom, had just returned to their homes from that memorable struggle, strongly imbued with liberal feelings; these men, who had been eye-witnesses to the great advantages resulting from a representative form of government, when fairly elected, disseminated notions among their countrymen decidedly inimical to the then despotism; these led to investigations that ultimately tended not only to confirm, but also to augment the growing dissatisfaction, which, as no means were used to allay the torrent, subsequently burst forth into active violence with all the fury of Vesuvius, commencing with the capture and destruction of the Bastile, 14 July, 1789, carrying desolation into almost every rank of society, but certainly doing much towards cleansing the Augean stable.

The acknowledgment of North American Independence after a sanguinary contest pursued with almost unexampled ferocity by the mother country, in which the monarchial principle sustained signal defeat, together with the establishment of a free constitution in the United States, based upon the solid foundation of national rights, carried into operation by a cheap and well-conducted administration, induced Europeans to make comparison of their own institutions with those recently consolidated in America, and caused them to set on foot a searching inquiry into the principles of the social compact, and the best means for securing rational liberty: the absurd doctrine of the divine right of kings to govern wrong, was very generally scouted throughout the Continent: the monstrous proposition that the people were made for the monarch, not the monarch for the people, was contemptuously repudiated; while the converse that the monarch was made for the people, not the people for the monarch, was hailed as a valuable axiom and adopted as a truism by the great mass of society with very few exceptions; these consisting chiefly of those who battened upon the public spoil, and who, heedless of the wrong they committed, had the hardihood to claim a vested interest in the plunder: vested interest has usually been the fiction under the sanction of which improper drains have audaciously been continued upon the public purse: they have always been found a most convenient top garment under the cover of which the most threadbare, ragged, and sometimes even very filthy habiliments, have been advantageously concealed without incommoding the wearer.

It is not to be supposed that occurences with such striking features should be suffered to pass unheeded by a master-mind like that possessed by Buonaparte; on the contrary, it would appear that he had deeply ruminated upon the extraordinary character of the times; that he had made his calculations upon the probable effect of the prevailing discontent, had in some measure prepared himself to meet the contingencies likely to spring from such a state of things, was in readiness to take advantage of their operation, not only upon the mass of French population, but also upon the different states of Europe; it is but fair to conjecture that his comprehensive genius had enabled him in some measure to dip into the future; that he was therefore competent to meet forthcoming events, and had determined upon the mode of conduct he should adopt under circumstances as they might chance to arise: upon no other ground can his steady bearing under every difficulty, his energetic method of overcoming every obstacle that interposed between himself and his ultimate object, with his happy dexterity in turning each new adventure to his own advantage, be rationally accounted for.

Such was the state of the political horizon when Napoleon first joined his regiment: he found the officers like the rest of the world, divided in their opinions, undetermined as to their course, split into three sections.

The *first* embraced those who were for continuing the old regime, notwithstanding the gloomy appearance by which it was surrounded; these, like some of a much later date, had imbibed the notion that a copious distribution of leaden pills with the stringent powers of steel, were quite sufficient to cure the complaints of the multitude, and restore vigour to the acknowledged imbecility of the all but worn-out system. The neighbouring governments, dreading the spread of the new lights, as any attempt for the establishment of liberal institutions was then called, were ready to assist in coercing the people into submission; these styled themselves ROYALISTS; This party, however, dwindled daily in France.

The *second* consisted of those who, although unwilling to concede any portion of the governing power, were nevertheless convinced that some relaxation in its iron features could alone keep it afloat and render it palatable; these were therefore anxious to ameliorate the heavy burdens imposed upon the population, to correct those evils which, being but too apparent, were rapidly bringing the whole fabric to ruin. These felt desirous to keep the skeleton entire, but willing to remove some of the most diseased parts, to replace them with matter of a more healthy complexion: upon the nature of the infusions to be introduced, of the changes best adapted to the desired end, great discrepancy of opinion existed, even among the Reformers themselves. Thus, a multitude of schemes were promulgated, each in its turn oversetting the former. This party increased almost hourly, and was known as the PATRIOTS.

The *third* comprised those who determined, if possible, to overturn the monarchy, to abolish hereditary nobility, to secure liberty of conscience, and to build up a free and independent government, bottomed upon a full and fair representation of the people in parliament, with a well-understood constitution, formed according to the then spreading doctrine of the rights of man. These adopted the *bonnet rouge*, or crimson cap, with the tri-coloured cockade, as the emblems of freedom, and were called REPUBLICANS. This party, also, continually enlisted fresh adherents.

It would perhaps be somewhat difficult to define to which of the two latter parties Buonaparte was most attached: if his actions, as they certainly ought to do, are to form the criterion, to be the evidence adduced, it may perhaps be clear that he more than alternated between them without ultimately exactly conforming to the declared tenets of either: indeed, he may be said to have been in himself a *fourth* party, distinct from the other three, using them only so far as fell in with his designs: be this as it may, he sided with the patriots at the commencement of his career.

On his arrival at Valence, he shook off much of those unsocial habits in which he had hitherto indulged, mixed freely in society, where his masculine bearing and extensive information coupled with the great facility he possessed of expressing himself in terse but forcible language, and his aptitude for dressing his observations with an elegance of diction which might be truly called the nervous laconic, procured him easy access to the houses of the most worthy inhabitants of the place; among others these attributes gave him an early introduction to a very accomplished and highly respected woman, Madame du Colombier, a wealthy widow lady, about fifty, endowed with many rare and amiable qualities, who was also a declared friend to the patriotic cause: pleased with his address, an admirer of the emphatic manner of delivering his opinions, which were in perfect unison with her own, she entertained a great regard for the young artillery officer, and frequently insisted that he would one day become a highly distinguished personage: even in her last moments she was heard to declare that, if no misfortune befell his youth, he would infallibly play a prominent and important part in the coming events: it would appear that she was prophetic in this estimation of her young friend: through her interference he was brought acquainted with the Abbé de Saint Relfe, a gentleman of considerable property, residing at a small distance from Valence, around whose hospitable board were usually assembled the most influential characters in the department. This lady died soon after the breaking out of the Revolution, in the progress of which she felt deeply interested. During the remainder of his life, even after he became an Emperor, he was never known to mention Madame du Colombier, but with those expressions of gratitude which strongly marked the sentiments of respect which he bore to her memory; he appeared delighted to speak of her, and it was always in terms of tenderness, which reflected honour on his feelings; he never ceased, to the last moment of his existence, to acknowledge that the valuable introductions she procured for him, together with the superior rank which she held in society, had contributed greatly to his advancement, and exercised a most decided influence over his destiny. If ingratitude be, as it unquestionably is, a disgrace to the human being, then by a parity of reasoning gratitude must be among its brightest ornaments: at no period of his life does it appear that Napoleon was deficient in this truly praise-worthy quality.

Napoleon, during his visits to her mother, conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle du Colombier, the only daughter of his patroness: on her part, the lady was not insensible to his merits. It was the first love of both: and therefore it was that kind of love which might naturally be expected at their age, and from the education they had received. Speaking of this amatory intercourse, he was wont to say, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable; we contrived short interviews together; I well remember one which took place on a midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn. It will scarcely be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together."—Change of quarters, with the necessary calls of his professional duty, interfered with this growing attachment; the consequence was that many years elapsed before they again met each other; not indeed until 1805, when he was at Lyons, on his way to Rome, to receive the iron crown with which he was to be crowned King of Italy: it was when he was thus situated that he again saw his first flame, Mademoiselle du Colombier, who had then changed her name, and become Madame de Bressieux. As he was surrounded by a numerous suite of courtiers, with ministers of state, officers, guards, and all the etiquette usually attendant upon royalty, it was with great difficulty that she made her way into his presence, and obtained an audience: he appeared highly delighted at seeing her again, but, to his mortification, found her much altered for the worse. He received her with all the cordiality so common with him at sight of an old and valued friend, chatted with her, reiterated the obligation he considered himself under to her deceased mother, recalled their former intimacy, and listened to her requests with marked attention, granted her every thing she asked in favour of her husband, and placed her in a lucrative situation as lady of honour to one of his sisters.

It is evident that in his early life Napoleon Buonaparte deeply interested himself in the independence of his native island; a feeling that probably was materially strengthened by the supercilious conduct of some of the French youth towards him on his entrance into the Military School at Brienne, for which advantageous location he was indebted to the friendly patronage of the Count de Marbœuff, the then Gallic governor of Corsica; whether this were so or not, he appears to have closely studied its history, to have examined it with great attention, and to have made himself intimately conversant with the characters of those heroes who had fought in defence of Corsican freedom, particularly of those who had fallen in 1762, when resisting the Genoese in defence of Ajaccio, where he was born; among whom were two, father and son, who were members of his mother's family. An officer in country quarters has generally much spare time on his hands: while with the artillery regiment *La Fère*, Napoleon employed a considerable portion of this leisure in writing, upon the model of his great favourite, Plutarch, the lives of those illustrious Corsicans who had most distinguished themselves by their devotion to the interests of the land of their birth. That he had talent for literary composition is unquestionable: there are many instances of his aptitude that way upon record: if the opinions of those who had access to his manuscripts are to be credited, had these been made public, he would have occupied no mean position among authors; indeed, it would appear from the testimony of those who had perused his lucubrations, that had they passed through the press, they would have given him an indisputable title to be placed among the first rank of the contributors to literature. In this biographical production he had made considerable progress, when further advance was precluded, from the nature and increased activity of the service in which he was employed; in the various and sudden removals from place to place, consequent upon the performance of his duty, the writing was accidentally lost; his brother Joseph exerted himself to recover this effort of Napoleon's pen, which bid fair to have established his literary fame, but, unfortunately, without success; notwithstanding no pains were spared in seeking after it, it was irrecoverably gone.

The great veneration which Buonaparte always entertained for the character of Paoli, and the tribute of acknowledgment he was ever ready to pay to the determined and dauntless opposition that patriot had evinced in combatting for the restoration of Corsican independence, induced him to make the conduct of that general a prominent feature in his intended work; in consequence of which he addressed a letter to the gallant soldier, dated from Auxonne, a small town in the department of the *Cote d'or*, seated on the River Saone, 17 miles east of Dijon, and 192 miles south-east of Paris, having a castle, an arsenal, a foundry for cannon, also a school for the artillery. This epistle, which appears by the date to have been written 12th June, 1789, ran thus:—

"General—I was born when my country was perishing. Thirty thousand Frenchmen landed upon our coast, bathing the throne of liberty with streams of blood. Such was the odious spectacle which first presented itself to my sight. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, the tears of despair, were the companions of my infant days. You quitted our island, and with you disappeared all hopes of happiness; slavery was the reward of our submission. Loaded with the triple chain of the soldier, the legislator, and the tax-gatherer, our countrymen lived despised by those who have the command over us. Is it not the greatest pain that one, who has the slightest elevation of sentiment, can suffer? Can the wretched Peruvian, writhing under the tortures of the avaricious Spaniard, feel a greater? No! Wretches, whom a desire of gain and plunder corrupts, to justify themselves, have invented calumnies against the National Government, and against you, sir, in particular; authors, confiding in their veracity, transmit them to posterity. While perusing them, my heart boils with indignation, and I have resolved to dissipate these delusions, the offspring of ignorance. An early study of the French language, long observation, and the memorials to which I have had access in the portfolios of the patriots, have led me to promise myself some success. I wish to compare your government with the present one. I wish to blacken with the pencil of dishonour those who have betrayed the common cause; I wish to call before the tribunal of public opinion those who are in power; set forth their vexatious proceedings, expose their secret intrigues, and, if possible, interest the present virtuous minister in the deplorable situation that we are now in. If my fortune permitted me to live in the capital, I should have found out other means of making known our complaints; but, being obliged to serve in the army, I find myself thus compelled to make use of this, the only means of publicity; for, as to private memorials, either they would not reach the government, or, stifled by the clamours of the parties concerned, they would only occasion the ruin of the author.

"Still young, my enterprise may seem daring; but love for truth, of my country and fellow-citizens, that enthusiasm which the prospect of an amelioration in our state always gives, bear me up. If you, General, condescend to approve of a work in which your name will so often occur, if you condescend to encourage the efforts of a young man whom you have known from infancy, and whose parents were always attached to the good cause, I shall dare to augur favourably of my success. I hoped at one time to be able to go to London, to express to you the sentiments you have raised in my bosom, and to converse together on the misfortunes of our country; but the distance is an objection; perhaps a time will come when I shall be able to overcome it. Whatever may be the success of my undertaking, I know that it will raise against me the numerous body of Frenchmen who govern our island, and whom I attack; but what matters it so as the welfare of my country is concerned? I shall hear the wicked upbraid; and if the bolt fall, I shall examine my heart and shall recollect the lawfulness of my motives, and at that moment I shall defy it.

"Permit me, General, to offer you the homage of my family—why should I not add of my countrymen? They sigh at the recollection of a time when they had hoped for liberty. My mother, Madame Lætitia, has charged me, above all, to recall to your remembrance the years long since passed at Corté. I remain with respect, General,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,

"Napoleon Buonaparte,

"Officer in the regiment of La Fère."

The independence of his mind, with his unbending disposition, were but little suited to the mess-table of a royal regiment. His brother officers felt his superiority, both professional and argumentative: his decided manner vexed them; his unconcealed leaning to the popular cause, they held in disesteem, as incompatible in one holding the king's commission; the great majority of them, therefore, were but little pleased with him as an associate, When the revolution broke out, he boldly declared for liberty, which by no means tended to make him a greater favourite. Several of them, who were completely wedded to the old system, conceived a strong dislike for him; they omitted no opportunity to persecute and annoy him, short of positive insult—that, they well knew, he was not of a humour to brook. The causes which led to, as well as the future progress of the revolt, were one day the theme of discussion: a sharp debate ensued; in this argument he stood alone, maintained singly against them all his own way of thinking so firmly, and so provoked them with the warmth of his expressions, that they lost temper, and attempted to throw him into a ditch hard by: so ferocious was their attack, so unlooked for the assault, that it was with great difficulty he extricated himself from their grasp, and avoided becoming a sacrifice to the perilous position in which their resentment had placed him: from that time he ceased to mingle in the society of his regiment. The irrepressible spirit of freedom having made rapid strides, at length induced many of them who had been his most inveterate enemies to renounce their former opinions, and embrace principles they had hithreto despised: these quarrels, however, were the cause of his ultimately quitting the regiment *La Fere*.

According to Fouche, Buonaparte never attempted to disguise his feelings in favour of the liberal cause. Soon after his entrance into the army he happened to be at Lyons, reckoned the second city in France, the see of an archbishop, and capital of the department of Rhone, seated at the conflux of the River Saone with the stream of the Rhone, 280 miles south-east of Paris, 15 miles north from Vienna, in 4° 49′ east longitude, 45° 46′ north latitude, famous for its manufactures of silk, gold and silver brocades, plain, double, and striped velvet, richly embroidered taffeta and satin, during the representation of the play of William Tell at the theatre, Tell, after pushing Geisler from the rock, exclaims, "Liberty! Liberty!" Napoleon, who was one of the spectators, reiterated the exclamation with a loud voice, to the great astonishment of the audience.

While acting as a lieutenant, he was ordered to march to Lyons with his battalion, for the purpose of quelling some disturbances which had broken out in that city; during his stay there he narrowly escaped a watery grave. One day, as he was bathing in the Saone, he was suddenly seized with the cramp while in the act of swimming, at which exercise he was rather expert; after repeated but ineffectual struggles he was seen to sink, and, from the rapidity of the stream, given up for lost: the strength of the current, however, drifted him against a sand-bank at a considerable distance from the place of his accident, upon the edge of which it left him when the tide receded; in this situation he lay for some time, perfectly senseless. Accident brought some of his companions to the spot, by whose care and assiduity animation was restored to him. After his revival, he declared he had experienced all the painful sensations of dying, until recollection had entirely left him.

While he was yet serving at Lyons, Buonaparte was obliged to keep his apartment, the upper floor of an hotel, being very ill with a violent fever; at this time his finances were at a very low ebb: this was communicated to lady who resided in the same hotel; she, with great humanity, visited the invalid, sat by his bedside, assisted him with money, and, by the most unremitting attention, had the satisfaction to see him restored to perfect health. By her kindness he was enabled to set out for the purpose of rejoining his regiment, then at Valence. When his coronation as Emperor of the French took place, this lady wrote to felicitate him upon the event, stating, at the same time, some particulars respecting her own situation. This produced an immediate answer, couched in the most friendly terms, acknowledging his former obligation, accompanied by a draft for ten thousand francs, about four hundred pounds sterling, with assurances of future protection.

Fatigued with the continual squabbles, tired out with the endless disputes betwixt his brother officers and himself, Napoleon left them to visit the land of his birth, to see his widowed mother and his family for the first time since he had quitted it for Brienne. There he was introduced, in company with his two brothers, Joseph and Lucien, to an old and particular friend of his family, who had formerly held a military commission, and fought under the valiant Paoli for Corsican liberty: when that general was expatriated, he had also accompanied him in his exile. In consequence of the French revolution, this gentleman had recently returned to the island, after a residence of twenty years in England; during which time he had become so enamoured with the British constitution, as to be one of its most enthusiastic admirers. His enthusiasm, aided by his florid description of the advantages resulting from its administration, operated so powerfully upon the minds of the brothers, that they became extremely zealous for the establishment of a similar form of Government in Corsica. It was remarked that the ardour of Napoleon in this affair far exceeded that of either his brother Joseph or Lucien. Such, indeed, was the zeal displayed by them upon this occasion, that they were commonly known and spoken of by the Corsicans as the "Anglo-maniacs." An officer serving with the French troops then quartered in Corsica, who was a determined royalist, an uncompromising advocate for the re-establishment of the ancient regime, felt so scandalized at the course pursued by the young Buonapartes, that he one day used some very harsh expressions respecting them, infusing still greater virulence into his language when speaking of Napoleon. Their friend warmly defended him: the altercation ran high, and was at length concluded by the friend saying to the tenacious officer, "Sir, you are not worth a pair of Napoleon's old boots." Some years subsequently, 1800, when Buonaparte had risen to be first Consul of the French Republic, this same French officer, who had then not only followed the standard of Napoleon, but had also been promoted by him to distinction, was engaged to meet a dinner party at the hotel of Madame Lætitia, the First Consul's mother, generally known as *Madame Mère;* among the company invited was the Anglo-Corsican; the Frenchman, who recollected the reproof he had received, drew the other aside, and, placing his fore-finger upon his lips, said, jokingly, "My dear sir, not a word, I entreat you, about the old boots."

It is worthy of remark, that two such really great men as Pascal Paoli and Napoleon Buonaparte, both of them military commanders, whose early knowledge of each other arose from both embracing the same common cause, namely, the independence of the island upon which they were born, should in the course of events, both being actuated by the same laudable motive, the benefit of their common country, nevertheless, have taken difent sides upon that vital question, and thereby have become directly and hostilely opposed to each other: such, however, is the fact. Paoli, feeling himself unjustifiably suspected by the French convention, after having been invested by them with the government of Corsica, threw himself, together with his countrymen, who equally resented the unjust suspicion, into the arms of England ; while Buonaparte, notwithstanding his great admiration of Paoli, espoused the French interest. That they entertained sentiments of the most profound respect for each other's character and abilities is evident; it is also clear that the discrepancy in their latter opinions as to the best possible course for their native land did not shake that mutual feeling of friendship which existed between them. Although duty brought them into hostile collision, the latter always spoke of the former in terms of the highest eulogy, while the latter ever insisted that Buonaparte would prove himself one of Plutarch's men.

It would not be an easy task to determine whether the industry or the talent of Napoleon Buonaparte had the preference : both were of the first order. He was an illustrious example of what may be effected by making a proper use of time, and not postponing until the morrow that which can be done on the antecedent day. When he was about seventeen years of age he had written a "History of Corsica :" this production he submitted to the criticism of his newly acquired friend, the Abbé Raynal, who was so pleased with its method, and the sentiments that breathed throughout its pages, that he very strenuously urged its speedy publication. Some three or four years after, while Napoleon was on garrison duty at Auxonne, he was the author of a "Letter to M. Buttafoca," the deputy who represented Corsica in the National Assembly at Paris ; in which, according to M. Bourrienne, the opinions were very pointedly expressed, conceived in very spirited language, and altogether written in a strain of bitter irony and unsparing invective : this brochure was printed and circulated by M. Joly, a bookseller at Dole, a town situated on the River Doubs, in the department of Jura, some twelve miles from the lieutenant's quarters. The proof-sheets were revised by Buonaparte himself, who, for that purpose, was wont to go over on foot to the residence of the bibliopole. On these occasions it was his practice to leave Auxonne as early as four o'clock in the morning ; after correcting the press, he partook of a frugal breakfast with his publisher, and immediately set out on his return to his battalion, which he reached about noon, having walked more than twenty four miles in the course of the morning. The success of this little pamphlet, together with the advice of the venerable Raynal, induced him to request M. Joly to come over to see him, in order that they might treat for an impression of the historical work : the vender of books accordingly made his appearance, and found Napoleon at the pavilion, lodging in a chamber containing no other furniture than a miserable bed, without curtains, two chairs, and a table covered with books and papers standing in the recess of one of the windows, the walls being completely bare ; his brother Louis at that time slept upon a coarse mattress in an adjoining apartment. They made an agreement for the expense of the publication, but the arrangement was not finally settled, because Napoleon was in hourly expectation to receive an order to quit Auxonne : this order arrived a few days after ; the consequence was that the work was never ushered into public notice.

It would appear, from an anecdote related by Fouché, that Buonaparte was sometimes deficient in gallantry to the fairer part of the creation. During a portion of the time he was quartered at Auxonne, he lodged at the house of a barber, to whose wife, according to her own account, he did not pay the customary degree of attention. When he subsequently passed through the town, on his way to Marengo, he called at the shop to inquire if she recollected such a person as himself? "Yes," answered the disappointed woman, "indeed I do; and a very disagreeable lodger he was: when at home, he was almost always shut up in his room; and when he passed through the shop to walk out, he never was civil enough to stop to speak to any one." "Ah!" said Napoleon, in reply, "if I had employed my time then, as you would have wished me, I should not now be going to fight a great battle." On his return he called upon her again; wishing to efface all her former unfavourable impressions, he exclaimed, with his wonted good humour, "Here, my good woman, you see we have come back safe." The barber's wife felt flattered by his present attention, and the neglect of the ungallant lieutenant was obliterated by the suavity of the victorious general.

Devotion to study, avidity for useful acquirements of every description, an ardent desire to enrich his mind by every means within his grasp, would seem not only to have been distinguishing traits in the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, but never to have deserted him even for a moment: ever thirsty after knowledge, he never appears to have slighted any opportunity that presented itself, be the attending circumstances whatever they might, that could by any possibility increase his stock of information; on the contrary, such occurrences were always seized upon by him with enthusiastic zeal, and, worked upon by his superior genius, were rendered both serviceable and available to the furtherance of his contemplated design. Thus, when the Code Napoleon, a code which will ever remain an indestructible monument to his celebrity, was under consideration by the council of state, the ministers who composed it were not a little astonished, considering that he had hardly ever been more than the inmate of a camp, at his acumen, the intimate acquaintance he manifested with the old Roman jurisprudence, and the readiness which he displayed when illustrating any point brought into discussion, on which occasions he would frequently quote whole passages from the pandects of that extraordinary people. His ideas were too enlarged to feel offended with examination, which he always rather courted than avoided: no one, therefore, felt any reluctance to question him upon his knowledge of any subject. Treilhard, who was one of the counsellors, forcibly struck by the depth of his observations upon a science with which he had persuaded himself Napoleon, whose whole life had been that of a soldier, must consequently be altogether unacquainted, was anxious to learn how it was possible he had become so familiarized with the intricacy of legal institutions. Buonaparte's own explanation of this circumstance, as related by O'Meara, will put the matter in perhaps not only the true, but the most favourable light: "When I was merely a lieutenant," said he, "I was put under arrest, unjustly, it is true; but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison, contained no other furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard; in the cupboard, however, was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the Digest. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that, had I been confined a hundred years, I should never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but, on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus it was that I picked up my knowledge of civil law"

After serving nearly seven years as a lieutenant, he was promoted in the early part of the year 1792; but although he had obtained the rank of Captain of Artillery, he was nevertheless without employ, as he was not attached to any regiment. An unattached officer in an expensive city, unless he have private funds, is not, perhaps, in the most enviable situation imaginable: obliged to support the character of a gentleman, without ample finances, he may be fairly said to be on the forlorn hope. Buonaparte, albeit very frugal, was also very poor at this period: destitute of fortune himself, he had no wealthy connections to whom he could apply for succour, his near relatives were not in a condition to administer to his necessities; from them, therefore, he could not expect to derive pecuniary assistance, seeing they were themselves in indigent circumstances. His father had been dead upwards of five years, leaving his mother without provision to struggle with the expenses of a large family; for whom she found it difficult to provide out of the very slender means at her disposal; the Count de Marbœuff, who had always been friendly towards them, and who, while he was living, had allowed Napoleon a small yearly stipend, had been in his grave very nearly as long: the Captain, therefore, might almost be considered as an isolated being, traversing the *pavé* of the gay French metropolis, amidst a crowd of busy mortals, elbowing his way among a dense throng of human beings, without any other generous friend than his old school-fellow Bourienne, from whose purse he was in the habit of liquidating his diurnal expenses, at the shops of the Parisian restaurateurs.

So great was his poverty at this juncture, that his watch had then been some time in pawn, with a company consisting of Bourienne's brother, Fauvelet, and several others, who had entered into a speculation for a national auction! They received every thing which those who desired to quit France wished to sell, and advanced money upon such articles as were lodged previous to the sale.

While he was thus wandering among the *beau-monde*, with all the bitter feelings attendant on penury and neglect, he was eye-witness to the transactions which occurred at Paris, on the memorable 20th of June in the same year. The sincerity of Louis XVI. towards the new order of things, in which he had reluctantly acquiesced, had long been doubted by the citizens; indeed, he was more than suspected of carrying on secret intrigues with the other European powers for the overthrow of the constitution, to which he had sworn fidelity. The nation was anxious to have his sanction to two decrees—

One—Relating to the refractory priests.

The Other—For the establishment of a camp in the neighbourhood of the capital, to consist of twenty thousand national guards, drawn from the provinces.

As he had appeared, by his various delays and subterfuges, unwilling to gratify its wishes in this respect, an immense assemblage, furnished with weapons of almost every description, collected in the vicinity of the royal residence with a view to enforce the desired objects. This determined mass of beings advanced with a menacing attitude, and demanded entrance into the royal presence; this they were not only prepared to insist upon, but also resolved, at all events, if refused, to force admittance. In this dilemma the courtiers were irresolute, at a loss how to act; Petion, the Mayor of Paris, was absent—supposed to be so purposely—consequently, although there were six thousand national guards well provided for defence in attendance, no orders could be legally given to them to resist force by force; they therefore remained inactive spectators. After a long consultation, the gates of the Tuilleries were thrown open at four o'clock in the afternoon: the multitude rushed tumultuously into the king's apartments, where he was found surrounded by his family: the ringleaders presented him the *bonnet rouge*, as the emblem of civism, which he placed upon his head, while the Queen distributed ribands and may-branches, the then last new test of patriotism. It is well worthy of notice, that, although this turbulent scene lasted five hours, until nine in the evening, during which time it is computed that upwards of thirty thousand men, with arms in their hands, ranged freely over the interior of the palace, most gorgeously furnished with a profusion of costly ornaments, every thing appeared to have remained untouched; not anything was missing, not even the most trifling article had been removed from its place: thus it would seem that no appetite for plunder had directed the proceedings of the populace, that it was purely a political feeling, the enthusiasm of which had swallowed up every other passion. They retired without committing the slightest devastation.

Buonaparte followed the crowd into the Gardens of the Tuilleries, and when Louis appeared on a balcony, covered with the red cap, he could not suppress his contempt, and indignantly expressed aloud, "Poor driveller! How could he suffer this rabble to enter? If he had swept away five or six hundred with his cannon, the rest would be running yet."

He was also a spectator of the more terrible scenes which happened on the 10th August following, when the Tuilleries was again invested by the enraged citizens, and the National Guards, who were entrusted with its defence, took part with the assailants. Perhaps a more awful demonstration of public distrust never occurred: with the exception of the court party the people appeared to act as one man.

Soon after daybreak the battalion of the Marsellois, joined by the inhabitants of the Fauxbourgs, marched with their cannon and lighted matches in the greatest order, towards the Tuilleries, inviting, as they progressed, the people to follow them, to assist in dislodging Louis XVI., and to proclaim his despotic conduct to the National Assembly. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning the multitude reached the Place de Carousal; demanded and obtained admission into the court of the Palace. Soon after six, the King, who had not gone to bed on the previous night, descended from his apartments, followed by the Queen and her children, in order to review the Swiss Guards, nearly a thousand strong, together with the National Guards, who were placed there to defend the reigning family. Upon the appearance of the royal party, the Swiss, who had sworn fidelity to the monarch's cause, began the cry of "*Vive le Roi*," "Long live the King;" this was answered by the cannoniers with the exclamation of "*Vive le Nation*," "Long live the people." Upon this a conflict ensued; during which the National Guards filed out of the Palace, leaving the Swiss to contend with the insurgents; the command was entrusted to Mareschal Mailly and other noblemen, who, perceiving the threatened danger, and apprehensive for the safety of the royal personages, advised immediate flight, entreating that they would seek an asylum in the bosom of the National Assembly: the King said, "Since it is so, gentlemen, let us go; we have no longer any business here." The carnage began and ended with the almost entire massacre of the brave Swiss, who, to do them justice, redeemed their plighted faith with a courage and devotion that, whether they were right or wrong in their views, did them infinite credit as men of probity. Buonaparte, although a stanch friend to the assembly, was, nevertheless, disgusted with the excesses of the passing scenes: speaking of this sanguinary contest, he declared that "the yells of the combatants, the screams of the wounded, together with hundreds of monsters in the shape of men bearing pikes surmounted with bloody heads, were hideous spectacles, revolting in the extreme."

It appears he was also present, on the 21st January, 1793, when Louis XVI. was brought to the scaffold, and underwent decapitation. Upon this measure Fanchet, in his Memoirs of Buonaparte, makes him thus express himself—but it may be rather questionable whether this be a correct statement. "I learned," says Napoleon, in the conclusion of one of his letters, to a friend, respecting this affair, "that the advocate Target had refused his professional aid to his sovereign. This was, in the strongest acceptation of the term, to erase his name from the records of immortality. What were the arguments of his cowardly prudence? I shall not save his life, whilst I may risk my own. Malesherbes, Tronchet, Deseze, faithful and devoted subjects, whom I could not imitate, but whom, if I were a monarch, I would place at my right hand, united to defend, by their zealous exertions, the descendant of St. Louis. Should they survive this courageous act of fidelity, I will never pass them without baring my head. Detained by business at Versailles, I only returned to Paris on the 15th January. I had, consequently, lost three or four scenes of this ambitious tragedy, but, on the 18th, I attended the National Convention. Ah! my friend! whatever these revolutionary maniacs may say, a monarch is not merely a man; his head will fall, it is true, with that of the shepherd, but he who commands the murder will shudder at his own temerity; and were not his secret motives of sufficient force to urge him forward, the sentence would expire upon his lips ere it could find utterance. I gazed eagerly on the intrepid mortals who were about to dare to pronounce on the fate of their virtuous sovereign. I studied their looks—scrutinized their very hearts. It was by the excess, the importance of their trespass, they were supported, whilst inwardly awed by the rank of their victim: could they have ventured to retract, the prince had been saved. But unfortunately they had concluded, if his head did not fall that day, their own must submit to the stroke of the executioner on the morrow: this was the predominant idea that dictated their votes. No pen could with justice describe the situation of the spectators in the galleries; silent, gloomy, breathless, their looks were alternately directed towards the accused, his advocates, and his judges. Circumstance as strange, as horrible, the Duke d'Orleans' vote was 'Death!' A shock of electricity would have been less visibly felt. The assembly rose, with one spontaneous start of horror, and the hall reverberated the murmur of similar and responsive feeling. One man alone, immoveable as a rock, kept his seat—it was I! I ventured to inquire of myself the cause of this apathy; I found it in ambition: only such a sentiment could reconcile the conduct of d'Orleans; to me, therefore, it was natural. He thirsted for a throne to which he had no title, and acquisitions of that kind are not to be made without forfeiting the right to virtuous and general estimation.

"I shall now, my friend, become concise. I do not like the unfolding of funeral crape. The King was condemned to death; and if the 21st of January did not for ever fix an odium on the French character, at least it added a glorious name to the list of martyrs! What a city was Paris on this awful day! The population appeared in a state of stupefaction: it seemed that the people assembled only to exchange gloomy looks, and to fly from each other without speaking. The streets were deserted; the houses and palaces wore the appearance of tombs; even the air seemed to smell of the executioner. To be brief, the descendant of St. Louis was led to death, through files of mournful automata, but lately his subjects.

"If any one be near you, my friend, when you read this despatch, even if it were your father, conceal from him what follows; it is a stain upon the stuff of which my character is made. That Napoleon Buonaparte should be sensibly affected at the destruction of a human being, and constrained to keep his bed from the consequences of this impression, is a fact scarcely to be believed though strictly true, and one which I cannot avow without blushing with contempt for myself. Yes! I experienced a feeling which, however admirable in another, was disgraceful to one who had disavowed all the weakness of the human heart. The night preceding this catastrophe I had not closed my eyes; yet I was unable to account to myself for the cause of my unusual agitation. I arose early, and eagerly ran wherever the crowd was assembling. I wondered at, or rather I despised the passive imbecility of forty thousand national guards, of whom nine-tenths were only mechanically the agents of the executioner. At the Porte St. Denis I met Santerre; he was followed by a numerous staff. I should have rejoiced to have cut off his ears; I spit at him, not being in a condition to do more. In my opinion, his post would have been much better filled by the Duke d'Orleans; his object was a crown, and we all know that such a motive overbalances many considerations. Proceeding along the Boulevards, I reached the Place de Revolution. I was ignorant of the invention of the guillotine; a cold perspiration crept over me. A stranger who stood near me, attributed my disorder and paleness to a peculiar interest in the King of France; 'Be of better cheer,' said he, 'he will not perish. The Convention is only desirous to prove its power, and he will meet his pardon at the foot of the scaffold.' If that be so, replied I, the gentlemen Conventionalists are not themselves far from their fall, and never would culprits more richly deserve their fate. He who attacks a lion, and would avoid destruction from his prowess, should not wound, but throw him dead upon the spot.' A low and confused noise was heard—it was the royal victim! I hurried forward, elbowing and elbowed; I approached as far as I could: all my efforts to get near were vain; the scaffold was hid from my sight by an armed force. The rolling of drums suddenly interrupted the mournful silence of the assembled multitude; 'It is the signal of his release,' said the stranger. And it will rebound on his murderers, I replied; in such a case, half a crime is a weakness. A momentary stillness ensued. Suddenly something fell heavily upon the scaffold; the noise struck at my heart; I inquired the cause of a *gen-d'arme*—'It is the falling of the axe,' he replied. The King, then, is not saved? He is dead! He is dead!' I became insensible for some minutes; and, without knowing by whom I had been taken from the crowd, I found myself upon the *Quai des Theatins*; there I recovered some degree of recollection, but I could not utter any other words except He is dead! In a state of distraction I reached home; but at least an hour elapsed before I had perfectly regained my self-possession."

The mere contemplation of such scenes was by no means an occupation for a man in the situation of Napoleon Buonaparte; his mind sickened at inactivity; he sighed for active exertion, longed to mingle in the events of the day, not as a looker on, but as an important actor: however, as no immediate prospect of military service opened to his view, dissatisfied with the unproductiveness of his position, unaccustomed to a life of idleness, he began to turn his thoughts to other means of amending his finances, and providing for his existence. Numerous schemes crossed his fertile imagination, without leaving any favourable impression as to their ultimate advantages. At length, completely tired of poverty, determined, if possible, to put an end to its inanity, he proposed to his school-fellow, Bourienne, who, like himself, needed employ, to take some houses upon lease, and gain money by subletting them in apartments. Whether this project would have been productive or otherwise must ever remain a secret, because although thus far he had been simply a spectator of the revolution, the time was not far distant when his comprehensive genius was to shine forth in full meridian splendour; on the contrary, the period was rapidly approaching when he his strategic talents were to be called into complete activity, for the purpose of carrying forward with success one of those gigantic phenomena which at intervals burst forth with astounding force to astonish mankind—which was to pave the way to the gratification of his ambitious longings after uncontrolled sway—to place sovereign power within his herculean grasp—to make him for a season the mightiest among the mighty.

CHAP. III.

HIS FIRST MILITARY SERVICE, THE COMMAND OF A BATTALION OF THE NATIONAL MILITIA AT AJACCIO, IN CORSICA.—APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE ARTILLERY AT THE SIEGE OF TOULON; WOUNDED AND CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY MUIRON.—HIS ADVENTURE WITH JUNOT.—RESTORES TOULON TO THE REPUBLIC.—MADE CHIEF OF BATTALION AT NICE, AND JOINS THE ARMY OF ITALY.—REFUSES TO GO TO LA-VENDEE.—FALLS IN LOVE WITH MADEMOISELLE CLERY.—AGAIN AT PARIS WITHOUT EMPLOYMENT.

The Constituent Assembly, sitting at Paris, which then concentrated within itself the whole power of government, decreed the establishment of a National Militia, two battalions of which were to be raised at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. The command of one of these corps, that which was in actual service, was given, early in 1793, to Napoleon. The battalion was quartered in the town, and a large building allotted to its use, for barracks. Ajaccio, being a fortified place, was garrisoned by troops of the line. The officers of the regiment then on duty, as well as the Governor of the fort, were devoted to the ancient *regime*, consequently, they viewed the formation of National Militia with jealous eyes: the battalion, as well as its young commander, therefore, became extremely obnoxious to them, and they wished their removal. An order was issued by the commanding officer of the garrison for Buonaparte, together with his battalion, to quit the town immediately. With this mandate Napoleon refused compliance, alleging that he was not placed under the general's command, but serving independently, with the sanction of the nation, to whom alone he was accountable for his conduct; that, therefore, as his obedience was only due to orders issued by the representatives of that people under whose authority he acted, he should not think of paying attention to other dictation. Highly incensed to find himself thus bearded, and his commands set at defiance, the General prepared to expel the militia by force from the town Napoleon, who in whatever he undertook was always resolute, declared that both himself and his soldiers would defend themselves in the post which they occupied to the last extremity, against every aggression which might be attempted; accordingly, he commenced preparations to enable him to repel any hostile measure the general might feel inclined to put into operation.

In the mean time an address had been circulated among the regular troops, which in strong language energetically represented the danger they would risk by yielding obedience to the orders of their general; seeing that they would thereby not only incur much odium, but also become themselves the instruments to destroy those liberties which they had sworn to defend; still further painting to them in forcible colours that their submission to such commands must ultimately involve them in disgrace, and lead them to the commission of that which, if truly contemplated, they would not hesitate to denounce as the most deplorable of all calamities—that of bringing brother soldiers, who ought to be united in one common cause, into hostile collision, and causing them to fight one against the other. This document, which was read to the regiment by one of their comrades, carried with it such conviction as to the rectitude of its principles, that they immediately sent a deputation to the commander, respectfully stating that they should always be ready to obey his orders in every thing that should be in unison with the new constitution of their country; but that they could not think of serving against it, nor fight against brother soldiers who had been raised expressly for its support.

A procedure so unusual with military discipline could not fail to irritate and mortify an officer of the old school: he was exasperated beyond measure, but yet had wit enough to know, with Hudibras, that prudence is the better part of valour. When he coolly viewed the then aspect of affairs, he felt convinced that any attempt to urge his troops to act as he might wish would be fruitless; he therefore most reluctantly abandoned his purpose. Concluding Buonaparte to be the author of the address, his vindictive jealousy acquired an almost ungovernable force; he viewed him with secret but immeasurable aversion, fully resolved not to spare him if by any means he could get him within his toils. He obtained a copy of the obnoxious paper, which he no sooner read than he declared it to be a seditious libel, subversive of military subordination, ordered the commander of the battalion of National Militia to be put under arrest, declaring, at the same time, his determination to bring him to a court-martial. In this he was, happily for the youthful captain, completely disappointed: Napoleon was not the author of the denounced address; it was, in fact, written by the commander of the other battalion, which, not being in actual service, he, as its chief, was not amenable to a military tribunal. This gentleman chanced to meet the officer who was sent to arrest Napoleon Buonaparte; with that promptitude and fidelity which will always actuate a truly honourable mind, he declared himself the author of the impeached address, and produced from his pocket the original manuscript. The officer, upon comparing this with the copy which had fallen into the general's hands, was quickly convinced of the truth of his assertion, and returned to his commander with the unwelcome truth. The general, vexed to find the gratification of his meditated revenge thus frustrated, cooled a little upon the subject, reconsidered the production, and, like most disappointed venomous beings, thought it most prudent to drop further proceedings, by declaring that subsequent investigation had convinced him the paper in question was not of a seditious tendency.

Paoli, who, during his exile, had resided for nearly the last twenty years in England, when the French Revolution broke out, repaired to Paris; he was received with great cordiality by the Constituent Assembly, caressed by the patriots as an unflinching tried friend to freedom, and appointed governor of his native island, Corsica. There his conduct received general approbation, both from the inhabitants and from the ruling powers at home. After the king's death, however, when Robespierre became the star in the ascendant, a jealousy arose against him, which extended to every other functionary who manifested the least reluctance to carry out that man's sanguinary measures; the consequence was, that his civism was impeached, he was superseded, and the government of Corsica bestowed upon another: for this purpose, an expedition was despatched under the command of La Combe, Michel, and Salicetti, one of the Corsican deputies to the Convention. Thus circumstanced, Paoli, who conceived himself unjustly suspected, as also but little disposed to concur in the growing principles of Jacobinism, detesting the blood-thirsty scenes then staining the national character under what was emphatically styled the Reign of Terror, called upon his countrymen to take up arms in resistance, and solicited the British troops to occupy the island. At this period, Buonaparte was quietly domiciled at the residence of his mother, passing his mornings in study, and his evenings with his family, among his old acquaintance. Paoli, who fully appreciated the value of Buonaparte's talents, strained every nerve, used every argument he could devise, to influence the captain, and induce him to co-operate in the views of the insurgents, but ineffectually: Napoleon, notwithstanding the high estimation in which he held Paoli, differed from him in this instance, felt persuaded it was most advantageous for the Corsicans to be under the wing of the French government; he therefore declined the propositions, and tendered his sword to the service of Salicetti, who immediately employed him to reduce a small fortress in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio, called the *Torre di Capitello.* This he accomplished in a masterly manner, but the English having by this time reinforced Paoli, the cause of the French experienced a momentary depression, and Buonaparte was himself besieged, from whence he made his escape, as will be found detailed in the preliminary chapter.

After the decollation of the king of France, which was speedily followed by a declaration of war against England and Holland, the royalists became frantic; these desperate ill-advised men, countenanced and aided by the other European powers, who were also exasperated at the conduct of the French rulers, left no means unessayed, spared no efforts, to sow dissension among the people, and stir them up to revolt against the Republican government; in the south, they were but too successful. The standard of rebellion was raised at Toulon, a strongly fortified city, capital of the department of Var, situated on a bay of the Mediterranean Sea, thirty-seven miles south-east of Marseilles, five hundred and seventeen miles south-south-east of Paris, in 5° 55′ east longitude, 43° 7′ north latitude; the second naval arsenal in France, for ships of war, furnished with rope-walks, dockyards, and a fine park of artillery, having two inner ports, the old and the new, the former with its magnificent quay protected by two moles; these havens communicate with each other by means of a canal, both possessing an outlet into the outer road or harbour, which forms a noble basin, ten miles in circumference, surrounded by hills, that will afford shelter to an immense navy, as its entrance is defended on either side by a fort and batteries. The combined fleets of England and Spain, then cruising off that coast, were invited to take possession of this maritime depot, and it was surrendered to them by the constituted authorities, and taken possession of in the name of Louis XVII., then a prisoner in the Temple of Paris, by Lord Hood, 28th August, 1793.

At the time of the defection, there were about twenty-five ships of the line, riding at anchor, with an immense quantity of naval and military stores in the magazines; the prize, therefore, was of great value to the captors, at the same time it was a severe blow to the revolutionary government. As, however, there was no want of vigour in the administration, two armies were immediately marched against the insurgent city; a series of actions took place, in which the passes in the hills were forced, the place regularly invested, and that memorable siege which was to place in broad day the superior talent of Napoleon Buonaparte commenced, under the direction of General Cartaux; this man, who had formerly been a painter, displayed but little tact in his manœuvres with the besieging army, so that the operation went on but slowly. It was soon found, that if success were to be obtained, it would be requisite to send a good artillery officer to conduct the attack; for this purpose, Napoleon, who had received high testimonials from his countryman Salicetti, as also from the Royal Military Academy, was intrusted with the direction of the ordnance employed for the reduction of the disaffected city, and joined the besiegers for that purpose; when he made his appearance at head quarters, he was necessarily introduced to Cartaux, who was a vain silly coxcomb, to whom he exhibited his commission to take the command of the artillery; the General received him with a supercilious air of consequence almost bordering on insolence, observing that his assistance was not wanted, but that he was welcome to partake in his glory; this empty braggadocio was shortly after superseded by General Doppet, who had been a physician, who was, if anything, worse than his predecessor, as he added cowardice to his want of experience and destitution of martial ability.

When Buonaparte came to accurately view the preparations, he found but little to approve, but much that convinced him of the necessity of altering the plans hitherto adopted. On arriving at Fort Pharon, he discovered that it had been assaulted in a wrong direction, that two hundred men lay dead upon the spot; noticing the slaughter, he exclaimed, "If I had commanded here, these gallant men would still have been living;" then turning to his brother Louis, he emphatically impressed upon him a most praiseworthy useful lesson, which deserves to be perpetuated by being incribed on tablets of brass and marble:—"Learn from this example, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is, for those to possess knowledge, who aspire to take the command of others." Happy were it for mankind, did all who are intrusted with command, think after this fashion, and act accordingly; what oceans of human blood would have been saved from effusion; what numberless wretched widows, and destitute orphans, who have cause to rue the ignorance of chiefs, would have been still blest with affectionate husbands and happy fathers. War is at all times a dreadful trade, much better avoided than followed; but its miseries are shockingly augmented, when carried on by reckless ignorant adventurers.

Wherever he cast his eyes, he had ample demonstration of the imbecility of the measures in progress for the recapture of so important a place; the artillery department betrayed an evident deficiency of military skill; altogether, the arrangements for the siege evinced but little talent, with no effective combination of plan, while active operations were unnecessarily delayed from want of decision in the general who had the command of the besieging army. It is scarcely credible, that although one end of the city was defended by two strong regularly constructed fortifications, while at the other there was only a small fort called Malbosquet, and that in an imperfect state, they were still debating upon which quarter the attack should commence. On an examination of the batteries, they were not found in a more satisfactory condition; the cannon were so placed, as to be nearly, if not quite ineffectual, being about two gunshot from the walls, while, from the absurd custom of heating the balls at some distance from the place where they were to be discharged, that ceremony might almost as well have been dispensed with, seeing that by consequence they were heated to little or no purpose. To remedy this disorder, he immediately applied his shoulder to the wheel, made himself intimately acquainted with every requisite information, and instantly set about rectifying the blunders which impeded success; for this purpose, he collected guns from all quarters, made himself quickly master of a well-appointed train of artillery, comprising two hundred pieces of ordnance, brought the whole into settled order, by surrounding himself with officers in whose abilities he could place confidence; then urged the commander of the forces to alter his scheme of assault, advising him to carry on the future conduct of the siege upon a different, as well as a more comprehensive system. In a conference with General Doppet upon the subject, Buonaparte thus reasoned the business:—"Your object," said he, "is to make the English evacuate Toulon. Instead of attacking them in the town, which must involve a long series of operations, endeavour to establish batteries, so as to sweep the harbour and roadstead. If you can do this, the English ships must take their departure, and the English troops will certainly not remain behind them." At the same time, pointing out a promontory, nearly opposite the city, by getting possession of which he felt confident the desired end might be easily accomplished, adding, in his usual emphatic manner, "Gain *La Grasse,* and in two days Toulon falls." The wisdom of this advice was fully borne out by the result; nevertheless, he had no easy task to persuade the ex-doctor to listen to his remonstrance, and act upon his suggestions. The simplicity of the plan, however, coupled with the force of his representations, carried such conviction as to its propriety, held forth such assurances as to the almost certainty of victory, that the pertinacity of Doppet at length gave way, and Napoleon was allowed to follow out his own ideas.

Had this expedient been resorted to a month earlier, nothing would have been more facile than for the French army to have availed itself of the advantages connected with the desired spot; within that period, however, the great importance of the promontory which commands the narrow passage between the port and the Mediterranean Sea, had been discovered by the English general, who had lost no time in causing it to be fortified, which was done so effectually, that it was considered impregnable, and known by the appellation of the Little Gibraltar. Before, therefore, there could be the slightest prospect of seizing *La Grasse,* it became imperatively requisite to form extensive batteries in its rear. Napoleon, who never lacked either zeal or industry, when he had any grand object in view, laboured hard all day, and slept in his cloak every night by the side of the guns, until the work became complete. Behind Malbosquet, he also formed another large battery, but this he kept carefully concealed from the enemy, covered by a plantation of olives, meaning it for a ruse to draw off attention, by opening its fire for the first time, when he should be about to make his great effort for the possession of Little Gibraltar, with intention thus to distract the English forces by leaving them in a state of uncertainty with respect to his actual motives.

It was a practice with the Convention to send two or three of their own body to the different armies for the purpose of watching and reporting the actions of the various chiefs, with a view to stimulate their exertions, if they found them flagging; these were never invested with any military character, but might be considered as honorable spies, whose vigilance was to detect any symptom of defection, or lack of discipline, or want of energy in their general; their chief business, therefore, was to traverse the camp, and convey the result of their observations to their associates sitting at Paris. It was here that Buonaparte first became acquainted with Barras, who, together with Salicetti and the younger Robespierre, formed the inspecting triumvirate with the army of Toulon.

The folly as well as the ignorance of this trio had very nearly rendered all the exertions of Napoleon abortive. Walking their rounds, they unfortunately discovered the work, screened by the olive trees: inquiring, during the absence of Buonaparte, how long it had been ready, the answer was eight days. It was beyond the scope of their intellect to conjecture the purport of the erection, or why so many guns had remained idle; in the plenitude of their wisdom, that they might obtain credit for their watchfulness, they ordered an immediate cannonade: this roused the English soldiery; who instantly made a vigorous sally, gallantly carried the battery and spiked the guns, before Napoleon could arrive at the scene of action. Vexed at this unexpected *contre temps*, yet ever fertile in resources, he no sooner reached the eminence behind the battery, than, perceiving a long deep ditch fringed with brambles and willows, he judged, and judged correctly, that it might be turned to advantage; with that promptitude which always distinguished his actions, he directly ordered a regiment of foot to creep silently along this ravine, which was effected without discovery. When the regiment was close upon the enemy, General O'Hara, who commanded the English troops, was so unfortunate as to mistake it for some of his allies; darting forward to give directions, he was wounded and made prisoner—this circumstance determined the fate of the day; that mischief which the absurd conduct of the commissioners had actually brought about, was, by the master-spirit of Buonaparte, turned into means for retrieving the disaster. Dispirited by the loss of their commander, the English retreated, leaving the French at liberty to reconstruct their battery. This rencontre, however, proved a very sanguinary affair; much blood was shed on both sides; Napoleon himself was wounded in the thigh with a bayonet, and carried off the field by Lieutenant Meuron: this circumstance was the commencement of a fraternal friendship between the two, which never ceased but with the death of the latter. His wound, however, although it nearly cost him the use of his leg, did not prevent Buonaparte from continuing his indefatigable labours behind little Gibraltar, which had very nearly been captured, by a mere accident, some days before his preparations had reached completion. A casual insult was the occasion of a hasty quarrel between the Spaniards in Little Gibraltar and the men in Buonaparte's trenches: the French soldiers, without waiting for orders, seized their arms and rushed furiously to the assault. Napoleon came up at this juncture; his eagle eye perceived that the moment was propitious; he strove to persuade General Doppet to support his men by bringing up more troops: the doctor, who was then marching at the head of his column, seeing a soldier killed by his side, was taken with a sudden panic, turned a deaf ear to the request of Buonaparte, and ordered a retreat before any impression could be made upon the enemy. A few days subsequent, this poltroon was in his turn superseded by a brave veteran, General Dugommier: this cheered Napoleon, as he could now reckon to have his efforts properly backed by an officer capable of estimating them at their true value.

When men meddle with that which they do not thoroughly understand, the consequence is generally of a mischievous tendency. Thus, for a second time, the commissioners had very nearly defeated Buonaparte's plans, and rendered his foresight as well as his exertions of no avail. The siege had been protracted three months; provisions in the camp became scarce: the use of bestowing all this care upon a place so far below the city as little Gibraltar, was beyond the limited faculties of these civilians, consequently considered by them as waste of time; they therefore wrote to the convention, stating, that they saw no chance of reducing the town, and advised the government to concur with them in the necessity that existed to abandon further attempts, by drawing off the troops. Two days before their despatch reached Paris, Toulon had been restored to the republic by the well-digested and admirably managed tactics of Napoleon Buonaparte. The commissioners were consequently placed in an awkward situation or, to use a modern phrase, were under untoward circumstances: therefore, ashamed of their too glaring pavidity, so inopportunely expressed; feeling their reputation compromised in their evident deficiency of judgment; like all persons conscious of their own defects, and sensible of wanting rectitude in their declared opinions, wishing to avoid the evil day of explanation as long as possible, they made a virtue of necessity, and pressing into their service that most convenient of all possible fallacies, expediency, as a last resource against dishonour, with a hardihood not always to be met with, they branded their own despatch with the disgraceful character of a forgery!

The French besieging army had been increased to forty thousand men, immense preparations were in progress, resources of every kind had been collected in profusion, when Napoleon, having completed his arrangements, saw with his usual penetration, that the favourable moment for making his grand attempt to recover possession of Toulon had arrived. He therefore called all his energies into action, brought his uncommon genius into full play, applied his scientific knowledge to practical purposes, then availing himself of these united means, he so shattered and crippled the works at Little Gibraltar, by throwing in more than eight thousand bombs and shells during the night of the 17th of December, 1793, that at daybreak next morning general Dugommier, taking advantage of the devastation, gave orders for a general assault; the French troops, full of ardour in the republican cause, led on by the brave Menron, impetuously broke through the embrasures, carried all before them, made themselves masters of Little Gibraltar, and ultimately put the whole garrison to the sword; not, however, without meeting the most determined resistance. Buonaparte's next operation was to bring the batteries, so gallantly won, to act upon the shipping in the roadstead; this was accomplished so effectually during the day, that his sagacity was fully confirmed, seeing, that when the French stood to their posts the ensuing morning, the English fleet had already weighed their anchors, and stood out to sea. Thus, as he had foretold, in two days Toulon had fallen, although so bravely defended as any place is sure to be, confided to the care of British soldiers and English officers.

A siege so lingering, yet so momentous in its consequences, could not fail to be fruitful of incidents, especially as connected with the young artillery officer, who, to the mortification of many, so energetically and nobly distinguished himself by his extraordinary and well cultivated talents; the more so, as he was not of a humour to give way to the crude opinions of every pretender to sounder knowledge than himself. On one occasion, the commissioner Barras is said to have found fault with the direction of a particular gun: to this Napoleon dryly replied, "Do you, sir, attend to your duty as a national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head." On another, Buonaparte, while directing the artillery of a battery in person, perceiving that a gunner lay a corpse beside his cannon, grasped the rammer, and continued to work the piece of ordnance until relieved by a fresh man. It is among those singular coincidences that almost stagger belief, yet very frequently occur, that the first shell fired against Toulon after he had taken the command of the artillery, was by the hand of Napoleon himself; that it should fall upon and completely destroy the hotel kept by his mother's foster sister, the daughter of her nurse; the house in which his family had first resided for a short time after their banishment from Corsica: the poor woman's husband was killed by the explosion. In the course of a conversation upon military tactics, a Pruissian officer who happened to be present remarked, with peculiar self-complacency, "that his country fought for glory, the French for gain." "You are perfectly right," was the caustic reply of Buonaparte; "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

In the course of the siege, Napoleon had occasion to prepare a despatch while he was constructing a battery immediately under the enemy's fire—he desired to see some one who could use a pen. A young sergeant named Junot stepped forth, undertook the office, and wrote as his officer dictated, making the breast-work serve as desk: he had hardly finished, when a shot struck the ground close by his side, scattering the dust in clouds in every direction, covering both himself and his writing; "Good," said the soldier, carelessly laughing, "this time we shall spare our sand." The self-possession of the man, with the cool gaiety of his observation, so pleased Buonaparte, that he never lost sight of him; omitted no opportunity to advance him. In consequence Junot, in the sequel, bore a mareschal's baton, and was enrolled among the nobles of France as Duke of Abrantes.

Pending the operations against Toulon, Napoleon contracted friendship with many who afterwards acquired great celebrity, and decorated the page of history with the brilliancy of their respective talents: among these was a young officer in the train, whom he particularly distinguished; whose abilities he had at first much difficulty in forming, but from whom he subsequently derived the greatest services. This individual was Duroc, a man whose talents were of the first order, both solid and useful: he loved Buonaparte for himself, was entirely devoted to his interests, ever ready to aid him in any emergency, yet never feared to tell him the truth upon all proper occasions: he ultimately became a field-mareschal, and was made major-domo of the palace, when Napoleon had invested himself with the imperial purple. The death of this celebrated warrior and sincere friend was keenly felt by Buonaparte; when that event happened, in a conversation upon the subject with Count Las Casas, he observed, "that in losing Duroc he was deprived of the only man who had ever either fully shared his intimacy or possessed his entire confidence. Montchenu, a marquis of the old school," said he, "has circulated a ridiculous tale that I saved Duroc's life, when he was siezed and condemned to death as an emigrant, during my first campaign in Italy, but in this story there is not a word of truth; the fact is, I took Duroc out of the artillery train when he was a boy, and protected him until his decease;" adding, with a sneer, "but I suppose Montchenu says this because Duroc was of an old family, which, in that booby's eyes, is the only true source of merit. He despises every body who has not as many hundred years of nobility to boast of as himself. It was such as Montchenu who were the chief cause of the revolution: before that event such a man as Bertrand, who is worth an army of Montchenus, could not even be a sub-lieutenant, while dotards like him, of the old school, although in leading strings, would be generals. God help the nation," he continued, "that is governed by such! In my time most of the commanders, of whose deeds France is so justly proud, sprang from the very class of plebeians so much despised by him."

Whether it be or be not to the honour of human nature, is a question to be determined by moralists, the fact, however, is indisputable, that whenever superior talent has the opportunity to display itself advantageously, it hardly ever fails to arouse a tormenting jealousy, especially in weak minds; this was verified in the case of Napoleon Buonaparte. The lucid brilliancy which surrounded his *entreé* into command, set afloat all those little meannesses so common, at least, with that herd of bipeds who value themselves above all others, not for their eminent qualifications, with which they are conscious they are not very profusely gifted, but for the position in which accident has placed them: well aware that their own merits never would have singled them out from the mass, they view with envious eyes the man whose genius may have elicited a greater estimation than that enjoyed by themselves. Such beings seek every means within the narrow compass of their slender acquirements, not only to browbeat, but also, if possible, to lessen in the good opinion of others the individual who is the object of their settled aversion. Thus it happened after one of those numerous engagements which occurred during the siege, that Napoleon, who was at an advanced guard, chanced to be seated between two officers of distinction, both claiming a legitimate right to rank with the members of the old *regime;* they rudely intimated their wish to be entertained with some specimen of that military talent for which, as they said, he began to be noticed. Buonaparte, who could, when he pleased, be extremely epigrammatic in his replies, listened to them for some time with great complacency; at length, wearied with their impertinent importunity, he very coolly said, "I am by no means a man of talent or genius, neither do I consider myself altogether a fool, yet I feel convinced that I am between two."

Such was the powerful impression made by the indefatigable zeal as well as from the decided talent exhibited by Napoleon at this memorable siege, so thoroughly had he convinced all candid, right-thinking men of his commanding abilities, of the superior qualities he possessed as a general, that

Barras, one of the commissioners to the army, was induced to write a letter to Carnot, the then French war minister, perhaps among the greatest men of his day, in which he thus expressed himself:—"I send you a young man who has distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily; if you do not he will most assuredly advance himself."

The scene that followed after the fall of Little Gibraltar was fearful in the extreme—perhaps it was never exceeded for barbarity; devastation was the order of the day with both besiegers and besieged. The English troops would not quit Toulon without destroying every thing within their reach; the burning of ships, explosion of magazines, roar of artillery, added to the cries of the fugitives, fourteen thousand of whom crowded to the quay, praying to be removed from the fury of the victorious assailants, exhibited a spectacle of terror scarcely to be conceived, and occupied many hours. The Republicans, upon entering the city, glutted their revenge upon the defenceless inhabitants, of whom more than a thousand fell victims upon this occasion. Buonaparte, however, utterly disclaimed all participation in this ferocious butchery; on the contrary, it redounds to his credit that he was instrumental in saving the lives of a family of Royalists, which was shipwrecked on the coast a few days after the French army had made good a footing in Toulon. To his manly interference and address these miserable persons were entirely indebted for their safety; at imminent risk to himself, he threw the shield of his protection over them: placing himself at the head of some of his brave cannoniers, he obtained possession of the unhappy prisoners, quieted the turbulance of the populace by an assurance that they should all be speedily executed; in the mean time during the night he shut them up in an artillery-waggon, in which he sent them off as if conveying military stores. Nothing could have been more opportune for the interests of the convention than the capture of this important city: all insurrectionary spirit was quelled in the South of France, and a whole army placed at its disposal for other service, yet the first despatches announcing the much desired event made no mention of him to whose genius alone success was to be attributed.

Soon after the reduction of Toulon, Buonaparte accompanied general Dugommier to Marseilles, a flourishing seaport, forming a fine oval basin with eighteen or twenty feet depth of water, capital of the department of mouths of the Rhone, situated on the Mediterranean in 5° 27′ east longitude 43° 18′ north latitude, fifteen miles south of Aix, 450 miles south-east of Paris, containing a population of 110,000 souls, very commonly called Europe in miniature, from the great variety of costume and language generally current in that city, which has always been held in high esteem, even by the Romans. Cicero called it the Athens of Gaul; Pliny designated it the mistress of education; the great church was built by the Goths upon the ruins of the Temple of Diana. The late Lord Gardenstone speaking of it says, "it forms a little republic within itself, the citizens elect their own magistrates, and what is more extraordinary, the expences of a law suit never exceed twopence-halfpenny, which sum is lodged with the clerks of the court by each party at the commencement of a process, after which no farther charge is incurred."

While in this city, the general, with his protogee the captain, were in company, when some one struck with the diminutive stature of Napoleon, enquired of Dugommier, "who that little bit of an officer was, and where he had picked him up?" "That officer's name," replied the general, "is Buonaparte: I picked him up at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed, and you will probably one day see this little bit of an officer is a greater man than any of us."

Notwithstanding the studied silence, as respected Napoleon Buonaparte, in the first despatches, the truth could not be long concealed; it was allowed on all hands, that he had principally contributed to the recapture of Toulon. Rumour spoke so loudly in his favour, that Barras, as has been already seen, felt the propriety of acknowledging, in a separate letter, the eminent service he had rendered to the conventional troops. Indeed, respect for his own character prompted him to adopt this measure, as the army, generally speaking, rang with praises of Napoleon's diligence, and admiration of his comprehensive talents; this letter, though so tardily written, at almost the eleventh hour, established his fame, which had already began to blazon itself in all directions. "Little Buonaparte" was the subject of general conversation, his heroic conduct became the theme of discussion with all classes; the then constituted authorities viewed him in a peculiarly favourable light, as a man well calculated to consolidate their power, as also to repel the enemies of France. From this period, he made giant strides to greatness, rose with a rapidity scarcely credible. He was made a general, and appointed to survey, and put into a proper state of defence, the whole line of fortifications skirting the Mediterranean coast of France, a task which he executed with consummate skill, to the entire satisfaction of the war minister, Carnot, as well as to the National Convention. Having finished this arduous undertaking, he was ordered to join, as chief of battalion, the army of Italy then stationed at Nice; a handsome city on the confines of France and Italy, eighty-three miles south-west of Turin, taken by the French in 1792, from the king of Sardinia.

The town is agreeably situated about four miles from the mouth of the Var, which disembogues into the sea, having a citadel of great strength, built upon a rock, on the east side of which is the harbour, opening upon the Mediterranean, called Limpia, from the name of a small river which flows into it, while on the west it is fortified with a thick wall, protected by a deep ditch.

Here the fertility of his genius, as well as the freshness of his conceptions, shone forth conspicuously. His plan for penetrating the beautiful regions of Italy was extremely simple, compared with those hitherto pursued; differed materially from that of all former conquerors: with them it had ever been the custom to pass into the Italian States, by traversing the Alps at some given spot over that stupendous chain of mountains, a route which had always been found, not only extremely difficult, but attended with the greatest hazard. Buonaparte took a very different view of the subject, examined the passes with the eye of a master of his art: finding a narrow strip of comparatively level country intervening between those lofty barriers and the Mediterranean Sea, he discovered the practicability of forcing a passage at that point where the last of the Alpine range melts, as it were, into the first and lowest of the Appenine; thus opening for himself a more easy access, by way of the Piedmont, by which he considered the desired end might be as successfully accomplished, as by the more dangerous, as well as more tedious, method practised by those who had preceded him in such expeditions. The army, acting upon his suggestions, drove the Sardinians, 7th March, 1794, from the narrow ravine between the mountains which separate France from Italy, known as the *Col di Tenda:* the town, situated sixty-five miles south of Turin, the capital of Sardinia, has a fortified castle built upon a rock, the base watered by the river Roia.

The Republican troops also captured, together with all its immense military stores, the strong town of Saorgio, nineteen miles to the north-east of Nice, situated on the top of a rock, defended by a neighbouring fortress, nearly encompassed by the streams of the Roia and the Bandola; the opposite shore of the Roia having an ancient castle built upon the summit of a steep precipice, completely insulated. Thus the conventional army gained possession of the Maritime Alps. The impediments against marching into Italy were therefore greatly diminished, if not nearly overcome, but the glory of the achievement was as yet reaped by his superior officers.

"The Committe of Public Safety," which might be said to constitute the government, were deeply impressed with the importance of Napoleon's projected measures for the conquest of Italy; secret instructions were in consequence forwarded to him from the war minister at Paris, in obedience to which he made a journey to the Gulf of Genoa, which circumstance he did not think it prudent to communicate to any one; he therefore, in point of military etiquette, was absent without leave; this, coupled with the great change that at this period happened in the administration of public affairs, laid him under the suspicion of the representatives, commissioners with the army of Italy. That scourge to his country, that stain upon its annals, the ferocious Robespierre, had fallen from the eminence he had so shamefully abused: with him terminated the Reign of Terror. Buonaparte, who had formerly published a pamphlet, entitled, "*The Supper of Beaucaire,*" in which the principles of Jacobinism were supported in most decided terms, was always considered as espousing the party of the Terrorists, especially as he continued to maintain an intimacy with the younger brother of that insatiate sanguinary monster, who had just expiated his abominable crimes under the axe of that guillotine with the sharpened edge of which he had so long drenched the capital with the blood of his almost innumerable victims. Years after 1800, it is true that Napoleon was so little enamoured of the sentiments contained in this brochure, that he bought up and destroyed every copy he could obtain. Indeed, he never appears to have sanctioned the cruel tyranny of that opprobium to his species. When he became acquainted with the particulars that led to the downfall of that infuriate tyrant, he thus expressed himself in a letter to one of his friends: "I am somewhat afflicted at the fate of Robespierre; but had he been my brother, I would have poniarded him with my own hand, had I been aware that he was forming schemes of tyranny." In this he appears to have imitated the great Timoleon the Corinthian, who, when he found he could not dissuade his brother Timophanes from acting tyrannically and treacherously towards his country, stood aside weeping, while the swords of his kinsman Eschylus, and of the soothsayer Theopompus, pierced his brother's breast. Be this as it may, taken by itself, it would not have implicated him; but his absence from the army at this critical period, which as *yet* was unaccounted for, independent of every other circumstance, raised a prejudice against him, in Laporte and the other commissioners, so strong, that he was arrested by order of the deputy Beffroi, 6th August, 1794.

Soon, however, as the cause of his having left head quarters was properly explained, and found to be in obedience to orders which emanated from superior authority conveyed to him through the war office—his freedom was restored. Nothing seems ever to have damped his avidity for study, no situation was found uncongenial with his determined propensity that way; the officer who came to release him from arrest found him busily engaged in his dungeon, poring over the map of Lombardy; his subsequent actions evinced that he had not wasted his time even in this embarrassment, as it will be seen that he made ample use of the geographical information he had thus unpleasingly gleaned. His habits of early rising were so strongly implanted, as not to be overcome by any difficulty; during his confinement a friend had occasion to visit him long before day-break, not entertaining a doubt but that he was still in bed, he knocked at the door; on opening which he was surprised to find him dressed, and seated at the table with plans, maps, and books spread before him. "What," exclaimed his visitor "not yet in bed?" "In bed!" reiterated Buonaparte, "do not mistake me, I am already risen." "Indeed, what so early!" inquired his acquaintance. "Yes, so early, if you will have it so; I consider two or three hours quite long enough for any man to sleep, I never indulge in more," was the reply of Buonaparte: this would appear to have been his uniform custom, not only one to which be adhered to the end of his life; but one from which he very frequently derived the greatest advantages over his opponents. This disinclination towards him, from whatever cause it might have arisen, had not subsided, but remained in full force in the breast of the commissioners; he was not permitted to resume his former station with the army of Italy, then at Nice. In consequence, he retired to Marseilles, where he spent some time in obscurity with his own family, then residing there; but in very narrow circumstances. During this seclusion, he first saw, admired, and ultimately conceived an affection for Mademoiselle Clery, a beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in that city. His attachment to this lady was so strong, that but for some accident that intervened, the particulars of which have never transpired, he most assuredly would have united himself with her. The received idea is, that, being without employment, upon more mature reflection, he found himself too poor at that moment to supply the exigencies of a rising family, consequently was indisposed to contract a matrimonial alliance; after circumstances did not afford any opportunity to renew his proposals: she subsequently became the wife of general Bernadotte, now king of Sweden, while her sister married Joseph Buonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother, upon which occasion, her father gave her a handsome dowry. Alluding to this connexion, Napoleon was often heard to exclaim, "how fortunate is that fool Joseph."

Anxious to be again employed, towards the end of the year, he came to Paris for the purpose of soliciting restoration to his late command; his importunities, however, did not meet with success, a deaf ear was turned to his request, he was repulsed again and again. At that time, Aubry was president of the Military Committee; he received Buonaparte, who had been deprived of his rank in the artillery, very coldly, objected to him as being too young for the command of an army; to this, Napoleon replied in his usual sarcastic manner, "that presence in the field of battle might be reckoned to supply the want of years." The president, who had seen but little actual service, considered himself insulted, and the interview terminated without any favourable result. Some time after, however, he was sent for, and offered to go as Commandant of a Brigade of Infantry to La Vendee, so called from a small river of that name, a department of France, some 200 miles south-east of Paris, the shores of which are washed by the Bay of Biscay, including an area of 2600 square miles, the which is fertile, with a level surface, occupied by 280,000 inhabitants, then in a state of insurrection against the government; this he peremptorily refused for two reasons,

First, as thinking the Vendean warfare unworthy of him.

Next, as nothing could possibly reconcile him to leave the artillery.

The refusal cost him rather dear, his name was struck off the list of general officers in employment; his fortunes now appeared to be completely ruined, all the avenues to preferment seemed closed against him, and he began seriously to turn his thoughts to some mode of settling himself at Paris, with a view to future existence, observing to his friend Bourienne, "that if he could afford to have a house in the same street where his schoolfellow resided, and obtain the means of keeping a cabriolet, he should feel contented." At this time, therefore, although a fatalist in his opinions, he could have had but a slender prospect of his future grandeur. It not unfrequently happens that those occurrences, which seem to portend the severest disasters, which appear as if destined to overwhelm us with misfortune, to be fraught with the most direful consequences, by a strange unexpected turn in fortune's cylinder, are the means not only of bringing about the most brilliant events, but are the instruments of carving out an untrodden road which is to lead to the gratification of our utmost wishes to furnish the means to attain the very height of the most splendid ambition: it was thus it happened with Napoleon Buonaparte, the evil which he deplored as his greatest curse eventually proved to be the most decided benefit that could have befallen him; had he not been cashiered, it is more than probable, he never would have played that conspicuous part upon the great Theatre of Human Affairs, which elevated him so much above his compeers, attracting the admiration of one portion of mankind, drawing forth the most rancorous jealousy from another portion, engendering in the rest an unconquerable venomous deadly hatred. Short sighted man, therefore, should never despair; the clouds which obscure the early radiance of the cheering sun, however murky their appearance, may possibly be dispersed by the fervour of its beams before meridian, the afternoon become gradually brightened with a pleasant vivid atmosphere, whose brilliancy shall amply compensate the gloominess of the morning.

From the general aspect of the political horizon, it seemed extremely probable, that Turkey would find herself in alliance with the French republic, therefore be embroiled with the northern powers of Europe, particularly with Russia and Austria, and be exposed to attack from their combined armies. All military men were agreed, that the ordnance of that empire was in a very defective state, badly served, consequently not in a condition to resist the better disciplined gunnery of those neighbouring governments. Despairing of restoration to his rank in the army at home, he memorialized the war minister, requesting permission for himself and some other officers of artillery to enter into the service of the Sublime Porte, with intention to place that branch of the grand Seignior's war establishment upon a more respectable footing, thereby to enable him to meet any hostile aggression upon more equal terms, with better chance of success. Ever an enthusiast in all his undertakings, Napoleon nursed this newly-created bantling with all the fondness of a parent, indulged for many weeks the most extravagant chimeras respecting the result of this contemplated expedition; his only anxiety was to get employed, could he but compass that, he never doubted arriving at greatness, go wherever he might. "How strange," he was wont to say to his associates, "would it be, if a little Corsican soldier should become King of Jerusalem." Here, however, his expectations were again completely baffled: all his magnificent ideas proved to be nothing more than unsubstantial fleeting phantoms. He awakened from his dream to find the fanciful vista his sanguine temperament had conjured up, which his fervid imagination had decorated with such gaudy colouring, like visions of the night, flee before the light of day, like them "vanish into thin air."

His request does not appear to have been even brought under consideration, hence no notice whatever was taken of his memorial; he was left to linger in obscurity: thus he was thrown once more upon the *pavé* of the gay French metropolis, without resources to support the character suitable either to his ambitious longings, or to his rank in the profession, of which, although neglected, he was so bright an ornament. While thus lounging among the lively Parisians, unknowing what course to pursue, he numbered among the companions of his leisure, that pride of the Gallic stage, Talma, the celebrated tragedian: this histronic artist appeared to penetrate the womb of futurity with something like precision, as respected the fortunes of the discarded general: unlike the supercilious president Aubry, he confidently predicted the subsequent aggrandizement of "little Buonaparte," as the warm-hearted player was in the habit of calling him. Both these men were remembered by Napoleon when he arrived at power. Talma's kindness was rewarded by the emperor, who always threw around him the shield of his imperial mantle; patronized his professional exertions; thus contributed to swell the gale of his popularity, and to advance his interest. Aubry, no longer exercising supreme control over the military concerns of his country, met a very different fate, falling under the displeasure of the now no longer prostrate, supplicating general, was banished, and finished his career in exile; thus each was paid off in his own coin.

If the mutability constantly occurring in human affairs be seriously brought under review, it would almost warrant the conclusion, that every individual was pinned fast to one particular spot on the great wheel of fortune: that consequently, as it revolves upon it own axis, the relative position of each must be materially altered by its motion, not unfrequently becoming the very antipodes to their former situation. If we can further suppose half its diameter to be immersed in water, it will then be evident that those who remain attached during a complete revolution, must, at some one period, undergo a ducking.

CHAPTER IV.

APPOINTED TO A BRIGADE OF ARTILLERY IN HOLLAND: SUPERSEDES MENOU IN THE COMMAND OF THE CONVENTIONAL TROOPS: DEFEATS THE NATIONAL GUARDS ON THE 13 VENDEMAIRE, 4 OCTOBER, 1795—MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE INTERIOR: HIS INTERVIEW WITH EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS—FALLS IN LOVE WITH, AND MARRIES, THE BOY'S MOTHER, JOSEPHINE, THE WIDOW OF VISCOUNT DE BEAUHARNOIS.

THE laurels so ably won by Napoleon Buonaparte at the siege of Toulon notwithstanding their freshness, were unexpectedly thrown completely into the shade by the ingratitude of the then rulers of the French nation, who, stripped their energetic wearer of his military command, regardless of the advantages they had derived from his well-concerted schemes. After traversing the streets of Paris without any defined object, struggling with the difficulties attendant upon an impoverished purse, smarting under the degradation to which he had been subjected, suffering from those painful feelings, so sickening, as may reasonably be supposed, to such a mind as that possessed by Napoleon, occasioned by the deprivation of his well-earned rank in the army, having experienced the most mortifying neglect at the bureau of the war department, which, whether it arose from pique or some other cause, does not appear, the persecuting spirit which had so malignantly pursued his footsteps, seemed at length to have relaxed its severity; his prospects began to brighten. Nothing daunted by the gloomy aspect of his affairs, but acting with that elasticity for which, under every disadvantage, he was so remarkable, his enduring perseverance, with his unceasing importunity, aided no doubt by his acknowledged highly cultivated talents, obtained, after a tedious season of delay, the notice of the war committee: he was appointed, towards the autumn 1795, to the command of a brigade of artillery in Holland. Thus was rescued from undeserved obscurity, an officer whose valuable services, not withstanding his youth, had already placed him among the most distinguished military leaders employed by the republic.

However consoling this sluggish restoration to his favourite profession might prove to Buonaparte, the locality of his new appointment was not destined to be the stage whereon, under the most trying emergencies, he was to display the brilliancy of his comprehensive faculties, to bring into play the immensity of his own resources in the hour of peril, to exhibit the uncommon fruitfulness of his commanding warlike genius when called into activity. The city of which he was then an inhabitant, was to be the arena where he was to fight against the sections, in support of an assembly whose want of firmness had permitted a monster to deluge their beautiful France with human gore: whose unpardonable timidity had permitted the most worthy of their own body to be either banished or executed by a wretch who disgraced the name of man; whose want of dignity had disgusted the citizens and brought the republic to the brink of ruin: who had been the subservient willing tools to one of the most blood-thirsty miscreants who had ever polluted the territory of a great nation: in short, so dastardly had been their conduct, that public dissatisfaction manifested itself in every direction; while the national guards made preparations for resistance to their mandates, the people openly expressed their contempt for so despicable a set: they saw the revolution was fast retrograding, and began to think they had done little more than merely to change their masters, perhaps for the worse: they beheld with dismay that the faction of the Bourbons, availing itself of this disjointed state of things, accumulated many partizans to their cause by their meretricious intrigues. The Convention itself was by no means insensible to its own precarious existence: they felt that, unless it were remodelled, the government could not keep its feet; but having obtained ascendancy they were zealous to maintain it, consequently, their views were directed to so manage the contemplated new form in such a mode, as that while they taught the populace to believe that they projected changes advantageous to the general interest, they should preserve to themselves as much substantial power as they wielded at present: consequently, they were upon the alert to repel the threatened attack by the national guards in conjunction with the sections then in a state of insurrection against their measures, who had unfortunately placed themselves under the command of an old general named Danican, an officer of no great military reputation, sadly deficient in skill.

The projected new constitution proposed that—

1. The executive should be separated from the legislative power and lodged in the hands of five persons, to be called the Directory.

2. A council of five hundred legislators to be elected by the departments, was to introduce all laws in the first instance—resembling our House of Commons.

3. Another assembly to consist of two hundred and fifty members, to be also elected by the departments, who were to revise the measures of the council of five hundred: this was to be called the Council of Ancients, their functions being somewhat similar to those of our House of Peers.

Thus far, nothing appeared objectionable, but the cloven foot was concealed under two decrees, which will clearly show how little it was their intention to relinquish the hold they had, not only on the public purse, but also their determination to continue the domination they had so unworthily exercised; the decrees in question enacted—

First. That the electoral bodies, in choosing representatives to the two new councils, must elect, at least, two-thirds of the then members of the convention.

Secondly. That if full two-thirds of the then members of the convention were not returned by the electors, then the convention should possess the right to supply the number that might be deficient out of their own body.

However these things might be, both parties began to prepare for hostilities, the convention to preserve their ascendancy, the sections with the national guards to overthrow its usurper power; conscious of their unpopularity, the legislators, anxious to avert the threatened danger, busied themselves with organizing means for their own preservation.

The troops of the line had always held the National Guards in contempt, looked upon them as mushroom half-bred soldiers, who were not in a condition to stand up against veterans, who had passed their lives either in camps or upon active service; consequently, a jealousy had from the first existed in the ranks of the regulars, against these citizen warriors. This feeling was well understood by the members of the convention, who turned it to account, caused it to be carefully fostered by their emissaries, who were indefatigable in their endeavours to widen the breach. Of the latter description of force, there were in and near Paris upwards of five thousand men, well officered; upon these, therefore, the convention concluded, and concluded justly, reliance might safely be placed; added to this, there were several hundred artillery men who were also disposed to assist their views: over and above which the convention, to make "assurance double sure," organized a body designated by the sounding title of "the Sacred Band," which comprised some fifteen hundred of the most sanguinary desperate ruffians to be found among the off-scourings of the metropolis, most of whom had been the vile instruments of the viler Robespierre, men without a particle of principle, who were ready for any enterprise, however villanous, provided they were but paid for their treachery. Tyrants are indispensably necessitated to league themselves with the most worthless of mankind: it is the penalty irrevocably imposed them as the price of their unhallowed measures. With such auxiliaries, the convention bid defiance to their opponents, arranged the tactics to be adopted, and nothing more remained to be done on their part, but to seek out a general to whose skill they could confide the command, to whose discretion they could safely commit the execution of a plan, upon the success of which their very existence, not only as legislators, but as men, depended, seeing that defeat would most assuredly have introduced them to the tender mercies of the guillotine. Fortunately for Napoleon Buonaparte, General Menou, an officer, not very well calculated for such an undertaking, was the individual selected, and representatives were appointed to attend and watch his motions. Having collected his troops, Menou, marching at the head of a column, proceeded against the Section Lepelletier, one of the most wealthy in the capital.

The National Guards, also upon the alert, drawn up in battle array, were quietly waiting at the end of the Rue Vevienne, to give the conventional army a warm reception: the imposing attitude they assumed, the strength of their position, together with the determined resistance they were prepared to oppose to his further progress, staggered Menou, he became alarmed, undecided; his embarrassment was augmented by the presence of the representative commissioners: unwilling to unnecessarily shed blood, finding himself thus trammelled, he entered into a parley with the insurgent force, then retired without having struck a single blow. This was by no means the line of conduct suitable to the views of the convention: they felt they had placed their cause in weak hands: a council was immediately held, in which it was declared that a successor to his command should be forthwith appointed, as it was evident that Menou had not sufficient nerve for such a crisis: the failure of Menou was the pivot upon which turned the fortunes of Napoleon Buonaparte, and decided the fate of France. The next question was, where was the man possessing the required qualifications to replace the discarded chief? Barras, who was present at the consultation, after communing for some time with his colleagues, Tallien and Carnot, suddenly interrupted the discussion by declaring, with seeming ecstacy, "I have the man whom you want; it is a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony:" this declaration was decisive for the interests of the great Napoleon, who was immediately sent for and questioned as to his opinion of Menou's retreat: it so happened that Buonaparte, who was at the Odoan when the affair of the Section Lepelletier occurred, had quitted the theatre for the purpose of being an eye witness to the scene: this enabled him to explain very satisfactorily to the Convention not only what had happened, but also how the evil, so serious in its result, might have been avoided: further stating that the defeat was mainly to be attributed to the presence of the Representative Commissioners, observing that their interference perplexed, without offering any commensurate advantages, that therefore, if they had an intention to invest him with the conduct of the operations, he certainly should not accept it unless he were left free to use his own discretion unaccompanied by such coadjutors. The Convention yielded to his reasoning, offered him the direction of their troops, leaving it to himself to arrange such plans as he might deem practicable under the circumstances in which they were placed. In consequence, Barras was nominated commander-in-chief, Napoleon as second, with the virtual control of the army.

At Sablons, five miles from Paris, were posted fifty pieces of ordnance; to become master of these, was Buonaparte's first object, in furtherance of which he despatched Murat, then a major of chasseurs, with a party: the sectionaries, actuated by similar desire to possess these cannon, sent off a stronger detachment for the purpose of securing them. This incident among others, serves to throw into strong light the true value of that promptitude of action always adopted by Napoleon, seeing the great advantages so frequently derived from such celerity of conduct: had he issued his orders only a few minutes later, they would have been executed in vain: the artillery would have been gone. Murat, equally prompt as his commander, passed the insurrectionary troops in the dark, and thus accomplished his mission.

The important day, 13th Vendemaire, 4th October, 1795, dawned upon the unhappy city of Paris, the streets of which were to be copiously sprinkled with the blood of contending Frenchmen; a day which was also to place the destiny of France for a time under the control of five persons, who continued to exercise their old tyrannic measures under the convenient subterfuge of new names: all was bustle and anxiety; military preparation was in active progress, as well for attack as for defence.

The keen eye of Napoleon had promptly taken an accurate survey of every spot of the ground to be steadily maintained: that foresight which constituted one of his most distinguishing features had tolerably well measured the resources of those whom he was about to oppose. His diligence had provided for almost every possible contingency: his activity had left nothing unexamined that might at all compromise the success which he anticipated. By a judicious disposition of artillery, both fronts of the Tuilleries were most effectually covered: that nearest the water, by cannon placed upon all the bridges, through the means of which he also secured the command of the river Seine: the other, by great guns planted at the crossings of all the streets, through any of which access could be obtained to the purlieus of the palace. Battalions of well-armed troops occupied the Place de Carousel, as also the gardens of the Tuilleries, in which Buonaparte himself coolly awaited the attack of the sectionaries, under the guidance of Danican, their general, whose conduct contributed to their defeat, by suffering himself to be amused with messages from the Convention, while they completed their arrangements, and strengthened the various positions of the Liberticide army.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon, the Insurgent force, including thirty thousand national guards began to move forward: marching in close heavy columns, but wholly unprovided with artillery, they advanced by the different narrow streets of Paris, with an intention to besiege the palace, the protection of which had passed into other more capable hands, possessing firmer nerves than those belonging to either General Menou or Louis XVI. One division of the national guards had reached the church of St. Roche, in the Rue St. Honoré, when it was met by a body of Conventional troops with two pieces of ordnance. Although neither appeared disinclined to come into immediate action, yet it is still a subject of dispute which party struck the first blow. However this might be, the onslaught began: instantly the streets were swept with overwhelming showers of grape shot, which made such shocking havoc, that the national guards, notwithstanding that they battled with a determined courage worthy of men fighting against tyrannic sway for their indefeasible rights, were thrown into some confusion; still they continued the contention with unabated valour, but were eventually compelled to give way amidst the most dreadful slaughter; many attempts to rally were rendered abortive by the devastating influence of the hot and well-directed fire kept up from heavy artillery, which so thinned their ranks, that further resistance not being possible, they were finally put to the rout.

It had been settled by Buonaparte that the first shot should be the signal for opening a destructive explosion from every gun in the artillery mounted for this occasion; in consequence, no sooner had the affray commenced near the church, than the cannon began to roar at all points, vomiting forth a series of fatal volleys, which carried desolation among the sectional troops: these were continued without intermission until the conclusion of the struggle. The national guards sustained the galling fire of the Conventionalists with most heroic fortitude, saw their comrades bite the dust around them without dismay: combatted like lions; frequently marched up to the cannon's mouth amidst the most horrible carnage; more than once drove the enemy, and became masters of the gun; but, raked on every side, they were mowed down by hundreds: the loss of human life was terrible: thus weakened, they found renewed efforts unavailing. At last, unable to keep their ground against a numerous well-served artillery, *sauve qui peut* was the word. The Insurgents, after prodigies of valour, fled in all directions, leaving the streets covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded: never had military operations assumed a more decisive character: in less than three hours the battle was over, the Convention remained undisputed rulers of the capital. The brave Parisians, who had endured so much for the restoration of liberty to France, who had bearded so many perils, undergone so many toils, had so nobly fought against their oppressors, were obliged to yield for want of cannon to support their columns, which ought to have been provided before they commenced the assault; a circumstance that rendered it an unequal as well as a hopeless contest. The Conventional troops, flushed with victory, proud of being themselves the enslavers of their countrymen, entered the various sections triumphantly; the martial but subdued inhabitants of which were immediately disarmed: thus, before night had thrown its gloomy shadows over the mangled corpses of the combatants, all was quiet but reluctant submission.

Every thing having been previously arranged, the members, composing the new government of five, were installed in their office: Barras was declared principal director, also commander-in-chief of the army of the interior. Conscious that but for the energies displayed in quelling the insurrection of the sections, he had never reached his present elevation, he was not slow in rewarding the man who had rendered him such eminent service: in less than a week Buonaparte was appointed second in command under him, a few days after Barras finding his time fully occupied with the functions attached to his station in the Directory, relinquished the chief command, which, with the consent of his four colleagues, Sieyes, Reubel Latourneur Delamanche, and Lareveillère Lepaux, was bestowed upon Napoleon Buonaparte: thus "the little bit of a Corsican officer," in the course of a very short time, instead of walking about Paris soliciting employment, found himself in the exercise of the first military distinction in France, being placed as the substantive head of the army of the Interior: this appointment was the precursor of those extraordinary occurrences which, directed by his gigantic genius, caused those tremendous changes that for a season shook the governments of Europe to their very centre.

Revolution, though the usual, perhaps the only efficacious remedy against inveterate misrule combined with chronic corruption, seeing that it has been more or less resorted to with such intention by all nations, has not always produced the desired amelioration in the condition of society. The failure has arisen from not bottoming resistance upon a solid foundation, from not enforcing in its fullest extent the only measure that can render the community one of strength and happiness: the true principle of all good and stable government must be representation going upon all fours with taxation, connected with general education. Indeed, even the most despotic tyrants acknowledge the representative principle, hold it forth as the basis of ministerial power, but confine it within such narrow limits as to render it nugatory for all wholesome purposes. The ambassador represents the monarch; the monarch, whether truly or not, says he represents his nation, meaning himself; the judge maintains that he represents the law, understanding thereby its vacillating character; the rich man represents a constituency, whom his wealth has so dazzled as to cause them to forget their duty both to their country and to themselves, which constituency consists of a chosen few, to the exclusion of the many who contribute to support the burthens of the state; but, in point of fact, he represents nothing beyond his pride, coupled with the weight of his purse: thus it will be seen that representation is made to run the gauntlet through the whole body politic, when it can be twisted to compass certain unapparent designs, but is unfortunately brought to a dead stand-still whenever its legitimate extension might have a tendency either to thwart the arbitrary will, or disappoint the cupidity of those who hold the reins of control over a subjugated people. Whenever this great, this fundamental, principle is either violated or narrowed in its use, discontent will arise, disorder ensue, the excluded, watchful of their imprescriptible rights, can then only be kept in subordination by the exercise of brute force, either under the compulsion of bad laws, administered by recreant charlatans, or by the more stringent overwhelming influence of the sword. It is a melancholy truth that designing knaves, mingling with popular discontent, have but too frequently had sufficient address by their deceptive eloquence to blind their auditors, and by such means to turn the tide of popular indignation to the furtherance of their own sordid ends: these men, conscious of their own insecurity, jealous of the success of others pursuing the same lawless track, become savagely reckless; in their fury to maintain themselves in the perilous stations they occupy, ruthlessly sacrifice all those whom, even in fancy, they imagine may stand in the way of their ambitious projects. Hence those dreadful massacres, those wholesale slaughters, those thousand and one other heart-rending abominations which disfigure the paths of persons so situated; thus it has but too often happened that the people, after enduring the most poignant misery, have had no other consolation, in return for all the wretchedness they have undergone, than the disgrace of having placed a fresh set of tyrants upon the stools of those whom they had deposed for malversation in their authority: such disastrous results would, in all human probability, have been avoided, had they set out upon true principles, and continued to enforce them by an undeviating adherence.

Napoleon entered upon his new command with an alacrity peculiar to himself; it was by no means a sinecure: much required to be done—the national guard was to be re-organized; a separate guard was to be established for the Representative body; the ordnance, as well as the military stores, which had suffered great dilapidation, were to be recruited, and put into an efficient state; in almost every quarter his utmost vigilance was taxed to prevent violent outbreaks: he had frequently to harangue the multitude, with a view to preserve the peace, as the scarcity of bread was so serious, that it was the cause of many alarming riots: the attitude of these disturbances sometimes was of so menacing an aspect as to need the strong arm of military coercion for their suppression. On one of these occasions, while parading the city, accompanied by his staff, for the purpose of quieting the agitation of the populace, in which he was generally very successful, he happened to be in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, reckoned the most turbulent in the whole capital, as it was the commune that first rose and assisted at the demolition of the Bastille; notwithstanding it was usually found to be the most ready to listen to reason, at the same time it exhibited the most generous motives. Here he was suddenly surrounded with an immense crowd, chiefly women, calling loudly for bread: the throng kept augmenting, and became so clamorous, that his situation was rather critical: his presence of mind, however, did not desert him, but shone forth conspicuously. He had nearly persuaded them to disperse, when a sturdy robust fish-wife, having somewhat of the Falstaff appearance, was most vehement in her exhortations to those assembled to keep their places, exclaiming, with shrill tones and violent gesticulation, pointing to the officers, "These coxcombs, with their fine epaulettes and gorgets, only laugh at our distress; provided they can feed well and fatten, they care not if the poor people die of hunger." Napoleon, who was then perhaps the leanest of his race, with imperturbable nonchalance, turned to her with great good-humour, saying, "My good woman! pray look at me: which do you think is the fattest, you or I?—You may easily perceive that, compared with yourself, I am but a slip of parchment." The naïveté of this address, so congenial with Parisian feelings, caused a general burst of laughter, the fury of the populace was disarmed, they separated enjoying the joke, while the general continued his round without further annoyance.

As general of the army of the interior, it was Buonaparte's duty to wait personally upon each of the directors. The official residence not being ready to receive him, Carnot, who had quickly replaced Sieyés in the directory, at that period lodged at the top of an hotel, beneath the ruins of the Luxembourg. A celebrated author was in the habit of visiting him every Monday; on one of these days Napoleon presented himself to the director, whom he found singing an air, accompanied by a young lady on the pianoforte. The appearance of the general, then a slim little well-made olive-complexioned youth, as he entered the room surrounded by five or six fine tall young officers, who seemed to pay him the greatest attention, formed a very striking contrast. Buonaparte, on entering, bowed to the company with an air of perfect ease and self-possession; the author, turning to his friend Carnot, inquired who the gentlemen were? The director replied, "the general of the armed force of Paris, and his aides-de-camp."—"Oblige me with his name," resumed the author. To which Carnot simply responded, "Buonaparte."—"Has he great military skill?" was the next question; the answer to which by the director was, "So it is said." Still inquisitive, the author was desirous to know "what he had ever done to render himself conspicuous?" To which Carnot rejoined—"He is the officer who commanded the troops of the Convention, the 13th Vendemaire." The shade deepened upon the visage of the inquirer, who happened to be one of the electors on that day; he retired full of thought into a corner of the chamber, the better to observe the new visitor. During the time this conversation was going on, Napoleon, seeing the young lady still at the instrument, while the sole attention of the company was directed to himself, took occasion to observe, "I have unfortunately put a termination to your amusement: some person was singing; I beg I may not any longer interrupt the party." Carnot apologized, Buonaparte insisted, the notes of the piano were again sounded, when, after the performance of two or three national airs, the general took his leave. He had no sooner departed, than the "little Corsican" became the subject of conversation, in the course of which his merits were discussed, when Carnot predicted that the youthful chief would not long retain a command which, judging from all he saw, an aspiring genius such as Napoleon could only consider as leading to future fame, as a stepping-stone to ulterior glory. In this opinion Carnot was upheld by Barras, his brother director, a man by no means deficient in discernment, who clearly saw that an individual endowed with so much observation, possessing such energies as Buonaparte, was well fitted for any station, however elevated, that required vigilance joined with activity and perseverance.

By the firmness of his conduct, added to the zeal he displayed in maintaining tranquillity, and the ability with which he supported the dignity of his situation, Buonaparte rose daily in public estimation; yet he was but little seen in the gay circles of the metropolis: notwithstanding the high rank he held in society, in consequence of having the chief military command in the French capital, by the wholesome exercise of which he had passed into that order of distinguished men, whose actions, while they surprise the world, arrest its notice, and claim its eulogies, he still continued when in private to study as usual, living in a retired, quiet, unostentatious manner.

At one of Napoleon's morning military levees, an incident occurred which may be considered as having formed an epoch in his life, since it tended greatly to advance his fortunes, gave a fresh impetus to his exertions, inducing him to entirely alter his then mode of living. An interesting boy, about twelve years of age, presented himself to the commander-in-chief, saying "he came to recover the sword of his father, who had served as a general officer in the republican army on the Rhine," stating "that he was the son of the late Viscompte de Beauharnois, who had fallen under the axe of the guillotine during the reign of terror, by order of that fell tyrant Robespierre," adding "that he was himself christened Eugene:" pleased with the fervid manner of the supplicating youth, naturally alive to every thing that wore a chivalrous appearance, Buonaparte granted the request. When the lad received the relic of his sire, he bedewed it with his tears, kissed it with so much devotion, pressed it to his breast with such impassioned earnestness, that he quite won the good opinion of the general, exciting in his bosom a desire to know more of his young supplicant; consequently he treated the youthful Eugene with so much kindness, that it influenced his mother Josephine to come the next day to offer him thanks for the attention he had bestowed upon her child. Her uncommon beauty, added to the singular gracefulness of her address, coupled with her fascinating polished manners, made so deep an impression upon Napoleon, that he began seriously to entertainwishes for a closer union with a female who appeared gifted with every desirable requisite to insure domestic happiness.

About this period Barras, who had in some degree thrown aside republican simplicity, began to hold a kind of court at the palace of the Luxembourg. The charming Josephine, relict of the Viscompte de Beauharnois, had been introduced to his notice by her friend, who subsequent to her liberation, had become the wife of Tallien, one of the most eminent among the leading men in the Convention, a lady equally remarkable for her personal attractions: the friendship existing between these two beautiful women, who were the greatest ornaments to the assemblies meeting in the salon of the first director, had been engendered and cemented during their imprisonment under the Terrorists, which had only terminated with the downfall of the brutal Robespierre :—it was, however, the received opinion very generally credited, that the handsome widow exercised an influence over the chief of the directory, not exactly consonant with legitimate right. Be thi as it may, Buonaparte offered her his hand, which she, after some hesitation accepted : their nuptials were celebrated 9th March, 1796, on which occasion he is said to have received five hundred thousand francs, something more than twenty thousand pounds sterling, as a marriage portion, besides drawing closer his connection with two of the then most powerful men in France, Barras and Tallien. Previous to her union with Napoleon, Josephine addressed a letter to one of her friends, which ran thus :—

"The advice, I may say, of all my friends, urges me, my dear, to marry again ; also the commands of my aunt, as well as the prayers of my children. Why are you not here, to help me by your advice on this important occasion, and to tell me whether I ought or ought not to consent to a union, which certainly seems calculated to relieve me from the discomfort of my present situation ? Your friendship would render you clear-sighted to my interest, and a word from you, would suffice to bring me to a decision.

"Among my visitors you have seen General Buonaparte : he is the man who wishes to become a father to the orphans of Alexander De Beauharnois, and a husband to his widow.

"Do you love him? will naturally be your first question. My answer is perhaps—No— Do you dislike him ?—No, again ; but the sentiments I entertain towards him are of that lukewarm kind, which true devotees think worst of all in matters of religion. Now, love being a sort of religion, my feelings ought to be very different to what they are. This is the point on which I want your advice, which would fix the wavering of my irresolute disposition. To come to a decision has always been too much for my creole inertness, and I find it an easier task to obey the wishes of others.

"I admire the general's courage ; the extent of his information on every subject on which he converses ; his shrewd intelligence, which enables him to understand the thoughts of others, before they are expressed ; but I confess I am somewhat fearful of that control which he seems anxious to exercise over all about him. There is something in his scrutinizing glance that cannot be described ; it even awes our directors, therefore it may well be supposed to intimidate a woman. He talks of his passion for me with a degree of earnestness which renders it impossible to doubt his sincerity ; yet this very circumstance, which you would suppose likely to please me, is precisely that which has hitherto withheld me from giving that consent, which I have often been on the very point of uttering.

"My spring of life is past. Can I then hope to preserve for any length of time, that ardour of affection which, in the general, amounts almost to madness ? If his love should cool, as it certainly will after our marriage, will he not reproach me for having prevented him from forming a more advantageous connection ? What then shall I say ? What shall I do ? I may shut myself up and weep : fine consolation, truly ! methinks I hear you say. But unavailing as it is, I assure you, I know weeping to be my only consolation whenever my poor heart receives a wound. Write to me quickly, and pray scold me if you think me wrong. You know every thing is welcome that may come from you.

"Barras assures me, if I marry the general, he will get him appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. This favour, though not yet granted, occasions some murmuring among Buonaparte's brother officers. When speaking to me yesterday on the subject, the general said: "Do they think I cannot get forward without their patronage? One day or other they will all be but too happy if I grant them mine. I have a good sword by my side, which will carry me on."

"What do you think of this self-confidence? Does it not savour of excessive vanity? a general of brigade to talk of patronizing the chiefs of the government! It is very ridiculous! Yet I know not how it happens, his ambitious spirit wins upon me so far, that I am almost tempted to believe in the practicability of any project he may take into his head;—and who can foresee what he may attempt?

"All here regret your absence; and we only console ourselves by constantly speaking of you, and by endeavouring to follow you step by step in the beautiful country in which you are journeying. Were I sure to find you in Italy, I would consent to be married to-morrow, on condition of being permitted to accompany the general. But we might cross each other in the way, therefore I deem it more prudent to await your answer: pray send it speedily. Madame Tallien desires me to present her love to you. She is still fair and good as ever. She employs her immense interest only for the benefit of the unfortunate; and when she confers a favour, she appears as pleased and satisfied as though she herself were the party obliged. Her friendship for me is most affectionate and sincere, and of my regard for her, I need only say, that it is equal to that which I entertain for yourself.

"Hortense grows more and more interesting every day. Her pretty figure is getting fully developed, and if I were so inclined, I should have ample reason to rail at Time, who confers charms on the daughter, at the expense of the mother; but truly, I have other things in my head. I strive to banish gloomy thoughts, and look forward to a more propitious future, for we shall soon meet, never to part again. But for this marriage, which harasses and unsettles me, I could be gay in spite of everything; were it once over, happen what might, I could resign myself to my fate. I am inured to suffering, and if I be destined to taste fresh sorrow, I can support it, provided my children, my aunt, and you remain to comfort me.

"You know we have agreed to dispense with all formal terminations to our letters. So adieu, my friend."

This accomplished lady, whose native loveliness is indisputable, was born 24th June, 1763, the daughter of a wealthy planter, Tascher de la Pagerie, residing at Martinico, a windward Caribbee island, in North America, named after the aborigenes, Caribs, a fierce warlike race of Indians, called, however, by the French, Antilles; one of the most eastward of those commonly known as the West Indies, lying in the Caribbean Sea, which forms that portion of the great Atlantic Ocean, lying between the Islands of Jamaica, St. Domingo, and Porto Rico, on the north, and the continent of Caraccas, on the south; it is a populous mountainous country, forty miles in length, by twenty six in breadth, having numerous fertile valleys well watered by several rivers; but will neither grow vines, nor produce wheat, the latter of which is not wanted, the inhabitants preferring Cassava to wheaten bread

A story is current, that while Josephine was yet in infancy, a fortune-telling negress prophesied, that "she would one day be greater than a queen, yet outlive her dignity, and die in an hospital;" whether this be so or not, it is singular enough, that she became an empress, was divorced from her emperor, after which she inhabited, until her death, the palace of Malmaison, which, like our palace of St. James's, had once been an hospital. Napoleon, who was both superstitious and a fatalist, had an unconquerable idea, that his fortunes were in some mysterious manner bound up with those of this graceful intelligent woman, which strongly induced him to seek the connection with more than ordinary eagerness. At the period of their union, 30 - she was in her ~~twenty~~-third year, while her husband Buonaparte had not reached his twenty-seventh.

The amiable Josephine loved Napoleon with the most affectionate ardour, always served his interest with unabated devotion. At one time, she had the greatest influence over him, ever enjoyed by any other woman; this was never exercised but for the most humane purposes, distress always found a ready advocate in her tender bosom, and she generally proved a most successful pleader. Her gentleness could calm him in those sudden bursts of passion to which he was addicted, whenever anything occurred to displease him. She, and she only, by her soothing softness, could then quell the raging storm, which struck all others with dismay. His subsequent conduct towards so deserving a helpmate, the ungenerous return he made for all her fondness, the mortifying result of her unbounded confidence, will never form the brightest page in his history. When speaking of this excellent female, Buonaparte was not backward in acknowledging her merit.

"I am well convinced," he was wont to say, "that I am the individual Josephine loved best in the world: she never failed to accompany me in all my journeys; neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following me; she often employed importunity, sometimes even artifice, to gain her point. If I stepped into my carrriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, to my surprise I would find her already prepared, though I had had no idea of her accompanying me. But I would say to her, you cannot possibly go, the journey is too long, and will prove too fatiguing for you. "Not at all," she would say. "Besides, I must set out instantly."—"Well, I am quite ready," was her immediate reply. "But you must take a great deal of luggage?" "Oh, no! everything is packed up!" I was generally obliged to yield; in short, she rendered me happy, and constantly proved herself my sincerest friend. At all times, and on all occasions, she manifested the most perfect submission, the most decided devotedness; and therefore, I shall never cease to remember her but with tenderness and gratitude. She died worth eighteen million of francs, was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a long series of years. She was frequently in the habit of disputing with Denon, and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues, and splendid pictures, for her own gallery, instead of the museum. Now I always acted to please the people, and whenever I obtained a fine statue, or a valuable picture, I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was grace personified. Every thing she did was with a peculiar *manière* and delicacy. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had even grace *en se couchant*, laying down to sleep. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and e most effectually defended herself against the assaults of Time."

an instance how well Buonaparte understood the extent of her power.

after she became an empress, she was solicited to intercede with the emperor on behalf of a young man, who was condemned, as an accomplice, in a certain great crime. "It is the first favour of the kind I ever asked of you," said she, with one of her most bewitching smiles, "and I therefore hope you will grant it."—"I would willingly," replied Napoleon; "but I cannot consistently with my duty to the nation."—"Can you then deny me," asked the supplicant.—"Yes, madam! and when it is known that I have refused it to your intercession, no one else will dare to make an application."

Ingratitude, although of such every-day occurrence, is, nevertheless, under whatever point of view it may be contemplated, a most filthy as well as despicable degrading vice; but when exercised against an unoffending, faithful, but defenceless wife, with a view to prevent her from participating in that prosperity, to promote which she shall have devoted the brilliancy of her youth; when it shall be brought to bear upon a lovely female who has deemed no toil too onerous, no fatigue too harrassing, provided it tended to the elevation of her connubial partner; when employed to the injury of her who has not hesitated to sacrifice at the shrine of affection whatever of comfort could be required to achieve the desired object, and that this course shall be adopted for the unhallowed purpose of bestowing the fruits of all her anxiety upon another of her sex, however deserving, the blow cannot fail to fall with double severity: the dishonour, however, of the ingrate who shall thus have abused the confidence of a confiding woman, who shall have evinced so decided an absence of all proper feeling, have shown so total a dereliction of all moral obligation, will be augmented in the ratio of the cube of the square, as compared with common occasions.

CHAPTER V.

APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY—QUITS HIS BRIDE FOR THAT PURPOSE—ADOPTS NEW FEATURES IN MILITARY TACTICS—SURROUNDS AND DEFEATS D'ARGENTEAU, AT MONTE NOTTE—GAINS THE BATTLE OF MILLESEMO, AGAINST THE SARDINIAN GENERAL COLLI—WORSTS HIM AGAIN AT MONDOVI—DICTATES THE TERMS OF AN ARMISTICE, AT CHERASCO, TO THE KING OF SARDINIA—OBTAINS POSSESSION OF THOSE KEYS OF THE ALPS, CONI AND TORTONA.

THE suppression of the insurrectionary movement having restored Paris to a state of quietude, the Directory began to turn its attention to the affairs of the army of Italy: the troops of which it was composed were in a most wretched state, destitute of clothing, almost without provisions,—in short, it had, by mismanagement, been reduced to a most deplorable condition: it was, therefore, resolved to replace its General, Scherer, by the appointment of a new commander-in-chief. The individual selected for this important trust, was Napoleon Buonaparte. One of the directors hesitated about this arrangement, observing that Napoleon was almost too young for so arduous an undertaking, to which he promptly replied, "a year hence I shall either be old or dead;" adding, "in three months you will find me either at Milan or at Paris."—When this rank was proffered to Buonaparte by Carnot, who managed the war department, he frankly informed him, that "it was to the command of men alone that he could be appointed, as the army was in want of every thing but arms." Napoleon smiled, saying, "Give me only men enough; I require no more, and will be answerable for the result."

Napoleon's fame began to shine with a lustre that dazzled all Europe, irradiating the world with the brilliancy of his exploits. Hitherto the laurels he had so ably won, had, in a great measure, decorated the brows of his superior officers, as he had never been more than second in command: even at Paris, Barras was general-in-chief of the Conventional troops. Ten days after their nuptials, he quitted his bride, Josephine; paid a short visit to his mother, at Marseilles, and reached Nice, after a most rapid journey.

Scarcely had he arrived at the army, when the Sardinian general, Colli, addressed a note to him, requiring the liberation of one Moulin, a French emigrant, who had been arrested, although acting as an envoy for the government of Austria, threatening, in case of refusal, reprisal on the person of a French officer, then his prisoner. To this, Buonaparte, as commander-in-chief, replied:—"Sir, an emigrant is a parricide, whom no character can protect. There was a want of respect towards the French people in sending Moulin as an envoy. You know the laws of war: I, therefore, cannot understand the reprisal with which you threaten my chief of brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to all the rules by which belligerents ought to be regulated, you permit an act of such barbarity, every one of your prisoners in future shall answer for the consequence, with the most unsparing vengeance. As to the rest, I hold the officers of your nation in the esteem due to brave soldiers."

The accomplishment of three objects was contemplated in this campaign, which were carried through with consummate ability by Napoleon.

1. To compel the King of Sardinia, who still maintained a powerful army in Piedmont, notwithstanding that Savoy and Nice had already been wrested from him, to break up his alliance with the Emperor of Austria.

2. By a masterly, well-concerted, but daring invasion of Lombardy, to induce the Italian subjects of Austria to throw off its yoke, adopt the revolutionary system, and thereby separate themselves for ever from the thraldom of their German rulers: this would oblige the Austrian government to make extraordinary exertions for the maintenance of its dominion in Italy; which would so effectually weaken its armies on the Rhine as to place the troops of the republic in a much better position in that quarter.

3. To lessen the ascendancy of the Catholic priesthood by reducing the consequence of the Vatican, thus to force the government of the papal see into submission to the dictates of the republic: this was considered of paramount importance, as the cause of royalism, so destructive to the internal tranquillity of France, was supposed to draw its chief, although secret, support from the influence exercised by the Romish church: independent of this, the revolutionary government was bent upon avenging the murder of its agent Basseville, who had been assassinated some three years previous in a popular tumult at Rome, without any interference for his protection by the papal troops, nor any steps on the part of the pope to punish his murderers: this injury the Directory was determined to punish by the degradation of the pontiff, and the subjugation of his territory.

When the Austrian general Beaulieu perceived Napoleon begin to concentrate his troops towards that region, he immediately arranged measures for the protection of Genoa, and to prevent his entrance into Italy: Beaulieu himself took post with one column of his army at Voltri, a town of the Sardinian States, six miles west of Genoa, in the Genoese territory; D'Argenteau was placed with another column of the Austrian army at Monte Notte, a strong height further to the westward; while the Sardinian troops under the command of General Colli occupied Ceva, a Piedmontese town, situated on the river Tanaro, protected by a strong fort, eight miles south-east of Mondovi, another fortified town of Piedmont, seated on a mountain near the River Ellero, fourteen miles east of Coni, in 8° 3′ east longitude, 44° 25′ north latitude. Colli's division formed the extreme right of the whole line of the allied army, which were, according to Beaulieu's idea, sufficiently in communication with each other, and as he thought, rendered it impossible for the French troops to advance upon Genoa without coming in contact with some one of the three columns, thus strongly posted. The result proved that he had miscalculated.

The test of Genius is the capability to strike out some fresh untried means to compass an object, which, by their unlooked-for operation, shall baffle the plans of those who may be contented to pursue the long-accredited course of action. Buonaparte considered that the period had arrived, when he must either introduce into the science of war tactics as yet unpractised, or submit to have his projected measures frustrated by defeat, seeing that the enemy, to whom he was opposed, was not only highly disciplined, but very advantageously posted in strongly fortified positions, in every respect much better appointed than his own troops. He was, therefore, about practically to convince those who doubted, that it was still possible that something new could be woven in with the ordinary manœuvring of an army. Circumscribed as he felt himself in numerical force, when compared with the enemy, he was convinced, that to govern himself by the hitherto established rules of war, almost, if not entirely, shut out the possibility of success; they must of consequence give place to others of a different description, which at the same time would lull the suspicion of his adversaries as to his real motives; for this purpose it was imperative that the whole energies of the smaller force should be so concentrated as to be brought to bear upon some one given point of the much larger by which it was opposed: by such means, to use his own favourite expression, he expected "to rob them of the victory." To effect this would require such rapid movements on the part of the soldiery, as to preclude the use of either tents or baggage, which, therefore, must in future be considered as idle luxuries, incompatible with that celerity of action, so peculiar to Napoleon, which could alone warrant the acquisition of the desired result. The usual precaution of a long chain of reserves, with depots of stores, must be abandoned: the troops must be content to rely for subsistence wholly upon their own activity, coupled with a steady defiance of every danger that may attend foraging the resources of the enemy's country, into which their leader was about to conduct them: they must therefore deem no sacrifice too much, look upon no fatigue as too great, consider no hardships as worthy a thought; conquest, and conquest alone, must occupy their minds: conquer they must, at whatever hazard. By thus accustoming his troops to pillage, he was perfectly aware of the great risk he ran in destroying the character of his men, as well as relaxing the discipline of his army: he, however, trusted to the fruitfulness of his own genius to counteract the effects of such a dangerous course: in this again he evinced the powers of his mind: by mingling familiarly with his soldiers, by attending to their grievances, by exerting himself to relieve them under every difficulty, by sharing their hardships, by marching on foot at their head, he acquired such an ascendancy over them, so riveted their affections towards him personally, that he became an object of their veneration, so much so, that he had but to speak to be instantly obeyed : thus, many years elapsed before any evil effects were produced by the system he had adopted ; he thus clearly proved himself to be a man born to command : while, as a commander, he held forth an example of persevering courage, with an indomitable spirit well worthy of imitation, which led to the most splendid results, crowning his efforts with success even beyond his most sanguine hopes.

He found his command extended over a body of about fifty thousand men, very deficient in cavalry, in want of military stores of every kind, without shoes, badly provided with food, closely watched by an enemy greatly superior in numbers. Some idea of the impoverished state of the army may be gathered from the circumstance that Berthier was wont to keep, as a curiosity, an order issued from head-quarters, dated on the day of the victory at Albegna, by which each general of division was granted, as a great supply, three louis-d'or. This destitution at once determined him to better the condition of his men, by forcing a passage into Italy, and making that rich territory the theatre of the war; having formed this daring resolution, he thus addressed his troops:—"Soldiers," said he, "you are hungry and naked; the republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile fields that the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers! you stand in need of everything; yonder are our enemies, beyond them is plenty,—march! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?"

The youthful appearance of their new commander, added to his diminutive stature, had not at first made any very favourable impression: but the eloquence of his address, together with his fearless manner, backed by the fame of his superior talents, reanimated the drooping spirits of the troops, engendered confidence, and inspired them with hope: thus, Augereau, Lannes, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, Berthier, all of them intrepid generals, distinguished for their ability, any one of whom, from their great experience in the field, might reasonably have aspired to the chief command, were thoroughly satisfied to be themselves commanded by Napoleon, so soon as they began to dive into his character, to understand the system upon which he intended to conduct the war. From that moment they felt thoroughly convinced that the true road to glory was to implicitly follow in the wake of the young commander-in-chief, to render him the most cordial support, to execute his orders with promptness and fidelity.

This eventful campaign opened on the 9th April, 1796, by Beaulieu's attacking General Cervoni, at the post near Voltri, with ten thousand men, when the latter retreated. On the 10th, the Austro-Sardinian general, d'Argenteau, came down in force upon Monte Notte, attacked the French redoubts in front of that mountain, as also the villages in the vicinity of Monte Legino bearing that name. Colonel Rampon, who commanded the republicans in that district, displayed the most determined valour; according to orders received from Napoleon, kept D'Argenteau in check during the 10th and the 11th, having, during the heat of the action, made his men swear to die rather than surrender: meantime, Buonaparte contented himself with watching Beaulieu, having already determined at the proper moment to strike his blow at the centre of the enemy's line, which his judgment correctly concluded would prove effectual. In furtherance of his plan of operations, during the night of the 11th, various columns were marched upon Monte Legino, that of Laharpe, as well as that of Cervoni from the van of the republican line, while those of Augereau and Massena advanced upon the same point from the rear. On the morning of the 12th, when D'Argenteau prepared to renew his attack upon the French redoubts, he was surprised to find he no longer had only Rampon and his brave soldiers to contend with; that he was flanked by columns of republican troops, while others were in his rear, as well as drawn up behind the works at Monte Legino,—in short, that he was completely surrounded: under these circumstances he was compelled to retreat among the mountains: leaving behind his cannon, his colours, a thousand killed, together with two thousand prisoners: thus, the centre of the allied army was entirely routed, before either the Austrian commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, at the left, or the Sardinian general, Colli, at the right, had the least idea that any action had taken place: this was the first of Napoleon's fields, generally known as the battle of Monte Notte.

Beaulieu found his communication with Colli greatly endangered by the defeat of D'Argenteau; therefore, that he might the more readily re-establish his connexion with the Sardinian general, deemed it prudent to fall back upon Dego: Colli, for the same purpose, took post at Millesimo: meantime D'Argenteau was striving to rally his dispirited troops, and to re-organize them in the intervening but difficult country. The great object of these generals was to maintain themselves steadily in these positions, until they could receive succours from Lombardy. In this, however, they were foiled: Napoleon had no intention to afford them any such respite, as it would tend materially to deteriorate his plan of operations; therefore, the very next day, the 13th, he ordered a general assault upon the whole Austro-Sardinian line: Augereau marched upon Millesimo to the left, with a fresh division; Massena led the centre towards Dego; while La Harpe, with the right wing of the republicans, manœuvred to turn Beaulieu's left flank, with complete success: Augereau, pursuing his orders, rushed upon the outposts of Millesimo, seized the gorge which defended the place, which he retained, cutting off from the main body of Colli's army General Provera, with two thousand Austrians, who occupied an eminence called Cossaria: next morning Buonaparte himself made his appearance, forced the Sardinian commander, Colli, to accept battle under every disadvantage, broke through his scattered troops, while Provera, thus abandoned, was obliged to yield at discretion. On the same day, the republican general, Massena, assaulted the heights of Biastro, carried them at the point of the bayonet, thus completely cut off all communication between Beaulieu and Colli: the French general, taking the village of Millesimo in front and in flank at the same moment, drove the Austrian commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, from his post, after a most desperate sanguinary conflict. From this time the Austrian general could no longer keep open a communication with the Sardinian General Colli, but was entirely separated from him. After the affairs of Dego and Millesimo, Colli retreated in disorder upon Ceva; Beaulieu hotly pursued upon Aqui, a town of Piedmont, in the duchy of Montserrat, having a strong citadel with baths of mineral waters, seated upon the north bank of the Bormida, sixteen miles south of Alessandria; a strongly fortified city in the Milanese, thirty-five miles north-west of Genoa, forty miles south-west of Milan. The Austrian general was anxious to cover Milan, ten miles in circumference, standing on a delightful plain between the rivers Adda and Ticino, which communicate with the city by means of two canals, the capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 280 miles north north-west of Rome, in 9° 12′ east longitude, 46° 28′ north latitude, contains 140,000 inhabitants, the see of an archbishop; the cathedral, which stands in the centre, is a most splendid specimen of gothic architecture, next to St. Peter's at Rome, the most considerable in Italy: in the Piazzi di Castello is an arena, capable of holding thirty thousand spectators: the public library contains a prodigious number of manuscripts, together with upwards of sixty thousand printed books: has also a superb gallery of paintings: most of the houses are embellished with extensive garden-grounds. The Sardinian general, Colli, was equally anxious to cover Turin, the residence of the monarch of Sardinia, a strongly fortified city of Piedmont, containing by computation 50,000 inhabitants, standing on a fertile plain, at the confluence of the river Doria, with that of the Po, 68 miles north-west of Genoa, 80 miles south-west of Milan, in 7° 40′ east longitude, 45° 4′ north latitude. Has an extensive arsenal, a foundry for cannon, also a chemical laboratory, a cathedral, a university, with many handsome public buildings. The citadel, which is deemed the strongest in Europe, is a regular pentagon: on the banks of the Po, near the city, the beautiful Castle of Valentin rears its majestic head, the extensive gardens belonging to which are appropriated to botanical studies. Buonaparte, however, gave them no rest; Colli was again brought to action during his disastrous retreat, again defeated with the loss of his cannon, all his baggage, and the greatest part of his troops, at Mondovi. The Sardinian army might therefore be said to be annihilated: the conqueror made himself master of Cherasco, a fortified town of Piedmont, seated on a mountain at the confluence of the river Stura with that of the Tanaro, capital of a fertile country bearing the same name, having a strong citadel twenty-four miles south south-east of Turin. While there he dictated the terms on which the republic would permit the Sardinian monarch to retain even the shadow of sovereign power: thus, in less than a month, Napoleon completly laid open to his victorious troops the portals to the fair fruitful fields of Italy.

As a guarantee for his good faith, in the armistice granted to him by the triumphant Napoleon, the King of Sardinia agreed to put the French troops in possession of his strong fortresses; also to relinquish to the republicans Savoy with the country of Nice in perpetuity; consequently, the army of the Directory immediately occupied Alessandria, which had fallen before Massena, together with all the ample magazines collected by the Austrians, but which, as they were unable to carry them off, they had sold to the town together with

Chateau Dauphin, a strong castle of Piedmont, near the source of the river Po, sixteen miles west by north of Saluzzo.

Coni, a well-fortified town of Piedmont, capital of the territory of the same name, with a strong citadel seated on a rock at the conflux of the rivers Gezzo and Stura, with a population of ten thousand souls, thirty-five miles south of Turin, considered impregnable; it was found well provisioned for a siege.

Exilles, a strong town of Piedmont, situated on the river Doire, thirty-seven miles west north-west of Turin, with a fortified castle built on a mountain which guards one of the passes into the country.

Saluzzo, a town of Piedmont, capital of a district bearing the same name, with a strong Castle, situated on an eminence near the river Po, twenty-four miles south-west of Turin, has a magnificent cathedral richly endowed.

Tortona, a town of the Sardinian States, twenty-seven miles south west of Milan, in 8° 58′ east longitude, 44° 54′ north latitude, seated on the river

Scrivia, with a strongly fortified citadel, built on a mountain, containing upwards of one hundred pieces of brass ordnance.

Thus Buonaparte became master of every place of any consequence in the Sardinian dominions, with the exception of Turin itself, in which is situated the king's palace. This unfortunate prince, who was the father-in-law to both the brothers of Louis XVI. did not long survive his humiliating condition: looking upon their cause as hopeless, while his own dignity had so unexpectedly terminated, he died of a broken heart within a few days after signing the treaty of Cherasco.

To sum up, Napoleon, in less than a month, had opened to his conquering legions the gates of the Italian States: before them lay the vast plain of Lombardy, full of riches, cultivated like a garden, fertilized by innumerable beautiful streams now made easy of access. In three successive battles, he had defeated forces greatly superior to his own, conducted by some of the most practised generals in Europe, inflicted on them a loss of upwards of twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; captured eighty guns with twenty-one standards; driven the Austrians under Beaulieu, and paralysed his operations; completely destroyed the Sardinian army, and wrested from the monarch nearly the whole of the Piedmontise territory, together with the keys of the Alps.

While Buonaparte made a short rest for the purpose of consolidating his columns upon the Appenine heights, turning to his generals, he gaily observed, "Hannibal forced the Alps, we have turned them?"—then addressing himself to his assembled troops, "Soldiers," said he, "hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your valour, but useless to your country; now, however, your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, now you have supplied all your wants; you have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without bridges; performed forced marches without shoes; bivouacked without strong liquors, often without bread. None but republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such toil. Thanks for your perseverance: but, soldiers, you have done nothing—for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet ours; the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled upon by the assassins of Basseville!" This harangue was followed by a proclamation dated from his head quarters at Cherasco, in which he says: "I proclaim to the nations of Italy, that the French army comes to break their chains; that the French people are the friends of all nations; therefore, I call upon them to approach with confidence; further I declare, that their property, their religion, as well as their usages, shall be respected; that the French troops, in making war, will prove a generous enemy; that they are the foes to those tyrants, and to those only, who enslave Italy."

Napoleon's generalship was not more characterized by consummate skill than it was by his constant dislike of every kind of peculation in the administration of military affairs, coupled as it was with a total disregard of his own private interest. "I returned from the campaign of Italy," he was wont to say, "with but three hundred thousand francs, about twelve thousand pounds sterling in my possession; but I might easily have carried off ten or twelve millions, or four hundred thousand pounds sterling; that sum might have been mine; I never made out my accounts, neither was I ever asked for any: I expected on my return to have received some great national reward; it was publicly reported, that Chambord was to be given to me; I should have been very glad to have had it, but the idea was set aside by the Directory. I had, however, transmitted to France at least fifty million of francs, about two million sterling, for the service of the state; this, I imagine, was the first instance in modern history of an army, instead of being a burden, contributing to maintain the country to which it belonged."

It would be impossible for the most determined sceptic to object that Napoleon, in thus passing with an army, destitute of every comfort, the Alpine barriers which intervene between France and Italy, in the face of a superior enemy, had displayed the most transcendant talent, together with imperturbable coolness, united to the most dauntless persevering courage, added to this the modest language in which the general's despatches announcing his almost, if not quite, unprecedented success, were dictated, surrounded his crescent fame with a halo, uncommonly effulgent, drawing towards the youthful commander-in-chief the admiration of all impartial observers, as well as the approbation of all military men of genius. Be this as it may, it caused a rivalry between Carnot and Barras, to determine which of the two should claim the distinction of having been the first to recommand young Buonaparte to his present exalted situation, in which his character as chief shone with such resplendent lustre: the former asserted, "that Barras, although professing so much friendship for Napoleon, so far from having recommended him, had positively kept aloof from expressing his sentiments as to the propriety of the appointment, until the brilliancy of his success had rendered his name conspicuous throughout Europe; that then, and then only, had he arrogated to himself the merit of befriending the youthful soldier; "whereas," continued Carnot, "had he proved unsuccessful, all the blame would have attached itself to me; while, in such case, Barras would have been among the foremost to assert, that I had betrayed the country, in vesting a command of such importance in a young officer void of experience."

That merit cannot be of a common mould which can instigate two of the most distinguished members of a government to contend with each other, who shall lay claim to the honour of introducing it to notice.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRENCH ARMY CROSSES THE PO AT PLACENZA—FORCES THE AUSTRIANS TO RETREAT AT FIOMBO—NAPOLEON PASSES THE ADDA BY THE BRIDGE AT LODI, IN FACE OF THE AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY—AUSTRIANS CAPITULATE AT PIZZIGHITONE—BUONAPARTE ENTERS MILAN TRIUMPHANTLY—RESIGNS HIS COMMAND—RESUMES HIS STATION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—QUELLS THE INSURRECTION AT PAVIA—CROSSES THE MINCIO AT BORGHETTO—BESIEGES MANTUA—MAKES PEACE WITH THE KING OF NAPLES—SIEZES LEGHORN AND CONFISCATES THE ENGLISH GOODS FOUND THERE—GRANTS A RESPITE TO THE POPE.

THE Austrian general, Beaulieu, finding Buonaparte in possession of the Piedmontese territory, turned his attention to the Po, the principal river of Italy, which has its source at Mount Viso, in Piedmont, flowing north-east to Turin, then proceeding in an easterly course, divides Austrian Italy from the states of Parma, Modena, and the Pope's dominions, entering the Gulf of Venice by four different mouths, with a view to prevent the republicans from penetrating to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, by crossing it, Beaulieu concentrated his army behind that noble river: being himself a perfect man of routine, he easily fell into the trap prepared for him by the sagacious Napoleon, who, by his crafty demonstrations, taught the enemy to believe that he intended to pass his army over the Po at Valenza, an Austrian town in the Milanese, seated on a mountain thirty-five miles south-south-west of Milan, the place where the Austrian himself had crossed; whereas Buonaparte, by a forced march of almost incredible celerity, reached Placenza, another Austrian fortified town, the see of a bishop, included in the duchy of Parma, containing about thirty thousand inhabitants, with a strong citadel some fifty miles lower down the stream, situated thirty-eight miles west-north-west of Parma, in 9° 38′ east longitude, 45° 5′ north latitude, where he appeared, 7th May, 1796, to the utter consternation of two squadrons of Imperialists, who were out upon a reconnoitring party in that vicinity: this manœuvre evinced the correctness of his information, for had there been any considerable force to have opposed his operations, he never could have accomplished his object, seeing that the only means he had to convey his troops to the opposite bank of the river, were the common ferry boats plying upon that immense sheet of water.

If evidence were needful to support the military acumen of Napoleon, it would be found in the fact that he should have passed so large a stream as the Po, in the face of an enemy, without the loss of a single man. He has himself often declared "that no military operation is more critical, or requires greater judgment, than the passage of a great river." His skill must therefore have been of the first quality to enable him to achieve his grand object at so little cost.

General Lannes, who was the first to reach the shore, placed himself immediately at the head of the grenadiers, while General Andreossi had the command of the advanced guard. The conflict began, when the German hussars were quickly driven from the position they had taken: thus the republicans were decidedly established on the east bank of the Po.

When the Austrian found he had been so completely outgeneraled, he began to advance upon Placenza, with the intention to make the invader accept battle with the Po in his rear, which would have so disadvantageously placed Napoleon, that any check would have proved highly disastrous: this was precisely what the republican general was determined to avoid—it was not any part of his tactics to await the Imperial general upon ground so hazardous; he therefore made a rapid move upon Fombio, where he would have ample space to manœuvre. On the 8th of May the advanced divisions of the two armies met in that village: the Germans occupied the church-steeple as well as the houses in the hamlet, meaning, if possible, to hold their ground until Beaulieu could bring up his main body. The battle raged, the Austrians defended themselves with great bravery, persevering while even a ray of hope was left; but the French were so impetuous, made such vigorous charges with the bayonet, that the Imperialists, no longer able to resist, were obliged to give way: thus the Austrian general, after witnessing the fall of full one-third of his men, beat a retreat in great confusion across the Adda, a river of Switzerland which rises in the Grisons, then descending through the Tyrolese mountains, passes through the lake Como, the Valteline, the north part of the Milanese, then falls into the Po at Pizzighitone, an Austrian town in Italy, defended by a strong castle thirty miles south-east of Milan, ten miles north-west of Cremona: it was behind this stream, which forms the immediate defence of the more valuable portion of the Milanese against an invading enemy, that the discomfited Beaulieu took post with the remnant of his army, which was still however superior to the republicans, taking the precaution to place strong detachments at every ford by which that river could possibly be passed by his antagonist, more particularly at the bridge of the Austrian town of Lodi, the see of a bishop, situated on the Adda, with a well-constructed fortress, eighteen miles south-east of Milan, in 9° 30′ east longitude, 45° 18′ north latitude, judging, for this time most correctly, that this would be the point at which Buonaparte would attempt a passage: notwithstanding all his precaution, it must be confessed that it was a great oversight, to say the least of it, in the Austrian commader, to leave the old wooden bridge standing at Lodi, when he removed his head quarters to the east bank of the Adda. This bridge will ever occupy a distinguished place in history, when coupled with the name of Buonaparte, as being the scene of one of his most splendid actions, designated by himself "the horrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi."

Buonaparte was not the man to slumber over his object; he followed up the advantage he had gained without loss of time, attacked the Imperial outposts, driving them rapidly through the straggling old town of Lodi: on the 10th, the French troops sheltered themselves behind the walls and houses, awaiting the word of command, to attempt the passage of the bridge, a structure ten yards in width, over the Adda, which at this point occupies a breadth of two hundred yards. To prevent this, Beaulieu had planted thirty pieces of cannon, so as to sweep it completely, having his whole army drawn up in battle array immediately behind: perhaps the most daring military enterprise upon record was the resolution to storm in the face of such formidable artillery so placed: the greater the difficulty, the more it seemed to rouse the energies of Napoleon, to bring forth fruit from his inventive genius. His first object was to plant as many serviceable guns as he could get, to form a battery in direct opposition to that of the Austrian general; this he effected with his usual celerity: a furious cannonade now commenced on both sides the river. On this occasion, Napoleon gave ample testimony that it was not in vain that he had studied the doctrine of projectiles during his novitiate at Brienne: perfectly aware that the Imperial commander would endeavour to cover up his neglect by an attempt to undermine the bridge, equally conscious that there was but a single path by which the Austrian sappers could advance for such a purpose, these circumstances did not escape his penetrating eye; the Corsican chief, on the contrary, instantly made them the object of his solicitude; satisfied of their importance, he hesitated not a moment, but appeared in the midst of a most tremendous galling fire, then placed and pointed, with his own hands, two pieces of ordnance in such a manner, as to cut off all chance for the enemy to accomplish an object to him so important: it was on this memorable occasion that the troops, delighted with his dauntless exposure of his person, as well as with the accuracy with which he made every shot tell, conferred upon him the honorary *soubriquet* of "THE LITTLE CORPORAL." While this was going on, he despatched General Beaumont with some cavalry, to attempt to turn Beaulieu, by passing the river at a very distant ford; this was effected, but with great difficulty, strong guards having been placed along the whole line of the stream. Buonaparte awaited with great anxiety the period when his hussars, under Beaumont, should appear upon the flank of the Austrian general: the wished-for moment at last arrived; when Beaulieu found himself thus unexpectedly assailed, his line was thrown into some confusion; this was the critical minute which "the little corporal" had so much coveted, one which he was not likely to suffer to pass without availing himself of the opportunity, he instantly gave the word; a column of grenadiers whom he had kept under shelter, ready drawn up for the occasion, was quickly wheeled to the left with the leading files placed upon the bridge; they dashed on, shouting *Vive la Republique*, but their ardour was checked for the moment by the continued storm of grape-shot issuing from the Austrian batteries. Buonaparte, Lannes, Berthier, with L'allemagne, immediately pressed forward into the front, rallied and cheered the soldiers who thus supported, rushed impetuously across in despite of the tempestuous fire that greatly thinned their ranks. The brave Lannes was the first who made good his footing on the east side the Adda, Napoleon himself the second; a violent onslaught commenced, both parties acted with the most intrepid valour; here the Austrian commander committed another blunder, of which Buonaparte was not slow to advantage himself: in his anxiety to avoid the effects of the republican battery, Beaulieu had removed his troops too far back; thus, before the main body could render effectual assistance to their comrades, the Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted, and their guns captured; the republican general, Beaumont, flanked the enemy in gallant style, with his cavalry. The French infantry, under the immediate command of Napoleon, as they passed the bridge, formed with unusual celerity, and charged without an instant's delay. Thus closely pressed on all sides, the Austrian line was broken; the troops dispirited, weakened by the immense slaughter they had sustained, unable longer to contend against an enemy, rendered almost invincible by success, fled in inextricable confusion, leaving all their cannon, great part of their baggage, and the field of battle covered with the wounded, the dying, and the dead; the loss on the part of the French not exceeding two hundred men. This dazzling action, executed so promptly, by which the enemy was deprived of another excellent line of defence, while it swelled the enthusiasm of the republicans to a pitch of irresistible daring, completely established the military reputation of Buonaparte, spread his fame to the remotest corners of Europe, and encircled his brow with never-decaying laurels, while it tended to confirm the value of the new system of warfare he had adopted.

Flushed with conquest, the French cavalry pursued Beaulieu's fugitive troops as far as, and took possession, of Cremona, an Italian city, the capital of the Cremonese, celebrated for the manufacture of violins; standing in delightful fertile plain, about a quarter of a mile from the Po, over which is a bridge of boats defended by a fortress, forty-eight miles south-east of Milan, about the same distance south west of Mantua, with a population of thirty thousand souls; watered by the river Oglio. The two streams are brought into conjunction, by means of a canal, which passes through the town, where there is a tower three hundred and seventy-two feet in height, which may be seen from all parts of the surrounding country. Here the pursuit terminated; the Austrian veteran, whose object was now, if possible, to defend the Mantuan territory, notwithstanding his disaster, contrived to withdraw the remnant of his army in better order than might have been imagined,—in fact, although not equal to Napoleon, he was an experienced, persevering, and able general. Relieved from the harrassing of the enemy, he collected together his scattered fragments, and, concentrating them once more, took a position behind the Mincio, a broad river, which, flowing south from its parent, the Lake of Garda, supplies another lake, together with the Marshes which surround the city of Mantua, then becomes tributary to the waters of the Po.

Buonaparte's great object was thus attained, the rich fruitful plains of Lombardy owned his sway, their produce was destined to victual his courageous troops; Milan, the opulent noble capital of Austrian Italy, was completely at his mercy; the garrison of Pizzighitone, seeing themselves hopelessly separated from the Imperial army, capitulated: consequently, no obstacle now intervened to prevent the occupation of that venerable city by the victorious republicans. On the 11th of May, 1796, four days after the affair at Lodi, Napoleon, at the head of his brave soldiers, entered, with all the splendour of military triumph, the wealthy metropolis of the ancient Lombard kings, the riches of which were about to replenish his military chest, as well as to augment the exchequer of the French Directory, while the most valuable of the paintings, with other superb works of art, were destined to enrich the Parisian collection. He made an immediate levy of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, besides sending off to decorate the Louvre twenty of the finest pictures in the Ambrosian Gallery: thus, by the celerity of his movements, now become proverbial, he compassed, within the short period of fifty-four days from his first taking the command of the army ot Italy, what no general of the old school would have even dreamed to have attempted. To show how much the system he pursued puzzled the veterans of other days, after one of these extraordinary affairs, an old Hungarian officer was brought in a prisoner and presented to Buonaparte, who entered into familiar conversation with him; among other subjects, he asked him "What was his opinion of the state of the war?" The old soldier, unconscious that he was addressing himself to the republican chief, replied without hesitation, at the same time with evident chagrin, "Nothing, sir! nothing can be worse. Here is a young man absolutely ignorant of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable!"

Napoleon, in his official despatch to the French government, modestly concealed the fact of having been himself wounded at the battle of Lodi, by not inserting his own name in the list, proceeding thus: "A moment of hesitation would have lost all. Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, D'Allemagne, the chief of brigade, Lannes, the chief of battalion, Dupat, dashed forward at the head of the charging troops, and determined the fate of the day, still wavering in the balance. This redoubtable column overturned all opposed to it; Beaulieu's order of battle was broken; astonishment, flight, and death, were spread on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye, the enemy's army was scattered in confusion: although, since the commencement of the campaign, we have had some very warm affairs, and although the army has often been under the necessity of acting with great audacity, nothing has occurred which can be compared to the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi. Our loss has been small; and this we owe to the promptitude of the execution, and to the sudden effect which the charge of this intrepid column produced on the enemy."

When it was ascertained that the French army had accomplished the passage of the Po, it spread a universal panic through all the states of Italy: alarmed at the rapid progress of the invaders, consternation seized all the petty potentates who govern that classic ground; it was, therefore, deemed prudent, if possible, to stop hostilities, to make some sacrifice to preserve the neutrality of their dominions: thus actuated, the infant Duke of Parma concluded with Buonaparte, or rather bought, an armistice, subject to the ratification of the French government at Paris: by the conditions of which, he engaged—

To pay a military contribution of two millions of francs, about eighty thousand pounds of our money.

To furnish twelve hundred draught horses, completely harnessed,

Also four hundred dragoon horses, with their respective trappings,

Together with a hundred saddle horses for the superior officers of the army,

To give up twenty paintings, to be selected from among those of the duchy, by either the commander-in-chief, or citizen Monge, with other French connoisseurs now attached to his staff for such purposes.

To lodge ten thousand quintals of wheat, together with five thousand quintals of oats, in the French magazines, at Tortona.

To deliver, as required, two thousand oxen.

Immediately the Duke of Parma had signed the armistice, the Venetian senate ordered Louis XVIII. to quit its territory; the reigning Prince of Modena having equally sued for favour, pursued the same line of conduct. France already held friendly relations with the grand Duke of Tuscany, as also with Venice; negotiations for peace was opened with Genoa; by this means all the ports of the Peninsula except the Neapolitan were shut against the shipping of Great Britain.

The duchy of Parma includes the duchies of Parma Proper, Placenza, and Guastalla, is bounded on the north and on the west by the Milanese, on the east by the Modense, on the south by Tuscany and Genoa. The capital, called Parma, is a handsome, wealthy, but very ancient fortified city, containing a population of thirty-six thousand souls, situated on a river bearing the same name, which divides it into two parts, distant forty miles north-west of Modena, sixty miles south-east of Milan, in 10° 30′ east longitude, to 44 50′ north latitude. It boasts a university, a magnificent cathedral, with the largest opera-house in Europe, having seats for upwards of eight thousand persons: the dome, as also the altar piece in the church of St. John, were painted by the celebrated Corregio.

The duchy of the Modenese includes the principalities of Massa and Carrara, covers two thousand and sixty square miles, bearing on its surface three hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, is bounded on the west by Parma; on the north by the great river Po; on the east by the papal states; on the south by the range of the Appennines: Modena, its capital, is a bishop's see, situated between the streams of the Secchia and the Tanaro, at the distance of thirty miles east-south-east of Parma, sixty miles north-north-west of Florence, in 11° 12′ east longitude, 44° 34′ north latitude, has a strong citadel, a beautiful cathedral, as also a magnificent college, together with a population of thirty thousand souls: the ducal palace is adorned with many very fine valuable paintings by the most esteemed masters.

The grand duchy of Tuscany is a sovereign state of Italy, now belonging to the house of Austria, about one hundred and fifty miles in length, by about one hundred in breadth, sustaining a population of upwards of one million two hundred and seventy-five thousand souls, speaking what is considered the purest Italian; is bounded on the north by Modena; on the east, as well as on the south, by the territories of the church; and on the west by the

Mediterranean sea: is divided into three provinces, Florence, Pisano, and Sienna; watered by several rivers, of which the Arno is the chief. Florence, its capital, the circumference of which is about six miles, is the see of an archbishop, with a university. The stream of the Arno runs through the city, dividing into two very unequal parts; over this there are four very handsome bridges; the population upwards of seventy-five thousand souls; the distance from Rome is one hundred and twenty-five miles, in a north-westerly direction; also forty-five miles east-north-east of Leghorn, in 11° 3′ east longitude, 43° 46′ north latitude: the fortifications consist of a citadel, a wall, and a ditch, with two or three forts, which command a portion of the town: has a magnificent gallery stored with the choicest works of art, among which may be reckoned the celebrated Venus de Medici.

Leghorn is its great seaport, with a good harbour opening on the Mediterranean, situated in 10° 17′ east longitude, 43° 33′ north latitude, one hundred and forty miles north-west of Rome, forty-six miles west of the city of Florence; the inhabitants of which are said to exceed fifty thousand persons; the air, however, is unhealthy, owing to the noxious effluvia arising from the neighbouring marshes.

Whether the contemplated formation of a grand museum to contain the finest painted pictures, the most exquisitely chiseled statues, with other choice works of art, to be gathered from the various collections spread over Europe, originated with Napoleon Buonaparte, or with the French Directory, is matter of doubt: certain it is, however, that from this period, 1796, this species of property, hitherto held sacred, which in all former wars had been respected, was violently plundered and sent to Paris by the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy; after which it was established as a precedent for all their future victorious generals, each of whom was consequently expected to add trophies of this description to the great national gallery: this raised a clamour against Napoleon throughout the Europeon states, which eventually brought about his downfall: it was considered as an unjustifiable rapacious infraction of international law: be that as it may, it is still a debateable point, whether or not the fine arts are to be improved from the accumulation, in any given place, of such vast treasures as the Louvre at a subsequent period exhibited; upon this subject there has been, and unquestionably will continue to be, a great diversity of opinion: certain it is France herself derived no solid advantage from the establishment of Napoleon's museum.

Napoleon Buonaparte firmly believed that the Italian governments, the reigning princes of which were nearly all connected with the imperial house of Austria, viewed the French invasion of Italy as a common calamity: one of his favourite maxims was, "that whatever was not with him was against him;" he determined, therefore, to narrowly watch the course of events, and act accordingly. The priesthood, he was well convinced, were inveterate against him, at the same time he was perfectly aware of their influence over the multitude. It was also evident that the Italians felt extremely mortified at the removal of the fine paintings which adorned the galleries of art, and decorated the churches, in this he committed a great blunder. Every country has some fanciful attachment, some predilection peculiar to itself, some decided bias with which it is at all times unwise to interfere, which cannot with safety be either violated, or ruthlessly trodden under foot: the inhabitants of Italy, of all the European continent, are perhaps the most given to this national feeling. It was deemed a degradation more wounding to their pride, than that of opening the gates of their opulent cities to the resistless energies of the invaders; because in the last, they in a great measure indulged their own revolutionary disposition, seeing that they had long been desirous to throw off the foreign yoke of the house of Austria, to curb the arbitrary power of their rulers, and infuse into their institutions more rational liberty, for the accomplishment of which they eagerly looked forward to avail themselves of some favorable opportunity. But to be robbed of their most esteemed productions; of works which had spread the fame of their countrymen far and wide, which had elevated the Italian school to the highest pitch of perfection, besides gaining for them the admiration of all who set even the slightest value on the elegant arts, was a provoking, unpardonable humiliation, a kind of sacrilegious profanation that rankled in their breasts with unabated fury, which ultimately matured into the most rancorous animosity; they felt they were wantonly deprived of something which they had cherished with a holy enthusiasm, which they had accustomed themselves to view with a veneration bordering upon idolatry, which had, in point of fact, identified itself with their very existence as a nation rendered famous for the excellence of its sculptors and the ability of its painters: in short, they conceived that they had sustained a grievous despoilation for which no adequate compensation could be offered. Many of those among them who had been most anxious to further the introduction of the principles of the French revolution, who had hailed the republican soldiers as the means to bring about the wished-for change, from the natural operation of this ill-judged conduct, turned aside with disgust; from friends became foes, who only waited for some auspicious moment when they might revenge the insult they had suffered by the abstraction of their pictures, coupled with the plunder of their churches, and the contempt shown towards their clergy.

The levity of Buonaparte's despatch, was by no means suited to allay the irritated feelings of the haughty descendants of heroes, whose prowess had once rendered them masters of the then known world: in that part of it in which he announced his intention to send with all speed the chef d'œuvres of the Italian painters,—he thus expressed himself: "Among them you will find the St. Jerome, of Corregio, esteemed his finest performance; I confess this saint has chosen an unpropitious moment to arrive at Paris, but I trust you will not refuse him the honors of the Museum." This picture, the duke of Modena would fain have ransomed; the great value which he set upon this emanation, from the pencil of that inimitable artist, may be gathered from the immense sum which he proffered for its detention in his own gallery; no less than eighty thousand pounds sterling. Napoleon's officers were extremely urgent with him to accept the money; his answer was, "No! the duke's two million of francs would be spent, but his Corregio will remain for ages to adorn Paris, and inspire the arts in France." Few things ever tended more to discredit human prophecy than the result, yet at the moment it was uttered, hardly any prediction appeared more likely to have been verified.

An anecdote is current that, on the day preceding his triumphal entry into the ancient Lombardian capital, Buonaparte was engaged to dine with a party, at the mansion of a female of high standing in society. The lady, who considered the elevated rank, as well as the illustrious name of her distinguished guest, treated him with the greatest respect, and conducted the honours of her table with marked attention towards him. To the reiterated deference paid to him by his polished hostess, the general, who appeared abstracted in thought, only returned very brief and somewhat chilling replies. At length, wearied with his brevity, with a view to give animation to the company, she politely requested to know his age, adding, by way of palliation for the enquiry, "that he appeared very young to have already gained so many laurels." The general, who was not unfrequently in the habit of indulging that humour for *equivoque* so common with the lively French, replied, with a smile—"Truly, madam, I am not very old at the present moment, but in less than twenty-four hours I shall count much more: to-day I can only number twenty-six years, to-morrow, however, I shall have attained Mil-an." *Mille-ans*, in the French language, denotes a thousand years: this play upon words is sometimes adopted by other countries.

Another anecdote, highly characteristic of the man, is thus related: A horse chasseur had received orders to proceed from Montebello to Milan, with despatches of importance for the commander-in-chief; it so fell out, that he arrived at the very moment when Buonaparte was getting on horseback, to attend the chase. He delivered the packet, and waited for an answer, which Napoleon gave him on the instant, saying, "Be gone, and above all, go with speed;" the soldier replied, "as quick as I can, general, but I have no longer any horse, that which I rode, owing to the forced speed I used in coming hither, fell dead before the gate of your hotel?" "Well, my friend," said the general, "Is it only a horse you want? then take mine." The chasseur hesitated, upon which Buonaparte, seeing he was fearful to mount, good humouredly continued, "you perhaps think him too fine a beast, and too well caparisoned, but never mind, comrade, always remember there is nothing too magnificent for a French soldier."

The citadel of Milan, notwithstanding that the republicans were in possession of the city, still held out; but after resting his army only five days, Napoleon left a detachment to blockade it, proceeding himself in pursuit of the flying Beaulieu. During his stay at Milan, Napoleon issued a proclamation to the Lombards, in which he gave them to understand, that although the republic had sworn hatred to princes and kings, she had also vowed fraternity with the people, and would become the protector of all those who should disengage themselves from the trammels of despotic sway; he also addressed a letter to the celebrated Oriana, whom he invited to visit him, in which he said; "the pursuits of knowledge which do honour to the human understanding, the arts which adorn life, and hand down the memory of great exploits to posterity, must ever obtain respect in all free governments. All men of genius, all who hold a distinguished rank in the republic of letters, are Frenchmen, be of what country they may. Men of learning have never obtained the regard they deserved in Milan; living retired in their studies and laboratories, they thought themselves fortunate if they were not persecuted by kings and priests. But this will be no more so; freedom of thought is naturalized in Italy, and it will allow no more inquisition, no more intolerance, no more despotism. I invite all men of letters to impart to me their ideas as to the method by which arts and knowledge may be revived. All learned men, who choose to visit France, will be received by the government with the utmost regard; a great mathematician, a celebrated painter, or a man of merit in any line, is a more valuable acquisition to France than the richest conquest. I request you will make these sentiments to be known in Milan, to all men of distinguished talents, or possessing superior merit."

During his stay at Milan, Napoleon, according to his usual custom, harangued his troops, in which he applauded the noble fortitude with which they had surmounted difficulties of no common magnitude, the cheerfulness with which they had undergone privations of the most severe description, the zeal with which they had sustained the most fatiguing marches; assuring them that the time had arrived when they were about to gather the fruit of their devotedness to the sacred cause of their country, when they would receive recompense for all their painful toil: in this address he pointed out, in the most eloquent and glowing colours, that much remained to be accomplished, notwithstanding so much had been already done; winding up with a kind of summary to this effect:—"With Sardinia we have already reckoned, that monarch has paid the penalty of his temerity at the expense of the most valuable portion of his domains, seeing that the Piedmontese is completely under the control of the French army. Modena, as well as Parma, have been content to purchase forbearance, by considerable sacrifices, as the price for guaranteeing their neutrality. The Genoese, drawn from their connection with Austria, are negotiating for peace, while nearly all the rich plains of Lombardy, together with the capital of Austrian Italy, are actually in our possession, supplying abundance of food, with comfortable raiment, to our invincible legions; the other states, with the exception of Naples, the Popedom, and the strong city of Mantua, are but too happy to partake of our friendship: these latter, however, must be taught to respect the wishes of the French republic, to throw aside their impotent attempts to thwart its objects, to cordially co-operate with us for the expulsion of tyrants: this achieved, and what is it that your enthusiam cannot compass? the beautiful surface of Italy, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina and the Adriatic, will either be subjected to the dictates, or under the immediate patronage of the brave army of Italy: this, however, will not be all; the pride of the imperial house of Hapsburgh, which has polluted the French territory with its invading armies, must be made to bend before the tri-coloured standard; must be compelled to make reparation for the mischief it has caused, by having dared to interfere with the internal regulations of a great, a generous, a powerful, and a free people." This address was responded to by the most lively acclamations from an army fully determined to carry out the views of their young but venerated commander.

Whether it was an experiment for the purpose of bringing Buonaparte's fidelity into question, with a view to adopt criminal proceedings against him as a traitor to France, cannot now be ascertained, seeing that, if such motives were in operation, they signally failed: however this might be, pending the negotiation for an armistice with the Duke of Modena, one morning, Salicetti, the government commissioner with the army of Italy, entered Napoleon's cabinet, announcing that "the Modenese commander, D'Este, is here, with four millions of gold, contained in four chests. He comes in the name of the Duke, his brother, to beg you to accept them, and I advise you so to do: I am a countryman of yours, and I know your family affairs: neither the Directory nor the legislative body will ever acknowledge services: this money belongs to you: take it, without scruple and without publicity: a proportionate diminution will be expected in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have gained a protector." —To this harangue Buonaparte coolly answered, "I thank you, but I shall not, for that sum, place myself in the power of either the Duke of Modena or yourself! I wish to remain unshackled."

Two circumstances conspired to defer, for a few days, the attack upon Beaulieu by the French army, as well as to delay the investment of Mantua: one originated in the jealousy of the French Directory; the other had its source in popular insurrections against the republicans, which spread nearly over the whole of Lombardy, and required the most prompt as well as the most energetic measures for its suppression.

Those who wield a power not emanating from its legitimate source, who have, in defiance of popular opinion, thrust themselves into the functions of government, rarely, if ever, find themselves easy in their seats; theirs is not a bed of roses; they almost tremble at their own shadow; are continually surrounded by fearful apprehensions of some indefinable mischief; view every movement of the people with distrust; dread nothing so much as superior talents, vested with authority; their disordered imagination is continually conjuring up some phantom to alarm them for their own security. It was thus with those who composed the French Directory; conscious that they had by brute force inducted themselves into office, contrary to the national will, feeling that they had grossly violated those rights which they had pretended to defend; that, while they inveighed against tyranny, they had only changed its form; equally conscious that their present station had only been maintained after a most sanguinary conflict with the citizens, conducted by the very man, whose brilliant exploits, while they astonished the world, began to fill them with fearful forebodings as to his future intentions; knowing, as they did, his energetic uncompromising disposition, they deemed it not impossible that he might, one day, unless it were timely prevented, totally uproot their influence, at the same time render his own much more firm, by planting it much deeper in the soil from which they would then be extirpated. Taking this view of the subject, they resolved, if possible, to check the career of an ambition, which their own want of integrity, coupled with their timidity, taught them to apprehend, might eventually outgrow their control. It was under this impression that, notwithstanding the victorious march of the army of Italy, orders were transmitted from the war office at Paris to Napoleon, to lead half his army against the King of Naples and the Pope, leaving the other half under the command of General Kellermann, to finish the contest with the imperial commander, Beaulieu. Subsequent events fully confirmed the correctness of their fear: they found to their cost, that however injudiciously Napoleon Buonaparte might have acted with respect to the formation of a museum, however erroneously he might have viewed the Italian character, that they at least had by no means miscalculated the ulterior views of their youthful general.

On this occasion, Buonaparte acted with his accustomed promptitude; his decision was taken instantly; he resigned his command, observing, in his despatch, "that one half of the army of Italy will not suffice to bear up against the Austrian; it has only been by keeping my force entire, that I have been enabled to gain so many battles; to this, and to this only, I am indebted that I am now in Milan. You had better, therefore, have one bad general, than two good ones." The Directory was not prepared for this, it began to hesitate, its situation was critical, it durst not persist in removing a chief whose name was considered by the French people as an unquestionable pledge of victory. The orders were recalled, Napoleon resumed his command without an adjunct: after this, his right was never again brought into dispute; the Directory felt it had made a false step, which it had not sufficient nerve to sustain; it had consequently descended from its stilts; from being the ruler it had become little better than the subservient tool of the Corsican general.

This affair being thus arranged with the Directory, Buonaparte then immediately proceeded to grapple with the other, which, while it wore a more threatening character, if not arrested, evidently involved more dangerous consequences. At Pavia, a town in Austrian Italy, capital of a province of that name, seventeen miles south of Milan, celebrated for its university, seated in a beautiful plain on the limpid stream of the Tesino, near its conflux, with the majestic river Po, in 9° 15′ east longitude, 45° 13′ north latitude, the insurgents had proved decidedly triumphant, seized the place, and compelled the French troops, who garrisoned the citadel, to surrender: this state of things had grown out of the removal of the pictures, coupled with the heavy contributions imposed upon the conquered country, aided by credited reports of large Austrian levies of fresh troops to be poured down through the passes of the Tyrol: the French cause in the Italian Peninsula was, therefore, in imminent peril: unless the flame could be speedily extinguished, it would not only infallibly destroy all that had been gained by the valour of the soldiery, but also preclude the chance of further success. Lannes instantly marched upon the village of Binasco, this he carried by storm, plundered, burnt it, and mercilessly put the inhabitants to the sword; Pavia was equally roughly handled, Buonaparte in person appeared before the town with a train of artillery, with which he blew open the gates; the towns-people fled in all directions, but their leaders were sought out, arrested, tried by a court-martial, and executed on the spot, as if they had been guilty of high treason; although it must be conceded that they had as much right to attempt to rescue their country from the conqueror's grasp, as the French could ever have possessed to warrant its invasion: the same ferocious conduct was adopted wherever the insurrectionary spirit appeared, by this means the rising of the Austrian, as well as the church parties, were effectually crushed. The commander-in-chief then proceeded to advance his army towards the Mincio, with a determination to cross that river, and drive the imperialists.

In his despatches to the Directory, wherein he details these unpleasant operations, speaking of the massacre at Binasco, he says:—"This, though requisite, was a horrid sight. At daybreak, I proceeded to Pavia, the castle of which had been taken, and our troops made prisoners. Thrice did the order for setting fire to the town expire upon my lips, when I saw the garrison of the citadel arrive, and, with shouts of joy, embrace their deliverers. If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, I should have erected on the ruins of Pavia, a column, inscribed with these words:—Here Pavia was! I ordered the whole municipality to be shot, and demanded two hundred hostages, whom I have sent to France. Tranquillity is completely restored, and I have no doubt that this will serve as a salutary example to the rest of Italy;" concluding with denouncing vengeance against all those who should resist his authority in the most emphatic terms. "The French army," said he, "shall be terrible as the fire from heaven to rebels, and the villages which may protect them." He also published a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Tyrol, in which he threatened them with exemplary punishment, should they take any part in a war in which they were not concerned.

A position of greater military strength can hardly be conceived, than that which was taken up by the Austrian veteran, Beaulieu, when he retired with his discomfited army behind the stream of the Mincio: on his right he occupied the Venetian town of Peschiera, sixteen miles west of Verona, situated where that river commences its course when issuing from the bosom of its parent, the lake of Garda, while the great body of waters, stretching backwards many miles in a northerly direction towards the Tyrolese Alps, not only extended his line of defence, but also, what was of much greater importance, kept open his communication with Vienna, the capital of the Emperor of Austria's German dominions. His right was supported by the almost impregnable city of Mantua, which is surrounded by morasses, that render it unhealthy; this is distant thirty-five miles north-east of Parma, seventy miles east-south-east of Milan, in 10° 50′ east longitude, 45° 10′ north latitude. The town, which contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, is seated on an island in the middle of a lake, formed by the river Mincio, the circumference of which is twenty miles, with a breadth of two miles; the city can only be approached from the shore by five narrow causeways, defended by forts; indeed, it is altogether so strongly protected, as well by nature as by art, that it is called "the Citadel of Italy." Of Peschiera, the Imperial general, had taken violent possession, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the Doge of Venice, who in vain pleaded his neutrality.

The demonstrations of Napoleon were such as again to elude the penetration of his antagonist, Beaulieu: the Austrian never doubted, that if the republicans intended to cross the Mincio, it would be at Peschiera: the event proved otherwise, Buonaparte having completely deceived his adversary, forced his passage, 30th May, 1796, further down at the village of Borghetto, in the vicinity of Mantua, where there was an Austrian garrison. The imperialists did all in their power to stem the impetuosity of the French troops; taken as they were by surprise, they had only time to destroy one arch of the bridge. Napoleon, ever ready at resource, instantly covered the breach with planks; his soldiers, flushed with the uninterrupted continuance of their victories, dashed over in gallant style, charged with irresistible fury, and drove the Austrians. In consequence, Beaulieu, dispirited by so many reverses, unable to maintain his ground, abandoned the Mincio to take up a new line of defence, by placing between his conquering enemy and himself the stream of the Adige, a river of Lombardy, which rises south of the lake of Glace, passing by Tyrol Brixen, Trent, and Verona, empties itself into the gulf of Venice, a little north of the river Po.

Accident has frequently brought about events that could not be accomplished by the best laid plans of the wisest heads. It is a chapter full of strange occurrences of extraordinary character, which often tax our admiration: like misery, it brings a man acquainted with awkward bedfellows. One of these, which may be deemed purely accidental, had very nearly more than amply compensated the imperialists for all their disasters, numerous as they were; it was an unlooked-for circumstance that might have altered the whole complexion of the campaign, by placing in their hands, as a prisoner of war, no less a personage than Napoleon Buonaparte himself. The division of the French army, which first crossed the Mincio, in its pursuit of the Austrian general, after quitting Borghetto, passed, without halting, through the village of Vallegio, which Beaulieu had just abandoned. Napoleon, with a small retinue, conceiving the business of the day was finished, remained in the place, while Massena, with his division, bivouacked on the right bank of the river: a small Austrian detachment, consisting of hulans and hussars, under the command of Scoeteadorff, who were stationed at Puzzuolo, lower down on the stream, had, the moment they understood by the cannonading that the French were at Borghetto, hastened to ascend the river, with a view to aid their friends: for this purpose, however, they were too late: the commander at Borghetto had retreated before their arrival: this straggling party, seeking to join their comrades in safety, came, without being aware of the prize it contained, unexpectedly upon the village, just as the little corporal, with his officers, was about to sit down to dinner: surprised at their appearance, the attending guard had barely time sufficient to shut the gates of the inn, and to alarm their chief by the cry—"To arms! to arms!" Buonaparte, whose presence of mind never deserted him, escaped by the garden, mounted his horse immediately, then galloped off towards Massena's division, who forthwith threw aside their cooking, formed and marched against the enemy, who, after suffering some loss, made good his retreat, but not without difficulty. This imminent risk induced Napoleon to form what he called his body guards, veterans who had seen ten years service at least, who perpetually surrounded his person, and were only actively employed when some desperate effort of courage was required. General Bessières, afterwards Duke of Istria, was placed at the head of this chosen band, this ultimately gave rise to the formation of the much celebrated imperial guards.

By the last forced movement of the Austrian general, he had, in point of fact, completely abandoned the open country of the Peninsula. His position was on the frontier of the numerous rich Italian provinces which had yielded to the victorious standards of the invincible republicans, between those fertile plains and the mountainous Tyrol, a princely county of the Austrian empire, bounded on the north by Bavaria, on the east by Saltzburg and Carinthia, on the south by Austrian Italy, and on the west by Switzerland, yielding various sorts of precious stones, with all kind of ores, the copper containing not only silver, but also gold; its vallies are fertile, yielding corn and wine, also breed excellent cattle.

Such had been the loss sustained by the imperialists, that of all the vast possessions of the house of Austria in Italy, two only remained unconquered by the enterprising Napoleon; the citadel of Milan, which still held out, with the strongly fortified city of Mantua: the first cooped up on every side, could not much longer resist its fate; relief was impracticable: with regard to the second it was yet just possible, if succours of new troops from Germany, which Beaulieu was anxiously awaiting, arrived in time to enable him to resume offensive operations, that it might be saved, with a view to which the retreating general had thrown into the city a garrison of full fifteen thousand men. To prevent further relief to the city was the great object of Napoleon, who, with his usual celerity, was determined to anticipate the efforts of the Austrian government, for which purpose, he immediately invested the place with his army: in order, however, that the blockade might be complete, it required that the Venetian territory, lying beyond Mantua, should be occupied by the French troops. The power of this ancient republic had passed away with the stream of Time; it was no longer in a condition to command respect, or to protect its neutrality; this had already been infringed by the Austrian army, and was now about to undergo a similar violation by the republicans under Buonaparte. Notwithstanding the senate had, in compliance with the desire of France, submitted to the indignity of being compelled to order the surviving brother of the late King of France, afterwards

Louis XVIII., to quit the Venetian States, yet Napoleon insisted, they had done it reluctantly, that therefore they had, in fact, given new offence to the French government, by the indisposition they had evinced, to comply with its mandates. When the powerful are determined to find a cause of quarrel with the weak, the means are never wanting; or to use a strong expression of his own, "it is a sad case, when the dwarf comes into the embrace of the giant:—he is like enough to be suffocated—but 'tis the giant's nature to squeeze hard." Nevertheless, a Venetian envoy was sent to Buonaparte's head quarters, in order to conciliate, at the same time to remonstrate with them against the injustice of invading a neutral and friendly country.

During the conference, Napoleon argued, "that a power who had harboured in friendship, and unwillingly expelled the pretender to the French monarchy, had lost all title to forbearance on the part of the revolutionary forces," adding, "you are too weak to enforce neutrality on hostile nations, such as France and Austria. Beaulieu did not respect your territory, when his interest bade him violate it at Peschiera: nor shall I hesitate to occupy whatever falls within the line of the Adige."

Consequently, the Venetian government, unable to contend with superior force, had the mortification to be obliged to quietly consent, that those places within its territory, which Napoleon might deem requisite to give efficacy to the siege of Mantua, should receive French garrisons, particularly the strong, but ancient city of Verona, the see of a bishop, mostly built with marble, of which more than thirty sorts are found in its neighbourhood, distant fifty-four miles west of Venice, twenty miles north-east of Mantua, in 11° 18′ east longitude, 45° 26′ north latitude, encompassed by walls of great thickness, with excellent ramparts, defended by three forts: the stream of the Adige flows through the town, dividing it into two unequal parts, the communication between which is facilitated by four bridges. It was the birth place of many distinguished men, among others, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, the elder Pliny, Æmilius Marcus, as also that great architect Vetruvius, the statues of whom are still preserved in the town house.

Writing to the Directory, from Verona, he says: "I have just arrived at this city, and mean to leave it to-morrow; it is very large and beautiful. I have told the inhabitants, that if the pretender of France had not quitted the town before my arrival, I should have set fire to a city so audacious as to believe itself the capital of the French empire. I have seen the Amphitheatre, it is a remain of the Roman people, in every respect worthy of them. I could not avoid being humbled, when I thought of the pitifulness of our champ-de-mars, here an hundred thousand spectators might sit, and every one of them hear the orator who was speaking." Of this extensive and magnificent structure, seven rows of benches composed entirely of white marble, yet remain entire.

Having thus made the necessary arrangements, by which the tri-colored flag waved triumphantly at the mouth of the Tyrolese passes; he commenced operations against Mantua with his usual alarming success; by sudden well-concerted overwhelming assaults, he obtained possession of four out of the five causeways, by which alone the communication between the city and the main land could be maintained; that which remained, however, was the strongest of the whole, called from the name of a palace in its vicinity, *La Favorita*. Affairs of great importance, demanding the presence of Napoleon elsewhere, he left General Serrurier, to continue the blockade of Mantua, and returned to Milan, where the infuriated populace had prostrated the tree of liberty, trampled upon the tricolored cockade, and put whole picquets of the French soldiery to the sword. On his arrival, he published a proclamation, in which he ordered "all those who possessed imperial fiefs, should take anew the oath of obedience to the French republic, that the property of those who either neglected or refused so to do within five days, should be confiscated; further that all those who should be found with arms or ammunition, should be instantly shot." By these measures of severity the commotion was quelled, after which Buonaparte appeared at the theatre to witness the representation of Metastatio's opera of Cato. The audience, as if desirous to regain his esteem, vehemently applauded every passage, which could, by any means, be applied to him. After the conclusion of the piece, they presented him with a crown of laurel; thus confidence was apparently restored between the conqueror and the conquered.

The uninterrupted succession of triumphs which attended the French arms, victory being, as it were, nailed to her standards, began to alarm the Neapolitan court for its own safety. The king, desirous to avert the calamities that would indubitably attend a conquest of his dominions, became anxious to procure peace upon the best terms he could. An ambassador was in consequence despatched to Milan, to open negotiations with Napoleon for a treaty of peace between the French republic and the king of the two Sicilies. Buonaparte was not deaf to the advantage to be derived from this overture, although not blind to its motives; fully aware of the insincerity by which it was dictated, yet he saw much in it that suited his views as well for the present as for the future. It was to him a self-evident fact, that so long as the Austrian Cabinet could retain the facility of pouring fresh forces into Italy, by way of the Tyrol, the distance of the Neapolitan territory presented many impediments to the prosecution of a successful war against that power, seated as it was at the southern extremity of the Italian Peninsula: as it was not convenient, therefore, to kill the snake just yet, this would afford him a favourable opportunity to scotch it with effect. Thus circumstanced, relations of amity with Naples would abridge much of the difficulty in the prosecution of his grand scheme for revolutionizing the north of Italy, for the purpose of ultimately establishing republican governments on its soil, which should become subservient to the mother republic, aid her in her mighty conflict with the European monarchies, and finally contribute to their overthrow. The proposition therefore, was not to be treated with neglect, as it would materially strengthen his own position, while it would as effectually weaken the army of his antagonist, the veteran Beaulieu, by drawing off several valuable divisions which had latterly been greatly distinguished for their courage by the gallantry with which they had come into action. Peace was soon concluded, because neither party was sincere; the one seeking delay in the hopes of future succours, to enable it to break its engagements advantageously, the other granting delay with a view to completely swallow up his destined prey, with more ease to himself, at some no very distant day. Thus deceived and deceiving, the negotiators terminated their labours: the Neapolitan troops were ordered to take leave of the imperialists, to quit the Austrian lines, and commence their march for their own country.

Among those who had been most sedulous to inflame the Italians against republican sway, who had been foremost to nourish the insurrectionary spirit which has been so mischievous in its effect on the popular mind, none perhaps possessed so much influence as the Romish clergy; instigated as they were by the conclave of the Vatican, and upheld by the Pope. At present, of all the obstacles opposed to the complete subjugation of Italy, not one remained except the States under the dominion of the Holy Father; the rest either conquered, or affecting a hollow friendship under the sanction of treaties, acknowledged the overwhelming power of the French republic. The peace just concluded with Naples, depriving him as it did of his only remaining friend, laid this last destined victim completely at the feet of the victorious Napoleon; the wily Corsican, however, with that penetration which so peculiarly stamped his character, was willing to exercise his now uncontrollable power with some degree of forbearance towards the head of the Catholic church; because he was not backward to see that more solid advantage was to be derived by converting the Sovereign pontiff into a ductile instrument than could possibly arise from crushing him entirely, at least for the present; he felt satisfied, that by putting him forward as a catspaw, by making him a convenient coadjutor, he should more effectually obtain the enormous exactions he was daily making upon the subdued inhabitants of the Peninsula, than would at that moment result from the establishment of any new institution, by which his authority over the priesthood should be superseded. Napoleon, therefore, came to the determination to grant him a respite, in some measure, to mitigate the rigour of that power with which circumstances had invested him, at the same time he was equally determined to mulct him heavily for his former hostility; to make him pay dearly for any leniency he might exercise towards the now imbecile issuer of Popish bulls. Buonaparte had already made some inroads upon the authority of his holiness, by seizing his legations of Bologna and Ferrara, in which he had made prisoners of some four hundred of the papal troops, who were under the command of one of his cardinals: the conduct, however of this church-militant, which, under other considerations, might have been dealt harshly with, gave rise to considerable merriment in the French camp: the Romish dignitary, who had been dismissed upon his parole, had subsequently been recalled, and expected to make his appearance at head-quarters. The Ecclesiastic, however true to his own doctrines, with becoming gravity answered, that his master had given him a dispensation to break his promise, that therefore he declined to obey the summons: this was a species of moral courage which excited the risibility of the officers; it certainly afforded a very highly-finished specimen of priestly fidelity, which put to the blush that which had hitherto been looked upon as exclusively Carthaginian: punic faith at least had found a compeer in this hero of the church. Be this as it may, the Romish court began to think no time was to be lost, the Spanish resident at the ancient city of the Cæsars, was despatched to Milan for the purpose of appeasing the angry commander-in-chief,—peace was arranged, the conditions of which were:—

That the cities already in possession of the French should be ceded to them, together with the citadel of Ancona.

All persons confined in the prisons of the Popedom for their political opinions should be set at liberty.

The Roman government should renounce its friendly relations with its former allies, and shut its ports effectually against their shipping.

To pay twenty-one millions of francs, something short of a million sterling, towards the expences of the war, independent of all the contributions already levied upon the papal towns.

To deliver into the hands of commissioners, who should be sent to Rome for the purpose of making the selection, one hundred pictures, busts, vases or statues; among the latter were particularly named those of Junius and Marcus Brutus, both of which, at that time, decorated the capitol, together with five hundred manuscripts.

By this treaty the republicans obtained the command of the Adriatic Sea, in consequence of acquiring possession of Ancona, a city with a sea-port, one hundred and sixteen miles north-east of Rome, in 13° 29′ east longitude, 43° 38′ north latitude, the harbour rendered safe by a mole two thousand feet in length, erected upon the ruins of that constructed during the reign of the Emperor Trajan; near which stands the beautiful triumphal arch, raised in honour of that Roman conqueror: the lazaretto, in the form of a pentagon, projects a little way into the sea: while upon two neighbouring hills stand the citadel and the cathedral: the houses, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, are built upon the slope of the eminence toward the Gulf of Venice.

Although the Grand Duke of Tuscany had held friendly relations with every succeeding government growing out of the French revolution, notwithstanding he had been the first among the European states, to acknowledge the French republic, still, as he was brother to the Emperor of Germany, Buonaparte considered that his inclinations naturally leaned towards the enemies of France, consequently were inimical to the success of his operations in Italy: acting, therefore, upon his own dogma, "that whatever was not with him was against him," he determined the Austrian's relative should in some sort pay for his consanguinity. He neither demanded money nor works of art, it is true. The Florentine gallery was not ransacked, neither was the Tuscan treasury laid under contribution, but the source of its wealth, the emporium of its commerce, the city of Leghorn, was unceremoniously seized and put into the possession of French troops, while all the English property found in the place was confiscated, to the great injury of the merchants. The British vessels, of which there were many lying in the harbour, had but just time to weigh their anchors, put to sea, and escape capture. Napoleon, however, suspected that Spanogchi, the governor, had favoured their departure: in consequence he had him arrested and sent to Florence in irons, writing at the same time a strong remonstrance to the Grand Duke, who returned a very submissive answer, by which he agreed that a French garrison should continue to occupy Leghorn.

The course of events had proved so adverse to the Italian governments, that the Tuscan Prince felt himself somewhat critically situated: he conceived that he was not exactly in circumstances to resent this aggression upon his territory: fearful, therefore, of consequences, if he gave offence, he was obliged to dissemble his chagrin, to connive at the inroad made on his neutrality, by giving an invite to the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy to his palace at Florence, to partake of a magnificent entertainment, which had been got up in a style of princely grandeur, expressly for the occasion, in order that his greeting to the Corsican conqueror might at least wear the appearance of cordiality. While Napoleon was yet at the festive board, an aide-de-camp arrived, bearing despatches for the general, who, after reading them, rubbing his hands with great glee, addressed himself to the Lord of the banquet, saying, "Your brother has no longer a foot of land in Lombardy,—I have just received news of the fall of the citadel of Milan." This was all the return that Buonaparte thought it requisite to make to the Prince, for the sumptuous repast with which he had been apparently so hospitably treated.

It was now evident that the opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte began to experience a change,—he had abated much of his republican sternness: conscious that he had excited a great deal of ill-humour by the very heavy contributions already exacted, equally aware of the great influence of the priesthood over the people, he treated the clergy, if not with more reverence, at least with less asperity: by this means he expected to be able to continue to drain the wealth of Italy without further increase to the aversion then sufficiently great; he therefore, for the present, delayed the formation of republican governments, modeled upon that of France, in the conquered countries although strongly urged to that effect, as well by the Directory as by a powerful party in Lombardy; conceiving that more might be gained by temporizing with the then governments, as also with the ecclesiastics, than by the adoption of any hasty measures, for which the Italians were not yet ripe; observing that "you cannot at one and the same moment rob people and persuade them you are their friends." Another motive also operated to postpone the meditated changes, which was, that by leaving Italy in its present state, should it so happen that overtures for peace should be made by Austria, it would tend to consolidate the great object of the war, that of constituting the stream of the Rhine the boundary of the French republic, since the restitution of Lombardy might be considered by the emperor an equivalent for the cession of the more desirable, because more commodious, territories of Belgium and the Luxembourgh. Be this as it might, it was clear that the Directory and Napoleon no longer acted in unison; seeing that, in these arrangements with the princes of Italy, he had followed out his own schemes rather than executed the orders of his cabinet; for the latter, indeed, he began to entertain contempt, bordering on defiance, so much so that they were little better than waste-paper, whenever they did not happen to coincide with his own preconceived views. The Directory, although reluctantly, was thus compelled to let him follow his own course: unable to enforce its commands, its remonstrances were despised; seeing that it lacked nerve of sufficient tension to come to an open rupture with one who had evinced himself equally adroit as a diplomatist, as he was by general consent acknowledged to be a consummate general. Although the Directory desired nothing more ardently than to get rid of him, it was unwilling to bring on a crisis to which it felt its own powers so decidedly inadequate.

It is but justice to the great capabilities displayed by Napoleon, to acknowledge that that portion of his plan of operations by which he sought to weaken the German forces on the Rhine, the result of which was vitally to distress the Austrian government, had succeeded most admirably in consequence of his so vigorously pushing his victories over his antagonist in Italy; all that he had contemplated actually occurred, while these advantages bade fair to compel the house of Austria, for the preservation of its own hereditary dominions, to sue for peace upon such terms as the French might feel disposed to dictate. The numerous reverses experienced by General Beaulieu, together with the immense loss of men which had attended the various defeats he had sustained, induced the Aulic Council of Vienna to try another commander-in-chief, to oppose to the triumphant career of Buonaparte: accordingly, General Wurmser was selected, a tried veteran, who was generally considered an able warrior: under his guidance it was determined to reinforce the shattered army of the Imperialists on the Italian frontier: for this purpose thirty thousand men were drafted from the troops stationed on the Rhine, who were to be further augmented by recruits to be raised on the Tyrol: by this it was expected that Wurmser would be placed in a condition to commence offensive operations: the consequence of this reduction, however, was just what Napoleon had foreseen; the French armies, under Generals Jourdan and Moreau, forced the passage of the Rhine, in despite of the opposition of the Imperial commanders, Wartensleben and the Archduke Charles, who were compelled to retire with considerable loss. It is true that by some mismanagement the two French generals were not able to maintain the advantages they had gained: Jourdan was defeated with great slaughter, while Moreau made good his retreat through the Black Forest, which is considered by all military men as splendid a piece of generalship as any on record.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON DEFEATS WURMSER—EXPERIENCES REVERSES—PRESENCE OF MIND, BY WHICH HE ESCAPES FROM AN AUSTRIAN FORCE AT LONATO, GAINS THE BATTLE OF CASTIGLIONE, COMPELS WURMSER TO ABANDON MANTUA, AND RETREAT INTO THE TYROL—COMPLETELY ROUTS WURMSER'S ARMY, WHO FLIES TO THE DEFILES OF THE TYROLESE ALPS, WHERE HE IS AGAIN BEATEN—DEATH OF THE BRAVE DUBOIS—BUONAPARTE WINS THE BATTLE OF PRIMOLANO, AS ALSO THOSE OF BASSANO AND ST. GEORGE—SHUTS WURMSER UP IN MANTUA—CORSICA RECONQUERED BY THE REPUBLICANS.

With the change of their commander-in-chief, the Imperialists, now greatly superior in numbers to the republicans, seemed to have changed the character of their operations: from seeking defensive positions, they, in their turn, became invaders, while their successful opponent, Napoleon, whose numerical force did not exceed thirty thousand men, with which he had to maintain the blockade of Mantua, to combat in the field with the fearful odds of his adversary, also to cover a wide extended country, where, should he experience any reverses, the inhabitants appeared determined to advantage themselves of the event, seeing they looked upon the French as any thing but friends: Wurmser's army amounted to eighty thousand men at arms, including a numerous well-appointed cavalry, with large train of heavy artillery, when assembled at his head-quarters, the city of Trent, a strongly fortified town, situated between two mountains in the south part of the Tyrol, on the river Adige, in 10° 55′ east longitude, 46° 2′ north latitude, sixty-seven miles north-west of Venice, and famous for its celebrated council, which lasted eighteen years, from 1545 to 1563.

Buonaparte, whose eagle eye steadily watched every motion of the enemy, was not slow to perceive the blunder the Austrian had committed in the disposition of his troops: he instantly prepared to turn it to good account: Wurmser, who ought to have known that the successes of his antagonist had entirely resulted from the compactness of his movements, by which he always brought his whole force to bear upon some given point, nevertheless fell into the error of dividing his army into three distinct columns, one of which, his right wing, under Quasdonowich, was completely separated from the remainder of the troops, was indeed so placed as to be excluded from receiving support from them, in case of danger: this column received orders to keep down the valley of the Chiese, for the purpose of cutting off Napoleon's retreat upon Milan: by this arrangement the largest lake in Italy, that of Garda, lying between the territories of the Veronese and the Bresciano, thirty miles in length, ten miles over where it is broadest, four miles across at the narrowest, towards its northern extremity, was interposed between the right wing moving on one bank, and the two other columns marching on the opposite side: the centre, under Wurmser himself, keeping on the left of the lake, while the left wing, under General Melas, was to descend the stream of the Adige, with a view to drive the French from Verona.

The insulated state of Quasdonowich's column, which had already come near to the bottom of the lake, rendered it impossible for him to receive assistance from the other two columns; this clearly pointed it out to the penetration of Napoleon as a desirable object for attack with every chance of success, in which event it would materially cripple Wurmser by depriving him of the right wing of his army. To carry this into operation required that the blockade of Mantua should, for a time at least, be abandoned: this, although not very palatable, however held forth ultimate advantages so superior to the immediate sacrifice, that Buonaparte hesitated not: the resolution once taken, the French troops having first buried the guns in the trenches during the night 31 July, 1796, withdrew with such precipitation that the Austrian chief ascribed it to panic, arising from fear of encountering the advancing Imperialists. Napoleon rushed forward against Quasdonowich, charged him with such impetuosity, that two divisions of the Austrian's column, one at Salo, close by the lake, the other at Lonato, a town in the Milanese, twelve miles east-south-east of Brescia, were completely overwhelmed: while this was going on, Generals Augereau and Massena marched upon Brescia, a well-fortified ecclesiastical city, standing in a fertile plain, between the streams of the Mela and Navilo, on the high-road from Bergamo to Mantua, from which latter city it is distant forty miles, in a north-westerly direction, merely leaving rear-guards at Borghetto and Peschiera. These combined operations would have entirely ruined the whole column of Quasdonowich, if he had not, alarmed at the celerity of Buonaparte's movement, already been in full retreat upon his former quarters in the Tyrol: finding things in this state, Massena and Augereau countermarched, and returned toward the Mincio: in the mean time, Wurmser had forced their rear guards, and driven them from their posts: that of Massena, under the brave General Pigeon, had retired in good order to Lonato; but that of Augereau, under General Vallette, had allowed itself to be shamefully beaten, retreated in disorder, abandoning to the enemy Castiglione, a fortified town, with a castle, twenty miles north-west of Mantua, for which misconduct he was very deservedly cashiered.

The tide of success now began to run fast against the republicans: for thirteen consecutive days they experienced nothing but reverses; one place after another was abandoned: Salo and Corona, two important positions, were captured by the Imperialists: Brescia, in which were the French hospitals, as well as their principal magazines, fell into the hands of the enemy: the division of Surrurier, which had been before Mantua, as well as that under Augereau, were endangered by the proximity of the Austrian troops, as also by the garrison of Mantua, now at liberty to resume offensive measures

Milan was rendered useless, being fifteen leagues in rear of the enemy; in short, such were the advantages gained by the Imperialists, that Napoleon's army did appear to be most critically circumstanced, so much so, that hope itself seemed to have deserted his legions: even the Pope, upon understanding how matters were, despatched his vice legate to take possession of Ferrara, to deface the arms of the republic, and substitute those of the papal see: this was remonstrated against by the Spanish ambassador, who represented it as an unworthy violation of the armistice between his Holiness and the French Directory.

During this situation of affairs, it is remarkable that no alteration could be traced in the countenance of Buonaparte, to whose name, from this time, his soldiers added the epithet INVINCIBLE! he seemed still to be actuated by the same ardour, to possess the same serenity, to place the same reliance on his own resources! He assembled his troops with as much sang-froid as ever: an inquiring buzz ran through the ranks; "On what does he found his hopes?" whispered they one to the other—"unless our general be more than man, how can he possibly save us?"—Napoleon, ever watchful of the most trivial circumstance, immediately addressed them—"Fear nothing," said he; "show that you remain unchanged; preserve your valour, your just pride, together with the remembrance of your triumphs, and in three days we shall retake all we have lost. Rely only on me, you know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word."—The soldiers appeared electrified, when they heard him so confidently give them assurance that hope still remained; that they were not entirely lost: their enthusiasm knew no bounds, while their general lost not a moment in availing himself of their reviving confidence. His plan was already marked out; he abandoned the line of the Adige, gave orders to Augereau to march upon Brescia, at the same time telling the troops, that "if they were desirous to become conquerors, it was with their legs alone that victory could be gained:" the speed with which they advanced was truly surprising. Wurmser had hardly reached Mantua, when the republican troops, which the evening before were in imminent danger, having been divided, and turned, to the astonishment of the Austrian, formed a junction at Brescia, and recaptured the place, with all its immense stores. Although the Adige had been forsaken as well as the Mincio, the natural order of the army had been preserved; its rear was rendered secure, its two wings were brought into connection,—in short, all its ommunications were re-established: these operations afforded but little epose, Napoleon himself was indefatigable, prescribed every movement, uperintended every position; after having satisfied his mind as to the robable result, he ordered his brother, Louis, to repair to Paris, with an count of what had taken place. "Every thing is now made good." said uonaparte, rubbing his hands gaily, as was his wont: "to morrow I shall ve battle; the success will be most complete, as the most difficult part of e task is over; the most perfect reliance on the event may now be entertined: I have no time to write long despatches—Describe all that you ave seen."—Louis, who never wanted bravery, expressed his regret to ave his brother on the eve of a battle, to become the bearer of bad news. this Napoleon promptly said, "It must be so! I can only entrust my other with this disagreeable commission; but, before you return, you will ve to present the colours which we shall take to-morrow."

There is, perhaps, more skill to be displayed by an able general in making prudent use of victory, than in gaining it: one may be accelerated by, or even be the effect of, accident; but the other must necessarily be the result of matured judgment, well digested and brought under the calmest consideration. Be this as it may, Wurmser, flushed with his late success, had resolved to make his whole disposable force bear upon the French, thus to resume, at the point of the bayonet, his communication with the scattered column of, Quasdonowich: in pursuance of this plan, he attacked and defeated General Pigeon, at Lonato, taking, at the same time, possession of the town: this advantage, however, cost him dear, and ended in his ruin: elated with victory, anxious to re-open his communication with the right wing of his army, under Quasdonowich, he incautiously extended his line too much, by which he greatly weakened his centre: his adversary, quick-sighted to this mistake, did not fail to reap the full benefit of his egregious blunder: the skilful Massena was ordered to advance upon Lonato, which he did in gallant style, with two strong columns, defeated the imperialists, and regained the position: the Austrian veteran, now too late, was sensible of the error he had committed: his fine army, cut in two and thrown into confusion, retired in great disorder, before the impetuous troops of the "little bit of an officer." At Castiglione, however, a brave stand was made, and that memorable battle, so disastrous for Austria, which lasted several days, was fought on the 15th August, 1796.

Augereau, eager to wipe out the disgrace which had attached to the pusillanimous conduct of Valette, performed prodigies of valour, unflinchingly led on his column, and by his undaunted courageous perseverance, contributed his full share to the glory of the day: for this he was subsequently, under the emperor, created a duke, bearing the title of Castiglione: the discomfiture of the Imperialists exceeded every thing of the kind; they were actually panic struck, fled in all directions to take up a station on the Mincio, where Wurmser in person had been employed in re-victualling Mantua: some Austrian troops, deploying to the right, were met by the French, who had already defeated Quasdonowich in that direction; after rather a severe rencontre, the greater part retreated in disorder, the remainder surrendering at discretion.

The splendid genius of Buonaparte never shone with more brilliancy than in this tremendous onset: not only did he turn the enemy's lapses to his immediate advantage, he also made even the success of his adversary contribute to the furtherance of his own designs. Nothing daunted, with that persevering spirit which so distinguishes the Austrians, the imperial general determined to make one great effort, by a general assault, to recover the ground he had lost: for this purpose he collected together the whole of his remaining force, with which he advanced to meet the conqueror: while he was thus hastening to the encounter, with a view to repair the mischief he had caused by his indiscretion, the hostile armies met between Lonato and Castiglione, when a most furious conflict ensued, remarkable for the obstinacy with which it was contested, the time of its duration, as well as the immense slaughter with which it was accompanied. Notwithstanding his most sternuous exertions, Wurmser was totally defeated, and narrowly escaped being made a prisoner: harrassed on his retreat by the victorious republicans, it was with great difficulty that he regained the two frontier positions, from which his noble army had so recently descended, Trent and Roveredo, in the Tyrol, the latter a strong town with a castle, situate at the foot of a mountain on the Lens, distant thirteen miles south of the former, in 10° 55′ east longitude, 45° 50′ north latitude.

During the brief period of seven days, which this campaign occupied, the Imperialists lost upwards of forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, seventy pieces of artillery, together with fifteen standards; while that of the French, probably underrated, did not exceed seven thousand.

Perhaps no greater evil can befall the social system, than taking that for granted which ought never to be conceded but after the strictest examination: never to be admitted but in consequence of the most conclusive evidence to its rectitude: yet an aptitude to credit whatever may be promulgated, although a great mental defect, is by no means an uncommon feature in the human character: easiness of belief has but too often been productive of irreparable mischief; indeed, it is almost an every-day occurrence for the credulous to become the dupes of their own credulity. Had the Austrian not been tinctured with this delusive quality,—had he, on the contrary, possessed only a portion of that great presence of mind, which seems never to have deserted the Corsican; but which, like a faithful tried friend, appears to have been ever ready to assist Napoleon at his utmost need: chance, for the second time, threw into the arms of the Imperialist an opportunity of which, had he availed himself, in all probability the complexion of the war would have been so materially changed, as to have afforded hopes of compensation to the German emperor for those numerous disasters that had befallen him; to have restored his fortunes almost ruined by this most extraordinary contest. The Austrian, however, wanted skill to profit by the accident, while his adversary was able to convert even a blunder into an advantage: a division, consisting of about four thousand men, belonging to the defeated army, wandering about after the great battle, seeking how safely to join Wurmser, came suddenly upon Lonato: the commander having received information, perfectly correct, from the peasantry, that the French had left in it a garrison of only twelve hundred men, determined to take possession of the place, thus open his road to the Mincio. It so happened that Buonaparte, who had issued orders for concentrating all the columns of his army, but whose custom it was to look to every thing personally, had just come into the town for the purpose of ascertaining what force he could despatch from thence to join the main body. The Austrian sent a summons for the garrison to surrender the place, being, as he stated, completely surrounded, so that resistance would be unavailing. Napoleon, never at loss for a *ruse*, having previously assembled around him his staff as well as his guards, gave the signal to introduce the bearer of the summons. When the bandage, commonly applied on these occasions, had been removed from the officer's eyes, Buonaparte looking sternly, asked, "What means this insolence? do you beard the French general in the midst of his army? Go! tell your commander, if it be his intention to offer an insult, that I am here; that it is himself who is my prisoner, therefore, if in eight minutes," taking out his watch, "his troops do not lay down their arms, if a single gun be fired, I will cause every man to be shot. Now speed you to your general, acquaint him that he may, if he can, effect a noble capture: go!" The German, to whom Napoleon's person was known, retreated, stammering out an apology. On his return, he assured his commander that Lonato was full of French troops; in consequence, he offered to capitulate. "No!" replied Buonaparte "you are all prisoners of war, and must surrender at discretion." This mandate was complied with: four thousand men grounded their arms, then discovered, when too late, that if they had used them, nothing could have saved the republican commander-in-chief from having become their prize.

No fatigue seemed too much for Napoleon, when he had any great measure to carry; ever on the alert, he was frequently acting while others were only dreaming of what he might next attempt: determined not to leave anything to hazard, Napoleon never took off his boots, neither did he sleep, except by starts, during this short but decisive campaign: albeit, the exertions both of body and mind, by which this last signal triumph was so rapidly achieved, were beyond all common calculation, notwithstanding the celerity of his movements was such as to nearly exhaust physical strength, consequently, to imperatively demand some repose, yet nothing could induce him to yield to the urgency; he neither paused nor rested, until he saw Mantua once more regularly invested; the reinforcing and revictualling the garrison of which, was all that the veteran Wurmser had to set off against his defeat, coupled as it was with the immense losses he had sustained in stores, cannon, and men.

While it was understood that the French cause was sinking under the reverses sustained by its armies, fresh insurrections broke out in various parts of Italy, especially wherever the clergy could foment discontent: these outbreaks, however, were as suddenly brought to a period by the unwelcome news of the total discomfiture of the Austrian force, by the indomitable Napoleon: dread of what might be the consequence of their temerity now seized the insurgents; thus, revolt became paralyzed, while the fomentors of the desertion were seeking, by submission, to avert the punishment which their conscious cowardice made them think awaited their ill-judged measures. Buonaparte, however felt disposed to accept their resubmission, however insincere, fully aware that he had reckoned incorrectly as to the disposition of the Italian governments; he judged it therefore more prudent to waive, at least for the present, his anger, than to augment their hostility by too rigid a review of their conduct; satisfied that examples, however severe, would not conquer that aversion which had unfortunately been generated by the plunder of those works of art, with which the national pride was so immediately interwoven: thus, when Cardinal Mattei, Archbishop of Ferrara, was brought into his presence, charged with having urged on the insurrection against the French authorities in that legation, he, with true priestly cunning, only pleaded the word *peccavi*, Napoleon, advantaging himself of the opportunity, if possible, to make a friend of an enemy, was contented to accept the churchman's concession, and merely condemned him to the nominal penance of seven days' fasting and prayer in a monastery, reserving to himself the opportunity of punishing these occurrences at some future opportunity, when the pope should be more immediately under his thumb, when he would be reminded of his want of good faith, and made to pay the forfeit of his treacherous conduct. It was clear from these events that the Italians only waited for a favourable opportunity to separate themselves from the dominion of France, that however much they might be disgusted with their rulers, they were not to be conciliated by foreign invasion, which had made plunder the order of the day, robbery the basis of its conquests. Equally deceived in his opinions was Napoleon respecting the Tyrolese population: one of the most ancient possessions of the house of Austria, they had been one of the best governed under that dynasty: the administration had in point of fact been more paternal than otherwise; the people, hardy mountaineers, appeared contented with the liberty they enjoyed: they were not to be cajoled by deceptive offers: they saw in French rapacity, little more than a cunning avaricious enemy: when, therefore, the proclamation was issued by Buonaparte, in which he exhorted them to receive the French as friends, who came to break their shackles; that the sovereignty was to be henceforth in the French republic, with an understanding that they should adopt whatever interior regulations were most congenial to themselves, so far from responding to the call, they began to arm themselves, with the determination to resist the invader; to baffle, if possible, all his schemes for their subjugation: a scornful coldness was the only reception they gave to all the promised advantages that were to result with changing their old connection for that of the victorious French. Napoleon's usual penetration soon taught him to perceive that it would cost more, both in time and men, than he could at that moment conveniently spare, to republicanize the hardy race who inhabited the Alpine mountains of the Tyrol.

Pending the time Napoleon was occupied in restoring order in the Italian provinces, subjected to the power of the French republic, the brave old General Wurmser, whose heart no misfortunes could effectually chill, was actively employed on the frontier of the Tyrol, making preparations for another attempt to relieve Mantua, also, if possible, to recover Lombardy. Though he had been so much weakened by his late defeat, he still mustered twenty-five thousand men, with a numerous cavalry. Among all the great powers, none exhibit more constancy under adversity than the Austrian government: it immediately reinforced the veteran's army with twenty thousand fresh troops, which once more rendered his numerical strength superior to that of his adversary.

As if by some strange infatuation, he was wedded to a system of warfare, from which he had so severely suffered, the hardy veteran Wurmser, as before, divided his force, again he had the mortification to see his fine army shattered in detail: taking with himself thirty thousand of the flower of his troops, he commenced his march through the defiles towards Mantua, by the river Brenta, which has its rise in the principality of Trent, emptying itself into the gulf of Venice, a little south of that city. The remaining portion of his army, amounting to twenty thousand men, he left under General Davidowich, at Roveredo, to cover the passes of the Tyrol, for the purpose of keeping open a communication with Vienna, as well as to prevent the enemy's accession to that capital; from the Italian side: an error of this kind was not likely to escape the lynx-eyed Corsican: he lost no time in preparing to avail himself of its promised advantages. Buonaparte, in consequence, suffered the enemy to proceed unmolested; but when he had reached as far as Bassano, a town in the Vicentino, situate on the east bank of the Brenta, eighteen miles north of Vicenza, where he knew the old man was completely separated from his rear under Davidowich, Napoleon correctly judged that "the pear was now ripe;" with the force he had previously collected for the occasion, he pounced upon Roveredo after marches of such rapidity, which nothing short of their accomplishment could render credible, even to those who were most accustomed to contemplate the usual celerity of Buonaparte's movements. He found Davidowich strongly entrenched in his camp in the front of the town, having in his rear Calliano, with its fortified castle, seated on a precipice, overhanging the stream of the Adige, where that river flows, between enormous rocks and lofty mountains, which appeared to offer, in case of need, an almost impregnable retreat. The battle of Roveredo, one among the most brilliant of those illustrious days with which the "little bit of an officer" has crowded the French calendar, was fought 4th September, 1796. General Rampon received orders from Napoleon to pass between Roveredo and the Adige, while General Victor, at the *pas de charge*, entered the town. The attack on the part of the republicans was so impetuous as to defy resistance; notwithstanding the determined obstinacy with which the Austrian defended his camp, he was obliged to give way, after great slaughter, to the ardour of the intrepid General Dubois with his huzzars, who, after the most gallant conduct, fell mortally wounded in the moment of success; courageous to the last, he waved his sabre, cheering his men onward, while life remained: with his parting breath he exclaimed, "only let me hear, ere breath leaves me, that the victory is ours, I shall die content, since I die for the republic." His desire was amply gratified; a more complete victory, or one in which more determined bravery was exhibited, is, perhaps, not to be found in the bloody records of war. The French cavalry, animated by the example of their leader, pursued the Imperialists, who, unable to rally, still retreated through the town, leaving the road covered with the dead: the obstacles opposed by Calliano, gigantic as they appeared, could not prevent the advance of the dauntless French troops, flushed as they were with victory: height after height was carried at the point of the bayonet, with a persevering spirit that filled the Austrian with insurmountable consternation; the artillery by which these eminences were defended was captured; the enemy entirely routed; seven thousand prisoners, with fifteen cannon, were the reward of the all-conquering republicans.

When the news of the utter ruin of the division of his army, under General Davidowich, reached the field marshal, the old man heard it with dismay; because he no longer doubted that Napoleon would now endeavour to accomplish the grand design of Carnot, the French war minister, by joining the armies under General Jourdan and Moreau, in an attack upon Vienna: that consequently, the victorious republican would march onwards towards Germany, by way of Inspruck, the well-fortified capital of the Tyrol, seated in a pleasant valley on the stream of the Inn, sixty-two miles south of Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Had the old marshal's information been what it ought, he would have known that both Moreau and Jourdan had failed in their expedition; consequently, that Buonaparte was not in a condition to make the attempt he imagined. Acting, however, upon this opinion, the veteran saw no better purpose to which he could apply the shattered remains of his army, than by continuing in Lombardy, with a view to excite the people against their conquerors; thinking he should be able to overpower the slender garrisons Napoleon had left in the various places; thus, at all events, should the French general meet with any defeat, either in the Tyrolese, or in Germany, his retreat through the Italian states would be completely cut off: unfortunately for the field-marshal, no reasoning could be more at variance with the fact: Buonaparte had not, then at least, the slightest intention to penetrate the mountainous district of the Tyrol; Wurmser was himself the object against whom the Corsican was desirous of instantly leading his troops, jaded as they were with fighting—almost worn out with victory.

Napoleon's troops had taught themselves to place such implicit reliance upon his manœuvres, felt so assured of ultimate success to his plans, that no fatigue appeared too great, no attempt too daring, no operation too hazardous, when the "little corporal" pointed out its necessity: such, indeed, was his influence, that murmurs were unheard in his camp: the soldiers did his bidding cheerfully; executed his orders with alacrity; above all, conducted themselves in the hour of battle with that determined steadiness of purpose, to which not anything could be successfully opposed. Although they had been making forced marches for several days, fighting nearly the whole of the time, a few words addressed to them with his usual energy, giving them an assurance that his confidence in them remained unshaken, sufficed to rouse their enthusiasm so that, far from seeking repose, they were eager to be led on to attack the enemy: this chiefly arose from that friendly intercourse which he was in the habit of maintaining with his men; the solicitude with which he inquired into their wants; the willing ear with which he at all times listened to them; as well as the readiness with which he seized upon every opportunity that offered which could possibly add to their comfort: thus friendship went on harmoniously with military discipline, giving birth to deeds of heroism, which furnish so much important matter for the page of history.

At the close of one of those splendid affairs with the Austrians in Italy, when the French troops, previously harrassed with long forced marches, which continued more than two consecutive days, came immediately into collision with the enemy, and sustained a fierce, obstinate, but sanguinary contest, which lasted from morning until nightfall, terminating in complete victory for the republicans, it was deemed requisite, for the security of the camp, to establish outposts. A grenadier, thus stationed, fell fast asleep, quite exhausted with fatigue: Napoleon, who always sacrificed his repose to his vigilance, proceeding round the outskirts to see that every thing was safe, came to the sleeping sentinel, who had extended his length upon the ground: Buonaparte, who seems, on many occasions at least, to have acted from noble generous motives, knew well how to distinguish between neglect of duty, and lassitude arising from exhaustion, at the same time, conscious of the uncommon exertions made by his army, felt pity for the man, for whose weakness he made large allowance: laying aside, therefore, his dignity as commander-in-chief, he took up the soldier's musket which lay beside him, and placing it upon his own shoulder, continued to mount guard for nearly an hour. The grenadier at length awoke, when perceiving his general, who had thus paid respect to his weariness, the sentinel exclaimed, with great trepidation, "Oh! I am undone!"—"No! my friend," replied Napoleon with extreme affability, returning the musket; "the battle was obstinate and long enough contested to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention, however, might endanger the safety of the camp; I was awake, and have only to advise that you would be more upon your guard for the future!"

Few things, perhaps, could be more indicative of the feelings of his soldiers towards him, than the singular custom of the army of Italy: in consequence of his extreme youth for the supreme command of a large body of men, after each battle the oldest privates were wont to hold a council, in order to confer some new rank upon their young general, who, when he made his appearance, was received by the veterans with acclamations, when he was saluted by his new title: thus they made him a corporal at Lodi, a sergeant at Castiglione, and so on; it not unfrequently happens that the most trivial circumstances become united with the most important events: it is not impossible that this very sobriquet contributed to his great success upon his return to France in 1815: while he was haranguing the battalion, to which he first addressed himself, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, "*Vive notre petit caporal!*" "Long live our little corporal, we will never fight against him!"

The Austrian marshal's vanguard lay at the village of Primolano, some sixty miles from Trent, which was then occupied by the French forces; for the purpose of forcing this division of Wurmser's army to accept battle at a disadvantage, Napoleon immediately descended from the Tyrol, and by a forced march of two days, to the great surprise of the old general, came suddenly into collision with the Imperialists: a sanguinary contest ensued, the Austrians were defeated with great slaughter: the republicans pursued the flying Germans until nightfall, when they halted at Cismone, where the intrepid Buonaparte was glad to have half a private soldier's ration of bread for his supper. Many years after 1804, while he was reviewing a division of his army, a non-commissioned officer stepped forth from the ranks: addressing himself to Napoleon:—"General," said he, "in the year five of the French revolution, while we were pursuing the Austrians in the valley of Bassano, I shared with you my ration of bread when you were very hungry; you cannot have forgotten the circumstance. I request, in return, that you provide bread for my father, who is worn down with age and infirmities! I have received five wounds in the service, and was made corporal and serjeant upon the field of battle—I hope to be made lieutenant upon the first vacancy." Buonaparte, whose memory was ever retentive of any kindness he had received, instantly recognised the hard features of the weather-beaten warrior, shook him cordially by the hand, acknowledged the reasonableness of his request, and speedily complied with both his demands.

It was not in Buonaparte's tactics to afford his enemy any respite; on the contrary, it was his almost uniform practice to follow up his blow with the utmost celerity—a celerity which not unfrequently was deemed impracticable by others: on one occasion he had given out orders very difficult to execute, when some one in his hearing observed that it was impossible to carry them into effect: "*mais comment impossible?*" exclaimed the Corsican, "*ce mot n' est pas Français!* How impossible?—surely, that word is not French:" continuing, therefore, his routine, he reached Bassano on the following day, to the astonishment of the aged field-marshal, who was thus again compelled to risk battle, 8 September, 1796, but with no better success than before: notwithstanding the acknowledged bravery of the Imperialists, who fought that day under the immediate inspection of their veteran commander-in-chief, with the most courageous fortitude—who battled with desperate resolution to turn, if possible, the fortune of the day in their favour: their most strenuous efforts proved insufficient to resist the manœuvring of Napoleon, backed as it was by the ardour of his troops. After an obstinate well-contested engagement, in which neither party appeared to be deficient in valour, six thousand Austrians, no longer able to contend with the determined perseverance of the enemy, laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

Quasdonowich indeed contrived to escape with a division of four thousand men to Friuli, or *Citti di Friuli*, an Italian town, washed by the stream of the Natisone, situated at the foot of the mountains which separate the province of Friuli from the duchy of Carniola, fifteen miles north-east of Udina, eighty from Venice in the same direction.

Wurmser himself retreated to Vicenza, the capital of the Vicentino, situated in a fertile plain, between two hills, at the confluence of the rivulets Bachiglione and Rerone, thirty-two miles west of Venice, twenty-two miles east of Verona, in 11° 40′ east longitude, 45° 28′ north latitude.

Not anything could exceed the wretched condition to which the towering genius of Napoleon had reduced the veteran commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces; his situation was truly forlorn. Of all that powerful well-appointed army, strong as it was in numbers, accompanied by a fine train of artillery, as well as amply furnished with other munitions of war, with which he had so confidently issued from the defiles of the Tyrolese, his troops, buoyant with hope, eager to wipe out the remembrance of his former disasters, anxious to re-establish his fame by the restoration of victory to the Imperial standards, there now remained not more than sixteen thousand discomfited men, discouraged by repeated defeats, having no other appendages than the arms they carried. His artillery had changed hands: from being pointed against the republicans, it was now levelled by the latter against its former possessors: his baggage had become spoil to his more fortunate adversary, while to add to the perilous position in which he was thus placed, his communication with Vienna was completely cut off. In short, nothing was left but his own courage, with a handful of men, destitute of cannon: nevertheless, the weather-beaten old warrior, although he had been so often out-manœuvred, so decidedly overmatched, was not dispirited: to despair formed no part of his character: he looked the untoward circumstances by which he was surrounded calmly in the face; saw clearly that no resource was open to him, but to throw himself with his soldiers into Mantua, there to hold out to the last extremity, with the chance, however remote, to receive succours from the Austrian government: having come to this determination, he with difficulty collected together the scattered remains of his army, it being requisite to force a passage somewhere across the river Adige, without doing which he could not have reached his destined place of refuge: in the execution of this, which, as he had lost all his pontoons, would otherwise have been attended with great hazard, he was for once beholden to a mistake of the French officer, stationed at Legnano, a town in the Veronese, situated in that stream, twenty-two miles south-east of Verona. The republican, although perfectly aware of the field-marshal's intention, conceived that the passage would be attempted at Verona; consequently, with a view to frustrate the veteran's design, he withdrew his force from the first-mentioned place, in order to reinforce the corps placed at the latter, by which he left his proper position unguarded: Wurmser, taking advantage of the error, lost no time in passing with his army to the opposite bank of the Adige. After a series of sanguinary skirmishes, the old marshal succeeded in making his way into Mantua: in one of these, however, which took place at Arcola, Napoleon had another narrow escape from his enemy, by a party of whose troops he was for a moment surrounded; his presence of mind again extricated him from this perilous embarrassment, and he had but just gallopped off when Wurmser himself came up, who no sooner learned that the long-wished-for prize was so near at hand, than he gave orders for pursuit, strictly enjoining them to bring the Corsican in alive! The lucky minute, however, had passed away, the venerable field-marshal was once more doomed to suffer disappointment: Buonaparte had escaped in safety.

To harrass Wurmser, and if possible to prevent the old warrior from reaching Mantua, was a desideratum with Napoleon, who, in consequence, issued orders to his generals to be on the alert, to defeat the scheme the Austrian had in contemplation. The field-marshal, more intent than ever upon accomplishing his project, after fighting with some, contrived to elude the vigilance of others, by which means he compassed his object. Having failed to impede the progress of the Imperialist, Buonaparte reassembled his force and again made his appearance before the city, determined either to bring the veteran once more into action, or to entirely cut off his communication with the dry land. Wurmser, fully aware of the necessity to keep possession of the causeways, by which alone he could receive any supplies, joining his own troops to those in the garrison, marched out of the fortress to make another trial of strength against his antagonist. The two armies met, when the battle of St. George, so called from one of the suburbs of the town, was fought, 13 September, 1796: it proved long and obstinate, attended with great slaughter: the republicans were victorious: the old general, after having sustained a loss of two thousand five hundred men, either killed or wounded, as well as two thousand made prisoners, together with twenty pieces of cannon, with all his ammunition-waggons was driven within the walls; the French remaining masters of all the five causeways: the blockade was thus rendered complete. His numerical force of troops when Wurmser was thus shut up, amounted to twenty-six thousand. Before October was far advanced, what with the pestilential air of the place, and the scarcity and badness of the provisions, his hospitals were so crammed with sick soldiers, that he had hardly half that number left fit for duty: the misery of the besieged was extreme.

As this battle involved consequences of great magnitude, Napoleon was very careful in delivering his orders: at whatever point danger seemed to threaten most, there he presented himself to cheer his men; thus exposing himself like a common soldier. Upon one of these occasions, a pioneer who perceived the imminent risk to which this commander-in-chief was exposed, with all that frankness usual in a camp, said to him—"Stand aside, general." Buonaparte hesitated, when the veteran unceremoniously pushing him, asked with strong emphasis, "If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?" Napoleon, who felt the full value of this exclamation, so expressive of the confidence his army reposed in his talents, upon which it was impossible to have passed a higher eulogium, remained silent; after the termination of the conflict, he sent for the independent pioneer, when tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, he thus addressed him: "Thy noble boldness claims my esteem; thy bravery demands a recompense; from this hour, instead of bearing the hatchet, an epaulette shall grace thy shoulder." He was made an officer on the spot.

No opportunity to advance his cause seems ever to have escaped the penetration of Napoleon Buonaparte. He had long regretted the domination of the English over his native island: when he seized the city of Leghorn, he was well aware that the British troops in Corsica were principally supplied with provisions from that place; consequently, when he made himself master of that port, among other things, he contemplated distressing the English party; he also understood the exultation with which the adherents to the French government received the news of the triumphal career of their countryman: he therefore began to turn his thoughts towards the land of his birth, with a view to restore, if possible, the French influence. For this purpose he collected a number of Corsican exiles, with whom he planned an expedition, which he despatched from Tuscany; the invasion ultimately proved successful; the island was reconquered, and brought under the sway of the French directory, which was neither insensible to the value of the acquisition, nor ignorant of the talents by which it was projected; honourable mention was made of it to the legislature, and Napoleon declared to have deserved well of his country.

When the news of Buonaparte's victories, together with the destruction of the army under Field-marshal Wurmser, reached Vienna, the Aulic Council was filled with consternation; ever constant, however, under adversity, it made a virtue of necessity, and began seriously to deliberate how best to remedy the disaster it had sustained. Perfectly satisfied that Mantua was in excellent keeping under the old marshal, greatly relieved on the Rhenish frontier by the retreat of Jourdan and Moreau, it adopted the most strenuous measures to raise a new army by extensive levies in Carinthia, in Illyria, and in the Tyrol, as well as by large drafts from the forces on the Rhine, with which once more to commence offensive operations, not only for the purpose of relieving Mantua, but, if possible, to drive the republicans out of Italy. The conduct of this expedition was confided to Field-marshal Alvinzi, a soldier of tried reputation. The council at the same time taking into consideration the present situation of Wurmser, together with his advanced age, as well as his want of success, invested him also with the chief command, thus unwittingly paying a compliment to the talents of Napoleon by bringing a third general against him. Napoleon was not apt to slumber while the enemy was making preparations; he therefore directed his attention to his old adversary, using every manœuvre to draw Wurmser into a second decisive affair: with this view he avoided occupying Seraglio. The imperial general fell into the snare; he came out, incautiously extended his line, and was again repulsed with the loss of eleven hundred men; subsequently, a foraging party consisting of five hundred was also captured.

Incessant actions, which had been the feature of the campaign, had reduced the number of the troops under General Buonaparte, so much that he had not more than thirteen thousand disposable men; yet with this handful of men he had to contend with the gigantic efforts of Austria. Perfectly aware of the exertions then making by the Austrian government, he informed the Directory of the fact, earnestly entreating for reinforcements: a deaf ear, however, was turned to his solicitations: indeed, during the whole campaign, he had only received eight thousand fresh troops to replace all his losses in the various hard-fought battles in which he had been engaged; a very inadequate supply, if compared with the numerical strength of his opponent. He made remonstrance after remonstrance to the war office, but without avail; the army murmured loudly against the Directory, asserting that it was destined for destruction, seeing that the annihilation of one Austrian force was merely the signal for the advance of another, while that of the French in Italy was left unrecruited to fight against whatever odds might be opposed to it. All Napoleon's energies were therefore called into activity to support the spirits of his brave warriors, which began to droop when they found themselves so cruelly neglected at home;—nothing short of the unbounded confidence they had in their "little Corporal" could have kept them from sinking under such severe disappointment.

It would hardly be possible satisfactorily to account for this unnatural neglect on the part of the home government; it can hardly be attributed to a jealousy of the great fame of their commander-in-chief, seeing that the Directory was so much interested in his success, because his defeat might have endangered its own power, never too secure: neither was there a lack of men; the youth of France considered it an honour to fight under the banners of the "invincible" Napoleon.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIELD MARSHAL ALVINZI BEGINS TO ADVANCE—GENERAL VAUBOIS IS DRIVEN DISGRACEFULLY FROM THE HEIGHTS OF CALLIANO—BUONAPARTE RETREATS TO VERONA—LOSES THE WHOLE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE BRENTA AND THE ADIGE—CARRIES THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA AFTER REPEATED REPULSES—OBLIGES ALVINZI TO RETREAT—BATTLES OF RIVOLI AND LA FAVORITA—MANTUA SURRENDERS—MARCHES INTO THE PAPAL DOMINIONS—DISMAY OF THE POPE—TREATY OF TOLLENTINO—WINS THE BATTLE OF TAGLIAMENTO—THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES SUPERSEDES ALVINZI—RETREAT OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES—TREATY OF LOEBEN—PUNISHES THE VENETIAN SENATE FOR BREAKING ITS NEUTRALITY.

The Austrian government having seen the necessity to dismiss two generals successively from the high situation of commander-in-chief of its Italian army, as incompetent to cope with the superior tactics of the enterprising Napoleon, by whose soaring genius three imperial armies had been regularly destroyed one after the other, although the Corsican was much inferior in numerical strength to either of his antagonists, appointed a third warrior to that station, with a view, if possible, to recover the ground which had been so unexpectedly lost. For this purpose Field-marshal Alvinzi made his appearance early in October at Friuli, having sixty thousand men under his command, comprising the remnant of Quasdonowich's division, now amply recruited, a portion of which took ground above Trent under General Davidowich; thus, like his predecessors, he was greatly superior in numbers to the indefatigable republican generalissimo. Such, indeed, was the disparity, that but for the consummate skill of Buonaparte, Alvinzi must have swept every thing before him, and the plains of Lombardy must have reverted to their former master. The "little bit of an officer," although at first obliged to give way, very soon, however, cut out other work for him, which gave him plenty of employment, while it eventually placed him on the retired list of those who had preceded him in the command. To arrest the progress of the Imperialists, Napoleon placed the guardianship of Trent in the hands of General Vaubois, while he stationed General Massena at Bassano for a similar purpose: neither of these officers, however, was able to maintain his ground. The troops, under Vaubois, were driven from the almost impregnable heights of Calliano, under circumstances which Buonaparte considered to sully the character of the French soldiery: Massena, indeed, avoided coming to action, but in consequence of the overwhelming superiority of Marshal Alvinzi, was under the necessity to abandon his position; Napoleon, who watched every motion with the eye of a hawk, seeing how matters stood, hastened in person to sustain the retreating Massena; in consequence, a severe conflict ensued at Vicenza, which was vigorously contested, with so little advantage to either, that both sides claimed the victory. Be this as it may, the French retreated, and Buonaparte established his head-quarters at Verona, whither he was followed by the field-marshal. The whole country, between the Brenta and the Adige, was now in the possession of the Austrian forces, while in the rear of the republicans was the strong and resolute garrison of Mantua; this situation rendered his position extremely critical, because it rendered it indispensable for him to divide his force. Napoleon's first care was to visit the discomfited troops, who, under Vaubois, had so easily yielded up their strong position on the heights of Calliano, but who were now posted at Rivoli and Corona: having caused them to be assembled, he upbraided them for their ill-conduct, saying: "You have greatly displeased me, you have neither shown discipline, nor constancy, nor bravery; you have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions, where a handful of brave men might have arrested the progress of a large army; you are no longer French soldiers; let it be written on their colours—'They are not of the army of Italy.'"—The men, who had from the first come before him with dejected countenances, ashamed of the rebuke, were in tears, groans of sorrow implying the contrition they felt: their mortification at having incurred the censure of their "little corporal" was such that it broke through all the rules of discipline: several of the grenadiers, who had both deserved and wore marks of distinction, called out from the ranks—"General, we have been misrepresented; place us in the van, and you shall then judge whether we do not belong to the army of Italy."—Buonaparte having thus roused the enthusiasm of his soldiery, dropped his anger, spoke to them in a more conciliatory tone, recommending them for the future to act differently. The regiments, which had undergone this penance, amply redeemed their character: in the subsequent portion of the campaign no troops could more distinguish themselves.

Alvinzi had taken up a position of great strength on the heights of Caldiero, situate on the left bank of the river Adige, nearly opposite Verona; while Napoleon had concentrated his force at that city, on the right bank of the same stream. In pursuance of the same plan which had so often proved fatal to his opponents, Buonaparte's object was to fall upon the field-marshal, before he could be joined by General Davidowich, who was then on full march for that purpose; by this manœuvre he expected to be able to scatter Alvinzi's force, before he could receive any assistance: with this resolution, he lost no time in commencing an attack upon the heights of Caldiero: but, notwithstanding the determined bravery of General Massena, who headed the charge, he could not make any impression: the Austrians, strong in numbers as well as position, repelled the assailants with great carnage: a terrible tempest prevailed during the action, to which Napoleon, in his despatches, ascribed his discomfiture. To allow, however, the junction to take place, would be to derange Buonaparte's whole system; some means must, therefore, be resorted to, to avert so undesirable an event, especially as the whole country behind Caldiero was open to Davidowich. The genius of Napoleon here came opportunely to his aid, suggested a movement altogether unexpected by the Imperial field-marshal.

In order to place himself between Alvinzi and Davidowich, and thus raise a barrier against their uniting, he adopted, perhaps, one of the most daring manœuvres ever attempted: leaving fifteen hundred men, under General Kilmaine, to guard the place, he marched silently out of Verona during the night: pursuing his course for some distance rearwards, as if he intended to retreat on Mantua, a movement which was rendered feasible by the recent failure of his assault on Caldiero; his columns suddenly wheeled again towards the Adige, when he passed his men over that stream by a bridge of boats at Ronco; by this masterly manœuvre his army was at once placed on the same side the river with the enemy, but altogether in his rear, amidst those wide-spreading morasses which cover the country about Arcola, rendering it a place of great strength. Napoleon thus became master of the marshes; where the Austrian could not deploy his great army, although he was subject to attack both on his front and on his rear, while his artillery and magazines were also jeopardized: the dangerous nature of the ground, however, as well as the narrowness of the dikes, by which alone Buonaparte could advance on the village, rendered victory doubtful, while a reverse would become extremely hazardous. Having determined on his measures, he divided his men into three columns, with which, at daybreak, 15th November, 1796, he made a forward movement along the three dikes leading to Arcola; Massena and Augereau advanced for several miles along two of the causeways which traverse the swamp, while Napoleon himself penetrated the third. The Field-marshal, little suspecting that the main body of the Republicans had evacuated Verona, treated this movement at first as an affair of light troops; as day advanced, however, the truth became apparent; consequently, these narrow passes were disputed with most determined gallantry, and the village of Arcola put into a state of defence. Massena was the first to encounter the advanced posts of the Imperialists, which he drove in with his accustomed impetuosity: the column under Augereau, in like manner, compelled the enemy to give way, and was the first that reached the bridge of Arcola, from whence it was driven back with great loss.

When Buonaparte found that the Austrian made such a powerful opposition to Augereau, seeing that to carry the bridge of Arcola, before Alvinzi could arrive, was of the utmost importance to the furtherance of his plans, he ordered General Guieux, at the head of two thousand men, to descend the bank of the Adige, and cross that river at a ferry, two miles below Ronco, in front of Albaredo; then to march with as much speed as possible upon Arcola, to turn the village: this march, however, would be long, while the day was already far spent; it was night, therefore, ere Guieux reached Arcola, when he took four pieces of cannon, besides making a great number of prisoners. Having made this disposition, a spirited attempt was made to gain possession of the bridge, which, however, proved unsuccessful. The French were several times repulsed with great slaughter; three of their generals, Verdier, Bon, and Verné, who, in order to stimulate the men, had, with dauntless courage, headed them, were among the slain; so great had been the loss of human life, that indecision on the part of the soldiery was at length apparent: seeing this, Napoleon, seized a standard, threw himself on the bridge, in front of the troops, urging his grenadiers once more to the charge, at the same moment exclaiming, "Frenchmen! Grenadiers! will you abandon your colours? Follow your general! Are these the conquerors of Lodi?"—Few as were these words, they had an electrical effect upon his soldiers, their courage was reanimated; the men pressed forward with enthusiasm: the fire from the enemy was tremendous, the carnage dreadful; once more the republicans gave way; Napoleon, himself lost in the tumult of retreat, was borne backwards, and forced over the dike into the morass, where he was nearly smothered, at the same time some of the advancing Imperialists were already between him and his baffled column: observing the imminent danger in which he was placed, the soldiers caught alarm, their energies were roused, crying out, "Save the general;" they rushed forward to his rescue with the impetuosity of a torrent; their charge became irresistible; the Austrians were completely overthrown, the bridge carried, and the commander-in-chief extricated from the bog in which he had so nearly perished: this was the first battle of Arcola.

The movement by which so much had been achieved, so masterly in its conception, so unlooked-for by the Austrian commander, revived that terror for the name of Buonaparte, which had formerly existed among the German troops: Alvinzi became alarmed for his own safety: to preserve, if possible, his communication with General Davidowich had now become imperative: for that purpose, however, no time was to be lost: under this consideration he abandoned Caldiero, to occupy the open country behind Arcola; by which he placed the village in his front, while the object of Napoleon had been to keep it in the rear of the Imperialist: by this means the Austrian, for the moment, robbed his antagonist of the advantage which he prospected from the skilful manœuvres he had brought to bear: Buonaparte, perfectly aware that, should General Vaubois be overwhelmed by Davidowich, while Alvinzi remained as he did at present, between him and the Brenta, his own position would in such event be insecure, consequently determined to evacuate Arcola, and retreat to Ronco.

Early on the following morning, 16th November, 1796, the republicans were attacked at all points, a desperate conflict ensued; at length General Massena, as well as General Augereau, succeeded in driving the enemy, who lost in his retreat six pieces of cannon, four standards, with fifteen hundred men made prisoners of war. When Buonaparte had ascertained that General Vaubois had not been engaged with the Austrian General Davidowich, he again advanced upon Arcola; the place was once more bravely defended by the Imperialists: once more it was as bravely carried, but although so much blood had been shed, this affair did not prove more decisive than the former: for as Alvinzi still contrived to keep his main force unbroken in the difficult country behind, Napoleon again retreated to Ronco: this was the second battle of Arcola.

The succeeding day, 17th November, 1796, was conclusive for the fortunes of Napoleon Buonaparte: Arcola was again carried in gallant style by his veterans, while the Austrians, by the operation of two stratagems, which he adopted with success, were completely defeated. The battle commenced with the dawn of day, the Imperialists having at first made an impression by driving the centre of the French army, were upon the point of turning Augereau's right wing, when a column of croats was thrown into confusion by a fire suddenly opened from an ambuscade, covered by some willows, under the conduct of General Gardenne, which, rushing from concealment, forced them into an opposite bog, where most of them expired: Napoleon was anxious to follow up this advantage with his usual celerity, but the superior numbers of the enemy supported on the left, by the fenny country, kept the Republicans in check. As he had, in various quarters, portable bridges, for the purpose of crossing the ditches and canals, he was desirous to charge the main body of the Austrians on the firm ground, behind the morass; he found it, however, no easy matter to get at them, as the enemy still maintained himself in good order, while three days of hard fighting had nearly exhausted his own troops: it was then that he put his second *ruse* into use, which perhaps cannot he better explained than in his own words:—"At Arcola," said Napoleon, "I gained the battle with twenty-five horsemen: I perceived the critical moment of lassitude in either army, when the oldest and bravest would have been glad to be in their tents: all my men had been engaged: three times I had been obliged to re-establish the battle: there remained to me but some twenty-five guides; I sent them round on the flank of the enemy with three trumpets, bidding them blow hard and charge furiously. This stratagem fully succeeded: the Imperialists, thus taken by surprise, 'Here is the French cavalry,' was the cry. The Austrians doubted not that Murat and all the horse had forced a way through the bogs; they immediately took to flight: it is true that one must seize the moment: an instant sooner or later, it had been useless: had I sent twelve thousand horse, the infantry would have merely changed its position, covered by its field-pieces, it would have opened its fire, and the cavalry would not even have attacked." At this critical juncture, Buonaparte ordered a general assault in front: the Imperialist was thrown into confusion, his lines broken, his situation became hopeless: Alvinzi finally retreated upon Montebello, but in decent order: this was the third battle of Arcola.

The battle of Arcola, which lasted three days, or rather combined three separate actions, fought on consecutive days, forms a splendid epoch in the annals of warfare, and ranks among those military movements which serve to throw into strong light the strategic skill, as well as the never-failing presence of mind of Napoleon Buonaparte: although several times worsted, still his fertile genius supplied him with fresh schemes, which not only enabled him to retrieve what he had lost, but also to turn the very reverses he had sustained into means for ultimately carrying his object. Arcola, therefore, though but a paltry village, will become celebrated in history by the necessity of its being coupled with the name of a warrior, who, if ever equalled, has certainly never yet been excelled. The judgment he displayed in availing himself of the exact but critical moment to put his ruse into execution, must ever stamp his reputation as a discreet watchful officer of first-rate abilities well worthy to be intrusted with supreme command.

In a letter addressed to Carnot, then the French minister of war, he says, "Never was a field of battle more valiantly disputed than the conflict at Arcola; I have scarcely any generals left,—their bravery and their patriotic enthusiasm are without example."

It is hardly possible to conceive the enthusiasm engendered in the breasts of his officers by the gallant example Napoleon was continually setting them. At the first battle of Arcola, General Lasnes had scarcely recovered from the wounds he received in the affair of Governolo, when he was again twice badly wounded, in consequence of which he was placed upon a litter, where he suffered the greatest agony. When, however, he was told that Napoleon in person headed the column, he sprang off the bed, was assisted to mount his horse, thus proceeded to join the general, whose views he was at all times most anxious to promote. At the bridge he was extended upon the ground apparently lifeless by a violent blow from the enemy.

Intrepidity would seem to have been a distinguishing feature in the Buonaparte family: Louis, afterwards king of Holland, was, during the hottest period of the attack upon Arcola, equally exposed to imminent danger as his brother Napoleon; like him he escaped without material injury from many perilous situations; in the course of the second day at Arcola, Louis was despatched with important orders from his brother to General Robert. The only road by which he could reach the object of his mission was a narrow causeway, situated between a marsh on one side, and a canal which opened into the stream of the Adige on the other. This passage, as Louis, well mounted, rapidly traversed it, was swept by a brisk fire kept up by the enemy; notwithstanding the shower of shot, he reached General Robert in safety; being the only person on horseback, he became a mark for the Austrian sharp-shooters: in less than an hour after Louis had delivered his instructions, General Robert was mortally wounded, standing by his side. His return of course lay by the same narrow pass, where, as he rode along, he was again exposed to the enemy's cannonade. Some grenadiers, who were posted in the morass beside the causeway, seeing the same aid-de-camp traversing it a second time, exclaimed, "Let us get up also," but scarcely had the two foremost succeeded in raising half their bodies above the level of the dike than, struck by the shot from the enemy, they fell back dead. A drummer, who also wished to make the attempt, fell at the feet of Louis, pierced by several balls. On regaining the commander-in-chief, Louis was joyfully received, Napoleon exclaiming, "Ah! my dear brother, how happy I am to see you returned alive; I believed you dead. A grenadier not long since announced that you had been killed on the causeway."

It was at Arcola that the brave Muiron, who ever since the storming of Little Gibraltar, during the siege of Toulon, had lived on terms of fraternal intimacy with Napoleon, perceiving a bomb about to explode near his general, threw himself betwixt that and the commander-in-chief, thus saved the life of his protector, at the expense of his own. Buonaparte never forgot either his companion or the melancholy termination of his existence; to the last moment he regretted the loss of his heroic friend.

Napoleon himself communicated by letter the melancholy intelligence of her husband's death to the widow of Muiron:—"You have lost," said he, "a husband who was dear to you; and I am bereft of a friend to whom I have been long and sincerely attached; but our country has suffered more than both of us, in being deprived of an officer so pre-eminently distinguished for his talents and his dauntless bravery. If it lie within the scope of my ability to yield assistance to yourself or your infant, I beseech you to reckon upon my utmost exertions."

These three eventful days, during which the Republicans made from four to five thousand prisoners, took eight pieces of cannon, four stand of colours, besides capturing numerous baggage-waggons, together with an immense quantity of pontoons and scaling-ladders, finished the campaign gloriously for Buonaparte, who acknowledged to have lost eight thousand men; but then the carnage among the enemy must have been terrible. The rapidity of Napoleon's combination, backed by the steady devotion of his army, had again completey baffled all the energies displayed, either by the Austrian cabinet or its commander: a fourth army of considerable magnitude had been literally cut up in detail by the well-concerted manœuvres of the generalissimo of the French, whose intrepid bearing in the hour of danger had substantively contributed to surround his standard with victory, the which, by raising the admiration of the men under his command, inspired them with indomitable resolution to execute all his plans: so completely, indeed, had he crippled his adversary, that during the space of two months he remained undisturbed master of the beautiful fertile plains of Lombardy.

All that field-marshal Alvinzi had been able to effect during the campaign, with his fine army of sixty thousand men; all that he could show as a set-off against the slaughter and discomfiture of his troops, was the retention or Bassano and Trent, by which Buonaparte's access, either into the Tyrol of into Germany, was certainly interrupted: this advantage, although not trivial, had nevertheless been much too dearly purchased, added to which it was evanescent, as the course of after events fully proved. It cannot, however, be denied that General Davidowich, as well as the old field-marshal, Wurmser, were both extremely remiss in their conduct.

The first, by not coming up after his success over the French general, Vaubois, to join Alvinzi, his commander-in-chief.

The second, by remaining quiet in Mantua, when, by advancing with his garrison, he might have greatly incommoded the rear of the French army.

Splendid as were the continued triumphs of the dauntless Napoleon much as his almost incredible victories raised the value of the French name in the eyes of the world; profitable as his conquests were to the coffers of the Republican treasury, there was nevertheless not wanting a party in France, comprising among them some *soi-disant* friends, who spared no efforts, left no means unessayed, to undermine the fair fame of the valiant Corsican: circumstantial accounts of reverses which had never been experienced, were insidiously spread abroad; every artifice to which contemptible meanness could resort, was tried with scandalous avidity; all, however, though urged with the most uncompromising pertinacity, proved unavailing; the plague spot with which they would fain have inoculated their intended victim, fastened upon themselves, rankled destructively in their own veins: nothing could obscure the brilliant sun of the lofty, noble-minded, but youthful warrior: after every attack, Napoleon, like the great luminary when emerging from behind a cloud, only appeared with more dazzling splendour. Whether the members of the French Directory participated or not in this disgraceful feeling: whether or not they covertly sanctioned such assassin-like conduct, cannot now be exactly ascertained: at any rate, if they did, they wanted the courage publicly to avow it. On the contrary, they addressed a letter to him in which they expressed, in the most unequivocal terms, their entire approbation of his proceedings. If, therefore, they ever acted so unworthily as to connive in any shape at the mendacious fulminations of the unworthy, they worked like moles in darksome recesses, over which, like that animal, they only raised a dirty pile which denoted that some reptile had been there. It is, however, a somewhat suspicious circumstance as respects their genuine sentiments, and will no doubt go far with many honorable persons to impeach their sincerity, that shortly after their complimentary epistle they should despatch General Clarke, whose nephew had fallen at Arcola, under the flimsy pretext ostensibly to assist in some negotiations, but in reality to arrest their all-conquering commander-in-chief. Buonaparte, whose intelligence, from whatever source he contrived to derive it, was always of the very best quality, as well for time as for matter, had been made fully aware of the stratagem. He, however, took no notice of the scheme, but patiently awaited, with his usual imperturbility, the arrival of his would-be captor. When Clarke made his appearance, Napoleon frankly told him, he perfectly knew the nature of his errand, respecting which he was quite at his ease; fully convinced that none could be found who durst venture at the attempt to put such a commission into execution, much less carry it into effect. Clarke, quailing before the resolute Corsican, sneaked out of the inglorious dilemma in which he had involved himself, in a way by no means creditable either to himself or to his employers. When the ass attacks the lion, he must thank his stars that the noble nature of the latter keeps the skin whole upon the ignoble body of the former, while the bones remain unbroken.

To show his contempt for these intrigues, at the same time to convince the members of the Directory that he most perfectly understood the unmanly behaviour used towards him, he addressed an answer, written in his accustomed sarcastic style, in reply to their letter, eulogizing his exertions:—

"Citizens, Directors: I have received, with gratitude, the fresh proof of your esteem, which you have shown me by your letter, 18th Thermidor.

"I know not what these gentlemen want with me: they and the Austrians have attacked me both together, but you have silenced them by the publication of your letter, and I have done for the Austrians; thus at one and the same time, these double attacks of my enemies have failed." (Signed)

"BUONAPARTE."

To General Clarke he addressed another, in which he said—"Your nephew, Elliot, was killed on the field of battle at Arcola; that young man was familiarized to arms, and has many times marched to victory at the head of his troops. He must one day or other have become a great officer; he died gloriously in the face of the enemy, and suffered not for a moment. What reasonable man will not envy him such a death? Who is he, that, amidst the vicissitudes of life, will not be thankful thus to quit a world so frequently contemptible? Who is he among us, that has not regretted a hundred times not to be thus withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, and of all the malevolent passions which seem almost exclusively to govern the world?" (Signed) "BUONAPARTE."

Although a calm, as far as related to military operations, had succeeded the storm of war, so lately raging with the most uncontrollable devastation in Italy, yet the genius of Buonaparte did not slumber in inactivity, neither did the gallant warrior waste his hours in idleness, but relieved for a season from pursuing the work of blood, he made the best possible use of his leisure, not only by turning his thoughts to scenes which had already occurred, but also by advantageously occupying his attention with passing events; therefore he began to review the course which he had already taken, as far as it related to the settlement of his conquests, to more accurately examine the bent, to play more into the humour, to pay more respect to the prejudices, of the people whom he had subjected to the rule of the Directory, to unsparingly scrutinize the conduct of the French cabinet with regard to the conquered provinces in the Italian peninsula: the last he found narrow in the extreme, impolitic in its management, based upon the most debilitating ignorance, more calculated to upset than to consolidate a sound, wholesome system of government: that by absurd, extravagant, and even unnecessary demands it had provoked the sovereign pontiff to break off the treaty of Bologna, and to seek the formation of alliances inimical to the harmony of the two countries; that in consequence he had, by fresh levies, raised the papal army to forty thousand soldiers, while the king of Naples appeared to have every disposition, provided the French should happen to meet with any reverse in Lombardy, to back his holiness with thirty thousand fighting men; at the same time, the clergy beyond the Appenines, the nobility of Romagna, as well as the secular vassals of the church, were straining every nerve, were combining all their efforts, to raise the population against the Republicans; by which means, should they prove successful, they expected to relieve the pope from the despair to which the holy father seemed to have been driven by the ill-advised measures of the persons composing the French Directory. Time, aided by reflection, had shown him the error into which he himself had fallen, respecting his treatment of the priesthood; which he had found to be a more powerful, as well as a more influential, body than he had been willing to suppose: with a view to correct this, he had closely studied the clerical character, dived into its resources, fathomed its depth: by this means he became acquainted with its sordid hankering after wealth, its addiction to the pleasures of the table, its crapulous libidinous habits, its predilection for splendour, its hypocritical assumption of humility, its overbearing pride, its rancorous animosity, its superstitious intolerance, its besotted bigotry, its persecuting spirit, its impatience of control, and its love of rule. Experience had convinced him that the priest is every where the same artful being, but too frequently deceitful and treacherous, always upon the alert, seeking for domination over the human mind; but it had also taught him that, generally speaking, communities, from some cause or other, most probably from intellectual weakness, were equally ready to acknowledge his divine patent, to submit themselves to what is usually termed the holy man's spiritual direction: so that, in point of fact, they become his willing slaves, at all times enthusiastically prone to further his will. In all this, however, his quick penetration clearly pointed out the great advantage he might derive from conciliating a class so important in the scale of society, possessing such an overwhelming ascendancy over the mass; that men of such latitudinarian morals, who preach up one day good will towards their species, while on the next they will not scruple to destroy their fellow-creatures, even for a difference in opinion; that men so fond of indulging their passions, so given to enjoyment, were more than likely, if properly managed, to become, not only very useful, but also very efficient coajutators: he therefore began to drop that tone of hostility he had at first adopted towards them; openly to treat them with more studied urbanity; to cultivate the most consequential of their order: acting upon this principle, he generally softened them whenever he could enter into personal intercourse with them; both parties seemed to have abated much of their rancour towards each other; spleen appeared to vanish from both sides. He mixed with them as often as occasion offered, thus good will naturally sprung up between those who had hitherto only been anxious to rival each other in unfriendly offices. Among these he found a wealthy old canon of his own name, who appeared proud to hail the Corsican as a true descendant of the Tuscan Buonapartes; the aged ecclesiastic entertained him and his whole staff with much splendour; in which he amused the general with his anxiety that some interest should be applied to the pope, in order to procure the canonization of a certain long-defunct worthy of the common lineage, by name Bonaventura Buonaparte; and dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed his whole fortune to his new-found kinsman. The Directory listened with wonder to recitals continually reaching them of this increasing intimacy between its commander-in-chief and the clergy: had it been of any other than Napoleon, it would have heard of it with displeasure, mingled with contempt: but it was by no means slow to perceive that he set but little value upon its opinions that he held as equally cheap both its contempt and its displeasure.

Buonaparte having become more familiar with the actual state of the country, now began to practise every art to render himself popular, and ingratiate himself with the Italians; he clearly saw how unwisely he had acted when he began to strip them of the so much cherished works of their admired artists; was, therefore, willing to obliterate the memory of that spoliation by more soothing conduct: he found this a more facile task than he had expected; the fact is they looked upon him more in the light of one of their own countrymen than as a Frenchman; they knew that he was acquainted with their manners from his boyhood, that their own beautiful language was his mother tongue, that he both understood and was partial to their literature, while even his rapacity had displayed his esteem for their arts. He felt that his almost unparalleled success had given a fresh stimulus to those who, hostile to Austrian domination, were desirous to settle their own form of government on Republican principles, he was also conscious that this party was hourly increasing, chiefly in the large towns; therefore, although he did not sympathize so decidedly as heretofore with those whose aspirations were directed to that democratic organization which he had at one time himself been so zealous to bring about in the north of Italy, yet he felt that, as Alvinzi was rapidly preparing for another invasion of the Lombard provinces, with an army greatly superior to that which he could by any means extort from the government at Paris, while the southern extremity of the Italian peninsula was also assuming a threatening aspect, ready to afford the field-marshal assistance in case of his being able to make any successful advance, that both necessity as well as prudence compelled him to seek to strengthen his own resources by gratifying his Italian friends in an object upon which they seemed to place so much value. Two new Republics, the Cisalpine, or that lying south of the Alps, and the Transpadane, or that lying beyond the stream of the Po, were immediately brought into existence: these newly-erected governments might rather be considered as hand-maids, than as sisters, to the great French Republic: be this as it may, the people appeared highly delighted to have thus ridded themselves of the Imperial yoke, the recently formed commonwealths were eager, by uniting in the most friendly relation with him, to repay Napoleon for the benefit which they conceived he had conferred upon them; they, therefore, immediately began to raise troops, by means of which they placed at his disposal a force which he deemed fully adequate to keep the Romish army in check during the expected renewal of Alvinzi's hostile movements.

It is but fair to state, that personal intercourse with the ministers of foreign powers, together with his habits of command, as well as his communion with the priests, had caused a great revulsion in his political sentiments, so much so, that he was now become any thing but a Jacobin; daily events convinced him that he had but slender obligations to his government; he began to feel, and to feel strongly, that whatever good was done in Italy, was the result of his own skill, backed by the devotion of his soldiers. It ought not, therefore, to excite surprise, that the contemptible opinion Napoleon had began to entertain for the ruling power in France should be daily on the increase: its measures appeared to him by no means to savour of wisdom: in his eyes its actions seemed to be governed by a little-minded suspicion, closely bordering upon jealousy, that induced it to thwart in his person the interests of the country it was morally, as well as politically, bound to conserve: that, acting upon this unworthy principle, it had been sedulous to keep the army he commanded always in a state of inferiority to that against which he was opposed; seeing this, when he combined circumstances, he could not help arriving at the conclusion, that in despite of its studied neglect, even, perhaps, against its wishes, he had conquered kingdoms for France: it was the natural consequence of such reflections, that, in proportion as he contemned the Directory, his respect for himself should be augmented.

The reverses hitherto experienced by the Imperial generals, however humiliating, far from damping the spirit of the Austrian government, would appear, on the contrary, to have clothed it with fresh energies: the determination to resist seemed to rise in proportion to the defeat sustained. It was, therefore, resolved by the Austrian Cabinet to make further levies of troops, to amply recruit Alvinzi's army; thus, by placing an imposing force under his command, to enable the field-marshal once more to take the field, with a fair chance of successfully competing with the military genius of

Napoleon Buonaparte. This resolution was materially strengthened by the enthusiasm of the Austrian nobility, who were under the greatest apprehension of a visit, from the conqueror of Italy, at the gates of Vienna: such, indeed, was their dread of the victorious Corsican, that they every where raised volunteer corps, which were marched upon the frontier. Alvinzi, whose previous measures were advancing, with great speed began to raise recruits in the Tyrolese; a circumstance that led to a war of angry defiance, couched in no measured terms, between Napoleon and himself, but which threatening as it was portending consequences of the most diabolical description, fortunately, for the interests of humanity, as well as for the honour of both generals, terminated without producing the bitter fruit which might have been expected from the nature of the blossom put forth. It had been understood that the Tyrol should be considered as neutral ground. The hardy peasantry, however, who people that mountainous district, always remarkable for their attachment to the house of Austria, equally indisposed towards the French, nothing disheartened by the former ill success of Alvinzi, no sooner received his summons, than they crowded to his standard with a zeal that rendered their accession truly valuable. Buonaparte, in consequence, issued a proclamation, in which he made known that "every Tyrolese caught in arms should be shot as a brigand."—Alvinzi, on his part, declared he would make reprisals, that "for every murdered peasant, he would hang a French prisoner of war." To this, Napoleon, with an almost unpardonable want of temper, rejoined, that "the first execution of this threat should be instantly followed by the gibbeting of the field-marshal's own nephew, who was then a prisoner in his hands." These ferocious menaces, so sickening to the heart, so unworthy of men calling themselves enlightened, so utterly at variance with every good feeling, were, however, never acted upon; a more liberal policy was adopted: whether this resulted from a sense of shame for such wretched propensities, or any other cause, matters but little: it is pleasant to believe that reflection might have convinced them of the turpitude attending such conduct: surely, the miseries of war, carried on according to the present established rules, are sufficiently afflicting, without seeking to aggravate their severity by the introduction of disgraceful means, for the sole purpose of gratifying the unruly passions of intemperate individuals.

Merely looking at results, it would almost warrant the deduction that the Aulic Council of Vienna amused itself with furnishing opportunities for the display of Buonaparte's military skill; that one of its chief occupations was that of raising immense armies, for the pastime of seeing with what dexterity the towering genius of the "invincible" Napoleon, by the exercise of uncommon tactics, enabled him to shatter them into fragments: four acts, each concluding with the destruction of an almost overwhelming body of men, by no means deficient in courage, certainly not wanting in military discipline, under the guidance of experienced officers, commanded by generals of great warlike reputation, had been performed on the great theatre of Italy: the fifth was now in progress with, as will appear, no more favourable termination: the Imperial cabinet, however, was not to be intimidated by misfortune: its resolution was not to be shaken by events, be those of what complexion they might: fresh troops were, therefore, diligently forwarded to reinforce Alvinzi, which gave him most decided superiority, in point of numbers, over Buonaparte; the disparity indeed was enormous in favour of the Imperialist: the field-marshal again found himself at the head of sixty thousand well-appointed men, comprising an ample proportion of cavalry, with a fine park of artillery, with which he began to move from his winter quarters 13th January, 1797, having previously sent a peasant, if possible, to find his way into Mantua, with notice to Wurmser that he was again ready to attempt his relief, desiring the veteran to make whatever diversion he could to assist the progress of the approaching army, advising that, in case of the worst, he should fight his way out of the beleagured city, and retreat upon the Romagna, there to put himself at the head of the army of the Vatican, conjointly with his own. The spy was intercepted, then carried before Buonaparte: the man, terrified by threats, confessed that he had swallowed the ball of wax which contained the despatch; immediate measures were adopted for emptying his stomach; the wished-for contents were produced, and Napoleon, thus furnished with the design of Alvinzi, leaving General Serrurier to continue the blockade of Mantua, he prepared to meet the enemy, and hastened to resume, in his own person, the central position of Verona, from which he could at his ease watch the motions of the field-marshal, holding himself always ready, as circumstances might warrant, to march upon whatever line the Austrian general might select, by which to advance into Lombardy.

The former lessons, which had cost the Imperialist so dear, seemed to have been entirely profitless; in fact, to have been thrown away upon soil rendered barren by infatuation: instead of keeping his troops together in a compact body, he divided his army, which descended from the Tyrolese mountains by two distinct lines of march: the field-marshal himself, with one column, taking that of the upper Adige, while General Provera headed the other, with orders to follow the stream of the Brenta, from whence, striking across the lower Adige, he was to join Alvinzi before the walls of Mantua, with a view to deliver the veteran Wurmser from his cage: the plan was excellent in theory; its practice, however, was of rather difficult execution, especially as it was exposed to interruption from the observation of the ever-watchful Napoleon. There could hardly remain a doubt, had the scheme been carried into effect, but the Republicans must have retreated before so vast an enemy as would then have faced them by the addition of the garrison shut up with Wurmser: these pleasing dreams of victory were, however, quickly dispersed by the evolutions of the French commander-in-chief, who had no intention whatever to suffer the arrangement to be matured.

Buonaparte deemed it not inprobable that Alvinzi might open the campaign by an attempt to force the important post of Rivoli, a small town, seated on the stream of the upper Adige, twelve miles north-west of Verona; he had, therefore, ordered General Joubert to defend that position in case his conjecture should be verified: Augereau with his division was to keep an eye upon the movement of General Provera, also to cover the siege of Mantua, and if possible, prevent that officer from passing the river Adige, penetrating to that city, and relieving Wurmser: Napoleon himself waited quietly at Verona until he could learn with some degree of certainty, by which of these generals the first assault was to be made on the Republican army. A division under General Massena was posted at St. Michael, upon the advanced guard of which an attack was made on the 12th January, 1797; the conflict was bravely supported on both sides; at the commencement the Imperialist appeared to have the advantage, but after the contest had raged with unabated fury for a couple of hours, the accustomed impetuosity of Massena turned the tide of success, the Austrians were completely beaten, with the loss of six hundred men and three pieces of cannon. The French post at Montebaldo, defended by a division of light infantry, was also simultaneously attacked by the Imperialists, who, in the first instance, carried some redoubts; these, however, were speedily retaken by the Republican carabineers, who threw the enemy into disorder, taking from him three hundred prisoners,—these affairs, however, were merely precursory to the meditated grand assault; but where this was to take place remained a matter of uncertainty to Napoleon Buonaparte.

The enemy made demonstrations before Verona, on the road to Vicenza, on the left in the mountainous district of Rivoli, on the right at Legnano; but as the Republicans were decidedly too weak in numbers to make head against all these evolutions at one and the same moment, it became of paramount importance to unmask, if possible, the real design of the Imperial commander; to ascertain at which of these points it was the intention of the Austrian field-marshal to make his grand attack: this was the great problem to be solved, but then as so much depended upon the solution, whether that should prove correct or otherwise, it was a subject not to be lightly pondered: this, consequently, completely engrossed, for the moment, the attention of Napoleon, who, for the purpose of judging aright, sent out spies, gathered reports from his officers, at the same time sedulously consulted his maps: after a laborious investigation, combining with it all the intelligence he could gain, in like manner as did Archimedes at Syracuse, Buonaparte suddenly exclaimed in a transport of exultation, "It is clear! it is clear! To Rivoli! to Rivoli!" At this juncture, the evening of the 13th January, 1797, Napoleon received information that Joubert had been the whole of the day in conflict with the enemy, during which he had with great difficulty maintained his ground; that, as the Austrian greatly outnumbered him, it would be impossible for him to hold out any longer, consequently, that he intended to take advantage of the night to retreat upon Peschiera: this was sufficient, Napoleon no longer hesitated: his resolution was taken: without delay he proceeeded to the heights of Rivoli, which now appeared to be the proper scene of action, in which he himself ought to take part. After one of those almost incredible forced marches which were now so commonly performed by his troops, he reached the destined spot about two o'clock in the morning: it was clear moonlight, so that any thing could be distinctly seen: with his usual discretion, Napoleon took a bird's-eye view of the enemy, posted in the valley below: he distinguished five separate encampments, with innumerable watch-fires: as he surveyed the disposition of these encampments, Alvinzi's secret instantly flashed upon his mind, it was quite evident to the "little corporal's" quick-sighted penetration, that the field-marshal's artillery had not yet arrived, as otherwise he would not have occupied ground so distant from the object of attack: he therefore would not allow Joubert to abandon his position, which he was on the point of doing when Buonaparte opportunely made his appearance; but bringing up some battalions, he forced the croats to relinquish an eminence on which they had siezed, upon the first symptoms of retreat on the part of the Republicans: from what he saw, Napoleon concluded that Alvinzi did not contemplate to make his grand assault very early in the morning; it was, therefore, the Corsican's determination to be beforehand with him in that movement. For this purpose, he cautiously concealed his own arrival, also by a series of petty manœuvres, contrived to keep up the Austrian's opinion that he had to do with nothing beyond a mere outpost of the French army: the field-marshal fell into the deceit; the consequence was, that instead of advancing upon some great well-arranged system, he weakened his means, by allowing several of his columns to attempt to force the heights by insulated movements, which the concealed strength of Buonaparte was enabled to render abortive with the utmost ease. Shortly after day-break, Joubert, who it will be seen, had during the night received reinforcements unknown to Alvinzi, commenced an attack upon the Austrian lines, in which he regained early in the morning the heights of San Marco: this check, so unlooked-for by the Imperial commander, entirely disconcerted his plan, anticipating by some hours the assault he had himself contemplated to make on the French intrenchments: this, however, brought on a general engagement between the two armies, now unexpectedly in close neighbourhood with each other: the battle proved not only long, but obstinate, yet of a most decisive character. Notwithstanding this the determined bravery of the Imperialists had at one time very nearly overthrown the Republicans, at a point of pre-eminent importance; but Napoleon, ever on the alert, never off the watch, perceiving the critical situation of Massena, who having marched all night, had suffered his division to lay down to rest its weariness, galloped up to the spot; then, addressing the soldiers, he roused them to the sense of their danger, after which the gallant general, with that impetuosity which was the marking feature of all his actions, swept every thing before him: for this Massena was subsequently created Duke of Rivoli. It was as Buonaparte had shrewdly guessed, the Austrian artillery had not yet reached the camp, while that of the French was already in position: this circumstance decided not only the fortune of the day, but was an additional proof of the great capacity, as well as the superior discernment of the Corsican commander-in-chief. The successive charges of horse, under the vehement Murat, together with those of the infantry, supported as they were by an incessant cannonade from the heights, rendered every attempt of the Austrian to storm the summit unavailing. So vigorous had been the onset on the part of the French, that the main body of the Imperialists was already thrown into confusion, nay, absolutely in flight, before one of the field marshal's divisions, under General Lusignan, which had been sent round with a view to out-flank Buonaparte, as also to take higher ground in his rear, was able to execute its commission; when, therefore, that officer had achieved his object, so far from affording assistance to the troops from whom he had been despatched, who were by this time put completely to the rout, he had done nothing more than swell the prey of the victorious Buonaparte. Instead of cutting off the retreat of General Joubert, as was intended by the manœuvre, Lusignan himself was compelled to lay down his arms, as a prisoner of war, to Napoleon, who, speaking of the circumstance, observed in his dry caustic manner, "Here, indeed, was an excellent plan, but these Austrians are not apt to calculate the value of minutes; had General Lusignan gained our rear an hour earlier, while the contest was still hot upon the heights, he might have made the 14th January, 1797, one of the darkest, instead of one of the brightest days in the military chronicles of the army of Italy."

So thoroughly confounded were the German troops, so completely dismayed by the signal defeat they had sustained under Alvinzi, that, panic-struck in the course of their flight, five hundred of them absolutely surrendered as prisoners of war, to a party not consisting of more than fifty Republicans: this example, it will be seen, was some time after followed upon a larger scale.

Thus ended the great Battle of Rivoli, which, although an unpropitious opening of the scene for the Austrian cause, seeing it presented no favourable omens for the future prospects of the discomfited field-marshal, nevertheless added fresh leaves of permanent as well as of superior verdure to the unfading laurels already so ably won by the enterprising Napoleon.

Whilst the engagement at Rivoli was yet in contest, General Provera, with his division ten thousand strong, in spite of General Guieux, who was placed to watch the motions of the Imperialists in that direction, had contrived to force his way to the lake of Garda, also to pass the stream of the Adige, by which motion he was already in communication, by means of boats, with the garrison of Mantua; Augereau's force having also proved inadeqnate to prevent the advance of the Austrian general, although he subsequently cut off his rear-guard, making two thousand prisoners, as well as capturing sixteen pieces of cannon: news of this event reached Buonaparte, during the heat of the battle at Rivoli, which had no sooner terminated than, notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, during which the "little corporal" had three horses shot under him, leaving Joubert to attack the Imperialists, who yet held Corona, with his usual promptitude, he commenced one of his forced marches, for the purpose of carrying reinforcements to the troops on the lower Adige, with a view to prevent Wurmser from either giving shelter to Provera, or joining him in the open field, as in the latter case the old field-marshal would not only have escaped with his still formidable garrison, but also have been enabled to retire, either to the Tyrol or the Romagna, whichever, at the moment, might hold forth the most advantage. After marching all the night of the 14th as well the next day, incredible as it may appear, Buonaparte reached the vicinity of Mantua late on the 15th January, 1797. In his despatches to the Directory, speaking of this march, he says:—"The Roman legions are reported to have marched twenty-four miles in a day, but our brigades, though fighting at intervals, marched thirty." He found the enemy strongly posted, while the situation of General Serrurier, who commanded the blockade, had become extremely critical: the Imperialist had attempted a ruse which, had it succeeded, would have materially altered the complexion of affairs: the stratagem, however, had been foiled by the sagacity of an old Republican soldier: Provera, having obtained the watchword, had caused a regiment of hussars to be clothed in white clothes, thus to resemble in costume a well-known French corps; the hussars, thus equipped, had presented themselves a few hours previous to Napoleon's arrival, at the gates of one of the pathways leading to Mantua, held by the French: these would most unquestionably have readily gained admittance, being considered friends, had not an old serjeant, who happened to be present, fancied that the cloaks looked much too new to have been worn throughout three Buonapartean campaigns, during which time the regiment wished to be represented had been with the army of Italy: this danger, although it had been avoided, clearly pointed out that the utmost vigilance was requisite to prevent a recurrence of similar attempts, to guard against which, Napoleon himself passed the night in walking round the outposts.

General Provera attacked the post of St. George, one of the suburbs of Mantua, but without success; he then directed his force, at daybreak, on the 16th January, 1797, upon another causeway, in which he was seconded by the veteran Wurmser, who made a sortie by the same channel, and seized the citadel of La Favorita; a desperate assault, however, headed by Buonaparte in person, obliged the old man once more to retreat within the walls of the fortress, before he could effect a junction with Provera: a general battle, that of La Favorita, although recorded by the French as that of St. George, was the result; Serrurier advanced to hem in Provera, between the two posts, by which he was effectually cut off from all communication with Alvinzi, and found himself unable to receive any succour, while he was, at the same time, surrounded with the Republican troops: in this perilous, hopeless situation, disorder and confusion pervading his ranks, the enemy solicited a capitulation; on the 16th January, 1797, seven thousand infantry, together with seven hundred cavalry, which included the Vienna volunteers, laid down their arms, before the victorious commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, who at the same time, gained possession of twenty-two pieces of ordnance. This was not all; various sections of the discomfited Imperialists' force, which lay scattered over the country, lying between the streams of the Adige, and the Brenta, followed the example: such was the prevailing terror among the German legions, who had been so completely beaten, as well as out-generaled, that a column of six thousand men, wandering about under General René, surrendered at discretion to a French officer, who had with him scarcely five hundred soldiers. Thus, in the brief space of eight days, the numerous army, under Field-marshal Alvinzi, was completely overthrown, nothing of its former strength remaining but some fugitive battalions, whose celerity had enabled them to escape capture: the Republicans, under the command of "the little bit of an officer," within the narrow compass of four days, had successfully fought two regular battles, those of Rivoli and La Favorita, as well as having been engaged in six actions of a less imposing description. The acquisition to the French general was twenty-five thousand prisoners, including two Austrian generals of rank, a lieutenant-general, together with fifteen colonels: the spoil consisted of twenty stand of colours, sixty pieces of cannon, with an immense train of waggons, as well as the whole of the baggage belonging to General Provera's column: the loss of the Imperialists, in killed and wounded, exceeded six thousand men, including many officers.

The blockade of Mantua was now more closely pressed: at length the brave old Wurmser, whose garrison had devoured every domestic animal within the walls, as well as five thousand horses, besides having his hospitals filled with the sick and wounded, felt himself under the humiliating necessity to open negociations for a capitulation: conferences to this effect were consequently commenced between Klenau, the bearer of the aged warrior's overtures, and General Serrurier, as commander of the blockade: as usual upon these occasions, it was intimated to the French general, that unless honourable terms were granted, the garrison had still means to hold out considerably longer: Napoleon, wrapped in his cloak, was at the time unknown to the Austrian officer, seated in a corner of the tent. He came forward, then wrote down the conditions which he was willing to grant: "These," said he, "are the terms to which your general's bravery entitles him; he may have them to-day; a week, a month hence, he shall have no worse; meantime, acquaint your commander that General Buonaparte is about to set out for Rome." The envoy now recognised the Corsican, read the paper, the stipulations of which he found were more liberal than he had dared to expect. The capitulation was consequently signed forthwith;

that done, the courageous field-marshal, now seventy years of age, after gallantly enduring a siege for eight months, marched out of the key of Italy, 2nd February, 1797, with all the honours of war; the garrison, after piling their arms on the glacis, surrendering themselves as prisoners.

The lofty mind of Napoleon prompted him to act on this occasion with a noble generosity, that must ever shed a lustre over his character, that cannot fail, with persons of liberal opinions, to prove a set-off against many of his faults, numerous as they were. With a delicacy of feeling worthy a great conqueror, he managed not to be present when the veteran was about to deliver up his sword, leaving that ceremony, so humiliating to a soldier, to take place with General Serrurier. In this he displayed not only good taste, but also a scrupulous forbearance highly honourable;—an abstinence generally found to accompany the truly brave: unwilling to further wound the sensibility of a fallen adversary, he kept aloof from being an eye-witness to the mortification of an old man who had fought against him gallantly in the field, who, by so doing, had only performed his duty to his country, but who, at the same time, must feel himself sufficiently humbled, to think he had been so often outwitted by a youth;—to find his prowess compelled to yield to the superior tactics of a young officer not half his own age. As an additional proof of the estimation in which Buonaparte held the masculine firmness of the brave old warrior, he complimented him with the privilege to select five hundred persons whom he might think fit to take with him, together with the whole of his staff, also to allow him a hundred cavalry, together with six pieces of cannon, on the understanding that those constituting his train should not carry arms against France during the succeeding three months. Among the prisoners, he heard one of them called Monteculi, upon which he inquired of the officer, to whom it belonged, whether he was a descendant of the great general of that name? the reply was in the affirmative: Napoleon immediately liberated him, observing—"You have shown yourself worthy of so distinguished an ancestor."—The Directory was by no means pleased with this leniency towards General Wurmser, they suggested a conduct much more harsh: but authority over Buonaparte now only remained to the French government in shadow, the substance had long passed away: he treated its intimation with scorn. In his despatch, he says—"I have granted the Austrian such terms as, in my judgment, were at once due to the dignity of the French Republic, as well as to a brave and honourable enemy."

Mantua, at the time of the capitulation, was immensely rich in military stores, although sadly deficient in provisions; five hundred pieces of brass cannon, eighty-one field-pieces, sixteen howitzers, upwards of thirty thousand muskets, large quantities of gunpowder, grape-shot, balls, cartridges, baggage-waggons, together with numerous stands of colours, fell into the hands of the Republicans. General Augereau was despatched to Paris to present to the Directory the last-mentioned trophies, with others taken during the campaign, in all amounting to sixty. The complete rout of field-marshal Alvinzi, followed up as it was by the surrender of Generals Provera and Wurmser, left Lombardy entirely at the disposal of Napoleon Buonaparte, who was now at liberty to make the pope smart for his hostile demonstrations, so unworthily made in defiance of good faith, yet so consonant with the conduct of a priest.

When the news of the utter destruction of the army under Field-marshal Alvinzi, as well as the surrender of Mantua, reached the ministers of the

Holy Father, it filled the palace with dismay: the lofty pretensions, the bold defiance of the sovereign pontiff, were suddenly as well as miserably abated: the military talent of the conquering Corsican, who was now in full march southward, was but too well understood by the Roman government, to hold forth any hope of battling against it successfully. The Pope was conscious of the treacherous game he had been playing; at the same time, with the true spirit of a churchman, he regretted it only because it could no longer be continued with safety to himself: he was equally convinced that Buonaparte, conqueror as he was, had neither been wanting to warn him of the indiscretion of his politics, nor in offers of friendly arrangements: indeed, he had addressed several conciliatory letters to Cardinal Mattei, in one of which he observed,—

"The influence of foreigners at Rome will be its ruin. The words of peace which I charged you to carry to his Holiness, were stifled by men to whom the glory of Rome is as nothing. You are a witness how much I desired to avoid the horrors of war; but the letters which I sent you, and of which I have the originals, will convince you of the perfidy, blindness, and obstinacy of the court of Rome. Whatever may happen, I entreat you to assure his Holiness that he may remain at Rome without any inquietude: as the first minister of religion, he shall find protection for himself and the church. My great care shall be to introduce no change in the religion which is established."

With this staring him in the face, like all backsliders, he began to tremble for the consequences which might very probably attend his own turpitude. He had, however, to do with an enemy quite as subtle as himself, but without his pusillanimity—one who knew full well how to clothe even the most stringent conditions with the garb of a properly-digested moderation—to cover with the gloss of sincerity the rugged features of determined dissimulation: in short, with one who could play the hypocrite when it suited his purpose, with quite as much, if not with more effect, than himself. Napoleon, notwithstanding, was resolved at any rate to emasculate the Roman power; but at the same time, although he had made up his mind to thoroughly clip the wings, it was not his intention to entirely destroy the bird.

When, subsequently, General Victor, at the head of four thousand French, joined with as many Lombards, 1 February, 1797, reached Imola, an ecclesiastical town, seated on the stream of the Santerno, in the delegation of Ravenna, although it is nearly one hundred and fifty miles distant from Rome, in a northerly direction, notwithstanding that a papal force of about an equal number lay encamped before the place, the consternation at the Vatican is hardly to be conceived: it would appear that the very name of Buonaparte was sufficient to shake the nerves of the infallible head of the church, whenever he heard of his approximation. The troops of the holy empire, having the river in their front, with its banks well lined with heavy artillery, from which a smart connonade was commenced, having also broken down all the bridges, made at least an effort to protect the ecclesiastical dominions: the resistance, however, was but brief, notwithstanding that monks holding crucifixes were seen running through the ranks exhorting the soldiers to fight bravely for their country and for their faith; while, the more to stimulate their exertions against the impious Republicans, they had an image of the Virgin Mary, which they exhibited to the people, as if in the act of crying: the trick was performed by machinery: the suppositious tears were a string of glass beads, flowing by clock-work within a shrine, from which the worshippers were kept, by the cunning ecclesiastics, at a respectful distance. These deceptions are now common ornaments upon the mantel-pieces in Paris and elsewhere.

The French general, without loss of time, proceeded a league or two higher up, threw his horse across the stream, then charged with his infantry: the Roman legions, having been recently raised from the peasantry, were quickly thrown into confusion, when, casting from them their accoutrements, they fled in all directions to seek their native villages: the consequence of this action was the acquisition by the French of fourteen pieces of cannon: Victor then marched upon Faenza, a city in the Romagna, washed by the stream of the Amona, some four miles nearer to the residence of the sacred pontiff: this town, from which its bishop, as well as the most opulent of the inhabitants, had already sought safety in flight, shut its gates and sounded the tocsin of alarm; it was, however, quickly carried at the point of the bayonet: Colli, the generalissimo of the papal troops, together with three thousand men, laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners of war.

No prospect of being able to arrest the course of Republican conquest now presented itself to the panic-struck Romans; on the contrary, against so puerile an enemy, it was little likely but that French valour should easily prevail. In point of fact, however, victory over so feeble an opponent could hardly be said to confer any honour upon the victor, but in proportion as it was used with mildness; it was not, therefore, with any view to increase his martial fame, already sufficiently diffused, that Buonaparte sought to subdue the states of the church; it was rather in the manner of a pedagogue, who seeks by chastisement to bring his refractory pupil to a proper sense of his faulty conduct: his object, therefore, was not for glory, but to bring to sober reason a crafty, besotted old man, who, puffed up by the froth of adulation, vainly fancied himself to be what he most certainly was not; to convince him of his actual imbecility; to show him the folly of attempting to wrestle with a great and powerful nation, having only such slender means as it was his fortune to possess,—to make him understand that, although the principles of integrity have never been able to find their way into the holy conclave, the members of which are never expected to give them the least currency, they have not as yet been entirely banished from the rest of the human species: anathemas and bulls, however loudly fulminated, are no longer among the catalogue of warlike stores; albeit, in by-gone days, they have been found to be munitions of the most destructive kind.

The marshes of Ancona was the next portion of the popedom that fell under the control of the Republican troops; in consequence of which, the strong city of that name, opening on the Adriatic Sea, was again garrisoned by French troops, where one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the conqueror: from thence, on the 10th February, 1797, the Republicans marched into and rifled that celebrated cradle of superstition, Loretto, seated on a mountain, in 13° 36′ east longitude, 43° 27′ north latitude, distant three miles from the Gulf of Venice, twelve miles south-east of Ancona, and one hundred and fifteen miles north-east of the metropolis of the holy see.

If the digression may be excused, it will perhaps be found that no scene is better calculated to throw into broad daylight the fraudulence of the priesthood, as well as the gullibility of the people, than the clerical artifices practised in this very town of Loretto. It is hardly credible that such barefaced charlatanry should ever have succeeded in propitiating votaries: yet, strange as it may appear, such is the fact: at the same time, it must not be imagined that Napoleon Buonaparte, when he relaxed the severity of his manner towards the ecclesiastical body, meant thereby to lend his countenance to such deceptious conduct: he merely refrained from persecuting a class, which he found by experience had taken such deep root in society, that it was able to place almost insurmountable obstacles in his way, without, at the same time, benefitting the community. In the cathedral stands the *Casa Sancta*, or holy house, in which the priests would have it believed that the Virgin Mary dwelt at Nazareth. This old domicile, which is cased on the exterior with marble, is by admeasurement thirty one feet in length, fifteen feet in breadth, and eighteen feet in height; to account for its present location, they insist that it was removed by angels, first from Galilee into Dalmatia, from thence to Loretto! In this house stands the famous lady who represents the Holy Virgin, holding the infant Jesus in her arms; she is richly habited in cloth of gold, adorned with a profusion of jewels, almost secluded from sight by the numerous lamps, composed of the precious metals, by which her face is surrounded. The child, who holds a globe in his hand, is covered with a shirt, and is also ornamented with an abundance of sparkling jewellery: this accumulation of wealth is the result of presents which it was expected every one who made a pilgrimage to the shrine would leave. The cupidity of the clergy has, notwithstanding the veneration in which they pretend to hold this fantastic display, from time to time appropriated the most valuable of the precious stones to their own use, substituting for them factitious resemblances. Previous to the entrance of the French troops, however, the most costly of the remaining articles had been removed, by order of the Pope, for safety to Rome: after which, Napoleon's soldiers plundered whatever clerical rapacity had left worth carrying away. A pilgrimage to Loretto was preached up by the clergy as an act of devotion, incumbent upon all true Christians who could afford it: to make an offering at the altar of the virgin was also held forth as an indispensable duty: the pilgrims were extremely numerous for ages, the oblations of immense value: the riches thereby accumulated enormous.

The *cagro catina*, or holy dish, is affirmed to be one perfect emerald, as well as the plate upon which Jesus Christ ate his last supper with his disciples: such was the pious moderation of the priest under whose care it was placed, that the penalty upon simply touching this holy relique, even with a diamond, was a thousand golden ducats. Upon an examination of this precious article, by the Institute at Paris, to the disgrace of priestly veracity, it was found to be only a piece of green glass: upon the restoration of the King of Sardinia to his dominions, he insisted that this dish should be restored to the shrine at St. Lorenzo, affirming it to be, with kingly wisdom, the very emerald dish that the Queen of Sheba offered to King Solomon, and that is was afterwards reserved for the higher destiny, that of being used by the founder of Christianity.

The celebrated Madona, together with all the other far-famed reliques with which the priesthood had so long deceived the credulity of orthodex Christians, including a rag of old camelet, woven with wools of different colours, declared to have been the robe of the Virgin Mary, in order that no doubt might be entertained of their identity, were carefully packed up under the inspection of Monge of the French Institute, at Paris, Moscati, a physician of Milan, also a fellow of the Council of Forty, both members of the commission of arts; at the same time a written document was made, enumerating specifically every article, which was signed and sealed by them, as also by Buonaparte himself, as well as the Archdeacon of Loretto, and conveyed to Paris by a citizen named Villetard.

Napoleon now moved westward, with the intention of forming a junction with another column of French troops, which he had ordered to advance into the papal dominions, by the district of Perugia, the capital of which, bearing the same nomenclature, is a bishop's see, eighty-five miles north of Rome, in 12° 20′ east longitude, 43° 6′ north latitude, seated on a hill, near the river Tiber, which empties itself into the Mediterranean, between Ostia and Porto. During this state of things, his holiness secretly conveyed his treasure to Naples, issued bombastic manifestoes, and amused the populace with pompous processions. At length, reduced to absolute despair, he despatched plenipotentiaries to make his submission to Napoleon; who, contrary to his expectations, not only received them with great civility, but also with professions of the profoundest personal respect for the aged pontiff. In this again he acted in direct opposition to the Directory, who sent out instructions to entirely crush an enemy whose weakness was so apparent, but whose avidity for mischief, added to his propensity for intrigue, were so annoying to the Republic—to blot his name out from among the sovereigns of the world. Buonaparte, however, acted with a sounder discretion, by leaving the patriarch a nominal sovereignty. A truly great mind, although it may be disposed to castigate treachery, ceases to execute its vengeance when the object is so completely within its power, as to be incapable of further resistance.

Well aware that any formal dethronement of the holy father, while it would add tenfold strength to the pope's party, wherever the Romish religion was in existence, would, in the same proportion, weaken the influence of the French: that it would infallibly generate a new spirit of hostility against the Republicans, which would be beneficial to the King of Naples; who was, notwithstanding the appearance of his friendly intercourse, always ready, at a fitting opportunity, to declare war, and march his large army upon any serious outbreak which might happen in the north of Italy: taking all this into his serious consideration, Napoleon came to the determination of governing himself by the impulse of his own observation: considering also that the aversion of the populace, against those whom they were taught to look upon as heretics, was already sufficiently strong, while he was, by circumstances which came to his own knowledge, confirmed in his opinion that the Austrian would make further efforts to recover the Lombard provinces; he therefore came to the conclusion that his best policy was to suffer the court of the Vatican to prolong, for some time longer, at least, the shadow of that sovereign power which, although it was now very much reduced, had, in former ages, trampled with impunity equally upon kings and upon emperors: by this decision he felt assured that he best consulted the fruition of his future designs, while the leniency he had adopted, however displeasing to his government at home, would create it friends, where otherwise it would find implacable enemies; that too, perhaps, at a time when even the forbearance of an insignificant foe might greatly contribute to the consolidation of his victories upon easy terms. The result of this was the conclusion of the treaty of Tolentino, 12th February, 1797, so called from its being arranged in a town of that name, in the marshes of Ancona, situated on the stream of the Chienti, beyond which he had resolved not to proceed further towards the Roman capital, the stipulations of which were:—

A complete renunciation of all his present alliances with the enemies of the French Republic: a formal cession of those ancient territories of Avignon and the Venaissin, as well as the legations of Ferrara, Bologna, and the Romagna, together with the citadel and port of Ancona.

To shut his ports against all the powers at war with the French Republic.

To pay thirty millions of francs, about a million and a quarter sterling—twenty of them to be in specie, the remainder in diamonds and other valuables.

To furnish eight hundred cavalry horses, completely equipped; also, eight hundred draught horses, with their furniture.

To give up the Apollo Belvidere, with other statues and manuscripts.

To execute to the utmost the provisions of the treaty of Bologna, as far as it respects works of art.

Thus Buonaparte, pursuing his lately adopted policy towards the priests, after stripping Pius of almost every thing he possessed, allowed his name to remain among the European potentates, himself a mere phantom among sovereigns, governing a few shreds of that patrimony of St. Peter handed down to him by his predecessors who wore the tiara, seated in the papal chair.

In addition to this leniency towards the head of the church, Napoleon, carrying out his own principle, extended his protection to the expatriated French clergy who were resident in Italy, notwithstanding they were particular objects of persecution with the French Directory. When the Republican troops became masters of Bologna, a lady, resident in that city, fearing for her own safety, if she longer harboured a French priest, whom she had for several years maintained, dismissed him from her house: the poor man, who found himself, in consequence, friendless, solicited and obtained an audience of Buonaparte, whom he addressed with a submissive air,—"General," said he, "I am here to ask a favour of you."—"What is it?" inquired Napoleon.—"That, as I know my fate is sealed, you will suffer me to be shot outside your camp." Surprised at such an entreaty, he looked courteously at the supplicant, desiring to know wherefore he should make so singular a request? the answer was, "I am a poor, forlorn, and wretched priest, who had no other dwelling but in the house of a kind benefactress, who has taken up the opinion that, after the arrival of your army, it would be no longer compatible with her own security if she were to retain me: as, therefore, I have now nothing left, but patiently to endure my lot, I am content to die."—"Go back to the lady," said Buonaparte; "then tell her, from me, that you shall from henceforth be her security; also inform those of your cloth that I shall give strict orders to hold them harmless wherever they may be found."—He not only kept his word, but he also assigned them means of existence in the monasteries, situated in any of the countries conquered by himself, issuing a proclamation to that effect.

It would seem an almost indisputable fact, that the natural bent of Napoleon Buonaparte, whatever may have occurred during his eventful life, was decidedly towards a free government, based upon the true representative principle, confirmation of which will be found in his conduct during his contest with the Pope. Some hundred and thirty odd miles north of the city of Rome, in 12° 33′ east longitude, 42° 54′ north latitude, stands a strong town, built upon a mountain, called San Marino, the capital of a small republic bearing the same name, the territories of which comprise little more than a few barren rocks: in this rude district, during the space of thirteen hundred years, freedom has flourished in all its primitive simplicity. Buonaparte, when he entered the Romagna, caught a glimpse in the distance of this abode of liberty, upon which, at that moment, the sun shed some of its brightest rays; its elevation, thus illumined, afforded a beautiful perspective that appeared to make a deep impression upon the Corsican, when he understood, by inquiring, the character of the scene with which he was so much pleased. It is rather a singular circumstance, that although he would not go to Rome to conclude his treaty with the ministers of the Vatican, yet he was extremely anxious to visit the rugged eminence of San Marino: to show his respect for the independent mountaineers, he wrote to its government, both through his general, Berthier, and by his own hand, in which he says,—"Citizen Monge has described to me, citizens, the interesting picture which your little republic presents, and I have given orders that the citizens of San Marino may be exempt from contributions, and respected in whatever part of the French republic they may happen to be. I shall give orders to General Sahuguet, who has his head-quarters at Rimini, to transmit to you four pieces of field-cannon, which I present to you in the name of the Republic. He will likewise place at your disposal a thousand quintals of corn, which will serve for the supply of your people until the harvest.

"I beg you to believe, citizens, that under every circumstance I shall be anxious to give to the people of San Marino proofs of my esteem and distinguished consideration. "Buonaparte."

As a further testimony of his wish to cultivate the good opinion of its citizens, he sent a deputation in the name of the French Republic, headed by the celebrated Monge, one of the National Institute, and attached to the Commission of Arts and Sciences in Italy, with offers of friendship, who presented to them an address, in which he said:—

"Liberty, which in the glorious days of Athens and Thebes transformed the Greeks into a nation of heroes; which, in the ages of the Republic made the Romans perform prodigies; which, during the brief interval of her reign in a few towns in Italy, revived the arts and sciences, and shed a lustre over Florence; was almost entirely banished from Europe—liberty existed only at San Marino, where, citizens, by the wisdom of your government, and particularly of your virtues, you have preserved that inestimable treasure, through numerous revolutions, and have defended the sacred deposit during a long succession of years. The French people, enlightened by an age of knowledge, blushing for their long slavery, have made an effort, and are free: all Europe, blind to its own interests, still more blind to the interests of human nature, has leagued, and taken up arms against France. Her neighbours were concerting together respecting the division of her territory, and on every side her frontiers were already invaded, and her fortresses and ports in the power of the enemy; but what is most lamentable, a valuable portion of her own people was kindling civil war and striking blows, the whole weight of which must fall upon their common country.

"Alone amidst this great storm, without experience, without arms, without chiefs, the French people flew to the frontiers, every where presented an undaunted resistance, and were speedily triumphant.

"The most prudent of the enemies of France withdrew from the coalition, her victories successively obliged others to implore that peace which they obtained. Finally, her enemies are reduced to three in number:—but these are led away by their passions, and will listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred:—a French army annihilated, one after the other, four Austrian armies, in restoring liberty to the fine country of Italy, and, before your eyes, is crowning itself with immortal glory.

"The French republic, beholding with regret this effusion of blood, and content with having set a great example to the universe, proposed a peace, when it might have dictated its own terms.

"Would you believe it, citizens? these propositions have every where been either rejected with pride, or evaded by artifice.

"The army of Italy, therefore, in order to obtain tranquillity, is compelled, in pursuing its enemies, to pass near your territory?"

To this Monge added,—"I come from General Buonaparte, in the name of the French republic, to give assurance of peace and inviolable friendship to the ancient republic of San Marino.

"Citizens, the political constitutions of the nations which surround you may undergo some changes. If any part of your frontiers should be the subject of dispute, or even if any uncontested portion of the neighbouring states should be absolutely necessary to you, I am charged, by the general-in-chief of the French army, to beg that you will inform him thereof. He will feel infinite pleasure in enabling the French republic to give you proofs of its sincere friendship. For my own part, citizens, I rejoice in being employed on a mission which must be agreeable to both republics, and which affords me an opportunity of expressing the veneration with which you inspire all friends of liberty."

This address was received with marked deference to the speaker, and answered in terms of acknowledgment highly creditable to the character of the representatives: with great good sense they respectfully declined the extension of territory offered to them, frankly stating their resolution "to keep within those narrow boundaries, whose limitation had been in part the cause of their protracted freedom;" further observing, "that whatever form this government has borne, its leading features have always been found favourable to virtue and independence."—They accepted with gratitude the corn, but would have nothing to do with the cannon. Addison, speaking of this little community, says,—"Honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, the people of San Marino seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world."

It must ever redound to the honour of Napoleon Buonaparte, that amidst the tumult of war, when his mind must have been fully occupied with arranging and carrying into effect his numerous plans and stratagems, by which he achieved such gigantic victories, he should still find leisure to pay tribute to departed genius: the fact is, that he was not only a great warrior and a man of science, but also of a very refined taste, who, throughout his life, was a great patron to merit of every description; like Augustus, he proved himself an invincible protector of literary fame. Thus, after the fall of Mantua, he sought out the birth-place of that prince of Latin poets, Virgil; which was at a village within two miles of the city called Pietola, the surrounding meadows of which are still known as "the Virgilian Fields." Here, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, during which no memorial marked the spot where the Mantuan bard first caroled in all the buoyancy of youth, Napoleon caused an obelisk to be erected in 1797, as a testimony of the admiration with which he had read the beautiful description given of the liberalities of Augustus Cæsar, bestowed upon a spot rendered so interesting: he also ordered that the Sylvan inhabitants should be amply indemnified for any suffering, or loss, or privation they might have undergone during the siege: such conduct did credit to both his head and heart.

Of all the various forms of government, perhaps none is less congenial with freedom than an oligarchy: aristocratic sway has never been found to further the interests of liberty; on the contrary, it is decidedly opposed to popular representation, combining all the evils of a despotism, without any of its redeeming qualities. The Venetian senate, heretofore so powerful, although still proud and haughty, had long ceased to maintain the rank it once held among the princes of Europe: nevertheless, feeble as it had grown, it had lost none of its relish for arbitrary domination, and was, as Buonaparte well knew, notwithstanding its pretended neutrality, at all times prepared to avail itself of any favourable opportunity to aid the Austrian in what was considered the common cause,—namely, that of driving the French army out of Italy. The inhabitants of the main land, in the Venetian territories, had long been dissatisfied with the tyrannical sway of the nobles, and latterly loudly clamoured for similar institutions to the Cisalpine and and Transpadane republics: so general was the prevalence of this feeling, so strong was the party who espoused it, that insurrections had broken forth at several places, particularly at

Bergamo, an ancient city, the capital of the Bergamasco, famous for sewing silk, situated on a hill, between the stream of the Bremba and the river Serio, having a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, distant thirty miles north-east of Milan; also at

Brescia, an ecclesiastical city, capital of the Bresciano, with a population of fifty thousand, situated on a fertile plain, between the rivers Mela and Navilo, washed by the stream of the Garza, which runs through the town, it is forty miles north-west of Mantua, in the cathedral is shown the standard of Constantine.

Buonaparte, who, circumstanced as he was, had no wish to unnecessarily embroil himself with the Venetian senate, felt but little disposed to aid the people in these revolutionary movements; yet he saw, not without some degree of satisfaction, the opportunity thus offered to shake confidence in this government, by which means its resources would be divided, and rendered less capable of interposing in his schemes; of this, therefore, he was not backward to profit. He was perfectly aware, but by no means surprised, at the circumstance, that the doge had been raising new levies, which placed at his command an army of fifty thousand men, principally composed of mercenary Sclavonians; a fierce, semi-barbarous, but warlike race. Napoleon, in consequene, called upon the senate for the meaning of this demonstration.

The senate, conscious of its own perfidious intentions, caught alarm; the scene had somewhat unexpectedly shifted: the destruction of the Austrian force, under Alvinzi, together with the unfavourable termination of the attempt of the holy see, had disappointed its expectations: its army was consequently useless, at least for the present, seeing that the entire of northern Italy, with the exception of its own territories, was now completely in the grasp of the Republican general, while the south was glad to remain inactive: its own situation had become critical. An ambassador was hastily despatched to deprecate the wrath of Napoleon; to assure him that Venice had no desire but to maintain a strict neutrality; that, therefore, relying on his generosity, as well as on his justice, it indulged the expectation that he would only act towards it as he would towards any other government with whom the French republic was in the habit of holding friendly relations. Buonaparte received the envoy with all that dignity which he well knew how to assume on occasions where he wished to show that, although he suppressed his anger, he had yet good reason for its exercise. After some negotiation, he replied:—"Go back, tell your masters that I grant their prayer. Be neuter; but see that your neutrality be indeed sincere and perfect. If any insurrection occur in my rear, to cut off my communications, in the event of my marching on Germany—if any movement betray the disposition of your senate to aid the enemies of France, be sure that vengeance will follow; from that hour the independence of Venice will have ceased to be."

Every thing was now apparently quiet in the Italian peninsula; all its governments had been subdued: a month had elapsed since the defeat of Field-marshal Alvinzi at Rivoli, who had never since shown himself in Italy. Napoleon Buonaparte, who had lately received a reinforcement of twenty thousand fresh troops, by which he was at the head of a much larger force than had as yet been under his command, with a view to realize the great scheme of Carnot, now seriously contemplated to remove the seat of war: to carry hostilities into the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria,—to make the emperor feel the full weight of his arms; thus, if possible, to humble the pride of the haughty Imperialist, and, by reducing his power, compel him to sue for peace on terms to be dictated by the French republic. Having come to this determination, he issued the following proclamation:—

Buonaparte, Commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, to his soldiers.

Head Quarters, Bassano, 20th Ventose, 5th year of the Republic,
10th March, 1797.

"The surrender of Mantua is the closing scene of a campaign which entitles you to the eternal gratitude of our country.

"You have been victorious in forty pitched battles and seventy engagements—you have taken from the enemy above one hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand pieces of heavy artillery, and an immense quantity of arms, ammunition, &c. &c.

"The contributions on the conquered countries have furnished the support and pay of the army during the whole of the campaigns: you have likewise sent a surplus of thirty millions to the minister of finance, for the augmentation of the public treasury.

"You have enriched the museum of Paris with more than three hundred articles, chef's-d'-œuvres of the artists of ancient and modern Italy for three thousand years.

"You have conquered for the Repnblic the finest countries in Europe. The Cisalpine and Transpadane Republics are indebted to you for their liberty. The French colours fly, for the first time, on the shores of the Adriatic, opposite to, and only twenty-four hours' sail from, Macedonia. The Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Venetian Senate, and the Dukes of Parma and Modena, are detached from the confederacy of our enemies, and have courted our friendship. You have driven the English from Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica. But you have not yet achieved all: an important object must still be accomplished. In your exertions are concentrated the hopes of the country, and it is your duty to show that you are worthy of its confidence.

"Of all the powers who coalesced to crush the Republic at its birth, the emperor alone continues to resist. That prince, degrading the dignity of a mighty power, is become a mercenary in the service of the merchants of London. He possesses no will of his own; and his weight in the political scale is wholly at the devotion of those perfidious islanders who are strangers to the calamities of war, and view with complacency the misfortunes of the continent.

"The executive Directory has spared no pains to restore peace to Europe. The moderation of its propositions was a contrast to the superiority of its armies. It did not consult your courage, but your humanity; and its wish was that you should have an opportunity of returning to your families. All overtures were rejected with disdain. The only chance, therefore, of accelerating that most desirable object, is to march in quest of it to the heart of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria. You will find a brave people exhausted with the war against the Turks, and still more so by the calamities of the present struggle. The inhabitants of Vienna, and of the hereditary estates, are groaning under the superstition and tyranny of their government. No man is so sceptical as not to be convinced that the emperor's ministers are bribed by English gold. You will respect their religion and customs, and protect their property. You will also introduce liberty among the brave people of Hungary.

"The house of Austria, which has for three centuries been in the habit of losing a portion of her power in every war, which excites discontents among her people, by robbing them of their privileges, will find itself reduced, at the end of this sixth campaign, to the necessity of submitting to such a peace—since she compels us to it—as we shall think proper to grant, and must descend from her elevated rank to the situation of a secondary power. This degradation she must ascribe to her submission to the caprice, and her acceptance of the subsidies, of England."

War, with its concomitant robberies, burnings, and butcheries, would seem, generally speaking, to have been the great delight of the crowned heads of Europe; deeply enamoured with despotic rule, they have rarely been backward, either to countenance abuse of power, or to tolerate oppression over those submitted to their sway: while the slightest attempt on the part of the people, either to remedy a grievance, or ameliorate their unhappy condition, has called forth the thunders of their artillery: the bristling of bayonets has usually been the convincing argument used to reconcile atrocity with the delectable precepts of the Christian religion.

Five acts of a tragedy, revolting to humanity, had already been performed under the management of Napoleon Buonaparte and his opponents, on the beautiful picturesque theatre of Italy: in the conduct of this disgusting drama, it must be confessed that the Austrian displayed less of skill than the Corsican: that of the latter, indeed, had been consummate. During this dreadfully opprobrious struggle for pre-eminence, the fertile fields, as well as the peaceful villages of that charming country, had been subjected to devastation and misery of the most horrible description; had been made an arena of havoc, the serious contemplation of which would appal the stoutest heart. Human blood had been shed so copiously that it had tinged the rivers and crimsoned the soil of that classic region; thousands of mangled bodies, frightful to behold, disfiguring the delightful plains of that brilliant portion of Europe, while they afforded a sumptuous banquet to the vulture, at the same time bore ample testimony to the untamable ferocity of human nature when under the guidance of its worst passions: still the Imperial cabinet was not satisfied with the denouement: almost innumerable hecatombs of their fellow creatures, offered up at the shrine of rabid ambition, had not yet satisfied the molochs of the Aulic Council of Vienna: reckless of the wretchedness it occasioned, ruthless of the widows and orphans it had already so abundantly created, merciless to the poor peasantry who, disguised as soldiers, were the destined victims of this insatiable thirst for interference with those who might adopt republican principles, the German Emperor was about to commence a sixth and supplemental act, wherein the same scenes were to be again enacted, but which bid fair to be equally sanguinary with any of the former: it is true, three great actors, each eminent in his line, had already failed in performing the chief character: a fourth, however, was engaged with the prospect of better success, but who, like his predecessors, was ultimately compelled to yield the palm. In fact, weary of opposing the experience of age to the soaring genius of the youthful Corsican, the autocrat was resolved to change the cast by the introduction of another actor upon the stage, of a somewhat nearer standing in the profession with the victor: for this purpose he selected a young man, the Archduke Charles, a relation of his own, whom he imagined would be more likely to prove competent to infuse that novelty into hostile tactics, which might be the means both to redeem character and recover lost ground. Vain expectation! illusive vision! the descendant of the house of Hapsburgh soon discovered to his cost that he had wofully miscalculated, that he had seen through a perverted medium, viewed the abilities of his kinsman with eyes too favourably disposed: that, however otherwise he might wish, Napoleon Buonaparte was a unique, the only specimen of his kind then known,—that he combined in own person genus, order, species, and individual.

Beaulieu, Wurmser, Alvinzi, all officers of distinguished reputation; generals renowned for warlike talents; veterans accustomed to the command of troops in vast bodies; men, themselves strict disciplinarians—old campaigners who had each of them passed more years in practising military evolutions than their juvenile adversary could count from the hour of his birth, had severally, and in succession, succumbed before a young soldier who, for the first time, at the early age of twenty-six, battled with them as commander-in-chief, on the verdant plains of Italy, after overcoming the difficulties attendant on passing his army safely over the Alpine mountains, in the face of a superior enemy.

Field-marshal Alvinzi, after his signal defeat at Rivoli, retired to the frontier of Frioul, a rich Italian province, in the immediate neighbourhood of the imperial dominions, abounding with timber, cattle, fruit, wine, and silk, containing a population of three hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, watered by several rivers, the principal of which is the Tagliamento: bounded on the north by Carinthia, on the east by Carniola and Austrian Friuli, on the south by the Gulf of Venice, on the west by the Trevisano and the Bellunese. Here, having collected together the remains of his scattered army, he patiently awaited until the still unceasing exertions of his government should enable the imperial army to again show a front to that under the command of the victorious Napoleon: the German war department was not slow to attend to Alvinzi's situation, every effort was instantly made to furnish him with new supplies, and enable him, if possible, to remedy the disaster he had sustained: new levies were ordered, nine battalions were conveyed for expedition in light waggons from Hungary, while forty thousand men were despatched from the armies on the Rhine, to reinforce that of Italy, which was thus quickly recruited, and its numerical force raised above what it had ever yet been. The Aulic Council, carrying out its usual policy of not reposing its confidence in an unfortunate general, removed the field-marshal, and the direction of the army he had lately commanded was transferred to the Archduke Charles of Austria: upon the high talents of this prince the empire seemed to rest its last hope, as he had already successfully battled in the Rhenish provinces against the French generals, Jourdan and Moreau, both of them experienced officers, well skilled in the art of war.

The sixth campaign opened under auspices that would seem to warrant a favourable termination for the Imperial cause. The Austrian commander, however, neither warned by former miscarriage, nor schooled by experience, fell into the same error which had proved so disastrous to his predecessors: as if under the influence of monomania, he, like them, issued from his strong hold among the mountains,—debouched by two separate roads, thus dividing his army; one great division of which, under General Laudohn, descended from the Tyrolese, and commenced its line of march towards the Upper Adige; the other, with the Archduke Charles in person at its head, greater and much superior in numbers to that under Napoleon, pursued its route towards the Tagliamento, from the Friulese, by which means these divisions were so completely separated as to be unable to assist each other upon any emergency: an oversight that did not escape the vigilance of the ever-watchful Napoleon.

When Buonaparte made his appearance, he found the position of the Archduke Charles not only well selected, but one of unquestionable strength. The Carinthian mountains, which guard the entrance from Italy into Germany, in that district, were in his rear: his front was protected by strong entrenchments behind the river Tagliamento; a stream which, rising in the German Alps, flows in a southerly direction through the Friuli and the Trevisano, until it falls into the Gulf of Venice; these waters separated the two generals,—the object of one, Napoleon, was to cross them, while that of the other, the Archduke, was to dispute the passage, which he appeared inclined to do with determined obstinacy: the French general, Massena, for the purpose of keeping the Austrian division of Lusignan in check, was despatched to the Piave, another river issuing from the mountains, in the legation of Feltrino, then flowing through the Venetian territory until it loses itself in the gulf, sixteen miles north-east of Venice; in this he fully succeeded, driving the Imperialists before him as far as Belluno, an episcopal Italian town, seated among the Alps, on the stream of the Piave, sixty-three miles north-west of Venice, in 12° 9′ east longitude, 43° 13′ north latitude. At this place he cut off an Imperial rear-guard of five hundred men, by which means he turned the Austrian flank. In the meantime, Buonaparte in person prepared to charge the Archduke in front: the two commanders-in-chief each of them made demonstrations on the borders of the opposite sides of the river, with a view of displaying their respective force. Napoleon, having thus deployed, suddenly broke up his line and retreated: the Archduke was caught in the snare; knowing the Republicans had been marching all the previous night, he rashly concluded that the

Corsican wished to defer the battle until another day; in consequence, he withdrew to his camp, by which the river was left without a sufficient guard to prevent the enemy forcing a passage: this was just what the wily French general had in view; he had ordered his army merely to lie down in ranks on the margin of the stream: at the end of a couple of hours, when the Austrian was at rest, General Bernadotte, with his division, was ordered to cross over on the right of the enemy; General Guieux, with another body of troops, to make good his landing on the left. Both these officers reached the opposite shore in safety, when they immediately formed on the enemy's flanks, while Buonaparte in person made good his passage in front, before the Austrian had time to form his line: the Republicans rushed forward with such impetuosity, that the Archduke, although his troops fought gallantly, finding all his attempts to dislodge the French unavailing, was compelled to retreat: this battle, so decisive in its consequences, was fought 12th March, 1797. The Republicans followed up their advantage, keeping close upon, and harassing the Archduke's rear, who threw himself into Gradisca, a strong episcopal town in Friuli, on the confines of Carinthia, washed by the waters of the Lisonzo, six miles south-west of Goritia, in 13° 32′ east longitude, 46° 2′ north latitude: Napoleon stormed the place, carried it, made five thousand prisoners, captured ten pieces of cannon, together with eight standards: the Archduke, who narrowly escaped from becoming a prisoner at this place, continued his retreat, unremittingly pursued by the victorious Buonaparte. The Imperialists next made a stand at Goritia, a town on the Austrian empire, with a strong castle, seated on the Lisonzo, twelve miles north-east of Palma, forty miles west of Laubach; unable to maintain himself in this place, the Archduke was under the necessity to quit it with such precipitation, that he left fifteen hundred sick in the hospitals, together with all his magazines.

Fiume, a seaport in Austrian Istria, the harbour of which is formed by the river Fiumara, which empties itself into the Bay of Carnero, at the northern extremity of the Adriatic Sea, in 14° 12′ east longitude, 45° 38′ north latitude, as well as

Trieste, a marine ecclesiastical city, the capital of the Circle of Illyria, with a strong castle upon the summit of a mountain, down the sides of which, reaching to the sea, stand the houses, containing forty thousand inhabitants, the port fortified with a bastion. The town stands on a gulf bearing its own name, which forms the north-east part of the Gulf of Venice, seventy miles north-east of that city, in 14° 3′ east longitude, 45° 51′ north latitude, were severally occupied in their turn, and speedily evacuated by the fugitive Prince Charles, as also, in succession, every strong hold in Carinthia. In the course of these retrograde movements, a body of Imperialists, five thousand in number, with thirty pieces of cannon, together with four hundred baggage waggons, were surrounded by the Republicans, to whom they. surrendered.

Buonaparte entered the imperial territories by scaling the mountains in the bleak inhospitable regions of Carinthia, during the most inclement season of the year, amidst frost and snow, awakening nature from her slumber by the thunders of his artillery; he climbed the Noric Alps, those cloud-capped barriers which hitherto no modern nation had ever passed; from the summit of these, in imitation of Hannibal, who pointed out Italy to his Carthagenians from the crest of the towering Alps, he called the attention of his legions to the immense basins of the Adriatic Ocean, made them observe the stupendous elevations which reared their rugged heads on every side, as also the vast floods of the Danube, rising from the waters of which might be discerned the spires of Vienna. As was his custom, he harangued his soldiers, cheering them with the assurance that their arduous undertaking would meet a victorious consummation at the gates of that extensive, populous, and opulent city.

The good understanding which would seem always to have existed between Napoleon and his soldiers, forms a very favourable embellishment to his character; little incidents were continually occurring to add stability to this bond of union. During the passage of the Tagliamento, a soldier who had been carried away by the current was on the point of sinking, when a female, who had accompanied the army, threw herself into the stream, and succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation. Buonaparte, when made acquainted with this magnanimous conduct, presented the heroic woman with a gold necklace, to which was suspended a civic crown, engraved with the name of the man whose life she had so gallantly rescued from a watery grave. It is pleasing to humanity, as well as honourable to our own country, that we possess females as intrepid and humane as this woman unquestionably was—in witness of which we have only to recal to mind the noble conduct of Grace Darling, the pride of the north.

These operations, so unexpected, at the same time deemed impossible by the most experienced officers, acted like an electrical shock upon the Archduke, who, thoroughly beaten—having in the course of a campaign which lasted only twenty days gallantly fought Napoleon ten times also—disputed Styria inch by inch, as he had done Carinthia, in which he suffered great loss in killed and wounded, together with twenty thousand men, who had fallen as prisoners into the hands of the Republicans, also a large park of artillery, as well as nearly all his baggage, adopted the resolution to reach the seat of the imperial government by forced marches, there to concentrate as many troops as the exigence might induce to join his ranks, and to make a last effort to dispute, and, if possible, to arrest the progress of the intrepid Corsican beneath the walls of the capital. In this, however, his intentions were completely frustrated by the activity of the indefatigable Bounaparte, who, with his usual celerity, followed so closely on the rear of the Archduke, that notwithstanding his utmost exertions, together with the rapidity of his movements, it was with difficulty he could keep his army in advance of his pursuer.

In the mean time, the imperial general, Laudohn, whose division was on the frontier of the Tyrolese, nearly the whole of which was in his possession, had descended with more success than the archduke: the troops which Buonaparte had been able to leave to garrison the Lombard towns and protect the line of the Upper Adige, were insufficient to resist the Austrian, had experienced some reverses; several of the Italian cities, the inhabitants of which, not being very staunch in their adherence to the French cause, had yielded to the invader. The Venetian Senate, upon learning these successes, threw aside their hypocritical neutrality, not only declared war against the French Republic, but the Venetian army also passed the frontier, and commenced hostilities by conniving at, and in fact, encouraging an inhuman massacre committed by the inhabitants of the wounded French soldiers confined in the hospitals of Verona; under the influence of this dastardly example, the vindictive natives resorted to similar atrocities, wherever the Republicans were sufficiently inferior in number. The few troops left by

Napoleon in Lombardy were consequently obliged to shut themselves up in garrisons, which were immediately invested by the insurgent population of the neighbouring districts. Buonaparte's supplies from his rear were thus for a time effectually cut off; the archduke, therefore, in resolving to retreat to Vienna, calculated that great advantage would result to the imperial arms by his thus enticing Napoleon to march his army into the heart of Austria, while Laudohn with his division should gain possession of Italy. In this, however, he was again at fault: the Corsican quickly altered the position of General Laudohn, by immediately carrying the war successfully into the Tyrol, where the Austrian general was attacked by General Joubert, on heights deemed almost inacessible, and entirely defeated, losing fifteen hundred men, captured during his precipitate retreat. At Lavis, a town in Austrian Tyrol, at the confluence of the river Lavis with the waters of the Adige, seven miles north of Trent, the Austrian had two thousand men killed and four thousand made prisoners of war; at Botzen, a large town in the interior of the Tyrolese, beautifully located near the junction of two branches of the Adige river, called the Eich and Eysach, eleven miles further north of Trent, as also at Brixen, another Austrian town, seated on the river Eysach, at the influx of the stream of Reintz, thirty-eight miles south-east of Inspruck, the Imperialists were so hard pressed by the troops of Buonaparte, that they were compelled to leave behind them their hospitals as well as their magazines, together with some artillery.

Near Tarwis, a Carinthian town, seated on the rivulet Gailita, twenty-eight miles west-south-west of Clagenfurt, the Imperialists again commenced an attack, and were completely defeated, after a severe engagement, fought amidst deep snows, on the cloud enveloped summit of the Julian Alps, which separate Austrian from the Italian Tyrol, in which the French charged upon sheets of ice, with an irresistible impetuosity, under the gallant Massena: that never-failing child of victory, Napoleon, who seemed to have chained Fate to his standard, immediately marched upon and entered Clagenfurt, a strongly fortified town, the capital of Lower Carinthia, with a population of ten thousand inhabitants, seated on the River Glan, which falls into the stream of the Drave, one hundred and forty-eight miles south-west of Vienna. To his arrival at the imperial capital no further obstacles could now be well interposed, seeing that the archduke was completely driven not only from the Venetian territories, the Higher and Lower Carniola, as well as from Carinthia and the district of Trieste, but also from the whole of the Tyrolese.

Buonaparte, although thus loaded with victory, flushed with conquest, did not scruple to lay aside the power of the conqueror, to make another attempt to still the raging tempest of war, to bring the Austrian government, if possible, to consent to abate the misery of those countries whose wretched inhabitants had not only to endure the devastation occasioned by the continued conflict of contending armies, but also to witness the destruction of their dwellings, the waste of their provisions, together with the ruin of the labours of the husbandman. With this laudable object in view, he addressed a letter to the Archduke, dated from

"*Clagenfurt*, 112 *Germinal*, *5th year*, 31 *March*, 1797.

"MONSIEUR GENERAL-IN-CHIEF—Brave soldiers make war, but are desirous of peace! Have not hostilities already continued for six years? Have we not slaughtered men and committed evils enough against the cause of suffering humanity? Europe, which had taken up arms against the

French Republic, has now laid them down; your nation alone continues hostile, and blood is once more on the point of flowing more copiously than ever. The sixth campaign is announced under the most portentous auspices, and whatsoever may prove the ultimate result, thousands of gallant soldiers must still be sacrificed in prosecuting the dreadful contest. At some future period we must come to an understanding, since the march of time brings all things to a termination, and even obliterates from the tablet of our memories the most inveterate resentments.

"The executive Directory of the French Republic has expressed to his Imperial Majesty the sincere desire it entertains of terminating a contest that desolates the two countries. These pacific overtures were defeated by the machinations of the English cabinet—is there, then, no hope of accommodation? Must we continue thus to butcher one another, in order to promote the interests or to gratify the passions of a nation so very far removed from the theatre of this afflicting war? Are not you, sir, who stand so closely allied by birth to the imperial throne, and who are raised above all those despicable passions which too frequently influence ministers and governments—are not you ambitious to merit the appellation of 'Benefactor of the Human Race, and the Saviour of Germany?' Do not imagine, my dear general, that I mean thereby to insinuate your incapability to save the country by force of arms; but, even under the supposition that the chances of war should become favourable to your views, Germany, on that account, would not be subjected to less devastation. In regard to myself, gallant commander, if the overture which I have now the honour voluntarily to proffer, could be the means of sparing the life of a single human being, I should feel more proud of the civic crown to which my interference might entitle me, than in reaping the melancholy glory likely to result from accomplishing the most brilliant military exploits. I beg of you to believe me, General-in-chief, with the most profound respect and esteem, yours,

"BUONAPARTE."

The archduke in reply said "that in waging war and obeying the calls of honour and duty, he himself, equally with the French general-in-chief, desired a peace for the benefit of the two countries, and from a regard to the impulse of humanity; but that, as it did not appertain to him, filling the post entrusted to his care, to scrutinize or determine the quarrels of the belligerent nations, and not being invested, on the part of his Imperial Majesty, with any powers for treating, General Buonaparte must perceive that he could not enter into a negotiation, and must, therefore, wait for superior orders in regard to an object of such vast importance, and wholly unconnected with those functions he was delegated to fulfil."

Two hours had scarcely elapsed after the arrival of this answer, when the Archduke sent an aid-de-camp to Napoleon to request a suspension of arms for four hours. He had to do, however, with a man not easily to be caught by any stratagem, however well schemed. Buonaparte, always upon the look-out for intelligence, obtained it generally pretty correct; he was not unacquainted with the fact that the Archduke expected shortly to effect a junction with a body of troops under the command of General Spork: to prevent this, he had made the most rapid marches, not even resting during the night; had he granted the armistice sought, the archduke would have gained the whole day; thus, the junction he had been so sedulous to prevent would have taken place—it was consequently refused.

At this moment the Republicans were in full march upon Friesach, a town in Carinthia with a strong castle built upon a mountain, seated on the stream of the Metnitz, seventeen miles north north-east of Clagenfurt, in the defiles between which place and Newmarck, a town in Carniola, twenty-eight miles north-west of Laubach, the van of the French army, under General Massena, came up with the rear-guard of the Austrian forces. A battle, perhaps one of the most furious during the war, was the result. The Republicans gained a decided victory. The Austrian had a most formidable position: the pass was defended by a barrier thickly planted with cannon; the archduke brought up his famous grenadiers, who had so gallantly distinguished themselves under his command at the capture of Kehl, a strong fortress on the Rhine river, which defends the bridge leading into Strasburg. Every inch of the ground was disputed with an obstinacy scarcely credible; nothing, however, could withstand the impetuosity of the Republican troops, guided by the skilful manœuvring of Buonaparte, and the gallant daring of the veteran Massena. The pass was forced; the Austrians, after losing several hundred prisoners, were completely routed, leaving the field of battle strewed with the dying and the dead. Napoleon entered Newmarck triumphantly at day-break, advancing his head-quarters to Friesach in the evening. The archduke was again attacked at Hundsmark, a town in Styria, near the river Muehr, seventeen miles west of Judenberg, and again obliged to retreat, after losing six hundred prisoners, and three hundred killed; when Judenburg itself, a town in Upper Styria, with a strong castle, seated on the stream of the Muehr, forty miles west of Gratz, in 14° 24′ east longitude, 47° 10′ north latitude, fell into the hands of the Republicans, who immediately pushed forward to and occupied Gratz, a strongly fortified ecclesiastical town, the capital of Upper Styria, located on the west side of the Muehr, with a population amounting to thirty-five thousand, distant only eighty-eight miles south south-west from Vienna, in 15° 26′ east longitude, 47° 4′ north latitude.

Accustomed as the German ministers must have been to the extraordinary military movements of Napoleon Buonaparte, yet that he should successfully storm the passes of the Julian Alps, seems never to have entered their contemplation: it would appear to have been considered by them too impracticable, even for attempt; so unlooked-for was the circumstance, so little did they apprehend its occurrence, so astounding was the fact, that when the news reached Vienna, consternation pervaded all ranks, panic seized the whole population; the citizens, deploring the death of friends and relatives, who having formed part of the volunteer corps had fallen in these sanguinary conflicts, dreading the additional loss of their property, became clamorous for peace; the nobility were in despair; the priests, trembling with dismay, put up prayers and made processions; in short, terror spread on every side, so much so, that the royal treasure was hastily sent off to Hungary for safety: while the Aulic Council, in full debate, with that indecision which strongly marked the dangerous position of the country, after having issued the most contradictory orders, forwarded at last instructions to the Arch-duke, to avail himself of the first favorable opportunity to open negotiations with the French general-in-chief. In consequence, Prince Charles, 7th April, 1797, proposed a suspension of arms, which was acceded to: a convention was signed, containing the conditions of the armistice; conferences were then held at Leobon, a small town in Upper Styria, seated on the river Muehr, twenty miles north-west of Gratz, the result of which was a provisional

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treaty, signed 18th April, 1797: to secure the due fulfilment of the stipulations of which, the emperor sent three of his principal nobles as hostages, to remain at the camp of the victorious Napoleon, until the ratification of a treaty of peace; the Corsican general received them with great dignity, at the same time very graciously gave them an invite to his dinner-table, when, upon the removal of the cloth, and the introduction of the desert, addressing himself to these noblemen: "Gentlemen," said he, "you are free: go and acquaint your Sovereign, that, if his imperial word stand in need of a pledge, you cannot serve as such; and if it require no guarantee, in such case you ought not."

To assist him during the course of the necessary negotiations, Napoleon summoned his old acquaintance and schoolfellow to act as his private secretary. De Bourienne, on his arrival, found his former companion in far different circumstances than when all his ambition appeared to be confined to the occupation of a small house at Paris, with the addition of keeping a cabriolet; since that time, they had not again met until the present interview. Buonaparte was no longer the unemployed artillery officer, seeking for daily subsistence: he was now a conqueror of high renown, dictating terms of pacification to the proudest and most powerful autocrat in Europe; a gallant general commanding a large army devoted to his interest; surrounded by a splendid staff, having under his immediate control officers not surpassed by any in the world for talent and bravery. The elevated position of Napoleon did not seem to have obliterated from his recollection the kindness of his early friend: he received him in the most gratifying manner; assuming his former familiarity, he welcomed him with "So thou art come at last." This cordial reception did not, however, induce the new secretary either to forget the reverence due to the station now occupied by his friend and schoolmate, or the duties attendant on his own recent appointment. He greeted the commander-in-chief with that profound respect which, without being either servilely mean, or vulgarly familiar, while it marked his good sense, kept a proper view of the distance between their respective employments, at the same time, it convinced all those who witnessed the scene, that De Bourrienne was a man who well knew the world, much too wise to make an imprudent use of his influence. This trait of his character was highly appreciated by Napoleon, who, when they were alone, took occasion to say, he perfectly understood, and most decidedly approved of his conduct.

Napoleon, relieved from the pressure of Austrian warfare, had now an opportunity to turn his attention to the treacherous conduct of the Venetian senate, from which he was determined either to obtain ample satisfaction, or by substituting in its place a republic of modern democratic construction, in accordance with the wishes of a large portion of its population, to blot it out from among the ruling princes of Europe. To this end, while the preliminaries of peace were under consideration, he addressed a letter to the Doge, couched in no very measured terms, certainly by no means clothed with ambiguity: he asks,—

"Do you think I will tamely submit to the massacres sanctioned by the Venetian senate? The blood of our brethren in arms shall be avenged; nor is there a French battalion charged with this mission, that does not feel animated with three-fold courage, to punish your duplicity. The government of Venice has repaid with the blackest perfidy the generous treatment exerted towards it by France. I proffer you either peace or war; if, therefore, such measures be not adopted as will immediately suffice to disperse your hordes of banditti, and if within twenty-four hours those individuals who assassinated some French soldiers be not arrested and surrendered up, such conduct will be equivalent to a declaration of war."

In reply to this, the senate, thinking to avoid the threatened evil as well as to conciliate Napoleon, published a proclamation, avowing unalterable friendship to France. This was rather too much in the face of having armed forty thousand peasants, and organized ten regiments of Sclavonians, which were still retained in Venetian pay to oppose the Republicans, while the priests everywhere preached up a crusade against the French, whom they styled infidels ; and in conformity with whose fiendish incentives stragglers of that nation were basely murdered, often insulted in the agonies of death ; added to which, four hundred wounded French soldiers were first stilletoed, then thrown like dogs into the stream of the Adige. Buonaparte, however, was not the man to be silenced or diverted from his course, by proclamations, however speciously worded. Having made the requisite arrangements for carrying on the negotiation with Austria, he left the details to be settled by minor diplomatists, and without the least delay began to march his army towards the Venetian territory, where he was opposed by the newly raised troops of the senate : he quickly drove the armed peasantry before him, killing great numbers, dispersing others ; a body of Sclavonians, five hundred in number, sought refuge in a strong fort, in which were deposited their ammunition and waggons ; these refusing to surrender, were blown into the air, together with the massive fortress, in consequence of a shot falling among the gunpowder deposited there. This was succeeded by a most sanguinary action, which terminated in favour of the Republicans, who, showing themselves before the walls of Verona, that city surrendered at discretion, without having made the slightest resistance.

The doge and senate, whose hopes had rested upon the success of Austria, whose cause they had always espoused, were by the course of events reduced to despair, especially when they understood that preliminaries of peace had been actually signed between the French republic and the German emperor. Fully convinced of the dilemma in which they had involved themselves, they at length sent deputies to the camp of Napoleon, with offers of submission and compliance : it was now, however, too late, their fate was sealed. They had suffered the favourable time to slip through their hands.

Although bursts of passion were, in some degree, constitutional with Napoleon Buonaparte ; yet it was frequently his custom to put on the appearance to assume a very angry tone, when he had a desire to strike those who addressed him on any particularly unpleasant subject, with consternation. These unfortunate agents were therefore doomed to undergo the well affected, if not the actual wrath of this extraordinary man. Looking fiercely at the trembling envoys without making any reply to their humble greetings, he demanded with a stern voice, " Are the prisoners at liberty?" They replied, that " The French, the Poles, the Brescians, who had been made captive in the insurrectionary war, were liberated ;" to which he immediately passionately exclaimed, " I will have them all—all—all who are in prison on account of their political sentiments. I will go myself to destroy your dungeons on the bridge of Tears,—I will have no inquisition —opinions shall be free. If all the prisoners be not instantly set at liberty, —the English envoy dismissed—the people disarmed—I declare instant war—I might have gone to Vienna if I had listed. I have concluded a peace with the emperor—I have eighty thousand men—twenty gun boats —I will hear of no inquisition, and no senate either—I will dictate the law to you—I will prove an Atilla to Venice. If you cannot disarm your population, I will do it in your stead—your government is antiquated—it must crumble to pieces." In vain they strove to interest him in their favour, to purchase his personal protection by the offer of a bribe of seven millions of francs, nearly three millions sterling; this he rejected with scorn, adding—

"French blood has been treacherously shed: if you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you could cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient. The lion of St. Mark must lick the dust," alluding to the armorial bearings of Venice.

In the last struggle for existence, the senate, always treacherous when it suited its purpose, was guilty of a most inexcusable piece of perfidious meanness: the person of Count D'Entraigues, a French emigrant, who had been residing in the city as agent for the exiled house of Bourbon, was seized, together with all his papers, and surrendered as a peace-offering to Napoleon. All the advantage derived from this act of baseness by the expiring oligarchy, was the additional mortification of having rendered themselves, if possible, still more despicable in the eyes even of the victorious general. Buonaparte, in examining these documents, made a discovery of great importance as respected the interest of the French republic,—in short, he had most indisputable evidence of the treasonable conduct of one of her generals, who had hitherto been looked up to with great admiration as the conqueror of Holland. From these papers it appeared, that General Pichegru, the French general commanding on the Rhine, had long since intrigued with, and listened to proposals degrading to a brave soldier, from the Bourbon princes; that he had sold himself to that expatriated family; to forward whose cause, and hasten the downfall of the government that employed him, he had not hesitated to make false military movements, to place his army in a position that no honest commander would ever venture to do, and which none but a man so unprincipled as to become a traitor to his country would do. Were men but to reflect even for a moment upon the consequences attending this want of moral courage, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find those sufficiently hardy to encounter the certain disgrace their conduct must entail upon their memory, while they can never expect to have the perfect confidence, even of those for whom they may thus throw away everything valuable to a human being, more especially to a soldier—honorable character; the old proverb speaks a decided truism, when it says —"However we may like the treason, we always abhor the traitor;" suspicion rests upon him ever after. Napoleon perfectly understood the value of this secret, which he instantly communicated to the Directory. When this had exploded, Moreau acknowledged that he had known of the defection some months before; his reasons for keeping it to himself may be readily guessed by the sequel of his career: from the defender he became the enemy of the government to whose fostering he was indebted for his once splendid reputation. That such a man should desert his colours, is indeed astonishing; the nature of his death, accelerated by his own hand, would seem to warrant the conclusion that he had become hateful even to himself, that his own reflections were too much for him to bear; that life had therefore ceased to have any charms for him since he had forfeited all pretensions to fidelity, as well as to honourable conduct. Of all severe afflictions to which human nature is subjected, that which is most to be deplored is when men forfeit their own good opinion of themselves; that monitor which never did, never can err, works with too much rectitude, ever to lead them astray upon this point: they may, perhaps, sometimes retain it when unworthy, but whenever it be lost, the fact of their utter worthlessness is not to be mistaken.

Notwithstanding the defection of the Italian towns, when the French troops were apparently weak, it is not to be inferred from thence, that Napoleon Buonaparte was unpopular in Italy: on the contrary, he was hailed by the greater number of the cities as their liberator from an almost insufferable yoke; but the priests, ever at work to enslave mankind, always availed themselves of every opportunity to use their influence over the multitude, by representing the republicans as heretics and infidels: to this cause, and this cause alone, may be traced nearly all the insurrections against the French in the Italian Peninsula; it is true, the priest worked for the despot, but that is his nature: few, if any, of his cloth ever fail to become the willing tools of those by whom they can preserve two things so dear to them--power, with loaves and fishes.

Discontent had long manifested itself at Venice, the see of a bishop, built upon seventy-two little islands, joined together by driving piles in their sides, thus forming the channels into canals. It is about five miles from their main land, in a kind of Lagune, or lake, separated from the gulf of its own name by some islands at a few miles' distance, which serve to break the force of the Adriatic storms. There are nearly five hundred bridges, mostly single arches, in this city, the public erections in which are superb; the principal is the Rialto, which consists of one very noble arch, entirely of marble, ninety feet wide on the level of the canal, twenty-four feet high. Its population is computed at one hundred and thirty thousand. It was once the great emporium for the rich commodities of Asia, much famed, in the olden time, for the wealth, enterprise, and integrity of its merchants, renowned in early days for the skill and intrepidity of its mariners. Its commerce, heretofore the most flourishing in Europe, had dwindled into insignificance under the withering influence of priestly bigotry, added to the tyrannous conduct of the miserable oligarchs, who, in their secret chambers, where for so many ages no eyes but their own had ever penetrated, no voice but theirs had agitated the stillness of the scene, ruled with a rod of iron, filling their dungeons with wretched victims, who dared to question the wisdom of their measures or even breathe a wish for a more favourable state of things. Roused at last by the example of the Cisalpine and Cispadane republics, the people had risen against their tyrants; general confusion pervaded, popular tumults filled the streets and canals; the longer endurance of the despotic sway of the senate was denounced as incompatible with the prosperity of the country. When this outbreak was at its height, when the authority of the senate was all but scattered to the winds, its troops and fleets not knowing how to act, their commanders having received contradictory orders, Buonaparte appeared on the opposite coast of the Lagunes, that is the marshes on which the city is situated; some of his troops had already entered, when the senate sent a hasty message, 31st May 1797, announcing their entire submission; the doge and senate assembled, when resolutions were forthwith passed that the government should suspend all its functions, throw itself upon the mercy of the victors, and deliver up for punishment all those who had in any way been concerned in the shameful massacre of the French soldiery. The Republicans immediately became masters of the city, a democratic republic upon the Cisalpine model was provisionally formed, the liberty of the press was secured, the Catholic religion continued without change, persons and property protected; but from the old worn-out enfeebled oligarchy, Napoleon exacted severe terms: the conditions of which were—

Three millions of francs in gold, to be paid immediately.
Five ships of war, well found ready for sea.
Naval stores to the amount of three millions of francs.
Forty of the best paintings, to be selected by the commissioners.
Five hundred manuscripts from the library of St. Mark.
The two famous bronze lions, together with the four horses of the same metal, so much valued by artists of all nations.
The cession of large territories on the main land of Italy.
The capital to be occupied by the troops of the republic until tranquillity should be re-established.

Thus, by the weight of its own flagitious conduct, by acts of the grossest perfidy, after enduring for upwards of fourteen centuries, fell, unlamented, never to rear its head again, the haughty oligarchy of Venetian nobles, none under that rank having ever been admitted to enter the senate—a body of men unequalled for pride, yet stained with infamy, steeped to the chin in crime of the worst description, falsely calling themselves a republican government, but whose unmeasured, relentless despotism had brought even the title so unwarrantably assumed into discredit. In point of fact, Venice was any thing but a commonwealth: the people had no voice in the whole system of its government, which was exclusively vested in the nobility; its nominal chief, styled a Doge, was elected from among themselves by a peculiar formality carried on by means of gold and silver balls; after his election he made a gorgeous procession to St. Mark's Church, where, with all the splendour of a royal coronation, the ducal cap was placed upon his head with great ceremony; his dignity was conferred for life. His occupation was to marry the Adriatic Sea in the name of the republic; beyond this, he was little or nothing. His power was so circumscribed that he has been justly defined to be in costume and state a king, in authority merely a counsellor; when out of the city simply a private individual, when in it a prisoner richly habited residing in a palace. In the formation of the government the nobles who alone composed it were ostensibly divided into five councils, each invested with separate functions, but the whole power of the state virtually rested in the first, the others being convenient hands to execute whatever might be dictated by the

First. Called *La Signoria,* comprising the Doge and six counsellors, among whom the Doge went for nothing beyond an empty name, except adding his signature to state decrees; this was in fact the government.

Second. Il Consiglio Grande. This included the whole body of the nobility, amounting to two thousand five hundred; in this assembly every one had a voice, but unless it agreed with the wishes of *La Signoria,* it was oftentimes worse than useless, involving the opposing party in disgrace.

Third. Il Consiglio dei pregadi, consisted of two hundred and fifty, whose functions were of an initiatory character.

Fourth. Il Consiglio proprio, formed by twenty-eight, bearing the name of assessors, which was on certain occasions united to the first. It was the peculiar province of this council to give audience to foreign ambassadors, having previously received their instruction from *La Signoria.*

Fifth. Il Consiglio dei Dieci. A body of ten counsellors, whose province it was to take notice of all criminal matters: before this tribunal the Doge himself was obliged to make his personal appearance, if accused. From this council there was no appeal,—it was, in fact, a state inquisition brought into action whenever the *Signoria* thought proper to proscribe any individual.

The Ducal Palace contained the magnificent apartments of the Doge, together with the halls of audience, and secret chambers for the senate, the different councils and tribunals: these magnificos well knowing their own want of popularity, conscious of the vindictive power they exercised, in continual dread of insurrectionary movements on the part of the people, had this splendid edifice furnished with an extensive armory, in which an immense number of muskets were always kept ready primed and loaded, in order that they might arm and defend themselves in the event of any outbreak against their tyrannic sway.

The Arsenal is a fortification upon a grand scale, three miles in circumference, in which was deposited arms for sixty thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse-soldiers, ornamentally arranged with great taste: two thousand and eight hundred men were daily occupied in building ships, forming cables, making sails, casting cannon, and forging anchors.

A handsome structure, called *Il Frontica di Tedeschi,* was appropriated for the sale of commodities, brought by the German merchants: it contained twenty-two shops, together with one hundred rooms.

The Bank, supposed to be the most wealthy, as well as the first of its kind established in Europe, is the model upon which those of Amsterdam and Hamburg were constructed and their business carried on.

The Carnival which is held in this city is frequented by thousands of foreigners from all parts of Europe, who throng thither to enjoy the diversion of ridottos, masquerades, with other diversions, in which the greatest libertinism prevails: it lasts from Christmas until Ash Wednesday.

The Canal, over which the Rialto spreads itself, flanked on each side by stately palaces, churches of superior grandeur, and beautiful spires, is covered with a profusion of boats and richly adorned gondolas: the beauty of this splendid arch is much impaired by two rows of booths or shops, built upon its surface, by which the passage is divided into three narrow streets: nevertheless, the view from it is gay and cheering, of a description not familiar to the inhabitants of other parts of Europe.

The natives are a lively, ingenious race, much addicted to gallantry, extravagantly fond of amusement; with good features of a ruddy brown colour, generally tall and well made, with dark eyes, and possessing an uncommon relish for humour. The women have usually a very elegant, easy, interesting address, are considered handsome, with brilliant sparkling eyes, their skin a rich carnation. The common people are very obliging to strangers, gentle with each other, and remarkable for sobriety.

Subsequently, however, this intelligent population was used merely as a make-weight in the scale of political arrangements: without in any way consulting its inclination, the real republic, so recently established, was unceremoniously dissolved, the people handed over to a new master, just like so many beasts of burden, as an equivalent for that in which they had never, in any shape whatever, participated: such is the boasted morality of governments pretending great anxiety for the cause of religion—yet violating at pleasure every duty inculcated by that for which they profess so much veneration. Where is the political institution to be found whose maxim is "deeds, not words, morally carried out?"

Venice is renowned as a great and valuable school for the arts, exceeding even Rome herself in the number as well as excellence of its paintings, with which the churches and convents are profusely decorated: some of the best and most admired masters have sprung from her territory, and hold the first rank among artists.

During the conferences at Leoben it is said that Austria endeavoured to tamper with the fidelity of Napoleon, notwithstanding the rebuffs he had given to similar propositions from Parma and Venice; the Emperor made him most splendid offers, not only of a very large sum of money, but also of an independent German principality for himself and his heirs. To the bearer of this magnificent but unworthy proposal he answered in his usual laconic manner, "I thank the Emperor, but should greatness be mine it shall come from France."

The French directory, powerfully excited by resentment at many of his actions, never seem to have omitted any possible opportunity it deemed likely to mortify Buonaparte: actuated by this pitiful feeling, it sent General Clarke to Leoben, with powers to act at least as his equal in the conduct of the negociation, but with secret orders to control him whenever occasion might serve. Napoleon, who was always clear-sighted, and really entertained a most contemptible opinion of the home government, would not submit to this coadjutorship; dismissing, therefore, the intrusive general, he took the whole responsibility of the treaty upon his own shoulders. The citizen directors, finding themselves thus scornfully counteracted by the decisive tone of "the little corporal," vented their spleen another way: they made it a complaint that Buonaparte had neither sufficiently appreciated his own position, nor duly considered that of the Austrian emperor; consequently that the conditions exacted, instead of possessing all the stringency which they ought to embrace, were on the contrary much more favourable than the German cabinet had any reason to expect, vanquished and annihilated as its armies had been by the arms of France; particularly that part which was to restore the fortress of Mantua to Austria; that the terms were, therefore, very far inferior to what he ought, under all the circumstances, to have insisted upon. To this Napoleon philosophically replied:—

"If at the commencement of these Italian campaigns, I had made a point of going to Turin, I should never have passed the Po—had I insisted prematurely on advancing to Rome, I could never have secured Milan—and now, had I made an indispensable object of reaching Vienna, I might have destroyed the republic. A peace can never be lasting but inasmuch as the clauses are tolerable at least to the vanquished party; otherwise a leaven of irritation would be left working, which must, sooner or later, produce a fatal explosion."

The wisdom of this reasoning can hardly be doubted; it was the result of solid reflection based upon the common feelings of our nature, and it would redound much to the honour of all negotiators, as well as to all governments, if it were acted upon on all occasions. To avoid furnishing means for the inflaming and calling into activity the worst passions of mankind, cannot be viewed otherwise than as the emanation from a great mind, sobered by commiseration for the miseries of our species;—it is certainly the unadulterated work of a pure philanthropist.

CHAPTER IX.

GOES TO GENOA.—ESTABLISHES THE LIGURIAN REPUBLIC.—THE DIRECTORY APPEAL TO BUONAPARTE IN THE AFFAIR OF PICHEGRU.—HIS VIEW OF THAT SUBJECT.—SENDS AUGEREAU TO PARIS TO ASSIST THE DIRECTORY IN THE STRUGGLE, 18TH FRUCTIDOR, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1797.—GOES TO RESIDE AT THE CASTLE OF MONTEBELLO, NEAR MILAN, WHERE HE IS JOINED BY JOSEPHINE.—HIS TREATMENT OF COUNT COBENTZEL.—SIGNS THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE AT CAMPO FORMIO, 3RD OCTOBER, 1797.—LEAVES ITALY.—MEETS THE FOREIGN MINISTERS ASSEMBLED AT RASTADT.—RETURNS TO PARIS.—HIS RECEPTION THERE, WITH HIS ADDRESS TO THE DIRECTORY.

The authority of the Venetian Senate extended over the Ionian Islands, lying off the coast of ancient Greece, in the Mediterranean Sea, including, besides a number of islets, seven principal isles :—

Cephalonia, the most considerable of the whole, forty miles in length, from ten to twenty miles in breadth, situated on the coast of Livadia, opposite the Gulf of Lepanto ; the capital, bearing the same name, is on the south-east coast of the island, in 20° 56′ east longitude, 38° 12′ north latitude.

Cerigo, seventeen miles from north to south, ten miles in width, lying off the south-east promontory of the Morea : this was the ancient Cythera, a mountainous country, inhabited by shepherds, who tend large flocks of sheep and goats ; the town, which carries the same name, is located at the south end of the island, in 22° 57′ east longitude, 36° 9′ north latitude.

Corfu, the most important, was the ancient Corcyra, placed opposite the coast of Albania, at the entrance of the Adriatic Sea ; the town, of its own name, is situated on the east side of the shore of a spacious, secure harbour, strongly fortified, in 19° 50′ east longitude, 39° 36′ north latitude. This is the seat of government.

Paxo, fifteen miles in circumference, lies a little south of Corfu, in 20° 20′ east longitude, 39° 21′ north latitude. Mostly inhabited by Greeks.

Santa Maura, a mountainous country, fifty miles in circumference, lying on the west coast of Greece, in the Ionian Sea, fifteen miles north of Cephalonia ; the town of the same name, situated at the northern extremity of the island, in 20° 46′ east longitude, 38° 40′ north latitude.

Theaki, twenty-four miles in length, with a breadth of seven miles, separated by a narrow channel from the north-east part of Cephalonia. The chief town is called Valthi, having a capacious harbour in 20° 40′ east longitude, 38° 25′ north latitude : this was the ancient Ithaca, celebrated as the birthplace and kingdom of Ulysses, the mentor of Telemachus.

Zante, fourteen miles in length, eight miles in breadth, near the coast of the Morea, seventeen miles south of Cephalonia, produces the finest peaches in the world, also currants superior to those of Corinth ; has been celebrated for ages for its springs of petroleum—an unctuous, black, clammy matter, floating on the surface of the water, called liquid bitumen—its capital, bearing the same name, is situated on an eminence on the east side of the island, with a spacious harbour, protected by a mole, twelve miles west of Cape Tornese, in 20° 50′ east longitude, 37° 43′ north latitude ; has been frequently subjected to the calamity of earthquakes, the last of which occurred in 1820.

These islands comprise a surface of about fifteen hundred square miles, produce very fine wine and oil in abundance, with an aggregate population, principally Greeks, of two hundred and eight thousand; the natives mostly speak Greek and Italian. These islanders are now under the protection of Great Britain, having been formed into a republic 5th November, 1815.

Immediately after arranging the affairs of Venice, Napoleon sent a small fleet with troops to take possession of these territories, and subvert the tyranny of the Venetian domination. In his despatch to the French Directory respecting this expedition, he says—"Our troops landed at Corfu, and were received on shore by an immense crowd of people, who testified their joy by shouts of enthusiasm, such as never fail to animate those who recover their liberty. At the head of the people was their *Papa*, or first minister of religion, a well-informed man, and seemingly very old. He came up to General Gentili, and thus addressed him:—'Frenchmen, you will find in these islands a people extremely ignorant of those arts and sciences which illuminate other nations; but despise them not on that account; they may one day become again what they were before; learn in reading this book to respect them.' The general opened the book, which the *Papa* had presented him, with great curiosity, and was not a little surprised to see it was the 'Odyssey.' All the islands, Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maura, &c., have the same ardent wishes for liberty, and hope that, under the protection of the great nation, they will recover their long-lost arts, sciences, and commerce."

Buonaparte, who in whatever he undertook was always indefatigable, was now the great manufacturer of revolutionary governments throughout Europe; at his nod kingdoms rose and fell with astounding celerity—thus, he had no sooner completed his republican arrangements on the Adriatic side of the Italian peninsula than his attention was called to a similar occupation on the opposite side, at the head of the spacious Gulf of Genoa, where stands that ancient, celebrated seaport of the same name, in 8° 58′ east longitude, 44° 25′ north latitude, distinguished for its commercial importance so far back as the eleventh century, nearly coeval with the invasion of this country by William Duke of Normandy. From the close of the thirteenth until the middle of the fifteenth centuries, its commercial prosperity was at its height, as it then divided with the Venetians the exclusive European importation of the rich productions of Asia. The bank once so famed throughout the trading world, enjoyed the confidence of capitalists for four hundred and six years, having been established 1345, continuing its business until 1751, when it became insolvent for an immense sum, Napoleon finally abolished it in 1798. Genoa is the see of an archbishop, the seat of a university, with a school for navigation; contains eighty-six thousand inhabitants, famous for their manufacture of rich silk velvets. The territory of the republic extends about one hundred and twenty miles along the shore; the city is six miles in circumference, surrounded on all sides by a strong wall, defended on the land side by a double fortification, has a commodious harbour protected by two moles. The churches are beautiful specimens of architecture, their interior decorations extremely rich, arranged with great taste. The distance from Turin is eighty miles in a south-easterly direction, on a meridional line; equi-distant from Milan in a south-westerly course, eighty-six miles north-west of Leghorn, ninety miles north-east of Nice. Like Venice, it was governed by an hereditary oligarchy of nobles, whose tyranny had long since become intolerable; added to which these magnificos had clandestinely afforded assistance against the French to the Austrian government, consequently came under the ban of the conquering Corsican chief.

The Genoese, groaning under the despotic sway of their task-masters, availing themselves of passing events, had already begun to evince a spirit of insubordination to the existing government; the democratic principles by which they were now surrounded, had made a deep impression on the minds of a very large portion of the population, who languished to remove the galling yoke under which they so long, as well as so cruelly, suffered: that hankering after freedom so natural to man, so enthusiastically indulged when considered within his grasp; that holy feeling which, at various periods, has blessed mankind with some of the brightest characters that give grace to the page of history; that divine inspiration which produced a Hampden, a Russell, a Washington, as well as a thousand and one others, many of whose names have passed away with the current of time, had spread itself over the thinking part of the inhabitants of this portion of Italy, in common with the rest, but never until this auspicious moment had the means presented itself to realize their wishes; it was reserved for that great character, whose nomenclature must descend with the stream of history to remotest posterity, to disjoint that closely-knitted junta of despots, to overturn the whole fabric of conspiracy against the happiness of the citizens of Genoa, to crumble into dust that wretched machinery put forth as a Republic, while its sole object was to render the common weal subservient to the gratification of the vile passions of these unprincipled rulers: it would seem that fate had resolved to decorate the brow of a juvenile conqueror of twenty-eight years, by making him the instrument for the downfall of this hoary system of misgovernment: by allotting to him the arduous task, to disperse an executive, whose main object was to keep the mind in a state of stolidity; to break up an established overawing despotism, well dovetailed by the craft of the priesthood, artfully brought into operation; cemented by the horrors of the dungeon; kept afloat by the coercive but irresistible power of the sword;—in short, to scatter to the winds the elements of a long-recognized, formidable institution for brutalizing a nation, and to erect in its place a structure, based upon the noble principle of consulting the general benefit, in which freedom of opinion and cultivation of intellect might go hand in hand, under the name of the Ligurian Republic. The people, thus relieved from the pressure of their tyrants, wanted to exclude the nobility from all share in the newly-formed government; Buonaparte would not listen to this, observing that all exclusion was in itself an infraction of the social compact; that, therefore, to reject the nobles, was as unwise as it was unjust, telling them they ought to be grateful for the means of reorganizing their constitution, without being compelled, like France, to pass through the terrible ordeal of a revolution, in which one portion of the community sought to harrass and destroy the other merely for difference of opinion.

A great feature in the character of Napoleon was the readiness with which he accommodated himself to prevailing prejudices; by which means he not unfrequently made them subservient to the furtherance of his plans. In this he differed widely from the course pursued by the French Directory. He felt, and felt truly, that the prepossessions of centuries required to be treated with a gentle hand—that their eradication was much more likely to be effected by leniency than by harshness. The French Executive, on the contrary, raised a host of enemies by making ferocious war upon opinions which had been fostered for ages, that had by time rooted themselves deeply in the soil into which they were implanted. Speaking of the Italians, he said, "They wish to say mass—let them. If the people want a religion, they have a right to enjoy it." Guided by these feelings, although he left no means short of violence unessayed to weaken the influence of the clergy as a political body, he was still sedulous to gain their good will, to conciliate their friendly aid. Illustrative of this is his memorable letter addressed to the Archbishop of Genoa:—

"Citizen,—I have just received your pastoral letter, in which I almost recognise one of the twelve apostles. It was thus, without doubt, that St. Paul wrote. How respectable does Religion appear when it has such ministers as you are! for you are a true apostle—an evangelical apostle: you obtain the esteem even of your enemies. How comes it that the clergy of your diocese are actuated by so different a spirit? Jesus Christ sought to act by means of conviction; and he chose rather to die than to employ violence in the propagation of his doctrine. Wicked priests preach only revolution and bloodshed; like Judas, they sell their people. I hope soon to be in Genoa, where it will give me the greatest pleasure to converse with you. Bishops like Fenelon—like the Archbishops of Milan, Ravenna, and Genoa, make religion more amiable: they not only preach virtue, but practise it. A good bishop is the best gift which Heaven can give to any city or country on earth. "BUONAPARTE."

Although a great conqueror, accustomed to slaughter and devastation, yet that he was not insensible to the calamities of war—that he deeply felt the mischiefs which it involved, deplored the miseries that it generated, may be substantively gathered from one of his own conversations upon this distressing subject, which is so completely at variance with the solid happiness of mankind:—"It was after one of my great actions in Italy, in the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night," he observed, "that I passed over the field of battle before the dead bodies had been interred. A dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and returned to us; thus at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own peculiar turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp, or in his company; and here he lies, forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson nature here presents through the medium of an animal!—What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles, which were to decide the fate of an army; I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly, at that moment, I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy: I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

The treacherous defection of Pichegru, who was one of the deputies to the council of five hundred, alarmed the French Directory, now called in derision the five majesties of the Luxembourgh; the fact is, the unprincipled conduct of Robespierre had much weakened public respect for the new government: after his downfall, great numbers of the emigrants found their way back to the French capital; these had established the royalist club of Clichy, which corresponded not only with the exiled princes, but also with the imperial court of Austria: this, indeed, had been the medium through which Pichegru had been bought over. Elegant manners, as well as enlightened saloons, had regained their ascendancy with the Parisian population, so much so, that it was generally considered that some new crisis was at hand, by which the face of affairs would undergo material alteration: this state of things was not very pleasant to the Directory, two of whose body were supposed, if not actually implicated in the treasonable acts of Pichegru, to be at least friendly to a restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. In this situation, they had but the choice either to surrender their own power, or throw themselves upon the army, and thus place their cause at the discretion of the man whose popularity they envied, whose continually rising fame filled them with jealousy, proportionate to its splendour. One of these two evils, however, was all that remained to them. Being hard pressed, they yielded to necessity, and chose the latter alternative as the least onerous. Consequently, they represented their present peculiar situation to the Corsican commander, asking him for assistance in this their extremity; at the same time, they made a similar application to General Hoche, who commanded on the Rhine. Napoleon, who was himself alarmed at the increasing influence of the Royalist faction, aided as it was by Austrian and Russian gold, albeit he had no very high opinion of the general conduct of the Directory, casting aside every unpleasant feeling towards them, looking simply to the preservation of the Republic from the threatened grasp of the exiled Bourbons, answered their appeal with his accustomed alacrity; offered them large pecuniary supplies; sent General Augereau as his lieutenant to Paris, to command the national guards, in the event that the danger should prove so urgent, as to render the protection of an armed force requisite; further stating, that, in case of need, he held himself in readiness to march to their relief at a moment's notice, when he would, to use his own rather ominous expression, "pass the Rubicon" with fifteen thousand of his best men. For this purpose he harangued the troops, according to his usual custom, and thus made himself secure of their fidelity, as well as of their willingness to act in any way he might desire.

The law, as it stood, very wisely forbade the government from drawing regular troops to within a certain distance of the capital. Such, however, was the exigency to which the majority of the Directors felt themselves reduced, that, putting everything to the hazard, by setting the law at defiance, at the same time wishing, if possible, to extricate themselves from their present difficulty without the aid of Buonaparte, they summoned General Hoche to bring a division of his army to their immediate aid. This summons met prompt obedience from that truly republican general. Thus reinforced, they entered Paris, accompanied by a corps of the Rhenish army, and accomplished the Revolution, 18 Fructidor, 4th September, 1797, by deposing their two colleagues, who were disposed to favour the re-establishment of royalism in France.

Order having been thus restored, while the hopes of the Clichean faction were, for the present at least, entirely crushed, General Pichegru, with other royalists of note, amounting to more than one hundred and fifty persons, were arrested and sent into exile. Napoleon, not over pleased that the business had been settled without his interference, was by no means contented with the manner in which the Directory had followed up its success. He remonstrated on the occasion, in which he gave it as his opinion, that Pichegru, with a few of the ringleaders, ought to have been executed, but that an example of moderation should have also been held forth, by sparing all those whose royalism admitted of the slightest doubt; while even the principles of those known to be so tainted, with the exception of the few, should not have been too closely inspected after the danger had passed away. Such, however, was their mutual ill feeling, so little were they at this moment disposed to think favourably of each other, that possibly nothing would have been more difficult than for the government to have pleased Buonaparte, or for the latter to have entirely satisfied the views of the Directory. It does not appear that either made the attempt: jealousy, coupled with fear, prevented one—contempt the other.

Hitherto Napoleon has been seen principally in the tented field, fighting and manœuvring to the astonishment of all, not only with consummate skill, but discomfiting his adversaries by the novelty and unprecedented nature of his measures. Indeed, it was a common saying with his soldiers, that "the General has discovered a new method of carrying on the war: he makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets." When the extreme fatigue which his troops underwent was brought under his notice, he was wont smilingly to observe, "Well, if I force them to march, it is to spare their blood." Now, however, his stratagic talents had a respite; his military prowess was no longer called into action; his army had no longer to endure the harassing employment of making forced marches, seeing that the rugged front of war had been somewhat smoothed down by the more bland appearance of peace. He will, nevertheless, appear upon a no less difficult stage, where he is to be contemplated as an intelligent, determined negotiator—as a diplomatist of the first class, in which his energies are to be tested, his abilities exercised with perhaps no less éclat, than that already bestowed upon his movements in the field of battle. Added to this, the inconvenience and hard fare of a camp were to be exchanged for the comforts and luxurious accommodation of the spacious castle of Montebello, near Milan. Thither he retired from the turmoils of war, to embark upon the scarcely less tempestuous ocean of political diplomacy; in the course of which the storm often raged with almost unappeasable fury. At this stately mansion he was at length joined by his wife, in September, 1797; who, although she had been united to him so long back as March, 1796, was still a bride, Napoleon having left her, as before stated, ten days subsequent to her marriage, for the purpose of taking the supreme command of the army of Italy. During the intervening eighteen months, crowded as they were with events that almost stagger belief, he had kept up a regular correspondence with that charming woman, of which a specimen is here subjoined; from which it will appear, that, in love as in war, he was governed by the same uncontrollable enthusiasm; proving him to be the same irresistible being in whatever he embarked; amply demonstrating that the fiery elements of which his nature was composed impelled him forward in both cases alike, driving him along with an impetuosity that bid defiance to opposition—levelling with the dust whatever obstacle might be intruded to his onward course. In one of his letters he asks:—

"By what art is it that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—

there is the history of my career! I am trying to reach you—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am! I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us!—What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul, in which you reign! Ah, my adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable; my courage will not go so far. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; and sometimes, when contemplating on the ills that man could inflict upon me—on the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed my eyes steadfastly on the most unheard-of misfortunes without a shudder, without alarm, even without a frown; but now the idea that my Josephine may be unwell—the idea that she may be ill, and, above all, the cruel, fatal thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, arrests my blood, renders me sad, cast down, and leaves me not even the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I was often wont to say to myself, men could not hurt him who could die without regret; but now, to die without being loved by thee—to die without that certainty, is the torment of hell: it is the forcible and striking image of absolute annihilation. I feel as if I were stifled. My incomparable companion! thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which it shall cease to possess thy heart will be the day on which parched nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation. I stop, my sweet love; my soul is sad—my body is fatigued—my heart is giddy! Men disgust me; I ought to hate them—they separate me from my beloved. I am at Port Moria, near Oneille; to-morrow I shall be at Albenga. The two armies are in motion: we are endeavouring to deceive each other. Victory to the most skilful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu: if he alarm me much, he is better than his predecessor. I shall beat him, I hope, in good style. Do not be uneasy; love me as your eyes; but that is not enough—as yourself,—more than yourself—than your thoughts, your mind, your sight, your all!—Sweet love, forgive me! I am sinking! Nature is weak for him who feels strongly—for him whom you love!"

In another of his letters he tells her "to be of good cheer, for that Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears he causes you to shed."

Josephine was not an every day character; on the contrary, she was one of those rare and exquisite emanations that would seem destined by nature to give mortals a clear idea of female excellence: lovely in her person, she was grace personified—with a heart open as day to melting charity, she felt for the miseries of others, relieved distress wherever she found it, was both a critical and a generous patroness; lively in her conversation, blessed with an almost inexhaustible fund of good-humour, with considerable colloquial powers, she was a most desirable companion; highly accomplished, few women, if any, ever displayed more substantive qualifications for superior station; the dignity of her deportment, as well as the suavity of her demeanour, was acknowledged by all who had the good fortune to come within the vortex of her acquaintance; her address, which was of the most pleasing description, at once easy and captivating, was the delight of those who approached her: the blandness of her disposition, added to her intellectual endowments, established her in every one's esteem, and rendered her an ornament to any circle, however brilliant. In short, it was no small portion of her intrinsic value, not amongst the least of her recommendations, that while by the affectionate simplicity of her manners she would have conferred supreme happiness in a cottage, she was, as well by interior as exterior polish, equally calculated to adorn and shine in the most refined court. She had the power to distribute felicity; she did it with a liberal hand—the elegance with which she performed the honours of the castle was the theme of universal commendation.

Such was Josephine, who, justly proud of the splendid reputation her husband had acquired, even among his most inveterate enemies, was emulous to pay homage to his fame by making Montebello worthy of his renown: for this purpose she resolved to leave no means unessayed, which could be furnished either by art, or by nature, or her own correct taste, that might afford the slightest probability of adding to the pleasure of the scene, or render their present residence more attractive. Among the visitors were now to be seen daily an assemblage of princes and foreign ministers; song and dance were put in requisition; whatever of talent was to be found in Milan was engaged, water-parties in gay flotillas were constantly enjoying the soft breezes of the beautiful lakes of Lombardy—not unfrequently partaking of refreshments in the cool voluptuous retreats around their shores—banquet succeeded banquet in rapid succession, concerts and conversaziones wore away the evenings, while diplomatic discussions occupied the mornings. The castle, which the admiring Italians soon learnt to call the Court of Montebello, was the sojourn of Buonaparte during the greater part of the autumn of 1797. From this, as from a centre, he carried on his negotiations with the emperor, while, at the same time, he controlled Italy, and kept the Directory at the Luxembourgh in awe. This might, therefore, be truly said to be the focus of the power of the French Republic. Whatever was to be done originated at this delectable retreat; orders apparently issued from Paris, but it was Napoleon who virtually concerted them: unless they had passed the ordeal of his approval, they were very little likely to be either enforced or obeyed.

Man is most decidedly the creature of circumstances, taking his colour, like the chameleon, from the most approximate surrounding objects, while his tones are modulated by those instruments with which he is most frequently in the habit of joining concert. Buonaparte was an exemplification of this doctrine. Accustomed to associate with the upper grades of the Austrian and Italian nobles, he, imperceptibly to himself, imbibed that haughty, consequential behaviour, which nine times out of ten is the only distinguishing feature between the former and the common herd of mankind. He began to be fond of ostentatious display, to grow more distant with his comrades; in short, on many occasions, to assume the silly, contemptible airs indulged in by weak monarchs, as if he were rehearsing the part he was subsequently destined to play on the great theatre of the world.

During his earlier campaigns, his feelings were unadulterated. He was wont to rejoice with his officers, to embrace them as his associates, to treat them as nearly on the same footing, engaged in the same arduous duties with himself. After a period, his language, as well as his carriage, underwent a change; still they were those of a frank soldier, who, sensible of the merits of his subordinates, yet made them feel, by his manner, that he was their commander-in-chief. When, however, his infant fortunes began to arrive at maturity, his deportment to his generals was tinctured with that lofty courtesy which simple princes use towards their subjects, which could not easily be mistaken, as it plainly intimated that he considered them as assistants in the war, not as brethren in the same cause. In elucidation of this variance in his conduct, we learn that an officer, who had known Buonaparte familiarly at the siege of Toulon, on joining the army under his command, was about as heretofore to rush into the arms of his old comrade. The look as well as the manner of the general, however, quickly made it evident that there was an end of their intimacy—that the intercourse which had formerly subsisted between them had altered its character with Napoleon's promotion. It is a melancholy reflection, but nevertheless a truism, that power long continued in the same individual as surely contaminates the mind, as that strong liquors taken in large quantities intoxicate the brain.

The establishment of the Clichean Club of Royalists at Paris had cherished hopes among the partisans of monarchy, whose numbers seemed to be on the increase, of a speedy movement in favour of the Bourbons. The daily expectation that this feeling would burst forth with favourable effect for the royal cause, had induced the court of Austria, which was a prime mover in the looked-for revolution, to send private instructions to its representative, the Count De Cobentzel, to procrastinate as long as possible the settlement of the definitive treaty, by continually starting fresh difficulties, and bringing in new claims; thus to afford time for bringing about a very material alteration in the French government, which, if once accomplished, would place the cabinet of Vienna in a very different, as well as a much more advantageous, position. Buonaparte, who was not unapprised of this expectancy on the part of the emperor, acted accordingly, by thwarting the insidious policy of the Austrian. The Imperial negotiator, therefore, soon found to his cost that he had to do with one who had penetrated his secret; that he had to treat with a man who was not to be easily hoodwinked; to contend with an officer, who was quite as decisive in his politics as he was determined in the field; that, consequently, he had most difficult cards to play. His German pride, however, induced him to believe he should prove an overmatch for the Corsican. Napoleon, weary of the frivolous pretensions brought forward for the sole purpose of delay by the wily Cobentzel, whom he was wont to call "the Great Northern Bear," was resolved to end the business promptly.—Among other stipulations, he demanded as a *sine qua non*, an indispensable condition, that the Austrian government should pay to France one hundred millions of francs (about four millions sterling), as an indemnity for the expenses of the war; proposing at the same time to refer minor arrangements, as to territorial possessions, to a congress of ambassadors from the several belligerent powers, to be assembled for that express purpose. To this the Austrian commissioner, following his instructions for procrastination, demurred, offering modifications and other terms. Buonaparte, roused by this pertinacious haggling, observed, in his usual sarcastic strain, "One would think that we were met here merely like traders, to strike a bargain. But no more of that: the French Republic, in its generosity, may give peace, but will never descend to the meanness of purchasing it. I persist in my demand: if it be acceded to, peace will be concluded. Long live the Republic! long live the Emperor!" The wary minister, with true German phlegm, still persevered to vex him with new objections, to worry him with the tediousness of formalities; upon which Napoleon started from the seat he occupied in the apartment of the haughty Austrian ambassador, when suddenly changing his tone, at the same time grasping from the mantel-piece, near which he stood, a very beautiful vase of porcelain, which the count had announced as a present to himself from the late Empress Catharine of Russia, asked Cobentzel, with a decided, threatening expression in his countenance, "Do you refuse our ultimatum?" The Imperialist bowed. "It is well," observed Buonaparte, with a voice of thunder. "You wish for war—you shall have it: but, mark me! within three months I will shatter the Austrian monarchy, as I now do this potsherd!" Saying which, he dashed the valuable ornament upon the floor, where it was shivered into a thousand fragments; then hastily left the room, while the astonished diplomatist stood nearly petrified with vexation, to see his dignity thus contemptuously set at nought by a person whom, in his aristocratic pride, he had foolishly imagined he could mould to his wishes—one of whom he thought but little, as he could not, like himself, boast of nobility. Had this circumstance, now a matter of history, been but hinted to the inflated grandee an hour before it happened, he would have treated the suggestion with derision, as a thing impossible to occur. The Marquis De Gallo, however, rather more clear-sighted to the mischief which might be consequent on this abrupt termination of the conference, quickly followed Napoleon, who had reached his carriage, implored him to return, and almost dragged him down. In the mean time, Cobentzel, sensible of the error he had committed, came forward, and offered submission; when Buonaparte suffered himself to be appeased, and led back, "laughing," as he afterwards said, "in his sleeve at the piteous figure of the humiliated Austrian noble." The negotiations were resumed, and the terms readily agreed to by the arrogant German. Thus peace was concluded, October 3, 1797, by formally signing on that day the definitive treaty of Campo-Formio; so called from the village of that name in Venetian Friuli, near the stream of the Roia; having an elegant castle two miles south-west of Udina, sixty-seven miles from the city of Venice, in a north-easterly direction.

Self-reliance and firmness of purpose seem never to have deserted Napoleon Buonaparte, even on the most trivial occasions. On the contrary, he appears always to have been prepared, even in his own person, to contend for the supremacy of France above the other powers of Europe, as well as unflinchingly to insist upon the inherent rights of its government, independent of recognition by the various cabinets of the western world. These latter, sorely disappointed in the expected convulsion, by which a great change in the French Executive would have been effected, began to waver in their conduct. Among the rest, the Austrian ambassador was instructed to obliterate former unfriendly feelings, by availing himself of every possible opportunity to conciliate the friendship of France, and more especially to attract the favour of the youthful diplomatist, whose views apparently governed the present councils of that nation. To this end, in conformity with his instructions, the minister began a paragraph with "the Emperor shall acknowledge the French Republic." Buonaparte testily exclaimed, "Expunge that passage! it needs no acknowledgment: its existence is as clear as the sun at noon-day. Woe to them who cannot distinguish the light of either!"

The invincible determination of Napoleon to resist every attempt to lessen the respect due to the French nation, for whose honour he had so nobly fought and conquered, was somewhat petulantly manifested on the occasion of a grand Te Deum ordered to be sung to celebrate the restoration of peace. The imperial negotiator, actuated by that disgusting pride which so frequently marks the conduct of his countrymen, so far lost sight of his better sense, as to seat himself in the place appropriated to Buonaparte, which was the most prominent in the church, and to which peculiar attention had been paid to render it convenient and worthy of the occupant. When the French commander-in-chief entered, perceiving the intended insult to himself, and equally fired with indignation at this insolent attempt to lower the consequence of France, without the slightest hesitation he seized the arm of the haughty Cobentzel, and shaking him with some violence, asked in a menacing tone, "Are you, sir, ignorant of the power which I am delegated to represent in this place? Be it known to you, that it is the French nation who has conferred this honour upon me; neither would I recede one step, if even your master were here in person to dispute the point!" Then, thrusting from him the humbled, intrusive nobleman, he composedly seated himself with great dignity, which he knew well how to assume when occasion required; while the haughty imperial ambassador, trembling with impotent rage, was obliged to pocket the affront, and quietly submit to the harsh rebuff he had received from the still more haughty, but every way victorious, republican general.

It not unfrequently occurs that, in the endeavour to aggrandize themselves at the expense of others, men mistake their course, which, under such circumstances, they are apt to do; and, instead of accomplishing their object, cover themselves with disgrace, as well as render themselves ridiculous. It happened thus to the imperious but mortified Count De Cobentzel; while Napoleon Buonaparte, sitting at his ease, openly enjoyed the degradation the Austrian diplomatist had unnecessarily inflicted upon himself. Imprudence, like poverty, often makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows.

It will not, perhaps, be found to bear any very valuable testimony to the moral feelings of those intrusted with the destiny of nations, if their conduct on many occasions be submitted to the ordeal of strict investigation. In this instance of the treaty of Campo-Formio, it would be somewhat difficult to decide which of the two contracting powers evinced the greatest rapacity. Unblushing selfishness, with all its concomitant baseness, would appear to have been the actuating motive with both; while the sacred cause of freedom, accompanied by justice, so frequently in the mouth of the French general, did not seem to have gained more substantive respect in the hands of Buonaparte, than it did in those of the German emperor. Each cut and carved countries, as best suited their more immediate convenience, without regard to former declarations, or at all consulting the wishes of the respective inhabitants. They clearly showed that sincerity was not their most esteemed virtue; and exemplified by striking examples how fervently they adopted the expedient maxim that "might constitutes right;" as upon no other plea could they have attempted to justify their moral aberration.

By this diplomatic instrument, the Rhine river, including the strong fortress of Mentz, was declared the boundary of the French Republic on that side. The newly-formed commonwealths of Lombardy were consolidated into one government, under the designation of the Cisalpine Republic. The Emperor could not but know that the Doge and the Venetian senate had been brought to ruin by their attachment to his interests.—Buonaparte must have been equally conscious that, although he had actually conquered Venice, he had, nevertheless, entered into treaty with, also recognized as well as promised support to, a newly-formed republican government, when he overthrew the then existing oligarchy. Strange to tell, neither friendship nor gratitude in the first, nor love of liberty in the other, prevented the partitioning between themselves the whole of the Venetian territories. The ancient city, together with its Italian provinces, were apportioned to Austria, in lieu of the Lombard country, and as an equivalent for the fortress of Mantua, stipulated to have been surrendered to the Imperial government by the preliminary treaty of Loeben; while France grappled Dalmatia and the Ionian Islands. A more disgusting, unprincipled compromise hardly ever stained the annals of diplomacy!—But the spirit of injustice did not even stop here: another exposition of the rectitude of the parties was to be brought before the world.

The *Valle-telino*, commonly known as the Valteline, is a small territory fifty miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen miles in breadth, bounded on the east by the county of Bormio, on the confines of the Tyrol, on the west by Chiavenna; the limpid stream of the Adda flowing along its whole extent into the beautiful lake of Como, passing through which it falls into the great river Po. This valley lies enclosed between two chains of lofty mountains; that on the south separating it from the Venetian domains, while the northern chain divides it from the country of the Grisons, to the league of which it had been subject for ages. The inhabitants of this fertile spot, where manufactures have little or no existence, alive like their neighbours to the spirit of the times, were anxious to amend their condition; to which end they sought to obtain from their Swiss rulers admission into the political privileges of the other cantons. This most rational request was, however, peremptorily refused. In this extremity they made application to Napoleon, to use his intercession on their behalf with the government of Switzerland, with which the French Republic was on the most amicable terms. Buonaparte seemed pleased to accept the office of mediator; but as his interference met with no better success, he hesitated not to espouse their cause, and to support the Valtelines in asserting their independence, by enabling them to cast off the Grison yoke; observing at the same time, as a sort of justification, "It is contrary to the rights of man that any one people should be subject to another." How far he carried out this doctrine will be best shown by his subsequent career.

From this it would appear, that a country with which the French Republic was in friendly alliance was thus treacherously despoiled, in the face of open day, of a portion of its richest possessions. It is true, that, as well by natural position and religion as by language, the Valteline belonged to Italy: its union with that classic land, therefore, might not be altogether improper; but the method adopted was certainly objectionable, as far as it related to the French authorities. This is the moral question to be solved: how can such conduct be reconciled with the honourable performance of covenants between nations? If it be considered justifiable, then are treaties little better, if any, than waste paper; their formation a direct abuse of time, or, to use the words of Napoleon's successful competitor at Waterloo, when speaking of our English county meetings, "A MERE FARCE!" To this deliberate breach of every moral obligation, in two ways, by the resolute dictator of the day, did that great stickler for legitimate rule, at the shrine of which he had sacrificed hundreds of thousands of his own unhappy subjects, the German emperor give his imperial sanction, by affixing his seal to the instrument by which these people, who had been taught to think they would be at liberty to construct a government for themselves, were, without consent either asked or granted, annexed as an appendage to the Cisalpine Republic. What is it that emperors will not do when expediency can be pleaded? May they not be aptly compared to the man who was to give evidence in a cause, when he was asked to what he could swear, petulantly replied, "Don't bother me with questions as to what I can swear; but show me what it is that I will swear!"

Although the great outlines upon which peace was concluded between the French Republic and the imperial house of Austria were definitively chalked out, yet many interior arrangements, as respected territorial division among the minor German princes, remained to be settled, which required the sanction of the two great contracting powers. For this purpose, it was agreed to assemble a congress of the several reigning princes interested in the Germanic league, at a small town in the principality of Baden, five miles north-east of the city of that name, and twenty miles south-west of Phillipsburg, called Rastadt, with a noble castle, seated upon the river Murg. At this congress Buonaparte was to appear in the character of ambassador of France, with plenary powers, by desire of the Directory of the Luxembourg.

Preparations having been completed for his leaving Italy, he pathetically addressed his soldiers; in which, after thanking them for their steady adherence to his orders, and their ever ready willing assistance, he bade them an affectionate farewell; at the same time he put forth a well-conceived masculine but temperate address to the Cisalpine Republic, which secured him the approbation as well as the attachment of a very large portion of the Italian population of all ranks, who buoyed themselves up with the hope that the new Cisalpine government, for which they considered themselves entirely indebted to him, would in its operation not only pave the way for, but ultimately unite the whole peninsula under one common republican constitution. In quitting the army under his command, which might be fairly denominated one of the finest the world had ever seen, he carried with him the most unbounded love of every individual in it, from the drummer to the general; a body of troops whose reverential devotion to their general had rarely been experienced by any commander-in-chief.

That the enthusiasm with which Buonaparte had been generally received, from his first entrance on the Italian territory, when unopposed by priestly machination, was not confined to the male portion of the community, may be pretty accurately ascertained by the well-known fact, that among the lovely natives whose piercing eyes add zest to the natural beauties of that illustrious spot of earth, few were to be found who did not aim to render themselves pleasing to the youthful general, while very many sought by their blandishments to touch his heart: in short, he was a universal favourite with the women. Their endeavours, however, proved fruitless, not because he was insensible to female charms, but because the indulgence of such feelings was fraught with too much hazard, as it might endanger the safety of the cause he so warmly espoused, in aid of which he was fully determined to bring into action the whole range of his matchless talents: when speaking upon this subject, he has been frequently heard to say, his mind was too strong to be caught in the snare, that the flowers were certainly brilliant as well as inviting, but that the precipice concealed under the enamelled mead was never absent from his mind. His situation, indeed, was one of peculiar delicacy, while all his motions were narrowly watched with eyes jealous of his superior powers, ever ready to have arraigned the most trivial departure from propriety at the bar of judges always disposed to enter into a prejudiced investigation. Being so young when he entered upon the arduous command of the army of Italy, it was requisite for the support of his authority, imperative to the success of his schemes, that he should be free from reproach on the score of levity, his conduct steady, his manners grave, his deportment dignified: placed as he was, having the command of veteran officers of great reputation, the obligations imposed upon him by so onerous a task were immense. His fortune was bound up in his prudence; his circumspection therefore, was extreme: a spark incautiously elicited, might have kindled a flame that would have made tinder of all his expectations: as he was wont emphatically to say, "but for the strict guard I brought myself habitually to exercise over my mind, I might have lost sight of prudence, and if only for a single hour, how many of my victories had been connected with a point of no greater importance: thus I found my natural cheerfulness of disposition repressed, my character moulded by circumstances, my actions modified upon principles suited to the enforcement of obedience." Calculation of time was the great secret of Buonaparte's success—a matter which would appear to have been entirely neglected by his adversaries.

However indifferent he might seem to the influence of feminine attractions during his command of the army of Italy, subsequent events show that he was actuated by a rigid regard to the necessary duties of his station, rather than by a want of that feeling which more or less interests the whole race of man. Several years after, at the period of his coronation at Milan, his attention was occupied by Grassini, the celebrated vocalist: circumstances had altered, the time had become more auspicious, Napoleon desired to see her, she was consequently introduced to him: in the course of the interview she reminded him that it was during his early achievements in Italy that she had made her debut: "I was then," she continued, "in the full lustre of my beauty, and in the full fame of my talent: my performance in the 'Virgin of the Sun,' was the topic of universal conversation, and I may say, of general commendation: I fascinated every eye, inflamed every heart. The young general alone was insensible to my charms, and yet he was the only object of my wishes! What caprice! what singularity! When I possessed some value, when all Italy was at my feet, when I heroically disdained its admiration for a single glance from you, I was unable to obtain it: now how strange an alteration,—you condescend to notice me—now, when I am not worth the trouble—am no longer worthy of you!"

Notwithstanding the spread of his fame as a conqueror of the first class, as well as the reputation he enjoyed as a superior diplomatist, his journey was commenced in the most simple style, with the equipage of a private gentleman, accompanied by two of his generals, two aides-de camp, his secretary, and his physician. On his route he dined with the French resident at Geneva,a fortified town, with an arsenal and a university, situated at the west end of the lake of its own name, although sometimes called the lake of Leman, with a population of 41,500 inhabitants; forty miles north-east of Chamberry, one hundred and thirty-five miles north-west of Turin, and two hundred and fifty-six miles south-east by south of Paris, in east longitude 6° 8', north latitude 46° 12'.

As he had been long expected in this city, immense crowds of people were anxiously waiting to see and welcome him: at Meudon, a Swiss town in the Pays de Vaud, defended by a castle upon the summit of a mountain forty-two miles north-north-east of Geneva, he was received with peculiar marks of honour by the chief authority, the celebrated Colonel Weiss, a man well known by his philosophical as well as by his political writings. His carriage broke down near Avenche, a town in Switzerland, situated at the south end of the lake Morat, fifteen miles west of Berne: this place, though now fallen to decay, was formerly the capital of Switzerland: in consequence of this accident, Napoleon was compelled to walk some miles: throughout the Swiss Cantons, wherever he appeared, he was received with uncommon enthusiasm, notwithstanding the awkward affair of the Valteline: indeed, at that time, he was looked up to as the apostle of liberty, by all that portion of mankind who considered freedom as an object worthy of a struggle. The government of Berne, desirous to mark their high opinion of his merits, sent a deputy to accompany him on his journey: this gentleman had a son, a boy about thirteen years old: the youth, who displayed acumen far above his age, soon became a great favourite with Buonaparte, who always appeared to be very fond of conversing with him, he one day found him poring over a large map of Switzerland: "What occupies your attention there?" asked the general. "I am examining the position of some parts of my own country, with which I am not well acquainted," was the reply, upon which Napoleon, pointing to Porentrui, a Swiss town in the Canton of Berne, seated on the stream of the Hallan, near mount Jura, twenty-four miles west-south-west of Basel, in 7° 10′ east longitude, 47° 27′ north latitude, inquired smilingly, "Do you know that part?" The boy promptly replied "that does not belong to us."—"No," said Napoleon, "but we mean to give it you." "And pray what is it you ask for in exchange?" demanded the lad.—"Nothing," replied Napoleon: "we shall make you a present of it."—"Ah!" said the boy, ruminating very gravely, "nothing did you say,—pardon me, dear sir, but I fear the Greeks when they bring presents." Buonaparte, struck with the youth's answer, folded him rapturously in his arms; then, turning to the father, "Take care," said he, "of this boy's education; some day or other you will find he will prove no common character."

Buonaparte, as has before been observed, was proud of being considered a member of the French nation: he loved French soldiers, and French soldiers loved him: if he flattered their vanity, they were nothing behind him in adulation; they amply repaid his encomiums by their high opinion of his brilliant talents, as well as their readiness to attempt whatever his utmost ambition could desire: in short, it was scarcely possible that a better feeling could exist between any two parties, than that which united, as it were in one indissoluble bond, the courageous "little corporal" with his triumphant legions: in this, at least, he was at all times consistent with himself, and it would be well for his fame if the same could be said of him upon all other points: be that as it may, he never omitted any fair opportunity to eulogize French valour. In the course of his journey he came to the small Swiss town of Morat, or Murten, strengthened by a castle standing on the south-east side of the lake of its own name, which runs parallel with the lake of Neufchatel, into which it flows by the stream of the Broyne river, ten miles north-east of Friberg: near this place, which sustained a memorable siege against the Duke of Burgundy, in 1476, a battle was fought between the Burgundians and the Swiss, in which the army of the former was entirely destroyed: Napoleon, who, wherever he might be, was not only an observant, but also an inquisitive traveller, expressed himself anxious to see the field where the Swiss troops acquired such lasting glory by the total defeat of their enemy: an officer, formerly in the French service, happened to be present; when he arrived at the spot where this direful conflict had taken place, he explained the manner in which the Switzers, descending from the neighbouring mountains, had, under the cover of a dense wood, turned the flank of the Burgundian, and thus thrown his army into disorder: "What was the number of that army?" asked Napoleon.—"About sixty thousand men," replied the officer. "Sixty thousand!" exclaimed the general-in-chief; "why they should have spread themselves over these mountains." General Lannes, who formed one of the Corsican's suite, observed that, "The French in the present day understand better how to fight." Buonaparte, with his usual keenness, interrupted the discourse by vehemently declaring, "The Burgundians were not then Frenchmen."

After traversing many of the great towns in Switzerland, Buonaparte arrived safely at Rastadt, where he was received, by the assembled negotiators, with that respect which his diplomatic talents demanded, as well as his achievements in the field: among the ministers who presented themselves, was Count Fersen, the Swedish Envoy; this nobleman had made himself conspicuous at Paris during the early stages of the French Revolution, by his devotion to the Royal cause, coupled with a most determined hatred of the new order of things: when the count was presented to Napoleon, the general received him with great coolness, civilly asking him, what minister the court' of Sweden had at Paris:" to this the Swede answered, with evident embarrassment, "None·" On this, Buonaparte said, "he was somewhat surprised that his Swedish Majesty should send such a person to meet the congress, when he cannot but be well aware that the Count Fersen, on account of his known hostility to their present form of government, would be highly offensive," remarking "that the King of Sweden would be much displeased if a French minister, who had notoriously endeavoured to excite the Swedish people to rebellion, should be sent to reside at Stockholm—that, by a parity of reasoning, the French republic could not permit his majesty to send men but too well known for their attachment to the old court of the Tuilleries, to the present congress, to confer with the ministers of the first nation on earth, a nation, the dignity of which its ambassadors not only knew well how to support, but were also determined to maintain against all attack, from whatever quarter: he should therefore peremptorily refuse to enter into any negotiation with such a man." The count, irritated, mortified, and confused, was compelled to retire, observing, "he should report to his sovereign what he had just heard." Napoleon, when he found that the multiplicity of interests to be discussed would involve a long residence at Rastadt, quitted the scene after a few days; leaving the settlement of the details to be mooted by his colleagues, pursued his journey, and reached Paris early in December, 1797.

Many circumstances concurred to render rapidity desirable in Napoleon's journey to the great French metropolis. His personal relations with the French directory were of a very dubious character; neither were over-pleased with each other. He was extremly anxious to contemplate passing events with his own eyes, to study on the spot the position in which the government stood as regarded the various orders of society in that all influential city.

Among other objects in which he felt himself more interested, was the determination announced so early as 2nd October, 1797, from the executive government of France, to materially alter the plan of the hostilities then waging against the British by the organization of a large invading force, with which to carry the war against the English into England itself, at the same time giving the world to understand that the superintendance of the operations of this expedition, as well as the chief command, would be confided to Citizen General Buonaparte. It was said by the Directory, that by thus making these Islanders, speaking of ourselves, feel at their own firesides the actual miseries of a state of warfare, making them personally sensible of its devastating rage, they would the sooner be induced to put an end to its horrors, of which they knew little except by report: that consequently they would grow tired of supplying the sinews, therefore cease to subsidize the continental princes for the sole purpose of continuing the destructive appliances of belligerent contest.

Napoleon was deeply read in the intricate mazes of the human heart; he had learned in early life, that the surest way to obtain any given thing was by seeming not to seek it. On his return to the great mart of fashion, his policy would appear to have been to gain popularity by a semblance to avoid it: in this he was completely successful: he furthered his own ulterior schemes without angering the Directory, or even giving them cause of complaint: sedulous to resume in all his arrangements the appearance of a private citizen, he evinced great moderation, publicly expressed his abhorrence of Jacobin principles, dropped that hauteur to which, while negotiating with the ministers of European powers, he had accustomed himself; modestly took up his residence in the same small house which he had previously occupied in the *Rue Chantereine*, now changed by the municipality in direct compliment to its then illustrious resident, to *Rue de la Victoire*, or victory street: here he laid aside his gorgeous regimentals for plain habiliments, resumed his favourite studies, saw but little company, and in all things occupied himself with the same pursuits he had formerly done, apparently contenting himself with the society of his private friends. He was perfectly aware that every one's eye was upon him, he was therefore extremely circumspect in his conduct, and in his general intercourse with society was remarkable for the cold reserve of his behaviour: he always had the appearance of being too much occupied with serious designs, to be able to relax at pleasure into the easy play of ordinary conversation, although nothing was more facile to him when he had the inclination, but he kept a steady and searching eye upon every man with whom he chanced to come in contact. His mode of life, however, was necessarily somewhat different from what it had been when he was poor, obscure, and without employment: even then his society had been courted; it was now more than eve sought after in the higher circles, which at this period had then become common in Paris by the return of so many of the emigrant noblesse. In these coteries he occasionally made his appearance, always, by assuming his military bluntness wherever he went, impressing them with the idea of the Buonaparte of Monte-notte, Lodi, Arcola, Rivoli, and Castiglione; he disdained to disguise himself under the more polished course of the circles in which he might be found: the fact was, he knew himself much too well to be flattered by the stare of either mobs or saloons. The celebrated Madame De Stael, the daughter of the financier Necker, made the most strenuous efforts to attract his fancy, and to enlist him among the numerous votaries of her wit, which was then the reigning fashion in the good city of Paris: wearied at length with the coldness of his manner, a prey to ennui arising from her unsuccessful attempts to thaw the iciness of his demeanour, she one day abruptly attacked him by asking, "Whom he considered as the greatest of women?" to which he drily answered, "Her, madam, who has borne the greatest number of children." From this hour, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, from being his most enthusiastic admirer, she became his unceasing enemy: at this period, he sometimes saw company at home where they were entertained with that elegant hospitality, over which Josephine was so well qualified to preside, whose natural grace made every scene in which she formed a part, one of those delicious acceptable entertainments which fascinate even the most torpid; upon the pleasurable remembrance of which the mind dwells with delight.

Napoleon was not to learn the proverbial fickleness of the Parisians; eternal search after something new is with them as notorious as the day; nothing can interest them beyond a few transitory hours: with his usual sagacity, he clearly saw that, unless he made some move, he should quickly grow out of fashion; that notwithstanding all his victories he would soon be neglected; that however brilliant the sun of his fame, it could not long impart an enlivening warmth to the gay inhabitants of Paris, unless agitated by some intermixture with its rays, even though that should be of a desolating quality, such is the volatility of these universally admitted arbiters of the *Elegantia* in costume, whether to decorate the female or the opposite sex. But he also knew that, before he could act again, he had much to observe: fully conscious of the daring heights to which he aspired, well knowing the lofty projects which had now become familiar to his imagination; equally well acquainted that "the pear was not yet ripe," Bourienne informs us, that Buonaparte laboured under intense anxiety of mind, lest others might divine his secret; was always restless with the fear that his enemies should fathom his design; was in perpetual dread that the discovery of his real intentions should frustrate his ambitious schemes, and seal his ruin, by uniting against him both Royalists and Republicans. Speaking of the people, he observed, "they have memories for nothing here, if I remain long without doing anything I am lost, Fame chases Fame in this great Babylon;" he continued, "If they had seen me three times at the Spectacle, they would no longer look at me." His secretary one day thought to please him by offering congratulations upon some noisy ebullition of popular favor—"Bah!" exclaimed Napoleon, "they would rush as eagerly, and vociferate as loudly, if I were on my way to the guillotine." Be this as it may, fate had otherwise decreed; his name was not doomed so soon to fall into decay; on the contrary, it was destined to rank high in the estimation, to hold a place in the bosoms of this versatile people, of much more than ordinary duration. The treaty of Campo Formio was to be formally presented to the French Directory, 2nd January, 1798, on which occasion it was settled, that Buonaparte should make his first public appearance, in which it was his good fortune to conciliate the mass, to be received with unbounded applause, to be hailed as the saviour of the nation, a circumstance that made him appear as a spectre of evil import in the jaundiced eyes of the Directors, imbuing their minds with presentiments of a dark future, filling up to overflowing, their cup of bitterness, giving fresh impetus to the jealousy that rankled in the hearts of the junta who then ruled the destinies of France, because they perfectly understood, that the "soldiery" returning from Italy had said, and sung through every village, that it was high time to get rid of the lawyers, and make the "little corporal" king. Every burst of popular applause fell upon their troubled ears, like the echo of this unwelcome cry.

The ceremony of Napoleon's presentation to the French Directory, was, perhaps, the most imposing, as well as the most splendid thing of the kind upon record; it was every way worthy the great occasion, probably all circumstances considered, the greatest that ever occurred to any human being; it was a sight in which every son of freedom felt deeply and properly interested. The chief governors of a valiant nation, long renowned in arms, distinguished for science, elaborate in arts, with polished manners, were about to receive a general, who, by his consummate talents, had preserved the independence of his country, extended the glory of France, and vanquished the most formidable armies ever sent into the field, those armies, too, under the command of veteran officers of acknowledged ability; to give audience to a negotiator who had rent asunder an unholy confederacy of the great European powers formed for the destruction of freedom, then rearing its laurelled head upon the ruins of a despotism which had, for many centuries, degraded the French people, repressed their energies, and made them slaves; to manifest to an admiring world the triumph of genius and valour in the cause of liberty. The spacious court of the Luxembourg palace was to be the scene of this magnificent display of a nation's gratitude to her invincible defender; it was roofed over with flags; at the extreme end was erected an altar, surmounted with the statues of liberty, equality, and peace, ornamented with the various standards which had been taken from the enemy, having also chairs for the persons composing the Directory; on each side were seats in a semicircular form, resembling a vast amphitheatre, destined for the constituted authorities, including all the members of the government, with the two legislative bodies, as also the foreign ministers; a portion was likewise appropriated as an orchestra for music. The walls were decorated with tricolored hangings, from which were suspended the colours of the different armies of the republic; the windows of the palace were crowded with beauty; an immense concourse lined the court, which impatiently awaited the arrival of the victorious Diplomatist; all the neighbouring streets were filled with those who could not gain admittance within, who kept up an almost uninterrupted strain of acclamation, making the place resound with their shouts of joy. At noon, the explosion of artillery announced the commencement of the important business of the day; an excellent band struck up the hymn of liberty; every one stood up uncovered to welcome the hero of so many victories. Napoleon Buonaparte entered, walking between the war minister and the minister of foreign relations, followed by his Staff; surrounded with the trophies of his glorious campaigns. Soon as he appeared, the enthusiasm of the mighty multitude, to the greater part of which until that moment his person was unknown, outleaped all bounds. The air was rent with exclamations of *Vive la Republique*; Long live the Republic; *Vive Buonaparte*; Long live Buonaparte. Not a single person was silent, all, as if actuated by one impulse, simultaneously cried out, "The deliverer of Italy"—"The of the Continent." Napoleon, who was perfectly calm amidst this storm of applause, advanced with great dignity, showing the same coolness he had so often displayed in the hour of battle. When he reached the steps of the altar, he was presented to the Directory by Talleyrand, who made a speech suited to the occasion; the most profound silence ensued, while Buonaparte, presenting the Emperor's ratification of the treaty of Campo Formio, addressed himself to the rulers, every word of which was listened to with the most eager curiosity:—"Citizen Directors," said he, "the French people, in order to be free, had to combat with kings; to obtain a constitution founded upon reason, they had to overcome the prejudices of eighteen centuries. Religion, feudality, and royalty, have successively governed Europe; but the peace which you have concluded, dates the era of representative government. You have organized the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only by the limits of nature herself. You have done more, the two most beautiful parts of Europe, formerly so celebrated for the arts, the sciences, and the great men cradled in them, behold with glad expectation the genius of liberty rising from the tombs of their ancestors. Such are the pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations.

I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by his majesty, the Emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be established on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will then become free.

To this harangue, Barras, as presiding Director, made an eulogistic reply, when among other expressions he said, "nature had exhausted all her powers in the creation of a Buonaparte"—it brought forth a fresh tempest of approbation from the dense masses of assembled citizens, who seemed never to grow tired of expressing the cordiality of their feelings towards the "little bit of an officer,"—the members of the Directory then gave him the fraternal embrace, when the minister of foreign relations conducted him to a superb arm chair prepared for him, and placed before the diplomatic body; the other generals were next presented, who also received, and returned addresses, when they in their turn took the seats prepared for them in front of Buonaparte; various pieces of music composed for the occasion were performed, and after the *chant du depart*, the song of separation, the sitting was dissolved. Napoleon retired amidst reiterated acclamations; a magnificent banquet given at the Luxembourg palace to the late commander-in-chief of the army of Italy and his Staff, closed a day that will be ever memorable in the annals of France.

After the revolution, 18th Fructidor, sixty members of the council of five hundred had been arrested, and exiled to Cayenne; among these was, the celebrated Carnot, a member of the National Institute, the very man whose comprehensive genius had first planned the operations of the war: as the general opinion was, that he was dead, the Institute nominated Buonaparte to fill his place, when he was received by this learned body with an enthusiasm only equalled by that which had greeted him at the Luxembourg. The day subsequent to his nomination, he wrote a letter to Camus, the presiding *Savant*:—

"Citizen President,—The suffrage of the distinguished individuals who compose the National Institute, reflects the highest honor on me; at the same time, I perceive that before I can become their equal, I must remain a long time their scholar. If there were any mode more expressive than another of testifying my esteem for them that method would be the one I should select. The only true conquests, those which are unalloyed with regret, are those which we gain over ignorance. The most honorable, as well as the most useful pursuits, are those which contribute to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist, in fostering every new invention, in nourishing every great discovery, thus continually increasing and extending the national intelligence, by not suffering even the scintilla of a fresh idea to escape its adoption."

He always appeared feelingly alive to the unsolicited honor that was thus most handsomely conferred upon him by an association, comprising, perhaps, the most scientific and most learned men in Europe; laying aside, as far as possible, the insignia of his military rank, he substituted the costume of the Institute, in which he was sedulous to appear, on all public occasions: indeed, his chief ambition seemed to consist in being classed with those whose acquirements in science had shed an enduring lustre over the region of France. In this, however, according to his own admission, he acted on calculation of future advantage. "I well know," he was wont to observe, "that there is not a drummer in the army, but would respect me the more for believing me to be not a mere soldier."

Indeed, it was his custom to scale every one with whom he might chance to have any intercourse, regulating his conduct towards them by the admeasurement he apportioned to each: thus, when speaking of some of the French generals, it would appear he had made his estimate of their several characters. He pronounced—

AUGEREAU, a cross-grained character, satiated with the honours and riches he was constantly receiving from all hands; one who appeared to be not only tired but disheartened by victory of which he always had enough: also that his person, his demeanour as well as his language, gave him the air of a braggadocio, which, however, was very far from what he really was.

BERNADOTTE, bold and enterprising, with Moorish blood in his veins, capable of daring any thing, should he ever become ambitious.

MASSENA, a man of extraordinary courage, possessing prodigious firmness of nerve, qualities which seemed to rise in him in proportion to the danger, being at the highest when that was most imminent: if conquered, he was always as ready to fight the battle again as if he had actually been the victor.

MOREAU, soft without energy, preferring military to political power.

SERRURIER, a bad general, but an honest, trustworthy man, who never lost sight of the bearing as well as the severity of an old major of infantry.

Neither was he unmindful of meritorious service, as will be more fully shown by his letter to the French Directory, upon the death of Meuron, in which he stated that:—"Citizen Meuron had served since the first moments of the Revolution in the corps of artillery, and had particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, where he had received a dangerous wound while entering the English redoubt. That young Meuron, covered with the blood he had shed for his country, presented himself before the Convention and Revolutionary Committee of his section, in favour of his father, at that period under arrest as one of the farmers general, and obtained his liberation; that on the 4th of October he had commanded a division of artillery, which defended the Convention, when he continued deaf to the representations of his acquaintances and friends. I asked him,' continued Buonaparte, "if the government might reckon upon him, 'Yes' was his reply, 'I have sworn to support the Republic; I form part of the armed force, and will obey my commanders.' Since the commencement of the campaign in Italy, Meuron has rendered essential service in almost every action; and at last fell gloriously in the field of Arcola, leaving a young widow in a state of pregnancy."

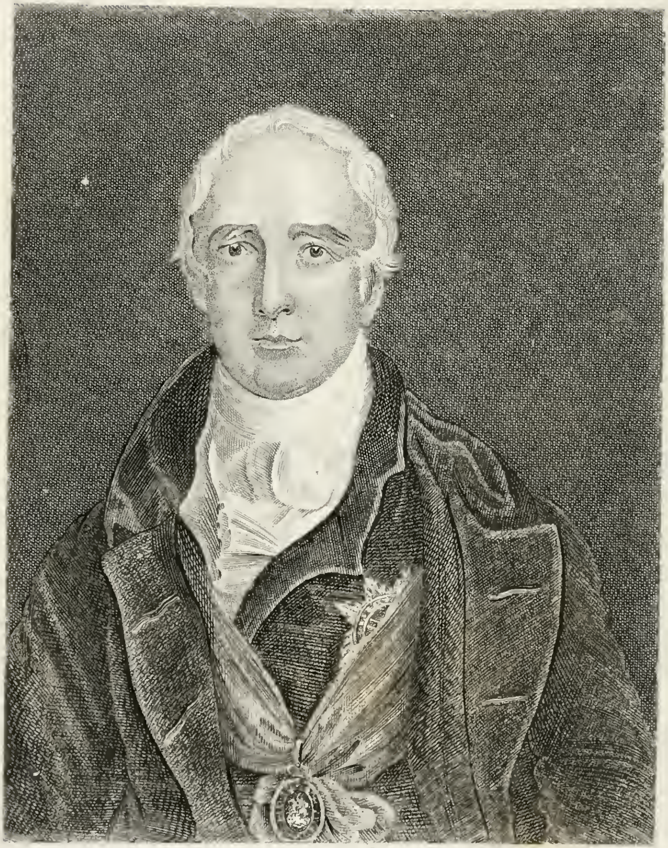
It was an annual custom in France to celebrate the 21st January, which was marked for a grand festival in the new Republican calendar, as being the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI. The observance of this day had, however, become distasteful to most reflecting persons, and was particularly so to the returned emigrants, who now, 1798, began to swarm in the great French metropolis. The members of the Directory, although not ignorant of this feeling, were nevertheless determined not to relinquish the celebration this year at least, as they considered they had a good opportunity to divert the observation of the Parisians from themselves, by assigning a prominent part in the ceremonial to Napoleon Buonaparte, being well assured that all eyes would be rivetted upon him, and him only, wherever he appeared; consequently, that he would engross the whole attention of the assembled multitude. The Corsican general was not, however, so easily caught, as independent of his unwillingness for such popular demonstration, he was not slow to penetrate the motives of the Directory: little pleased with the ceremony itself, as thinking it ill suited to liberal ideas, he remonstrated against its continuance, urging that it was impolitic, as well as unworthy, a great and enlightened people, year after year, to triumph in having shed the blood of an individual, thus perpetuating the memory of a deed which, however unavoidable, was nevertheless to be regretted: he therefore positively declined to appear at the forthcoming fête, in his character of first general of the republic: against this reasoning was opposed the custom of the old Romans, as well as the polite Athenians, who were wont to record, and commemorate by similar festivals, the downfall of the Pisistratidæ and the exile of the Tarquins; after much contention, they succeeded in persuading him to appear, by making it a condition that it should be as a private member of the French Institute, in company with the rest of the associates. His refusal, however, to attend in his military uniform was wormwood to the timid directors, now always on the tremble for the duration of their own power: the effect, however, which they were desirous to produce was fully answered: he was quickly recognized, although in his civic dress, and as instantly pointed out to new myriads of observers to whom he had hitherto been unknown; the purpose for which the populace was assembled was quite forgotten in the enthusiasm displayed by the crowd towards the general; while the clamorous exultation of the people, converted the meeting into another fête in honour of the brave Napoleon.

The invasion of England had become a favourite object with the French rulers, and as it was a novel feature in the war, this measure became popular, being generally well received by the citizens, who crowded to fill up the ranks of the invading force, now called "the army of England." The Directory, deeply tinctured with jealousy at the man's popularity, dreaded nothing so much as that Buonaparte should turn his thoughts to state business, in which event they felt assured he would take a prominent position in the management of civil affairs. Two of his brothers were already distinguished members of the legislative bodies, for which station they were entirely indebted to his celebrity; and there appeared to exist but little doubt that if he felt so inclined at the next election, the doors of either assembly would readily fly open for his own admission; to ward off an evil of such magnitude, which never ceased to haunt their imagination, was to them of first rate importance; they were, therefore, extremely anxious to occupy his mind with the details of his profession, for which purpose, although in preference, they would gladly have employed any other officer, they pressed upon him the chief command in the projected invasion. Although Napoleon wholly disapproved of the scheme, as well as felt much disgusted with the insolent manner in which, during the preceding summer, the Directory had so abruptly broken off the negotiations with the British ambassador, by peremptorily ordering Lord Malmsbury to quit France within twenty-four hours, yet as the die was now cast, he considered the affair as irrevocable, therefore willingly accepted the appointment of generalissimo, and immediately applied himself, diligently to make all the requisite preparations. Thus for a season, the wretched inmates of the Luxembourg palace escaped the fate which awaited them.

Whatever Buonaparte took in hand, he never left any means unessayed to render it successful; he therefore proceeded to make a regular survey of the French coast opposite to England, with a view to select the best points from which to embark an invading army, as well as to ascertain where it might be necessary to strengthen the fortifications: in the course of this investigation, a service for which he was preeminently qualified, with his usual acumen, he suggested many local improvements, which, although not then adopted, were long afterwards carried into effect, and found to be of great importance; the result of this examination was a perfect conviction in his own mind, that however desirable such an attempt, the French Government were not then in a condition to carry their project into execution. Tedious and extensive preparations were indispensable, ere the French navy on that coast could be put into a proper condition for such an undertaking. Accustomed to weigh circumstances maturely, he felt satisfied that whatever it might do, the time had not yet arrived for carrying hostilities into the British islands with any chance of a successful issue: as it was always his first concern to make himself acquainted with the resources of the enemy he had to contend with, he was not long in discovering that the very threat of invasion had called forth the energies of the English people in every part of Great Britain, that volunteer forces sprung up like mushrooms throughout the British dominions, that when the English Government made an appeal to the people, it was responded to with alacrity by all classes, from one extremity of the island to the other; that the regular troops were almost instantaneously augmented, and presented a numerous well-organized valorous army, burning with zeal to meet the invader: fully resolved to vanquish or perish in the defence of their firesides, their wives, their sisters, their sweethearts, and their aged parents; these facts which could not be disputed, made a strong impression on his mind equally calculating as enterprising, and confirmed him in the opinion that no greater folly could be committed, than to persevere at that moment in the endeavour to carry into execution the contemplated irruption into England.

During his stay in the French metropolis, a very short time after his presentation to the Directory, a most singular circumstance occurred not altogether free from suspicion of having emanated from a quarter, where the most unconquerable jealousy was known to exist. A woman sent a messenger to Napoleon to inform him, that an attempt was to be made upon his life, and that poison would be the means resorted to. Buonaparte caused the bearer of this intelligence to be arrested, who, accompanied by a justice of the peace, was conducted to a small house, the residence of the person who had sent the information. They found the woman stabbed in several parts of her body, weltering in blood with her throat cut, dead upon the floor of her apartment.

The literati of Paris were not the last among the inhabitants to express their admiration of Buonaparte: no class in that resort of gaiety were more enthusiastic in his favour: All the learned bodies of that great city were emulous to pay him respect; to him they considered the Parisian Museum, as well as the National Library, were deeply indebted for their principal treasures of both the ancient and modern world; that his victories had been the means of furnishing them with the most valuable manuscripts, as also with the choicest specimens of sculpture and painting.—The directors of the several scientific institutions presented him with lists, wherein were detailed well-digested notices of the principal of those works of refined taste with which, through his means, the capital was at that moment embellished; in consequence of which she might be considered as the great dépôt of Europe for whatever was rare and exquisite in the fine arts. The ceremony of his installation at the National Institute was, at his earnest request, to be performed as privately as possible; yet as the day had somehow transpired, the hall was no sooner opened than it was crowded to suffocation. When Napoleon entered, dressed in a plain gray frock-coat, his usual costume, the chamber rang with the applause which every one seemed eager to bestow upon their now thoroughly-established favourite. Perhaps few individuals possessed the same range of intellectual cultivation as this extraordinary man: in every department he always appeared to be at home; the fruit from whatever tree was ever of the best quality. At a literary dinner given by François de Neufchateau, in honour of the conqueror of Italy, Buonaparte contrived to converse familiarly with every one of the company in his own peculiar sphere of study: Thus, he discoursed upon mathematics with La Grange and the great La Place; metaphysics he discussed with the celebrated Abbe Sieyes; with Chenier he elaborated upon the beauties of poetry, and the merits of the various poets; politics were the subject of a conversation with Gallois; the science of legislation and public law he examined with Dannou;—in short, he charmed the whole aasemblage with the versatility of his acquirements, as well as by the soundness of his observations. Whatever might have been their opinions of Buonaparte previous to taking their several places at the festive board, when they rose to retire, their admiration of his endowments had increased not only in an arithmetical, but also in a geometrical proportion. From that moment he was looked upon as the patron of science, and the protector of the arts which embellish life.—The great value he attached to the distinguished approbation of his compatriots in the field of literature and science, may be gathered from the circumstance that, in all his subsequent despatches, he inscribed his title of Member of the National Institute before that of General. Amidst all this homage, he was not unmindful of what he had undertaken: his time, notwithstanding his conviction as respected the invasion of England, was pretty equally divided between Paris, the coasts of Normandy, and those of Picardy. This, however, as will be hereafter seen, was only for a blind to cover his real intentions.



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CHAPTER X.

BUONAPARTE RECOMMENDS THE SEIZURE OF MALTA, THUS TO OPEN A ROAD THROUGH EGYPT, TO THE ENGLISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA.—EMBARKS AT TOULON, IN AN EXPEDITION FOR THAT PURPOSE.—CAPTURES MALTA.—LANDS IN EGYPT.—TAKES ALEXANDRIA BY STORM.—MARCHES ACROSS THE DESERT.—MURMURS OF THE SOLDIERY.—COMBATS WITH AND DEFEATS THE MAMELUKES.—BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.—DECLARES HIMSELF A MOHAMMEDAN.—SURRENDER OF GRAND CAIRO.—NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT ABOUKIR, BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.—DEATH OF ADMIRAL BRUEYES.

It had long been a desideratum with the French rulers, to strike some effective blow that should reduce the predominance of the English government, now their sole remaining but ever-potent enemy. In this feeling they were cordially joined by Napoleon Buonaparte, who, although he had clearly shown that the projected invasion of either England or Ireland was impracticable, had nevertheless by no means relinquished the idea of overturning their prosperity; but, with his usual acumen, he suggested to Talleyrand, that there were many modes whereby to annoy great Britain, by which to make her feel the weight of French armaments, as also to compensate France for the loss of her West India colonies: among others, to open a road through Egypt to her Indian possessions, thus to aim a destructive stroke at the vitals of her power, by carrying conquest into Hindoostan, which would, in all probability, also alter the present method of importing into Europe the valuable products of those rich countries, which if brought by way of the Red Sea, would materially cripple British commerce, while it would greatly advance the interests of the French merchants. To carry out this scheme, he proposed to change the destination of "the army of England," at the same time advising that the alteration should remain a profound secret. His plan of operations was to seize Malta, the ancient Iberia, called by the Greeks Milite, then occupied by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, formerly a barren rock, now a highly cultivated island, containing sixty thousand inhabitants, who speak corrupt Arabic: twenty miles in length, twelve miles in breadth, lying in the Mediterranean Sea, between Africa and Sicily, fifty miles from the coast of the latter; from whence to pass over to Egypt, thence into India. With this Buonaparte appeared highly delighted; the East presented to his fervid imagination a wide field for conquest, with a rich harvest of glory: "Europe," he was wont to say, "is but a mole-hill; all the most brilliant honours have come from Asia." In this design he was most sedulously buoyed up by the Directors, who readily fell into his wishes, and adopted the Egyptian expedition, having at the time two great objects in view:

The *first*, an intense anxiety to find employment for Napoleon, remote from the capital; their fears of his interference with their station lessening in proportion to the distance to which he was removed;

The *second*, an eye to the immense plunder in prospect, little scrupulous as to the injustice of making an attack upon the dominions of the Grand Seignior, and robbing the subjects of an old ally of the French nation, as the sublime porte certainly was, although it must be confessed, Egypt was then virtually in the hands of the Mamelukes, and governed by their Beys.

During the time these matters were in train, never, perhaps, was a secret better kept; a circumstance truly surprising, when the extent of the armament be taken into consideration. The attention of England was rivetted to the opposite coast; her fleet guarding the French ports in the Western Ocean; while it was on the borders of the Mediterranean that the ships and troops really destined for action, were assembling, without the least molestation on the part of, or even suspicion of the English ministry: to favour the deception, it was publicly announced that Buonaparte was about to return to Radstadt, to hasten the conclusion of the tardy conferences of the Congress debating there; and he wrote a letter to Count de Cobentzel to meet him for that purpose, on the very day he joined the expedition. If we are to believe Miot, this was not the only *ruse* he was playing; his observation of the then aspect of public affairs furnished him with certain obscure hopes that the period was not very remote when the opportunity which he had so long and so ardently desired, would present itself in which he would be able to crush the existing government, and with the assent, if not with the assistance of Austria, remodel it to his own liking, in which, of course, he would perform the prominent character, for this reason, although the various squadrons were drawn together as well as every thing in readiness for sailing, he delayed, under every possible pretence, to set off for the army at Toulon, until the Directory, uneasy at his presence, caused Barras to go to him late one evening with a peremptory command to join the fleet forthwith, on pain of being denounced for disobedience of orders: on this intimation Napoleon ordered his carriage, in which before midnight he was on the road to his destination.

In addition to the treasures of art with which Buonaparte, during his campaigns in Italy, had furnished the National Museum at Paris, he was determined not to let slip the opportunity of increasing the accumulation by an appropriation of some rich relics of antiquity to be found in the Egyptian territory. He was also bent upon a careful observation of natural phenomena in that extraordinary country, by which he little doubted but that he should be enabled to extend the present boundaries of scientific acquirement: to this end his secretary, Bourienne, had it in charge to collect a camp library of small volumes, all in French, to be arranged under the various departments of science, history, geography, travels, poetry, romance, and politics, including Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, a breviat or short compendium of mythology, the Veda, the Koran, and the Bible: he also invited men of learning, superior artists, and connoisseurs, to accompany him, who cheerfully responded to his call, when about a hundred mustered for the exploration, whom he placed under the guidance of Citizen Monge, an eminent member of the Institute, the same who had superintended his Italian collections. On his arrival at Toulon, according to his accustomed usage, Napoleon assembled his army, then harangued them thus:—

"Rome," said he, "combated Carthage by sea as well as on land; England stands in the same position to France as Carthage did to the Roman Empire:—I am come to lead you in the name of the Goddess of Liberty, across mighty seas, into remote regions, where your valour may achieve glory, also gather wealth such as never can be looked for beneath the chilly atmosphere of the western world; the meanest among you shall become master of seven acres of land: my promises have not hitherto been made in vain."

The soldiers listened to him with great attention, appeared to view the future with great satisfaction, cheered him with their shouts of joy, and prepared to obey his orders with that alacrity which had distinguished them on all former occasions; the requisite preparations, and necessary precautions, having been taken, Buonaparte only waited a favourable moment to embark his troops, being well aware that, to attempt it in the presence of the English admiral, the gallant Nelson, who was then cruizing with the British men of war off the port, would be madness; only indeed to rush into the jaws of certain ruin: the looked for occasion presented itself in the evening, 19th May, 1798, when a violent gale drove the English fleet from the coast, by which some of the ships were so much disabled, that the brave Nelson, very much to his chagrin, was under the necessity to enter the harbours of Sardinia, in order to repair the damage: Napoleon was not slow to avail himself of the circumstance; he seized the moment with avidity, and embarked his army, the savans and himself: as the last man got on board, the sun rose resplendently on the mighty armament, which consisted of thirteen sail of the line, also four frigates, all well found, officered, and manned, together with about four hundred transport ships, carrying upwards of thirty two thousand picked soldiers, mostly accustomed to follow him, with leaders of known courage and ability, as well as a staff of generals only second in celebrity to the commander in chief of the expedition: the splendour of the radiance which shone upon them as they put to sea on the 20th May, 1798, was one of those dazzling sights which the soldiery was wont afterwards to call "the suns of Napoleon."

Few men, if any, better understood the value of time than Napoleon Buonaparte: his judicious observation to the pupils of a school which he one day visited, would seem to have been the wise rule by which he governed his own conduct throughout his career: "Young people," said he, "every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune for future life." So well had he taught himself to appreciate even minutes, that his very leisure was business: he, probably, was the only person in the fleet who, during the voyage, never experienced ennui for a single moment.—If the activity of his mind found not wherewithal to exercise itself on practicable or tangible objects, he supplied the deficiency by either giving free scope to his imagination, by no means of an inferior character, or in listening attentively to the learned conversation of the philosophers who were his present companions.

The humanity of Buonaparte has been questioned, perhaps, without sufficient cause. During a long voyage, in a large crowded fleet, it is almost impossible to prevent accidents or men from falling overboard; this occurred several times during the run to Egypt; on these occasions, observes Bourienne, "it was strange to witness the instinctive force of humane feelings in the bosom of one so lavish of the blood of his fellow creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed torrents of it in that very region whither we were steering: whenever a man fell into the water, Napoleon had no rest until he was saved. He instantly ordered the ship to lay to, showed the most lively uneasiness until the unfortunate was recovered, and always ordered a most liberal recompense to those most active in the rescue. Sailors who had thus distinguished themselves when guilty of any breach of discipline, were always, at his request, exempted from punishment. One dark night a noise was heard of a man overboard; Buonaparte immediately gave the word to put the ship about till the supposed victim should be rescued from inevitable death. The crew hastened from all quarters—exertions were redoubled, when at length they fished up—what! a quarter of beef which had slipped from a noose over the side of the vessel:—How did Napoleon act on this occasion? He ordered the sailors who had exposed themselves a more liberal reward than usual, observing, "it might have been a man, and these brave fellows have shown neither less zeal nor less courage, than if that had really been the case."

When the troops were embarked, and the vessels under sail, Buonaparte caused an address to be distributed amongst them—

"Soldiers! You form one of the wings of 'the army of England;' already you have been engaged in wars of different descriptions:—of mountains, plains, and sieges: you are now called upon to wage a maritime war. By turns upon this very sea and on the plains of Zama, the Roman legions, whom you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, combated with the Carthagenian forces: victory never abandoned those Romans, because they were uniformly brave, and always patient in supporting fatigue, as well as obedient to their leaders, and united among themselves.

"Soldiers! the eyes of Europe are upon you; you have grand destinies to achieve, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome; you must surpass even what you have yet done, and endure more than you have hitherto supported, for the prosperity of your native country, the happiness of the human race, and your individual glory.

"Soldiers, sailors, cannoneers, infantry, and cavalry! be all united; show yourselves as one man, recollect that in the day of battle you will stand in need of each other.

"Marines! you have been hitherto neglected: the greatest solicitude of the Republic is now for you; and you will, no doubt, prove worthy of that army of which you constitute a part. The genius of the Republic, from her birth the arbiter of Europe, wishes to be the sole arbiter not only of the seas, but of climes and countries the most remote."

Before the armament was far on its way, it was reinforced by a division from Italy, under General Dessaix: the winds proved propitious, and the fleet appeared off Malta, 10th June, 1798. The evening of the arrival of the shipping was shrouded in darkness; Buonaparte asked for permission to water his vessels; the grand master, alarmed by the appearance of such an imposing force, refused the request, thus affording the French general a pretext for proceeding to hostilities: a brisk fire was commenced on the whole line of the fleet, now ranged in a semicircle, from all the forts, as well as on the boats employed in landing the division of Dessaix: a sortie was attempted by the knights, in conjunction with some of the country people: but the Republicans, having ascended the first eminence, advanced in the rear of the city, and drove the Maltese to seek protection under their walls and batteries. On the 11th, a vessel under ecclesiastical colours was conducted to the Admiral's ship, L'Orient, bearing commissioners with proposals; to these Napoleon sent his ultimatum by General Junot, his aid-de-camp: on the 12th, the signal of submission was hoisted on the fortress; in consequence, Buonaparte took possession of the strongest port in the Mediterranean, under a salute of five hundred guns, observing that "Malta was taken when Mantua surrendered, as the favourable terms then granted to the Austrian garrison induced the Maltese to confide in the French commander." The knights, who formerly had inspired terror amongst the Turks and were considered as the heroic advanced guards of Christendom, were no longer those hardy resolute soldiers of the cross who has so conspicuously distinguished themselves for their valour during the times of the Crusades. Luxury had spread its baneful influence, their chivalrous ardour was dissipated, had given place to indolence and pleasure: some of them had been tampered with successfully by the French authorities, and proved traitors to their fellow knights: Division appeared in the councils of the Island, confusion prevailed, while in the panic the gates were thrown open. As Napoleon was entering between the stupendous rocky barriers of La Valette, the chief town in the island, General Caffarelli made the remark, "It is well there was some one within to open the door for us; had there been no garrison at all, the business might have been less easy"—indeed, it is considered to be impregnable if defended, however slightly. Buonaparte remained eight days at Malta, in the course of which he formed a provisional government for the isle, victualled his fleet, took in water, and finally arranged all the requisite military as well as administrative operations: having entrusted the command of this important conquest to General Vaubois, with whom he left a detachment, he again steered for the Egyptian coast, on the 19th June, 1798.

During his short residence at Malta, Buonaparte had become acquainted with the startling fact, that the dauntless Nelson, when he returned, after refitting, to his station off Toulon, missed the shipping which had so lately thronged the harbour; that having ascertained they had not sailed towards the Atlantic Ocean, he instantly penetrated the secret of their destination, when, notwithstanding the inferiority of the fleet under his own command, in point of numbers, as compared with that commanded by the French Admiral Brueyes, he did not hesitate for an instant to follow in pursuit of the Republican commander, steering a direct course for the Nile: Napoleon, who consequently expected hourly to be overtaken, was but too conscious of his own weakness to hazard an engagement with the gallant English fleet; taking this into serious consideration, he communed with the leading officers on board the vessel, when it was determined, that in the event of necessity rendering it expedient, in preference to yielding themselves up as prisoners of war to the intrepid Nelson, the French admiral's flag ship, L'Orient, carrying one hundred and twenty guns, should be blown up. Having formed this resolution, Buonaparte consulted upon the most efficacious method to preserve, if possible, the memory of those who should perish in this meditated explosion, as well as to hand down to posterity the features of the courageous victims: for this purpose he caused the portraits to be taken of eighteen of them, the greater portion of whom have, in the current of time, discharged the great debt of nature, and now sleep with their fathers; those portraits, painted in medallions with Indian ink, upon two sheets of paper, nine on each, and which now decorate the study of Baron Larrey, at Paris, were intended to be closely rolled up, carefully deposited in bottles well sealed, then to be committed to the waves; the names were,

ON THE FIRST SHEET,

Berthier
Berthollet
Buonaparte
Brueyes
Caffarelli
Dulomieu
Dessaix
Kleber
Monge

Not one of whom are now living to tell the tale, so brief is human existence, generally speaking.

ON THE SECOND SHEET.

Belliard
Desgenettes
Junot
Larrey
Lannes
Murat
Rampon
Regnier
Shulkanski

Of which not more than two have survived their companions at the present day.

It so happened, however, that Nelson reached the Nile before any of the French ships, when, not finding the enemy where he expected, he turned back and traversed the sea in quest of him as far as Rhodes, a celebrated fertile but badly cultivated island, forty miles long and fifteen miles broad, in the Grecian Archipelago, at the entrance of the Gulf of Macri, near the coast of Livadia, some forty miles east of Athens, about one hundred and forty miles south-east of Smyrna, in 28° 14′ east longitude, 36° 26′ north latitude. It was on a part of the harbour in the capital of this isle, which bears the same name, that once stood the famous statue of Apollo, cast in brass, seventy cubits in height, between the legs of which a ship could pass with all her masts standing, generally reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, known as "The Colossus of Rhodes:" fifty six years after its erection, it was prostrated by an earthquake: the material was afterwards sold to a Jew 672 by the Saracens, who loaded nine hundred camels with the metal, the weight of which was seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Not meeting with the French armament, the indefatigable Nelson proceeded on to Syracuse, a sea port in Sicily, in the Val di Noto, seventy-two miles south-west of Messina, one hundred and ten miles south-east of Palermo, in 15° 10′ east longitude, 37° 5′ north latitude. It is supposed, that on the 20th June, 1798, the two fleets almost touched each other, but that the haze was so thick together, with Nelson's want of frigates, as to prevent their coming into collision: the French squadron was off Candia, the ancient Crete, one hundred and eighty miles long from west to east, fifty miles in breadth, intersected by a chain of mountains, a fertile island in the Mediterranean Sea, in the centre of which rises the famed Mount Ida; lying to the south of the Grecian Archipelago, with a population of two hundred and eighty thousand, nearly equally divided between Greeks and Turks. When Napoleon understood that the English fleet was already in the Levant, which is the name usually applied to the eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea; indeed, the word properly signifies "the East." He directed Admiral Brueyes to alter his course, to steer for a more northerly point of the African coast; thus, to avoid the Egyptian City of Alexandria, situated at the west mouth of the Nile, where that fertilising river flows into the Mediterranean ocean, notwithstanding it was that ancient city that was his declared object; but when upon further reconnoitring, he ascertained that there was no longer any fleet lying off the shores of Egypt, he gave directions for again changing the route of the ships, which, in consequence, reached their appointed destination in safety, 1st July, 1798.—During the voyage, Napoleon issued a proclamation to the forces under his command, headed,

"Buonaparte, member of the National Institute and Commander-in-chief, &c. &c., on board L'Orient at sea, 22nd June, 1798."

'Soldiers! You are on the point of undertaking a conquest, the results of which, as it may regard commerce and civilization, will prove incalculable. You will inflict a terrible blow on the English, which must be followed up by their destruction.

"We shall have fatiguing marches to endure, many privations to sustain; we must fight many battles: we shall succeed in all our enterprises, for the destinies are propitious."

"The Mameluke Beys, who favour the British merchants exclusively, and have injured our commercial interests, also tyrannize over the unhappy inhabitants of the country of the Nile, in a short period after our arrival, will no longer be able to exercise their present power.

"The people among whom you are about to reside are Mohammedans. The first article of their faith is—'There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not contradict them; act with them as you did with the Jews and the Italians. Treat their Muftis and their Imans with respect, as you did the Rabbis and the Bishops. You must conduct yourselves with the same spirit of toleration, in regard to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, as you did to the synagogues and the convents; to the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ.

"The Roman legions protected all religions, respected the customs of nations. You will find usages differing widely from those of Europe; you must familiarize yourselves to them.

"The people with whom you are about to associate treat women differently from what we are accustomed; but in every country females are to be protected: he who violates the sex is a monster!

"Pillage enriches but a few, it dishonours us, destroys our resources, while it makes those enemies, whom it is our interest to have for friends.

"The first city we shall arrive at was built by Alexander, and every step we advance will induct us to the contemplation of objects which will become highly interesting and must excite emulation."

The great object of the French government, in which Napoleon fully coincided, was, if possible, to divert the present channel of the European trade with Asia; to renovate the use of the original medium through which the riches of the eastern world were wont to flow into Europe; in other words to revive, under French auspices, the ancient splendour of Alexandria, a place of immense traffic, and the emporium for the valuable commodities of the oriental nations, anterior to the discovery of a passage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope. This city, which at the present day consists of little more than one long street, facing the harbour, situated in 30° 16′ east longitude, 31° 11′ north latitude, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-west of Grand Cairo, was built by Alexander, surnamed the Great, and was formerly celebrated for its splendour, of which there still exist many valuable remains; the gates are of thebaic and granite marble: here stood that far-famed obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, known as Cleopatra's needle; also that grand specimen of art called Pompey's pillar, which is formed out of one entire piece of granite, twenty-five feet in circumference, with an elevation of seventy feet; likewise the ancient Pharos, or light-house and watch-tower, so famous in antiquity as to rank among the Seven Wonders of the World: it is now a castle, bearing the name of Pharillon, still used as a beacon, to direct vessels into the harbour. Part of the walls which formerly surrounded this once busy mart of commercial enterprise, are yet standing, with great square towers, each two hundred paces distant.

At the moment of the arrival of the Republican armament on the coast of Egypt, a strange sail appeared on the verge of the horizon, upon seeing which Buonaparte passionately exclaimed, "Fortune, I ask of thee but six hours more; wilt thou refuse them?" The vessel proved not to be English; the disembarkation immediately ensued, notwithstanding it blew a stiff gale with a heavy surf.

Whenever a government has resolved to commit a wrong, however glaring its injustice, however grievous the injury it may inflict, it has never failed to clothe its actions, be they ever so nefarious, with some plausible excuse, by which it sought to blind the unthinking multitude; to lead them astray from the actual object in contemplation: in short, in the true spirit of forensic quibbling, "to make the worse appear the better cause." Thus in waging war against the territory of an old ally with whom the republic was at peace, it was deemed prudent by the wily Corsican to put forth some ostensible motive which, although it might not justify the evident breach of faith, would at least throw over it a sort of covering, however flimsy its texture, that under artful management, would render it available to his purpose: this pretext was readily found by the tortuous policy of Buonaparte in the generally accredited oppressive as well as extortionate conduct of the Beys who ruled paramount in the unhappy country of the Pharoahs; furthermore it was most dexterously twisted out of the then nature of the grand seignior's tenure of the land of Egypt, a territory comprising the north eastern extremity of Africa, once so famous for the perfection of its arts, so renowned for its fertility: the soil extending about five hundred miles in length, having a breadth of one hundred and sixty, with four hundred miles of coast between Alexandria and El-arish, including numerous indentations of lakes and bays; its most northern point being Cape Bourlos, in 31° 30', from whence it runs inland to the frontier of Nubia, in 24° 30' north latitude; it is divided on the north-east from Asia by an extensive desert, and further south by the gulf of Suez and the Red Sea, bounded on the west by the deserts of Barca and Lybia; its other limits but little known: watered by the fructifying stream of the Nile, which flows in a direction north by west through the whole extent, except for about one hundred and twenty miles above its entrance into the Mediterranean Sea, where it diverges into two main channels, through the mouths of which it mixes its waters with the ocean; the space between them, about twelve thousand square miles, studded with towns and villages, is called the Delta of the Nile, between 31° and 33° east longitude: the present population is three million three hundred thousand, formerly it subsisted a community of eight millions of human beings. This tract, nominally constituting a portion of the Ottoman Empire, was apparently governed by a Pacha appointed by the Sultan; but in reality it was under the immediate control of a very extraordinary body of men called Mamelukes, the only effective military force in that region of slavish subjection. These Mamelukes, who pay little respect to any other authority than to that of their own chiefs, styled Beys, were originally Circassian and Mingrelian slaves: yet notwithstanding they have continued in the exercise of almost unlimited power over the wretched Egyptians for six centuries, there is not, in all that time, an instance upon record to show that any one of them ever founded a subsisting family, as not one household is to be found existing in the second generation: in fact, they form a distinct separate caste, recruiting their ranks solely by boys chiefly of European birth taken captive, brought up and instructed from their earliest days in all warlike exercises; these youths are promoted according to their respective merits: their chiefs are twenty-four in number, each one of whom rules over his own appropriated district: they are often at war with each other, and generally in rebellion against their nominal sovereign, the head of the Sublime Porte: their established custom, when a Bey dies, is to supply his place by the bravest in his troop. Hardly any thing could be of a more determined character than the tyrannic avarice of these Beys. The cultivation of the earth is confined to the *Fellahs*, or poor Arabs, for permission to do which these unprincipled task-masters compel them to pay most exorbitantly, so much so, that in the midst of the most profuse natural wealth they endure the extreme of poverty: the trades and professions, as well as the discharge of civil functions, are all placed in the hands of the *Cophts*, a race supposed to be descended from the ancient inhabitants of Egypt; but these also were intolerably ground down under the oppressive exactions of those haughty ferocious soldiers, who never did any thing beside supporting the quarrels of their chiefs, and rioting in the spoil wrung from the hard labour of Cophts and Fellahs. It would be hardly possible to find better horsemen than the Mamalukes: they ride the noblest horses of Arabia with a courage and skill rarely equalled, are well armed with the best weapons which the ingenuity of workmen can produce; their sabres, which they handle with peculiar dexterity, are of true Damascus steel, their carbines, pistols, &c., of English manufacture; Napoleon was wont to say that he considered them "individually the finest cavalry existing: that with these, joined to French infantry, it would be an easy task to conquer the world."

Following out the assumed cause of quarrel, with a view to conceal his own sinister designs, previous to landing, he addressed a note to the Egyptian authorities, couched in terms meant to convey the idea, that he came merely to seek redress for unwarrantable practices, from men not under proper subordination to the Turkish government, it ran thus:—

"Buonaparte, member of the National Institute, &c., &c., to the commander of the Caravel at Alexandria, 1st July, 1798.

"The Beys have loaded the French merchants with exactions, and I am come to demand reparation.

"I shall be at Alexandria to-morrow; but this ought not to alarm you. You are a subject of our great ally, the Sultan: conduct yourself accordingly, but if you commit the slightest act of hostility against the French army, I shall treat you as an enemy, and all the blame will consequently rest with yourself; as such a proceeding is far from my intention, and averse from my heart." "BUONAPARTE."

When the Republican fleet reached the Egyptian coast, Napoleon wished that the troops should be immediately set on shore: to this Admiral Brueyes demurred, alleging that it could not then be done with safety, as the sea was violently agitated by a strong west wind, in short, it blew a perfect hurricane. Buonaparte, however, who felt the value of even moments, especially as he was given to understand that the people of Alexandria, alarmed at the approach of so many ships of war, were already in arms preparing for defence, was extremely unwilling that any time should be lost, therefore, taking the whole responsibility upon himself, he insisted that the debarkation should instantly commence, in spite of the raging of the waters: the shipping accordingly anchored, the disembarkment was carried on during the evening, also part of the night. On quitting the L'Orient, Napoleon addressing himself to Admiral Brueyes, said :—" We must exert ourselves to open the port of Alexandria for you, with the least possible delay, and if it be not in a condition to receive the fleet, we must place you in safety elsewhere. You have conducted us successfully; your task is over: but ours only commences."—" What !" exclaimed the brave Brueyes, " do you then only take us for common carriers, and our ships for baggage waggons ?"

The landing of the troops, during which many were drowned, was effected by one o'clock in the morning, at a place called the Tower of Marabout, some three leagues to the eastward of Alexandria : that city, thus taken by surprise, was wholly unprepared to sustain a hostile attack, much less to cope with superior numbers and European discipline ; nevertheless, its gates were shut and arrangements made to resist the invaders with all the force that could be mustered on such a sudden unlooked-for emergency : under any other circumstances, without horses or artillery, it would have been extremely hazardous to advance ; but Buonaparte well knew the almost defenceless state of the town, as also that he commanded men who were fearless ; at the same time he was conscious it would be bad policy to delay to take advantage of the present moment, and thus afford the Egyptian authorities an opportunity to collect troops and strengthen their fortifications ; consequently, between two and three o'clock in the morning, the French soldiers, in three columns, under the command of Napoleon in person, were in full march : the right led by General Bon, the centre by General Kleber, and the left, which proceeded along the coast, conducted by General Menou. Before daybreak, the Republicans were attacked by a party of Arabs, and had an officer killed. Half a league from Alexandria, these Arabs were joined by three hundred horsemen, who, however, upon the approach of the main body of the French army, abandoned the heights which commanded the town, and retreated into the desert : on approximating the city, a collection of Arabs were observed, upon which Buonaparte ordered a halt, with a view to come to a parley with them, thus, if possible, to save the effusion of blood : at that moment, however, amidst the shrieks of women and children, as well as the shouts of the men, several pieces of artillery were unmasked by the Egyptians, from which a brisk cannonade was opened upon the French soldiery, that compelled Napoleon, however reluctantly, to act upon the offensive ; a charge was beat, the shoutings of the Arabs were redoubled : the republicans advanced to the walls under a galling fire from the besieged, also exposed to showers of stones hurled upon them from the ramparts ; these, however, in a short time, were carried by the French with a cool intrepidity which baffled the most vigorous resistance of their opponents. The eminences were speedily covered with Republicans, while the Arab troops fled, in consternation, for safety, into the city ; which, before daylight, was carried by storm ; so resolute had been the defence, so severely had the French unexpectedly suffered, that the troops became enraged, and in despite of orders to the contrary, numerous sanguinary conflicts occurred in the streets, attended with terrible slaughter : Buonaparte, who saw the mischievous consequences likely to arise out of this state of things, instantly gave orders for the generale to beat ; at the same time he sent a Turkish officer into the city, by whom the inhabitants were induced to yield without further resistance. The forts of the Pharos, or Watch-Tower, were in consequence surrendered to the invaders, who thus became masters of the city of Alexandria, and its two ports: soon after the troops had taken possession, the Imans, Shieks, and Sheriffs, waited upon the commander-in-chief, who, in the most solemn manner, reiterated his assurance of the amicable as well as pacific dispositions entertained towards them by the Directory, upon which the members of the old government took the oaths of allegiance to the French Republic.

Napoleon, perfectly aware of the advantages to be derived from cultivating the prejudices of the people, issued notice that prayers and other religious ceremonies should continue the same as previous to the arrival of his troops: also that individuals should return unmolested to their homes, there to resume their peaceable occupations; by this means, order was quickly restored, and the inhabitants felt themselves guaranteed in the security of their persons and property: while Buonaparte was surrounded by the grandees, ecclesiastics, and officers of state, he thus addressed himself to the Sheik Koraim:—"I have taken you in arms: according to the laws of war, I might treat you as a prisoner: as, however, you have behaved courageously, and as I think bravery is inseparable from honour, I restore to you your weapons, nothing doubting that you will prove as faithful to the Republic as you have hitherto been to a bad government." This generous conduct, on the part of Napoleon, although it shook the manifest distrust visible in the countenance of this able enterprising Sheik, did not entirely subdue it; when, however, he afterwards beheld the whole French army with its large park of artillery, he strove earnestly to cultivate the good graces of Buonaparte, and what was very remarkable, as well as uncommon in a Mussulman, was always to be found either at head quarters, or else in the anti-chamber of the commander-in-chief—before the latter had even risen from his couch.

When Napoleon had fully established himself at Alexandria, he issued a proclamation in Arabic, in which he administered to the prevailing prejudices by couching it in the language of the Koran:—

"In the name of God, gracious and merciful.—There is no God but God; he has no son or associate in his kingdom; Mahomet is his prophet.

"The present moment, which is destined for the punishment of the Beys, has long been anxiously expected. These Beys, coming from the mountains of Georgia and Bajas, have laid waste this beautiful and prolific country, insulted and treated with contempt the French nation, and oppressed her merchants in various ways. Buonaparte, General of the French Republic, according to the principles of liberty, is now arrived among you; and the Almighty, the Lord of both worlds, has sealed the destruction of the Beys.

"Inhabitants of Egypt! when these Beys shall tell you that the French are come to destroy your religion, believe them not: it is an absolute falsehood. Answer those deceivers that the children of France are only come to rescue the rights of the poor from the grasp of their tyrants; that the French adore the Supreme Being, and honour the prophet and his holy Koran. All men are upon an equality in the eyes of God; understanding, ingenuity, and science, alone constitute a difference between them: as the Beys, therefore, possess none of these qualifications, they cannot be worthy to govern the country.

"Still they are the possessors of extensive tracts of land, with beautiful female slaves, excellent horses, and magnificent palaces! Have the Beys then received exclusive privileges from the Omnipotent? if so, let them produce their credentials. The Supreme Being, however, who is merciful and just to all mankind, wills that, in future, none of the inhabitants of Egypt shall be debarred from attaining to the first employments and to the highest honours. The administration, which shall be conducted by men of intelligence, talents, and foresight, will be productive of happiness and security. The tyranny and avarice of the Beys have devastated Egypt, formerly so populous and so cultivated.

"The French are true Mussulmen! not long since they marched to Rome and overthrew the sovereignty of the Pope, who has ever excited the Christians against the professors of Islamism. They afterwards directed their course to Malta, and drove out the unbelievers, who foolishly imagined they were appointed by God to wage war against the Mohammedan faith and its followers. The French have invariably proved themselves the sincerest friends to the Ottoman Emperors, and the determined foes to their enemies. May the empire of the Sultan therefore prove eternal, but may the Beys of Egypt, our opposers, and his most unfaithful subjects whose insatiable cupidity hath excited disobedience and tumult, be trodden in the dust and annihilated!

"Our friendship shall be extended to those of the inhabitants of Egypt who may join our standard, as well as to those who may continue in their dwellings and maintain a strict neutrality: confident that, when they shall have observed our conduct with their own eyes, they will hasten to submit to us: but the dreadful punishment of death awaits those who shall be found to carry arms against us at the command of the Beys; for them there shall be no deliverance, neither will we leave a trace of them remaining."

Here followed several articles respecting local internal regulations, the second of which expressly ordered, on pain of punishment, that

"All the inhabitants of Alexandria, of what nation soever they may be, shall wear the tricoloured cockade. The Muftis alone shall be privileged to wear a tricoloured shawl. The commander-in-chief, however, reserves to himself the right of granting the same favour to such of the shieks as shall distinguish themselves by their knowledge, their prudence, and their virtue."

It then concluded with an aspiration calculated to conciliate, thus:—

"May the supreme God make the glory of the Sultan of the Ottomans eternal! pour forth his wrath upon the Mamalukes, and render glorious the destiny of the Egyptian nation."

Shortly after this, a second proclamation made its appearance, the manifest purpose of which was to excite, as much as possible, the hatred of the inhabitants against the Mamalukes, by making it appear that they were the only cause either of the miseries of the people or the introduction of French troops, whose sole object was to rid them of the calamities inflicted upon them by those ferocious mercenary soldiers: among other matters thus promulgated, it said:—

"People of Egypt! what wisdom, what talents, or what virtues do the Mamalukes possess, that they should boast the exclusive possession of every thing that can render life agreeable? if Egypt be their farm, let them show the lease which God has granted them: but the Lord is merciful and just to the people. All the Egyptians shall be appointed to the public functions: the most wise, the most intelligent, and the most virtuous, shall govern, and the people shall be happy. There were formerly among you great cities, vast canals, and unbounded commerce; what has destroyed all those? What, but the avarice, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamalukes. Woe, woe, woe, unto such as shall take up arms in favour of the Mamalukes, and combat against us! there shall be no hope for them; they shall all perish." In speaking of the priesthood of Egypt, Napoleon was wont to say, "In Italy I employed some priests; in Egypt it was my care to fill the administration with them; we knew not the language, but we stood in need of intermediators between us and the people; their character and their wealth gave them a certain influence; besides, they are great cowards, know not the use of arms, nor how to mount a horse."

The terror which it was evident European tactics had spread among the natives in the onset, rendered Buonaparte solicitous to avail himself of its effect, before that feeling should have evaporated, as well as to turn it to good account by making an attack on the Mamalukes before they should be able to arrange a regular system either of aggression or of defence; he was also eager to reach Grand Cairo, sufficiently early to prevent the removal or destruction of the well-filled magazines collected in that city: another motive likewise operated with the commander-in-chief:—the obvious penury of Alexandria was not exactly calculated to inspire his troops with a very favourable impression of the country to which he had brought them; of which, most assuredly, he had previously given a every inviting description, depicting it as an earthly paradise: he was, therefore, extremely anxious that they should not remain in the town longer than was absolutely necessary, being well aware that, if they should, in addition to its beggarly appearance, gather from the inhabitants accurate information relative to the places to which they were about to be conducted, it would not tend to render them over desirous to commence their march: in this respect, however, that curse of nations, that stigma for the existence of which their rulers can never be too severely blamed—ignorance, than which nothing could be more decided than that which prevailed among the Egyptian population, prevented the French soldiery from obtaining the so much dreaded intelligence: great exertions were therefore made to expedite the departure of the troops: a flotilla, including some gun-boats, with a xebeck, was immediately fitted out, the command of which was entrusted to Citizen Perree, chief of division, to convey the baggage, together with provisions, also to guard the right flank of the army, and co-operate with it when requisite, while General Dugua was directed to proceed with the dismounted cavalry to the mouth of the Nile, in order to cover the entrance of of this flotilla into that river, the stream of which it was to ascend as far as Grand Cairo, while the main force advanced by land: for this purpose he was to make himself master of Rosetta, one of the most pleasant of the Egyptian towns, standing on an island formed by the west branch of the Nile, twenty-five miles east-north-east of Alexandria, one hundred miles north-north-west of Grand Cairo, in 30° 23′ east longitude, 31° 23′ north latitude, in which place his instructions were to establish a provisional government, also to erect a battery in its neighbourhood at Lisbe, to embark a quantity of rice in the boats, to leave a garrison in the town, then to march by the left of the river to effect a junction with Napoleon at Rhamanie, a town and fortress fifty-eight miles east-south-east of Alexandria, and twenty-five miles above Rosetta, on the road to Grand Cairo. General Dessaix was despatched with his division, and two field-pieces, with orders to reach Demanhour, a paltry village, consisting of some few wretched huts near a well, there to meet the commander-in-chief. Such was the activity in the preparations, that Buonaparte, at the head of the main body of his army, with a fine park of artillery, left Alexandria on the 7th July, 1798, after having established a magistracy in the city, of which he appointed General Kleber to the command as governor.

The course to be pursued lay across a desert, the miseries of which were extreme. The troops had to march at some distance from the river, over sands heated almost beyond endurance by a tropical sun, the glare of which weakens the eyes and blinds many; the atmosphere swarms with myriads of pestiferous insects, while to breathe freely is difficult. Water was scarce and bad, the Arabs having filled up most of the wells, also cleared the country through which they were to pass, both of man and beast, as well as of every thing which could be supposed to contribute to human enjoyment: a glass of pure water would have been a luxury worth its weight in gold, but even at that price unattainable. The heat was so intense that the soldiers, notwithstanding they divested themselves of their usual dress, were still suffused with continual perspiration, as well as tormented with intolerable thirst: many died under these severe trials, while the hardiest, sinking under fatigue, oppressed by the weather, found it requisite to devote two or three hours in the middle of the day to sleep: Napoleon himself was alone superior to all these accumulated evils; nothing appeared to affect him; his spirits remained unchanged, his countenance never betrayed depression: he wore his uniform buttoned up close, the same as he did at Paris; in short, so happily was his frame tempered, so well suited to the climate, that his brow was scarcely ever wetted by a bead of sweat, nor did he ever seek any indulgence, or take more than his usual repose: his custom was to lie down in his cloak on the worst spot he could select, the last at night, and to be the first to start up in the morning. The influence of his example, added to his known ascendancy over his army, was, however, insufficient to prevent murmurs at the wretchedness and privations to which the men were subjected: even such gallant spirits as Generals Murat, Lannes, and others, found the burden more than they could quietly sustain: almost choked with dust, enfeebled by scorching sunbeams, languishing with maddening drought, they cursed their fate, and trampled their cockades in the sandy soil, while the common soldiers asked with an angry tone if it were here that their general meant to allot them the seven promised acres? In short, it was with great difficulty, and only by the exercise of almost unequalled nerve, that open mutiny was prevented from breaking out: a group of generals had assembled to discuss their alarming situation, when Buonaparte suddenly rushed in among them, and addressing himself to the tallest, reprimanded him with great vehemence, adding emphatically, "You have been talking sedition: take care lest I fulfil my duty. Your five feet ten inches would not prevent you from being shot within two hours." For some days no enemy appeared; at length scattered horsemen began to hover on the flanks of the troops, when any soldier who quitted the ranks was instantly surrounded, and before his comrades could come to his rescue, put to death.

On the 9th July, 1798, Buonaparte joined General Dessaix at the village of Demanhour, and next day began his march for Rhamanie, where he expected to meet the flotilla, as also the division under General Dugua: in the course of the morning, the river Nile was observed, at that moment an object for great gratulation: the soldiers, parched with thirst, covered with sand, plunged into the stream accoutred as they were, making copious draughts of the water, then considered a delicious treat: their indulgence in this luxury, however, was not of long duration; the beat of drum suddenly called them to their colours, for the purpose of encountering a corps of Mamalukes, about eight hundred in number, which was then for the first time seen approaching in battle array: the rapidity with which the Mamalukes ride together, with their skill as marksmen, are seconded both by the soil and the atmosphere: the least motion on these sterile plains is sufficient to raise a cloud of sand through which objects cannot be discerned with accuracy, until so close as to be almost within reach; while the constant dazzling glare of the sun nearly renders the eyes useless, frequently inducing blindness. The soldiers, ever ready to the call of honour, flew with alacrity to their arms, on sight of which the enemy retired, taking the direction of Demanhour, where they were met by the division under Dessaix, who had not yet advanced with the rest of the army; the thundering of cannon gave notice that an engagement had commenced, in consequence of which, Napoleon, without delay, rushed to the scene of action; the Mamalukes, however, not feeling disposed to stand longer against the destructive fire of the French artillery, had, before his arrival, already taken to flight, leaving forty of their comrades either killed or wounded on the field of battle. After this skirmish, in consideration of the painful as well as the laborious marches his army had performed, and which, consequently, was greatly in want of repose; as also those useful animals, their horses, enfeebled by their long sea voyage, stood equally in need of an opportunity to recruit; Buonaparte consented to halt at Rhamanie, there to await the arrival of the flotilla, as well as the division under General Dugua, both of which reached their appointed rendezvous on the 12th July, 1798. On the night of which, they were again attacked by the Mamaluke cavalry, who seemed determined to suffer no convenient moment for harassing the Republic army to slip through their fingers; thus, at the village of Shebreis, they brought up a considerable body, including Arabs and Fellahs, which simultaneously attacked both the troops and the flotilla, the latter of which they boarded with the most desperate fury, and succeeded in making good their footing: the chief Perree, notwithstanding, with great dexterity, contrived to make an advantageous attack in his turn, and succeeded in recapturing the gunboats, which had fallen into the hands of the Mamalukes, aided by the Arabs and Fellahs. His xebeck, which from all sides dealt fire and death, at length compelled the enemy to fly; but in so doing each man bore off so much baggage, that when the Republicans recovered their little squadron, they had hardly more left than what they carried on their backs: in the mean time, the troops advanced rapidly, suffering the Mamalukes to approach, who wheeled about on their flanks, as well as on their rear, while some of the bravest, sabre in hand, endeavoured to make an impression by falling in masses with great impetuosity upon the front and on the right of the French army; when, however, they were within the range of grape shot, a tremendous cannonade from the Republican artillery was opened upon them, which soon thinned their ranks and put them to flight, leaving the ground covered with their wounded, the dead, and the dying. Thus terminated a sanguinary conflict, with upwards of four thousand Mamalukes, which raged with unabated fury for more than three hours.

Although, after this, the army proceeded by short marches towards Grand Cairo, yet the hardships to be endured were by no means diminished, the irregular attacks from the impetuous Mamalukes were becoming more and more numerous; in point of fact, defeat seemed to nerve them for fresh struggles; so much so, that the Republican troops were continually obliged to halt, and to form into squares, to receive the charge of cavalry by day, while, during the night, they were under the fatiguing necessity to keep close watch in order to prevent being taken by surprise by an enemy whose vigilance seemed never to be asleep. The men had been assured that Egypt was the most fertile country in the world, that it was far superior to Lombardy, in which they had fared so sumptuously; nevertheless, they found, to their utter astonishment, that they could neither get bread nor wine as they had been accustomed to do in Italy: that although they were regularly encamped upon immense quantities of corn, still that there was neither mill nor oven of which they could avail themselves: their dissatisfaction increased daily; at last it rose to such a pitch that they openly began to express their disbelief of there being any such place as the great city of Grand Cairo, stating their opinion that it was not better than Demanhour, merely a few wretched huts. To such a melancholy state of mind had many of these veterans brought themselves, under the idea of having been deceived, that two dragoons threw themselves into the Nile, in complete uniform, where they were speedily relieved from their miserable reflections by sinking in the flood. In all this they could not complain that the commander-in-chief fared better than the commonest rank and file; the dinner of both himself and his staff consisted only of a dish of lentils; yet the officers seemed to bear their lot with less equanimity than the soldiers, to regret the luxurious tables of Lombardy, with an overweening despondency: it is true none of them had either tent or provisions. The soldiers, however, could not be entirely deprived of their natural gaiety: they passed their evenings in political conversations on the rights of the people and the malversation of sovereigns, mixed up with arguments in support of the former and complaints of the latter: when, however, these themes were exhausted, they would ask with great emphasis, "For what purpose are we come hither? the Directory has only transported us." Caffarelli, who was no favourite, whose lower extremity had been amputated, and supplied with a substitute of wood—"This Caffarelli," they would say, "with one leg in France, laughs at all our troubles, but is nevertheless the agent who has been made use of to deceive our commander-in-chief," for amidst all their sufferings and privations, they would never lend themselves to think Napoleon Buonaparte unworthy of their confidence; experience whatever ills they might, the blame was always placed upon some other general, than the "little bit of an officer," whose power over them was so transcendent, that there was not anything that he could have required from them, that they would not most cheerfully have executed.

While the common men were enduring all this misery, they beheld, with no friendly eyes, what they conceived to be the superior comfort of the savans mounted upon asses, which is the common conveyance of the country, with their instruments, books and baggage carefully packed up. They began to suspect that the expedition as frequently hinted by some of the most disappointed, had, indeed, been undertaken merely to advance some scientific purpose; when, therefore, upon any alarm, they were ordered to open the square to give the learned party secure footing, these literati were sure to be received with military jeerings, and it became a standing joke to cry out, "Make room there, room for the asses!—stand back, for here come the savans, and the demi-savans;" alluding to the four-footed beasts upon which they rode.

Those enormous piles which serve as memorials of ancient tyrannic sway as well as of misapplied labour, whose bases are polygons, whose sides, gradually diminishing, are plain triangles, their summits terminating by square horizontal surfaces, from whence the ascending flame of the sacred fires kindled upon them, as altars dedicated to Osiris, or the sun, is supposed, by forming the vertex, to have completed the figure, the consecrated interiors of which were used as sepulchres for departed royalty, known to travellers as the "EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS," the period of whose structure is too remote to satisfy inquiry, were seen for the first time by the French army, 21 July, 1798. It was in the neighbourhood of these stupendous monuments of human folly that the Mamalukes, under the supreme command of Mourad Bey, a most courageous enterprising officer, had resolved to make another signal attempt to arrest the progress of the Republican arms, under General Napoleon Buonaparte, for which purpose a most brilliant army had been organized by collecting troops from Grand Cairo, as well as from every other quarter in a condition to furnish fighting men: this, including Janizarias, Spahis, and Mamalukes, constituted a body comprising upwards of sixty thousand well-armed soldiers, with a large train of artillery.

The Republicans, curious to behold these gigantic elevations, mounted an eminence, from the brow of which they not only obtained a view of those remarkable erections, supposed to have been carried on by the Israelites during their captivity, but also of the vast army of the Beys spread out before them; one of its wings, together with the artillery, was posted in an intrenched camp, flanked by the Nile, the rest stretching out towards the Pyramids; the ever-searching eye of Napoleon quickly discovered, what had escaped the observation of his staff, that the guns were not provided with carriages. This circumstance, a fact of no mean importance, decided his plan of attack; which induced him to direct his force against that wing where the guns could not be made available. "Soldiers," said Buonaparte, "from the summits of yonder pyramids, forty ages survey your conduct; act like heroes." Mourad, with his Mamalukes, sending forth wild yells, advanced gallantly to the charge, and the battle began.

The French, formed into separate squares, coolly awaited the assault, which was made with almost incredible impetuosity: determined, if possible, to penetrate the close-drawn ranks of the Republicans, the Mamalukes rushed furiously upon the bristling line of bayonets opposed to them: unable thus to make any impression, they backed their horses upon the glistening steel: Napoleon's veterans, encouraged by his presence, remained immoveable; and when their baffled enemies found that nothing could shake their firmness, they dashed their carbines and pistols in the faces of the steady Republicans, in utter despair: meantime, those who had fallen wounded from their horse, would crawl along the sand, and with their scymitars hew at the legs of their invincible foes. By degrees, the bayonet, together with the hot and well-directed fire kept up by the French infantry, thinned the Mamaluke ranks so much, that Buonaparte made a forward movement. As he approached the intrenched camp, such was the confusion that prevailed, so completely were they terrified, that they abandoned their works, when hundreds plunged into the Nile, where they were drowned: the carnage was horrible; multitudes strewed the ground, either dead or wounded; the loss of the Mamalukes in this battle of the Pyramids, has been estimated at not less than ten thousand men, besides prisoners; the booty also was immense: Lower Egypt was entirely conquered; the name of Buonaparte spread consternation through the east, where he was called the Sultan Kebir, or fire king. Mourad Bey, with the remnant of his forces, retreated in disorder into Upper Egypt, while Ibrahim Bey was driven into the desert, and retired upon Syria: the French troops marched triumphantly into Grand Cairo, the Egyptian capital, consisting of three towns, each about a mile apart, with a population of three hundred thousand: the port of Bulac; Old Cairo, now reduced to a very small place; and New Cairo, seven miles in circumference, about a mile from the east bank of the Nile, situated in 30° 2′ north latitude, 31° 20′ east longitude, one hundred and twenty miles south-east of Alexandria, one hundred miles from Rosetta, as well as from Damietta, the first standing at the west, the other at the east mouth of the Nile: the latter city in 31° 26′ north latitude, 31° 50′ east longitude, ninety miles east of Alexandria, the see of an archbishop, with a good harbour, and a population of thirty thousand, also fell into the hands of the Republicans.

The spirit of Napoleon's troops now began to revive; they no longer thought Demanhour a fair specimen of Egyptian grandeur. In the splendour of the deserted harems of the chiefs at Cairo as well as in the neighbouring villages, the men found numerous proofs that eastern luxury was something more than an empty name; independent of this, the spoil arising from the plunder of the dead bodies of the Mamalukes recompensed them for all the toil and privations they had sustained. As it was the custom of these warriors to carry their wealth about them, it not unfrequently happened, that stripping a single corpse made a soldier's fortune. The savans, in their turn, were not idle: they ransacked the monuments of antiquity, from which they formed collections that will ever do credit to their judgment, and evince the indefatigable zeal with which they pursued their occupation. Buonaparte, accompanied by his staff, and the members of the Institute as well as by the Muftis and their Imans, personally visited the interior of the great Pyramid, called Cheops, where probably the mummy of a Pharaoh had been inurned some three thousand years before, having, it is supposed, two objects in view: one, to gratify curiosity, and examine the structure; the other, to ascertain if any great treasure was there concealed. On entering the secret chamber, Napoleon, with studied gravity, repeated, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The attending priests, although they appeared to doubt the sincerity of the Corsican chief, yet responded with great solemnity, "God is merciful, thou hast spoken like the most learned of the prophets, and with the true fervour of the faithful;" upon which Buonaparte, seating himself upon a stone, entered into a very extraordinary conversation with three bearded orientals, Sulaman, Ibrahim, and Mohammed, who were superior Muftis.

Buonaparte. God is great, and marvellous are his works, but here we have a vast production of the human hand: what might be the intention of him who caused this pyramid to be erected?

Sulaman. He was a mighty and powerful king of Egypt, bearing the name, it is said, of Cheops, who thereby sought to prevent the repose of his ashes from being disturbed by sacrilegious hands.

Buonaparte. The great Cyrus ordered that, when dead, his body should be exposed to the open air, that it might return to the elements of which it was composed: Dost thou not think that he was the wiser of the two? Tell me, my friend, what is thy opinion?

Sulaman. Glory to Allah, their name for God, to whom all glory is due.

Buonaparte. Honour to Allah! tell me who was the caliph that caused this pyramid to be opened, and thus troubled the ashes of the dead?

Mohammed. Some believe that it was Mahommed, commander of the faithful, who reigned many centuries ago at Bagdad; others assert it was the renowned Haroun Alraschid, peace to his manes! who conceived that here he should find treasures; but when, by his command, entrance was forced into this apartment, tradition informs us that he found only mummies, with this inscription written on the wall: "The impious shall commit iniquity without recompence, but not without remorse."

Buonaparte. The bread stolen by the wicked filleth his mouth with sand.

Mohammed. These are the words of wisdom!

Buonaparte. Glory to Allah! there is no other God but God!—Mahomet is his prophet, and I am the prophet's friend.

Sulaman. The salutation of peace to the envoy of Allah! Salutation to thee also, invincible warrior, the favoured of Mahomet!

Buonaparte. I thank thee, Mufti! the Koran delighteth my soul, and is the object of my contemplation. I love the prophet, and I hope ere long to see and honour his tomb in the holy city; but my mission is first to exterminate the Mamaluke.

Ibrahim. May the angels of victory sweep the dust from thy path, and cover thee with their wings! the Mamaluke hath deserved death.

Buonaparte. He is smitten and delivered over to the black angels, Monkir and Quakir. Allah, on whom all things depend, hath ordained that his dominion shall be destroyed.

Sulaman. He hath extended the hand of rapine throughout the land, devoured the harvest, and taken the horses of Egypt.

Buonaparte. And exercised dominion over the most beautiful slaves; but Allah has withered his hand, thrice holy Mufti: if Egypt be his portion, let him produce the lease which God hath given him for its possession; Allah is just and merciful to his people.

Ibrahim. O! most valiant among the children of Issa!—their term for Jesus Christ—Allah hath caused thee to follow the exterminating angel to deliver his land of Egypt.

Buonaparte. This country hath been a prey to twenty-four oppressors—rebels against the grand Sultan, our ally, whom God turn to his glory—and to ten thousand slaves from Candia and Georgia. Azrael, the angel of death, hath breathed upon them: we have come, and they have disappeared.

Mohammed. Right noble successor to Isander—their name for Alexander—honour to thine invincible arms, and to the unexpected thunders issuing from thy warriors on horse!

Buonaparte. Dost thou believe thunder to be the work of the children of men? Is that thy belief? Allah hath placed it within my grasp by his messenger, the genius of war.

Ibrahim. In thy works we perceive the great Allah, who hath sent thee: couldst thou have conquered if Allah had not permitted thee? the Delta and all the surrounding countries resound with thy miracles.

Buonaparte. A celestial cloud will ascend at my bidding to the region of the heavens, and the lightning will descend to the earth by means of a metallic wire, whensoever I ordain it.—He here artfully alluded to Dr. Franklin's electric conductor, and the ascension of a balloon.

Sulaman. The great serpent which sprang from the base of Pompey's pillar, on the day of thy triumphant entry into Scanderisk—their name for Alexandria—and which remained withered at the socket of the pedestal, was not that also a prodigy effected by thine hand?

Buonaparte. Lights of the age! ye are destined to behold still greater prodigies than these; for the days of regeneration are arrived.

Ibrahim. May the divine unity regard thee with the eye of predilection, adorer of Issa! and render thee the support of the children of the prophet.

Buonaparte. Hath not Mahomet said—that every one who adoreth Allah, and performeth good works, shall be saved, be his religion whatsoever it may!

The Muftis. Truly, all this hath he said.

Buonaparte. And if, by a mandate from the Omnipotent, I have moderated the arrogance of the vicar of Issa,—meaning the pope—amassing for him celestial treasures by diminishing his earthly possessions, was it not rendering glory unto Allah, whose mercy is infinite.

Mohammed. The Muftis of Rome are wealthy and powerful, whereas we are but poor Muftis.

Buonaparte. I well know ye are poor; but be without apprehension, for ye have been weighed in the balance of Belshazzar, and ye have been found wanting. Doth this pyramid then contain no treasure whereof ye have knowledge?

Sulaman. Placing his hand on his heart—none, my lord! we swear to you by the holy city of Mecca!

Buonaparte. Unhappy—yea, thrice unhappy, are such as seek for perishable riches, and covet gold and silver, which are like unto dust!

Sulaman. It hath pleased thee to spare the vicar of Issa,—nay, thou hast treated him with clemency and with kindness.

Buonaparte. He is an old man; and I honour age: may Allah accomplish that which is regulated by reason, and governed by truth; but he is blameable for condemning all Mussulmans to eternal fire: Allah, preserve our race from such intolerance.

Ibrahim. Glory be to Allah and to his prophet! who hath despatched thee in the midst of us, in order to rekindle the faith of the weak, and to throw open the gates of the seventh heaven unto the faithful.

Buonaparte. Ye have declared my wishes, most zealous Muftis! be faithful unto Allah, the sovereign ruler of the seven heavens, also unto Mahomet his vizier, who traversed the celestial mansions in a night. Be the true friends of the Francs; so Allah, Mahomet, and the Francs shall recompense ye.

Ibrahim. May the prophet himself cause thee to sit at his left hand, on the day of the resurrection, after the third sound of the trumpet.

Buonaparte. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear;" the hour of political resurrection hath arrived, for all such as groan under the lash of oppression. Muftis, Imans, Mullahs, Dervises, and Kalendars! instruct the people of Egypt, encourage them to unite in our labours, to aid us to complete the destruction of the Mamalukes, and their Beys: favour the commerce of the Francs in your country, and assist them in their endeavours to gain possession of the ancient land of Bramah. Let the Francs have storehouses in your ports, and drive far away the islanders of Albion, who are accursed among the children of Issa! for such is the will of Mahomet. The treasures, the industry, and the friendship of the Francs shall be your lot, till ye shall arrive at the seventh heaven, and be seated near the black-eyed Houries who are endowed with perpetual youth and virginity. Repose yourselves under the shade of Laba, whose branches of themselves present to all true Mussulmans whatsoever their hearts may desire.

Sulaman. Who bent his head reverentially.—Thou hast delivered thyself like the most learned of the Mullahs—we place faith in thy words: we will serve thy cause, and Allah hears us.

Buonaparte. God is powerful, and the works of his hands are marvellous! The salutation of peace rest upon ye, thrice holy Muftis!

Thus Napoleon constantly turned to account the absurdities of Islamism: it was the habit of his mind, his established maxim, to regard all religions as the institutions of men, but every where to consider them as the most powerful adjuncts to government: religious tolerance was therefore in him the result of a philosophic spirit: writing to General Kleber, he says, "The Christians will always be our friends; but we must take care they do not become too insolent, lest the Turks conceive against us the same fanaticism as they do against the followers of Christianity: this would render them irreconcileable, and do us great injury:" again, writing to General Menou, he says, "I thank you for the honour you have paid to the prophet."

The success which attended the army under the guidance of General Napoleon Buonaparte, was the exact reverse of that mischief which befell the fleet under the command of Admiral Brueyes: the latter disaster may be attributed entirely to indiscretion, because nothing could have been worse in its management than the delay of the French admiral in the Bay of Aboukir, after the capture of Alexandria by the Republicans: to whom this evident indiscretion is to be attributed, will, perhaps, ever remain an unsettled point: both parties insisting that it was the work of the other: the brave Brueyes did not exist long enough to authenticate the orders he might have received, and Napoleon always declared that he had expressly enjoined, that the fleet should either enter the port of Alexandria, or if that were found to be impracticable, to make for the Isle of Corfu, where there was good anchorage, together with a French garrison, from whence he was to avail himself of the first fair opportunity to sail for Toulon: further declaring, that when he heard, after the battle of the pyramids, that the fleet was still in Aboukir roads, he despatched his aid-de-camp, Julien, to express his great dissatisfaction to the admiral, at his dilatory conduct: this is expressly denied by the French Vice-Admiral Gantheaume, who, with equal pertinacity, maintained that the fleet remained on the Egyptian coast by the express desire of the commander-in-chief, in order that it might lend its aid, should circumstances require: be this as it may, not any thing could be more dreadful than the catastrophe resulting from this most unpardonable delay.

Ten days after the battle which determined the fate of Lower Egypt, on the 1st August, 1798, the gallant Nelson returned once more within sight of the Towers of Alexandria, having ineffectually scoured the Mediterranean Sea in quest of the French squadron: he found Admiral Brueyes still at his moorings in Aboukir Bay. Soundings had been taken, v [illegible] it was ascertained that seventy-fours could not enter the harbour of Alexandria without being lightened; and as, before the battle of the pyramids, all communication between the army and the fleet had been cut off by the Arabs, who spread the most alarming reports respecting the critical situation of the French troops, who were represented to be completely hemmed in by the Mamaluke force, Brueyes had determined to await the result, and, if possible, afford succour to the fugitive Republicans, should they experience the reverses which, from all the reports which reached him, he had reason to fear would be the case. Previous to this, the French Admiral had written to the minister of marine in a style which clearly displayed his ignorance of the feeling which animated every man on board the British fleet: in this despatch he says: "I have heard nothing further respecting the English; they are, in all probability, gone to seek for us on the coast of Syria; or rather—which is my private opinion—Nelson has not so many as fourteen sail of the line, and finding himself inferior in numbers, does not think it quite prudent to try his strength with us."—Never, perhaps, did any man reason from worse premises, or more grossly deceive himself. When, however, the British fleet hove in sight, he expected to be attacked, but only on one side, seeing that he had, as he vainly imagined, caused his fleet to be moored in a semicircle, so close in with the shore, that he deemed it impossible for the English to practise their favourite monœuvre, that of placing each of their opponents' ships between two fires, by breaking the line, thus intervening themselves between the coast and their enemy, a stratagem first made available by Lord Rodney, 12th April, 1782, at the suggestion of his own captain, the late Sir Charles Douglas, bart. The intrepid Nelson. however, viewed the matter in a far different light; his daring spirit conceived it quite practicable to force a passage between the French fleet and the land. The attempt succeeded to his utmost wishes, and instantly brought on a most terrible conflict; the battle was obstinately and courageously contested on both sides; it lasted more than twenty hours, including the whole night, with one solitary pause at midnight, when the French admiral's ship, L'Orient, which had taken fire, blew up with a dreadful explosion, causing a momentary cessation of the work of death, which however was quickly renewed, and crowned with what the veteran Nelson was wont to call, "not a victory, but a conquest." The ensuing morning, only two shattered ships, out of all that magnificent array, made their escape to the open sea; the rest had either been utterly destroyed, or remained in the hands of the brave British tars. Admiral Brueyes never survived either to witness the disaster or to tell the melancholy tale; he fell, struck by a cannon ball, before the destruction of his ship.

Of the brave crews who manned the French fleet under Admiral Brueyes three thousand reached the shore; a greater number perished: Rear Admiral Gantheaume, in his official dispatch, thus describes the engagement:—

"Citizen Minister—Obliged to furnish you with an account of this most fatal of disasters, it is with piercing and heartfelt sorrow that I acquit myself of this melancholy duty. Eleven sail of the line taken, burnt, and lost to France! our best officers either killed or wounded! the coasts of our new colony laid open to the invasion of the enemy! Such are the dreadful results of an action, which was fought on the night of the 1st instant, between our fleet and that of the English under Admiral Nelson."

At the period of this disastrous battle, Citizen Tallien was at Rosetta, who, in a letter to the Citizen Director Barras, says:—

"Consternation has overwhelmed us all; I shall set out to-morrow for Grand Cairo, to carry the news to Citizen General Buonaparte: it will shock him so much the more, as he had not the least idea that it would happen; he will doubtless find resources within himself, if not to repair a loss of such magnitude, at least to prevent the disaster from becoming fatal to the army which he commands."

Napoleon was on his return to Grand Cairo, after having driven Ibrahim Bey across the desert into Syria, when the news from Aboukir reached him. Whatever might have been his feelings on the occasion, he possessed too much strength of mind as well as policy, to manifest any show of despondency: on the contrary, with his usual *nonchalance*, he sent a dispatch to the Directory, calculated to counteract the effect of this severe blow: at the same time, he addressed a letter to the widow of his friend Admiral Brueyes, which ran thus:—

"Your husband was killed by a cannon-ball, nobly fighting for his country. He expired without a moment's suffering; his death is envied by all good soldiers. I feel sincerely for what you must suffer. The moment that separates us from the person whom we love is terrible; it insulates us from all surrounding objects, while it awakens convulsive agonies; the faculties of the soul are nearly annihilated; we hardly preserve any connexion with the world; all appears as if it were a dream. Men appear to us more cold, more selfish, more wicked, more odious, than they really are. We are apt to think, in this situation, that if there were nothing which compelled us to live, it were far more desirable to die; but when the first emotions subside, when we press our offspring to our breasts, tears, combined with feelings of tenderness, revive in us the germs of nature; we then begin to live but for our children. Yes, Madam, let me advise you to see them instantly; let them soften your heart to the tender impressions of melancholy; you will weep over them; you will watch their ripening infancy, cultivate their dawning youth; you will converse with them of their father, of your own sufferings, of the loss which they in common with their country have sustained. Having, by this means, re-attached yourself to the world by the ties of filial as well as of maternal affection, endeavour to set some value upon the lively interest which I shall never fail to take in all that may concern the widow of my friend. Be satisfied that, at least, there exist some men in the world, how few soever they may be, who deserve to be considered as the only hope of the wretched, because they feel for their sufferings with sensibility. "BUONAPARTE."

The soothsayers of the east have for ages been viewed by the inhabitants of those countries as beings superiorly endowed with a knowledge of futurity; in this, if they have not been very remarkable for the correctness of their prognostics, they have at least never been deficient in the fortune-teller's best ally—assurance. During the time Buonaparte was at Grand Cairo, one of the wise men, as they are called by the Asiatics, was strongly recommended to him as a highly-gifted seer whose prescience might be relied upon with great safety. In consequence of the extraordinary character given of him, the prophet was sent for, when a party was formed, including a Sheik together with an interpreter, for the purpose of witnessing the exercise of his supernatural powers. The foreteller of future events was about to commence with Napoleon, who, however, for what reason cannot now be known, was indisposed to submit himself personally to the foresight of the would-be prophet. The General, therefore, turning to his secretary, whispered him, "Allow this fellow to exercise his calling upon you." To this, Bourienne, who from the sufferings he had endured during the march, looked more like a corpse than an inhabitant of this world, being frightfully attenuated, as well as cadaverously pale, readily assented, and challenged the attention of the juggler. The predictor having preluded, as is usual with these impostors, shook his head, and assuming a compassionate look, gave the interpreter to understand, that the European gentleman had better not ask him any questions. Bourienne, notwithstanding, insisted upon having all the information he could obtain: upon this, the fortune-teller went through the ceremonial which it was his custom to adopt, and judging, no doubt, from the death-like appearance of the secretary, concluded the farce by predicting that "Egyptian earth would receive him within two months from the time he was prophesying;" upon the announcement of which the assembly broke up, and the diviner was dismissed. "Well," said Buonaparte, when they were alone, "what say you to that?" "Say? why, the rascal ran no great risk in thus quickly disposing of me, seeing my present state; but, as I have no great ambition to mingle with the dust of the Pharaohs, should Louis send the wine, you will see I shall recruit, to the scandal of this pretender to occult science." This proved to be the case.

Although it has not always succeeded according to the wish of those employing it, the art of imposing upon mankind has in all ages occupied no mean place in the art of ruling him: neither does it appear it was this portion of the system of governments that Napoleon least understood: on the contrary, he was a great adept in the mystery, and perfectly acquainted with its influence over the mass; so much so, that he suffered no opportunity to escape by which he conceived he might, even in minor matters, dazzle the Egyptians, and thus subdue the minds of men whose predilection in favour of the marvellous, he had sedulously observed; his constant endeavour was, therefore, on all suitable occasions, to rivet their attention and command their respect by displaying to them the great superiority of French genius. In despite, however, of his most earnest endeavours to impress them with deferential awe for the extensive knowledge of his countrymen, the sheer instinct of the natives more than once baffled his measures; disconcerted the deepest laid-schemes to effect the so-much-desired object: the fact is, that however well disposed they might feel themselves to accredit the ravings of their own astrologers, they were sensitively alive to any attempt, either to impose upon their credulity, or to bewilder their understandings, which might be put in motion by foreigners. An instance of this kind occurred some few days subsequent to the visit of the pretended soothsayer: Buonaparte, resolved, if possible, to work upon their credulous disposition, or, to use his own expression, to "oppose sorcery by sorcery," made up his mind to an exhibition of some of the most intricate changes effected by chymistical science, which he imagined, rather vainly it would seem, would astonish them by their extraordinary operation: for this purpose, the chief Sheiks, as well as the Muftis, were invited to witness a series of experiments to be conducted by that ingenious and experienced chymist, Berthollet: the crafty general-in-chief contrived

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to be present, to enjoy what he conceived would be their astonishment, when they beheld the transformation of liquids, the astounding effects of electricity and galvanism, brought before them with the most consummate art: his disappointment, however, was extreme, when he saw with no little vexation that the exhibited wonders excited no visible surprise: the whole was beheld with the most imperturbable coolness; when it was over, El Bekri, one of the spectators, through the medium of the interpreter, observed, "all this is very fine, but ask him if he can cause me to be here and in Morocco at one and the same moment?" to this Berthollet answered, by shrugging up his shoulders, as much as to say, no! "Very well," said the Sheik, "tell him from me he is no conjuror."

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL DESSAIX SUCCESSFUL IN UPPER EGYPT.—BUONAPARTE FORMS A SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT FOR THE EGYPTIANS.—SUPPRESSES AN INSURRECTION AT GRAND CAIRO.—HIS PROCLAMATION AFTER THAT EVENT.—DESPATCHES A MESSENGER TO TIPPOO SAIB.—EXAMINES THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES.—EXPLORES THE SANDS OF THE RED SEA, WHERE HE IS NEARLY DROWNED.—HIMSELF AND HIS PARTY SAVED BY HIS COOLNESS AND PRESENCE OF MIND.—VISITS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—IS PETITIONED BY THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.—CROSSES THE DESERT INTO SYRIA.—TAKES POSSESSION OF EL-ARISCH.—OCCUPIES GAZA.—SIEGE OF JAFFA.—MASSACRE OF HIS PRISONERS ON THE SAND HILLS NEAR JAFFA.—DEFEATED AND HIS PROGRESS ARRESTED AT ST. JEAN D'ACRE, BY SIR SYDNEY SMITH.

No man better understood either how to lessen an evil or to derive some sort of advantage from even the most serious disaster, however irremediable that might be, than Napoleon Buonaparte: his indomitable spirit was not of a nature to sink under misfortune, but rather calculated to grapple with masculine energy, whatever ill might cross his path:—his equanimity was equal to his courage:—steady to his purpose, if driven from one resource, such was the fertility of his imagination that he was never long at a loss to find some other expedient for its accomplishment: thus, when the full details of the naval engagement in Aboukir Bay reached him, he wasted no time in vain regrets, but instantly gave orders that the seamen landed at Alexandria, should be formed into a marine brigade, by which he gained a valuable addition to his army. With all his great qualities, he was as much attached to the doctrine of fatalism as any Turk. —"To France," said he, with a sigh, "the fates have decreed the empire of the land—to England that of the sea:"—then endeavouring to account for the latter, he observed, "The naval architecture of France is acknowledged on all hands to be preferable to that of the English, the ships of the former are not only better built than those of the latter, but the guns also are of larger calibre, yet as the French character requires gentle as well as honourable treatment, it would be degraded, and become debased by the severe discipline, kept up by terror, maintained in the British navy, independent of which the superiority of those islanders may be attributed.

1st. To irresolution, as well as want of energy, in the French admirals.

2nd. To errors in tactics, occasioned by want of skill.

3rd. To want of experience, as also to a deficiency of nautical knowledge in the captains of their ships of war."

The battle of the Pyramids, so ably fought by the genius of Buonaparte, would appear to have sealed the fate of the Mamalukes, seeing that against General Dessaix, who pursued the fugitive Mourad Bey, they hardly ever made a stand: they were evidently rapidly losing confidence in their own strength; the excellence of their horses, their familiarity with the desert, enabled them to avoid any complete destruction of their force: nevertheless, their various encounters with the Republicans were gradually lessening the numbers of those gallant horsemen, added to which, they were dispirited by defeat: thus, every thing seemed to promise that upper, like the lower Egypt, would soon settle down into a peaceful as well as a valuable province of the new French colony.

No one is all spotless white without stain or blemish, neither are any so decidedly black as to be entirely destitute of some bright speck to relieve their sombre appearance. Our inimitable dramatic bard, who wou'd appear to have dived more successfully into the arcana of the human mind than almost any other author, in his comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well," says:—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn: the good and ill together." No aphorism can be more fully elucidated than this, when applied to the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, who, although it must most undoubtedly be conceded that he performed an immensity of good, must at the same time be allowed to have perpetrated a vast amount of mischief. When the interminable industry of this extraordinary individual shall be seriously contemplated, candour must admit that he was unwearied in his application to the various subjects that laid claim to his attention; also that he gave evidence of a well-cultivated vigorous understanding. as well as evinced consummate skill, and during the autumn of 1798 he was fully occupied: among other things, organizing a system of government for the Egyptian people, under which the great natural resources of that fruitful country might be best developed. also be brought into the most profitable use: in this he displayed no common tact. Such had been the avarice of the Beys, that he was enabled to lighten the imposts, which the inhabitants had been accustomed to pay to those insatiable tyrants; this was rendered still more palateable, by introducing into the method of levying them that impartiality and exactness adopted by civilized nations: his great aim was to render property secure, also to make the laws respected; in this he laboured with so much earnestness, adhered so rigidly to his object, that he excited no small admiration among all classes of a population which had been so long subjected to the capricious licence of a horde of barbarian spoilers. He established two councils, composed of natives taken from among Arab chiefs, Moslems of the church and of the law, by whose advice all measures were nominally to be regulated. These formed in the very nature of things, a senate very subservient to his views.

The savans and archaiologists, under his immediate direction, pursued their scientific researches with unabated energy: monuments were ransacked, not merely for curiosity, but as sources from whence authentic information was to be derived concerning the former knowledge, arts, polity, as well as the language of this ancient nation: his persevering spirit was not to be subdued by difficulties; he therefore pursued his task with unremitting ardour; under his auspices, many a long-smothered, but simple, service for carrying on, as well as improving, agriculture, was brought to light; canals, that had been choked for centuries, were reopened; the waters of the Nile once more flowed where the skill of the

Pharaohs, or the Ptolemies, had guided them in very remote periods: thus, cultivation was extended, the means of human existence increased, while the comforts of the people were considerably augmented: to his enterprise and ability may be attributed those gigantic improvements, since introduced into "the land of Egypt."

It must be allowed that Buonaparte displayed great policy in the uniform respect with which he treated the sacred institutions of the Egyptians; he was extremely careful not only to conciliate the priesthood, but also not to advance any claim to the sovereignty of the country, always insisting, that having rescued it from tyranny and usurpation of the Mamalukes, it became a duty in him to adminster law and justice, until the time should arrive to restore the province to the dominion of its legitimate ruler, the grand seignior; fully aware, that should their religious fanaticism be once brought into action, it would oppose an almost insuperable barrier to his favourite scheme, that of converting Egypt into a French colony. He let slip no opportunity of cultivating a good understanding with the Mussulmans. In order to gain time for the consolidation of his plans, he held several conferences with the Mufti, respecting the admission of himself and followers within the pale of Mohammedanism; after many discussions upon the subject, it was finally agreed that the rite of circumcision should be dispensed with on this occasion, and the French should be allowed to drink wine, although contrary to the Koran: having obtained these concessions, he still further procrastinated the adoption of the Mohammedan faith, by proposing that the ceremony of numbering his troops among the followers of the prophet should be performed in an entire new mosque, to be built at his own expense, in Grand Cairo, the erection of which he contrived should proceed very slowly. Speaking of his proclamations concerning their religion, he observed, "My soldiers only laugh at them; they are written for translation into high-flown Arabic, for the purpose of reconciling the populace." Whatever effect they might produce that way, certain it is that the wily priests penetrated the design of the French commander-in-chief; and, notwithstanding that the honours as well as emoluments of the mufti had been greatly increased by the arrival of the Franks, he having daily asked for and obtained new favours from Napoleon, that hierarch seized with great avidity an occasion in which he sought to raise a popular clamour against the invaders, by an endeavour to make it appear that the Republicans had opposed the celebration of the annual festival in honour of the nativity of Mahomet, considered the most solemn act of their worship. To the great surprise of Buonaparte, no preparations were made for this joyous *fête*; therefore towards the close of the day the Mufti was sent for respecting it: his answers, however, were evasive; upon which the other magistrates were requested to attend, who stated that it was their intention to have made the customary arrangements for the feast, but as the matter rested exclusively with the mufti, they, as subordinate agents, had been obliged to remain quiet, not having as yet received his orders. The treacherous stratagem of the priest was thus unmasked; upon which, notice was sent to him that the ceremony should commence without further delay, as the people were becoming impatient. To this he replied, with priestly casuistry, "there could not now be sufficient time to make the necessary preparations." Napoleon, however, who was at all times an over-match for such artful conduct, very coolly informed him, that "should it prove too late to celebrate the festival, he should be under the painful necessity to send him, the Mufti, to prison." This had the desired effect: in less than an hour, the feast was proclaimed, the city illuminated, and the usual hymns of piety blended with scenes of rejoicing and prayers of thanksgiving. The threatened storm was thus for a short time averted.

When a priest shall have once determined to pursue a mischievous course, it is hardly within the compass of the most energetic measures to prevent its adoption. Urged forward by that unforgiving rancour so common to the priestly character, when seeking to stifle doctrines not in unison with its own creed, that arch prelate, the mufti, with friendly professions on his lips, laboured covertly, but indefatigably, to stir up the people against the Franks. Some indiscretion on the part of the garrison afforded this man an opportunity to gratify his malevolent feelings, while it gave play to his treacherous disposition. On the 21st of October, 1798, insurrectionary symptoms became apparent: numbers of the inhabitants assembled in various parts of the city, particularly near the great mosque; at the same time the Arabs appeared in force at the city gates. General Dupuis, the commandant, at the head of a small detachment, endeavoured to disperse the disaffected: In this, however, he met with unlooked-for resistance: himself, together with several other officers and some dragoons, fell victims to the fury of the populace, now in undisguised insurrection. The generale was beat; the French troops flew to arms, forming themselves into moveable columns, with several pieces of artillery, and marched against the people. Any Frenchman who chanced to fall in with the insurgents was instantly put to death; the malcontents repaired to their temples, which they barricaded, from whence they kept up a galling fire upon the soldiers. Cannon were immediately placed on the adjoining eminences, from which, as well as from those in the citadel, a most destructive explosion was vomited upon the town. The French, who now seemed actuated by feelings of desperation, quickly forced the mosques; a sanguinary conflict ensued, the slaughter in which was terrible; both sides suffered to a great extent. At last the principal men of Cairo came to Buonaparte to supplicate his mercy: he listened to their request, the insurrection was subdued, when a general pardon was accorded. Against this leniency his officers remonstrated, as of dangerous tendency; Napoleon, however, remained unshaken in his determination; persuaded that the outbreak had been brought about at the instigation of the priests by feelings of religious fanaticism, he adroitly contrived to turn their fatalism to his own advantage, by showing them that they had acted in violation of their own sacred doctrines, as well as the irrevocable decrees of fate: in consequence, he issued a proclamation, in which he said:—

"People of Cairo, perverse men have led you astray, and they have perished. Allah hath commanded me to be mild as well as merciful to the people: I have been so to you all. Is there a man among you so blind as not to see that fate directs all my operations? Is there a man among you so incredulous as to doubt that the whole universe is subject to the empire of destiny? Let the enemies of the people know that, when the world began, it was written that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism, and overthrown the Cross, I should come from the farthest part of the west to fulfil the task which is imposed upon me: let the people see that, in more than twenty passages of the Koran, that which has happened has been foretold, and that which will happen is equally explained. I might demand of each of you to tell the most secret thoughts of his heart, for I know them all, even those which you have never divulged to any one; but the day will come when all the world shall know, by evidence too strong to be denied, that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no human efforts can prevail against me. Happy they who are first to attach themselves to me!"

After this abortive attempt of the priesthood, the country appears to have remained quiet, and, in spite of the presence of an invading army, probably to have enjoyed more substantive presperity than it had ever done during a period of the same length, since the time when the Saracen government was overthrown by the Ottomans.

Determined, if possible, to introduce order as well as to repress crime, Napoleon was constantly on the alert to discover and punish offenders in a country where plunder and disorder had so long held their desolating reign with impunity: one day, when, surrounded by Sheiks, he was holding a divan, news was brought that the Arabs of the tribe of Asnadis had killed a Fellah, and carried off his flock, a circumstance of no very uncommon occurrence, under the rule of the Mamalukes: he expressed his indignation at the robbery and murder with great animation, then ordered one of his staff to proceed with two hundred dromedaries and three hundred horsemen to demand reparation and punish the guilty: observing his anxiety, one of the council sneeringly asked, "was this peasant thy cousin, or was he in any wise related to the blood of the Sultan Kebir, that his death excites so much anger in thee." Buonaparte, looking the Mussulman sternly in the face, answered, "No! but he was more than that—he was one of a people whose government it hath pleased Providence to place in my hands, and I therefore consider all whom I command are my children."—"Good," said the Ulemah, abashed at the reproof, "that is spoken like the Prophet himself."

Ibrahim Bey, in his flight from Grand Cairo, met the caravan from Mecca, the convoy of which joined his ranks, committing the merchants, pilgrims, women, and children, with their effects, to the care of some Arabs, who immediately after plundered them of every thing, even of their camels; this reached the ears of Napoleon; he instantly despatched a party in pursuit, who compelled the robbers to restore the whole: which was then safely conducted into the city, under an escort of French troops: this conduct won the hearts of the pilgrims.

Thousands of the faithful resort annually as pilgrims to Mecca, the birthplace of Mahomet, a city of Arabia, seated in 40° 55' east longitude, 21° 40′ north latitude, in a barren valley, governed by a temporal priest, whose revenue is increased by donations from Mohammedan sovereigns; the principal ornament of this place is the famous temple, with its forty-two doors, some of them covered with silver and gold, resembling in form our Royal Exchange, but nearly ten times as spacious: on the summit of one of the hills of blackish rock, which surround the holy city, is said to be a cave where Mahomet was wont to retire to perform his devotions; here it is affirmed by the Mussulman doctors, the angel Gabriel brought him the greatest portion of the Koran; about twelve paces from the *Beat-Allah* a shrine, placed in the centre of the temple, at which the pilgrims offer up their devotion, is shown what they call the sepulchre of the patriarch Abraham, while, about two miles from the sacred town, according to the same authority, is the hill upon which he was prepared to offer his son Isaac. The *Beat-Allah* is only open two days in the space of six weeks, one for the men, the next for the women. The salutary measures adopted by Napoleon for the security of these travellers, were such as, while they raised his character in the eyes of the inhabitants, rendered him so peculiarly acceptable to the authorities of the Moslem establishment, that, in direct contravention of the tenets of the Koran, they issued a proclamation, in which they stated that—"it was right, as well as lawful, to pay tribute to the French." Buonaparte, when subsequently discoursing upon the affairs of Egypt, was wont thus to express himself:—

"Volney, who travelled in Egypt before the revolution, has stated his opinion that that country could not be occupied without three great wars—one against England, one against the Grand Seignior, and another against the inhabitants. The latter, in particular, seemed difficult and terrible to him: he was altogether mistaken in that respect, for it gave us no trouble. We had even succeeded, in the course of a short time, in making friends of the inhabitants, and also of connecting their cause with ours: a handful of Frenchmen had then been sufficient to conquer that fine country, which they ought never to have lost. We had actually accomplished prodigies in war and in politics; our undertaking was altogether different from the crusades: the crusaders were innumerable, hurried on by fanaticism; my army, on the contrary, was very small, while the soldiers were so little inclined to the enterprise, that they were frequently tempted to carry off the colours and return. I had, however, succeeded in familiarizing them with the country, which supplied them everything in abundance at so cheap a rate, that I was at one time on the point of placing them on half-pay, for the purpose of laying by the other half for them. I had acquired such an ascendancy over them, that I had it in my power, by a simple order of the day, to convert them to Mohammedanism. They would have treated it as a joke; the population would have been gratified; and the Christians of the east would have considered themselves gainers, as well as approved of it, since they knew that we could not act better either for them or for ourselves."

While remaining at Grand Cairo, it was the custom of Napoleon to retire early to bed, when his secretary read to him such books as he desired: if it happened to be poetry, the task was not of long duration, as the commander-in-chief soon fell asleep, but when it was the "Life of Oliver Cromwell," Bourienne had a complete night of it, as Buonaparte would lie awake listening to him until the break of day; in addition to this, he would spend whole days lying flat on the ground, stretched upon maps of Asia, for the purpose of making himself familiar with that portion of the world, and noting the localities requisite to be traversed in order to reach the English possessions in Hindoostan, to further which, he despatched a messenger to Tippoo Saib, the Mahratta chief, requesting him to furnish him with accurate information respecting the condition as well as numerical force of the British army in that region, giving him to understand that Egypt was only the first stage of a march destined to surpass that of Alexander! The fates, however, had decreed that that march should never be accomplished, but that its utmost limits should terminate at St. Jean D'Acre, where Sir Sydney Smith should be in the ascendant.

In the course of this time, which he was wont to designate as his leisure, Buonaparte visited the Maronite monks of Mount Sinai, an eminence in Arabia Petrea, in a peninsula formed by the two arms of the Red Sea their monastery, by way of security from wandering tribes, is surrounded by high walls, to which there is no other egress or ingress than by baskets, in which those who either go in or out are drawn up and let down; its site is in 34° 15′ east longitude, 29° 2′ north latitude. Here, in imitation of what Mahomet had done before him, he affixed his name to their charter of privileges: he also examined the fountain of Moses: and, in exploring the sands of the Red Sea at the point where Pharoah is supposed to have perished, when in pursuit of the Hebrews, he together with all his party, had nearly lost their lives. While conversing on the subject of their research, they were overtaken by night; the waters began to rise rapidly around them; the guard in advance complained that their horses were swimming: on this occasion Napoleon's presence of mind, added to his philosophic coolness, saved them all by one of those simple expedients that never fail to occur to one of his imperturbable mind. "This," said he, "would have furnished all the preachers of christianity with a splendid text against me;" then, placing himself in the centre, he bade the others form a circle around him; when this was complied with, he desired that each man should ride out in a separate direction, but that each should halt as soon as he found the animal he rode began to swim; thus, the man whose horse continued to march the last, was sure, he said, to be in the right path: this horseman was accordingly followed by the whole party, who reached Suez in safety, at two o'clock in the morning: this was a very narrow escape, for the tide had advanced with such velocity, that the water, when they quitted it, reached up to the breast-plates of their chargers.

Buonaparte also availed himself of this opportunity to examine the Isthmus of Suez, where a narrow neck of land, not more than one hundred and twenty five miles in breadth, joins Africa to Asia, at the same time divides the Red Sea from the Mediterranean Ocean: the seaport defended by a castle seated at the north end of the west arm of the Red Sea, called the Gulf of Suez, in 32° 51′ east longitude, 30° 2′ north latitude, is sixty-five miles east of Grand Cairo. The town, which is without water, is surrounded by a sandy country. In this examination, Napoleon combined two objects, one with a view to restore the communication which, in remote times, existed between the two seas, the other to provide a defence, should the Sublime Porte attempt invasion of Egypt, by the way of Syria, because it was during this interval, although he received no communication from the directory that rumours well calculated to give him fresh anxieties, began to reach head quarters: another rupture with Austria was bruited, the report of which gradually gained credence, and in a very short time was placed beyond doubt: the Ottoman government, so far from recognizing the French establishment in Egypt, had, at the instigation of the cabinet of Vienna, declared war against the republic, and summoned the whole strength of the empire, with the intention to pour in an overwhelming force upon the isolated army, commanded by Buonaparte.

Suez had once been the *entrepot* of an extensive, as well as of a lucrative commerce; as the remains of capacious magazines, and the traces of numerous buildings, confirm. The heavy exactions to which it was subjected by the sordiness of the Mamalukes, the oppression it suffered from the greediness of the Pachas, had dwindled this almost to nothing; the harbour was choked; at present, none but barks can enter; although at the extremity of a sand-bank, which stretches a mile into the sea, frigates might find good anchorage, while upon the bank itself, which is dry at low-water, a battery might be raised for the protection of the port. Buonaparte, whose eagle eye generally saw at a glance the capabilities of any given spot, was not unmindful of the importance of Suez, should the trade with India be revived through that channel, abolished the heavy taxes, together with the other impositions hitherto practised; established in their room moderate port dues, with easy import duties; also adopted measures which gave security to the transit of merchandize from Suez to Grand Cairo, as well as other places; in short, his regulations were so well planned, that had they been followed up, they bade fair to restore Suez to its ancient splendour. He then proceeded to track the course of the canal of Suez for several leagues; convinced by this, he ordered citizen Peyree, the engineer, to set out with a sufficient escort, for the purpose of taking a geometrical level of its whole course; an operation which, when performed, would have finally solved the problem, and established, beyond a doubt, the actual existence of a work, perhaps the most desirable, as well as the most important, in the world, if viewed commercially.

When an Egyptian is desirous to contract matrimony, the custom followed differs widely from that practised by Europeans: instead of seeking favour in the eyes of his destined bride, it is usual for him to make application to the governor to grant him, in marriage, the lady he may have selected, but whom, it is much more than probable, he has never seen, because women in the east always wear a veil, to hide their faces: if taken by surprise, they will make use of any other part of their dress sooner than let their faces be exposed, and marriage generally takes place without either party having seen the other, or at least without the husband having ever seen the face of his intended wife. Those Egyptians who had rendered services to the French, sometimes the Sheiks themselves, would make a request of this sort to the commander-in-chief. The first made to Buonaparte was by an Aga of Janizaries; a kind of police agent who wished his permission to marry a very rich widow: this proposal, which at the time appeared so singular, somewhat startled Napoleon, who naturally inquired of the man—"But does she love you?"—"No!" was the reply, "but will she?" again asked the General—"Yes! if you command," said the Aga: in fact, soon as she was informed it was the will of the Sultan Kebir, the name usually applied to Buonaparte, she accepted the match, and the marriage was forthwith solemnized. Egyptian wives, however, have their privileges. There are things which the husband cannot refuse without enraging the whole community against them, as well as passing for barbarians and monsters; such, for instance, is the privilege of going to the bath: in every town there are vapour baths, at which the females assemble, where political as well as other intrigues are contrived, and marriages planned. While Napoleon, from policy, outwardly conformed himself to the established worship, General Menou actually became a convert to the doctrines of the Koran, turned Mohammedan and married an Egyptian lady of Rosetta: he treated his wife after the French modes of gallantry; he gave her his hand to enter the dining-room; the best place at table was for her; the choicest pieces at dinner; the finest fruit at the dessert; if she dropped her handkerchief, or needed her glove, he would run to pick up one, or fetch her the other. The wife, delighted with his attention, so different from that adopted by her own countrymen, related these pleasing circumstances to her companions at the bath; the women, in hopes of so desirable a change in the national manners, signed a petition to the Sultan Kebir, praying that in future their husbands should be obliged to treat them after the fashion of that practised by General Menou towards his lady. The dress worn by the orientals makes a great contrast when compared with that worn by Europeans: it is at once becoming, easy, and magnificent; neither their necks nor their limbs are confined by either bandages or garters; a native might remain a month in his garments without feeling fatigue from them.

Buonaparte, by his generous conduct towards them, became a great favourite not only with the wife of his formidable enemy, Mourad Bey, but also with the widows and wives of the other Beys, to whose comfort he paid the utmost attention: these females, having little soft delicate hands with brilliant sparkling eyes, whom he describes as very superior women, both in rank and education, distinguished by the modesty combined with the richness of their dress, whose elegant manners, graceful address, propriety of demeanour, together with a noble, commanding carriage, rendered their appeal irresistibly fascinating, were in the habit of frequently soliciting him on behalf of some one: these requests, in which they displayed all the intelligence of the most accomplished European, were conveyed in a most enchanting tone of voice, but with perfect dignity, at the same time keeping their faces hidden from his gaze, with the utmost sedulity: upon these occasions they began by kissing the hand of him they styled the Sultan Kebir, which they then placed upon their forehead, afterwards on their stomach, according to the usage of their country.

Like Englishmen, every Egyptian considers himself master in his own house; no officer, even in the execution of his functions, is permitted to violate this sanctuary: the orientals also claim full liberty of speech in the coffee-houses which they frequent; Napoleon always respected the national customs, accommodating himself to the manners of the people, and never refused an invitation to dine with the principal Sheiks. After one of these dinners, Buonaparte asked Sheik El Mondi, at whose board he had been hospitably entertained, " What is the most useful thing I have taught you, in the six months that I have been amongst ye ?" to which the magistrate replied, between jest and earnest, " the most useful thing you have taught me, is to drink at my dinner:" the Arabs are never accustomed to drink until they have finished their meal.

At another time, at the table of the Sheik, El-Fayoum, when speaking of the Koran, his host observed, " it contains all human knowledge."—" Indeed," said Napoleon, " does it tell us how to make gunpowder, and the method of casting cannon ?"—The ready answer was, " Yes! but then you must know how to read it."

Just before he left Grand Cairo, he received a despatch from Alexandria, announcing that the English squadron, which had been recently reinforced, had commenced to bombard the city as well as the port: Buonaparte, who conceived that this was merely a manœuvre, intended to divert him from his purposed expedition against Syria, quietly put the despatch into his pocket, thus suffering the bombardment to proceed without interruption on his part, which terminated with no other result than sinking a few transport vessels; at the same time, maugre this naval attack, he ordered the authorities to ship a battering train, with other warlike stores which he should have occasion for, to conduct the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, which was meet him at the last-mentioned place; this, however, never reached him, having been captured by Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in those seas with two British ships of war, the Tigre and the Theseus.

Buonaparte, who never slumbered over his object, was quickly apprized of the warlike preparations set on foot by the grand seignior; therefore, according to his usual custom, he was desirous to crush that portion of the Turkish armament, then in Syria, before the main force, which was assembling at Rhodes, should have time to reach Egypt by sea: for this purpose, after placing garrisons in the principal places which he had reduced, as well as leaving the division of General Dessaix to pursue his conquests in Upper Egypt, as also fifteen thousand men in Grand Cairo and its neighbourhood, he began his march for the province of Syria, otherwise Suristan, 11th February, 1799, at the head of ten thousand picked troops, with a park of artillery: after having traversed the desert nine days, subsequently, on the 20th of the same month, he made himself master of El-arisch, a town with a fortress on the confines of Arabia and Palestine, in 34° 3′ east longitude, 31° 8′ north latitude, thirty-six miles south-west of Gaza, one hundred and twenty miles east of Suez, situated on a gulf of the Mediterranean Sea, bearing the same name, the garrison of which, sixteen hundred strong, consisting of Arnauts, Maugrabins, and other barbarians, after a most vigorous assault, in which two Beys, as also some officers of rank, were killed, capitulated on condition that they should be permitted to retreat into the Syrian territory, upon their parole not to serve again against the French, during the war: General Regnier, with the soldiers under his command, was ordered to remain at El-Arisch for the purpose of placing the fort, which is the key of Egypt, in a respectable state of defence, also to wait until the field artillery should arrive, when this division was to form the rear-guard of the army at an interval of two days' march. On the approach of the troops, under Napoleon, to Gaza, he found the garrison had evacuated that ancient city of the Philistines, which stands in a fine fertile country, in 34° 45′ east longitude, 31° 28′ north latitude, two miles from the Mediterranean Ocean, fifty miles south-west of Jerusalem, having a harbour defended by a castle, the gates of which town Sampson is said to have carried on his shoulders to the heights about a league distant, which overlooks Hebron, another Syrian town in Palestine, twenty-five miles south of Jerusalem, said to contain the tombs of Abraham and Sarah. The inhabitants of Gaza, thus left to themselves, sent deputies to treat with the French, who were received as friends, while the army took up its quarters in the city for two days, the 26th, 27th of February, during which Buonaparte organized a system of civil and military government, for the town and district: then, on the 28th, again continued his march, on Jaffa, the Joppa of Holy Writ, situated near the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, twenty-one miles north-west of Gaza, thirty-three miles west of Jerusalem, said to be the place whence Perseus delivered Andromeda: this town, which has a small citadel, was in former times a city of great renown; the inhabitants are a mixture of Greeks, Maronites, and Armenians; the desert lying between Gaza and Jaffa, is an immense plain, on which are numerous moving sand-hills, which offer great impediments to the march of cavalry, the camels advanced slowly with great pain, while in the space of three leagues it was found requisite to change the artillery horses three times.

It was at Jaffa that the Republicans experienced a most obstinate re-distance: Buonaparte summoned the governor to surrender; to this he sent no answer, but struck off the herald's head; an assault was ordered, the garrison defended themselves with the most determined resolution; at length, after a terrible sanguinary struggle, a breach having been made in the walls, the place was carried by storm; three thousand Turks, who refused to yield, were put to the sword; the town was given up to pillage for several hours, when, as Napoleon himself admitted, "the fury of the French soldiery was never more savagely exerted than on this frightful occasion, neither did the licence of war ever before appear to him so hideous."—The worst part of this shocking occurrence remains to be told: a portion of the garrison who occupied the mosques as well as the citadel, according to Buonaparte, amounting to twelve hundred, but stated by others at three thousand men, held out some hours after the slaughter of their comrades, however, these brave fellows seeing no chance of either successfully combating their assailants or of receiving succours, grounded their arms, as prisoners of war, on the 7th March, 1799, to Eugene Beauharnois, who was violently rebuked by the commander-in-chief, for having accepted their submission; while the soldiery became clamorous, asking "how these barbarians were to be fed, while they themselves were suffering such privations?" The general summoned a council of officers, when, after a long discussion, it was resolved, that in their present dilemma, necessity superseded mercy. In consequence, three days subsequent, on the 10th March, the prisoners, placed in the centre of a hollow square formed by General Bon's battalion, were marched out of the city. When they reached the sand-hills, at some distance from the town, they were divided into small parties, a heavy fire was commenced upon them, and they were either shot or bayoneted to a man: like true fatalists, they met death with firmness as well as with silent resignation: their mangled bodies were collected together, then formed into a pyramid, where, after the lapse of forty years, their bones still whiten the sand of the desecrated spot, that will always stigmatize a deed of such ruthless character: that will ever cover with an indelible stain the actors in this dreadful tragedy: a tragedy so imbued with blood that oceans are insufficient to wash it out.

Humanity weeps over the sad fate of these wretched victims to vaulting ambition: we shudder at the bare recital of such disgusting merciless conduct: as we read the murderous details, indignation creeps through our veins, swollen with thrilling horror; we sicken at the very name of conquest, if conquest prelude such unlicensed butchery; but, then, in steps expediency, with its lengthened quinquepedalian notes; expediency, the tyrant's plea, the villain's sheet anchor, the bad man's subterfuge; expediency, ever at war with principle, the sworn enemy to high moral courage, the father of all that is outrageous, the nurse of violence, the concoctor of mischief; expediency, whose presence puts to flight every salutary obligation that might stand in the way of its own evil propensities: let casuists say, what scoundrelism, what depravity, what atrocity may not be covered with that accursed word? For the honour of human nature, we trust, that among the sons of men, be the complexion whatever it may, whatever the shade of politics, whatever the religious tenets adopted, not one is to be found, so poor in spirit, so lost to all good feeling, so sunken in infamy, as to lend his countenance to such ferocious barbarity; at the same time, it is but fair to listen to the account Napoleon himself gives of this unhappy affair:—

"I ordered," says he, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison at Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El-Arisch, and sent to Bagdad, upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdad, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-arisch, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding under similar circumstances."

This argument, specious but not solid, although it savours much of special pleading, may very possibly be conclusive with the sons of Mars, but will not, it is suspected, prove satisfactory to the moralist. In the first place, Buonaparte was himself an aggressor, having violated all international law, by invading the territory of an old ally, without any provocation, who was at the time in strict amity with the French Directory; consequently, was the primary cause that these poor fellows were placed in a state of hostility to him. In the next place, three days' interval ought to have cooled the passions; the time had been sufficient to bring reason into play, to have softened down asperity, and generated in the bosoms of all the milk of human kindness; while the execution after such delay, even if deserved, assumed the features of cruelty; but it may be asked, was it possible to recognise the faces of such a body of men with sufficient accuracy, to identify their persons with such certainty, as, under any circumstances, to warrant their destruction in cold blood? who, according to the most moderate computation, amounted in number to the whole, if not to more than that of those who were captured at El-arisch; besides, this rigour came with a bad grace from one who had respected no rights but those which served his own ambitious views. The splendid talent of Napoleon Buonaparte, which sheds a lustre over our race, must always be viewed with admiration; so long as this talent was employed in the glorious work of consolidating the freedom and maintaining the independence of his country, it both merited and commanded the reverential respect of all right-thinking men: he then shone a prominent as well as a very brilliant star, in the constellation of Liberalism; but when, under the mask of justice, he appears to lose sight of the common feelings of our nature, insolently trampling upon the rights of others, as well as setting at nought the claims of benevolence, becoming, in fact, a mere autocrat—it is a painful as well as humiliating spectacle to see him descend from his eagle height to crouch at the feet of misplaced ambition—to see him play the sycophant, when he might enact the hero; to find him grovelling, leaving notice of his track, like the snail, by the slime it leaves behind, while his course should have been illumined by the generosity and bravery of the lion. The cause of freedom can never be substantively advanced by a deviation from strict principle, although to superficial observers, such aberration may appear to teem with advantages. The pedestal of true liberty is high moral courage, which implies a reverence for truth, with a determined adherence to principle: unless supported by this, it can only enjoy a feverish, lingering existence, transitory as it is delusive, divested of a that invigorating energy which can alone protect it against the encroachment of slaves and the unceasing attacks of tyrants, than which nothing can either enable it to survive the storms of anarchy, or to escape the whirlpool of despotism: liberty is a tender plant, which, unless it be watered with the tears of compassion, can never thrive long together.

After the dismal tragedy of the Sand-hills, which will throw a deep shade over the character of those concerned, Napoleon constituted a Divan, for conducting the public affairs of the district, consisting of the principal inhabitants, and appointed General Robin commander of the town, with an injunction to strengthen the fortifications of Jaffa, also to establish hospitals, as well as to form magazines for the army: these arrangements having been made, he moved forward 14th March 1792, at the head of his troops, for the purpose of investing St. Jean D'Acre, call Ptolemais by the Greeks, an espiscopal city, twenty-seven miles south of Tyre, twenty-three miles north-north-west of Jerusalem, in 35° 10′ east longitude, 30° 0′ north latitude, having a seaport, with a population of twenty thousand souls, standing on a plain at the north point of a bay, which extends in semicircle of nine miles, to the point of Mount Carmel, near the mouth of the Kardanah, or the ancient Belus: this mountain, rising two thousand feet above the level of the ocean, is remarkable for having been the retreat of the prophet Elias. Of the ancient city of Acre, the walls of which are distant about a mile from the present town, nothing now remains but the ruins of a church, dedicated to St. Andrew, with some few monuments erected by the Christians in the early ages.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"—thus it happened with Napoleon Buonaparte; till now the stream had carried him successfully onward with irresistible impetuosity; it was, however, about to turn, while his hitherto unbroken fortunes were doomed in the revulsion of the waters, to experience an unexpected check. He had ascertained that he should find at Acre, the Pacha of Syria, Achmet, who had taken the addition of Djezzar, which signifies butcher, a title he had pretty well earned by his merciless disposition, as well as the unrelenting rigour with which he had conducted his administration. He also understood that the Pacha was determined to defend the place with the forces which had already been assembled in the Syrian territory, for the express purpose of invading Egypt. With a view to facilitate his own objects, and to draw off the oppositon of this ferocious chief, he endeavoured to gain him over by holding out to him the hope of a separate independant government, under the sanction and protection of the French Republic; to which end he addressed a letter to him, bearing date:—"Jaffa, 19th Ventose, 7th year, 9 March, 1799.

"Since my entrance into Egypt, I have several times informed you that it was not my intention to make war against you, but that my sole object was to drive out the Mamalukes, your enemies; you have not answered any of the proposals I have made to you.

"I apprised you that I wished you to remove Ibrahim Bey from the frontiers of Egypt; but far from doing so, you sent troops to Gaza, collected immense magazines, published in all directions that you were about to enter Egypt, and at length carried this invasion into effect by sending two thousand of your soldiers to the fortress of El-asrisch, which is situated six miles within the Egyptian territory: it then became incumbent on me to leave Grand Cairo, in order to bring home to you the war which you seem disposed to provoke.

"The provinces of Gaza, Ramla, and Jaffa, are in my power. I have treated those of your troops who placed themselves at my mercy, with generosity; I have treated those who had violated the laws of war, with severity; I shall march in a few days on St. Jean D'Acre. But why should I deprive an old man whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more, by the side of the countries I have conquered? and since God gives me the victory, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only towards the people, but towards the great also.

"You have no good reason to be my enemy, for you were the foe of the Mamalukes. Your Pachalic is separated from Egypt by the provinces of Gaza and Ramla, also by immense deserts. Become, then, my friend, once more be the enemy of the Mamalukes, likewise of the English, and I will do you as much good as I have done, and can do, you harm. Send me your answer by a man who is acquainted with your intentions, and furnished with full powers.

"Let him present himself to my van-guard with a white flag; I have given an order to my staff to send you a safe conduct, which you will find annexed.

"On the 24th of this month I shall march against St. Jean D'Acre; I must, therefore, have your answer before that day." "BUONAPARTE."

Simultaneously with this letter to Djezzar, he circulated another, from which he anticipated great advantage, which ran thus:—

"General Buonaparte to the Sheiks, Ulemahs, and others of the provinces of Gaza, Ramla, and Jaffa. "God is forgiving and merciful:"

"I write the present letter to inform you that I am come into Palestine to drive out the Mamalukes, and the army of Djezzar Pacha.

"By what right has Djezzar extended his oppression into the provinces of Jaffa, Ramla, and Gaza, which form no part of his Pachalic? Or by what right did he send his troops to El-arish? He has provoked me to war, I have brought it to him; but it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors.

"Remain quiet in your homes; let those who have quitted through fear, return to them, I will grant to every one a security for the property he possesses.

"It is my intention that the Cadis shall continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion in particular shall be protected and revered, also that the Mosques shall be frequented by all good Mussulmans: it is from God that all good things come; it is he who gives the victory.

"It is proper that you should know that all human efforts are useless against me, for all I undertake is destined to succeed. Those who declare themselves my friends, prosper; those who declare themselves my enemies, perish. The example of what has just occurred at Jaffa and Gaza, ought to teach you that I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor."

These epistles, however, failed to produce the desired effect: many of the inhabitants who had fled into the desert, were unwilling to return; when pressed so to do, they laconically asked, "Wherefore should we return to our houses? are not the deserts now as good as our homes?" On one occasion, a most interesting pathetic scene presented itself, which served to throw into strong light the effects of the doctrine of fatalism, inculcated by the Mohammedan faith:—a boy, about twelve years old, beautiful as an angel, was brought before the General, charged as a thief, with having stolen some guns: he had a large sabre wound in his arm, at which he looked with perfect unconcern. He presented himself before his judge with an air of firmness and simplicity. So great is the charm of native grace, that no one present could preserve his anger: seeing his youth, he was asked, "who bid him steal the guns?" "Nobody," was the reply. "What had induced him to do it?" was the next question. To which he answered, "I do not know—it was the great God." "Had he parents?" inquired the general. "Only a mother, very poor and blind," responded the lad. He was then admonished, that if he would confess who had instigated him, he should be released; if not, he should be punished as he deserved. To which he said, "I have already told you, nobody sent me, it was God alone that put it into my head." Then laying his cap at the feet of the general, he coolly observed, "There is my head, you may cut it off." "Poor little wretch," said the general, "let him go." Here was an instance in which vicious principles, aided by positive laws, urge men on equally to the commission of wickedness, as to acts of heroism.

On the aged Pacha the letter was completely thrown away; that veteran was not to be seduced from his allegiance to the porte: the first of Napoleon's messengers returned without any answer; the second paid the forfeit of his general's temerity with his life. Djezzar had taken his resolution, that once done, he was neither to be shaken by threats, nor diverted from his intentions by bribery; like Buonaparte himself, he was immoveable.

Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising on the Levant, and had captured Buonaparte's heavy artillery, as well as his military stores, which had been sent round from Alexandria, arrived off Acre two days previous to the French army's appearance before that town: he chanced to have on board his own ship, "The Tigre," a French royalist officer of engineers, a Colonel Philippeaux, a man of most unquestionable talents, who had been a schoolmate with Napoleon Buonaparte, at the Royal Military Academy, Brienne, to whose zealous friendship Sir Sydney was indebted for his escape from an unjustifiable incarceration as a prisoner of war, in the dungeon of the temple at Paris. The gallant commodore, in conjunction with the no less gallant Colonel, offered his assistance to Djezzar, for the purpose of repelling the meditated attack upon St. Jean D'Acre, by the Republican army. This offer was willingly accepted by the Pacha, who allowed these officers his new allies, to regulate in his name, their projected plan of defence; in consequence, Sir Sydney landed his marines, together with a body of seamen, who, under the guidance of the Colonel and commodore, proved a tower of strength in the hour of peril, to the old Pacha, and finally, by their undaunted determined resistance, baffled all the efforts of Napoleon, who, to his great mortification, was obliged to raise the siege, after having continued it for sixty days in succession, during which he made no less than twelve furious assaults, directed with undulating success, with all that tact, as well as science, for which he was so preeminent, as also carried on by that indomitable courage, as well as devotion, which on all occasions the French troops, under his command, were in the habit to display. Buonaparte was not a man to lose for want of perseverance, neither did he want that practical knowledge which is almost a sure prelude to victory; still, however, the English commodore proved too many for him, while his coadjutor, Philippeaux, died gloriously in the field of battle, thus falling a sacrifice to the intrepidity with which he strove to resist the inroad of the conqueror of Italy.

This siege was crowded with incidents illustrative of the determined valour with which both parties pursued the contest: the details afford a striking instance of what may be done even with a handful of men, when those men are commanded by courageous skilful leaders, resolved either to conquer or perish.

Notwithstanding the loss of his heavy artillery, Napoleon, who made his appearance before St. Jean D'Acre on the 18th March, 1799, determined immediately to invest the town, and commence operations, nothing doubting but that the Turk would shrink before the onset of his veteran troops, so long inured to victory: placing himself with some of his staff, on an eminence which still bears the name of "Richard, Cœur-de-lion," for the purpose of reconnoitring, Buonaparte observed, "On yonder little town depends the fate of the East: behold there the key of Turkey, as well of India. The moment Acre shall fall, all the Druses will join me; the Syrians, weary of Djezzar's oppressions, will throng to my standard: I shall then march upon Constantinople with an army to which the Turk cannot offer any effectual resistance; thus it would seem not unlikely that I may return to France by the way of Adrianople and Vienna, destroying in my way the House of Austria."

From that day, until the 28th March, ten days, the French laboured incessantly in the trenches, exposed to the fire of extensive batteries, formed principally of Napoleon's own heavy artillery, arranged by Philippeaux, and manned by English seamen, so as to command the approaches of the enemy.

The pacha's troops harassed the besiegers with repeated sallies, encouraged by the personal example of the old warrior, who in all these movements evinced the most determined resolution as well as contempt of danger. Notwithstanding these sanguinary interruptions, a practicable breach was made on the 25th March, 1799, which the Frenchmen mounted with such ardent zeal, that in spite of the number as well as of their advantageous position, the garrison gave way; soon as this event reached the ears of Djezzar, he instantly appeared upon the battlements, then, flinging his pistols at the heads of the flying men, compelled them to rally and renew the defence, which was so effectually enforced that, ultimately, the Republicans were under the necessity to retreat, after having sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded. The Turks, thus reanimated, headed by the English tars, pursued them to their lines, also explored and countermined a mine which the French had formed with a design to blow up the chief tower of Acre.

With a view to assist the beleaguered city, the inhabitants of Sur or Sour, a town in Palestine, sixty miles south-west of Damascus, seated on the spot where once stood the famous city of Tyre, destroyed by Alexander, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, armed themselves, upon which Buonaparte despatched General Vial, on the 3rd April, at daybreak, with orders to make himself master of the place: after a march of eleven hours over roads impassable for artillery, he reached his destination: the population, alarmed at his approach, took to flight; he, however, succeeded in quieting their fears, promising, if they renounced their hostile intentions, to protect them: under this assurance they returned, Turks and Christians equally participating in the shelter offered them against the vengeance of Djezzar, at whose instigation the arming had been commenced.

While this was going forward, an immense Mussulman force was collecting in the mountainous districts, in the neighbourhood of Damascus, which was to cross the river Jordan, a celebrated Syrian stream that rises in Mount Libanus, and empties itself into the Dead Sea, after flowing south through the lake Tiberias, and valley of Jericho, at an average distance of from thirty to forty miles from the waters of the Levant: these troops were to form a junction with the Arabs and Napolosians, then to pour down in a body upon the French army before Acre, for the purpose of assisting Djezzar, who was to make a grand sortie simultaneously with the attack, at the same time to be supported by the fire from the English vessels, under the command of the brave commodore, Sir Sydney Smith.

There are two bridges by which the river Jordan may be passed in the road towards Acre, one on the south of Lake Tiberias, called Jacob, another on the north, named El-Mekanie. Early in April, Napoleon understood that the Arabs appeared in great numbers at the entrance of the Samaritan mountains, as also that a strong body had passed the bridge of Jacob, and had actually advanced to Tabaria, a town in Palestine, situated on the west side of the lake, formerly called the sea of Tiberias, seventy miles north-north-east of Jerusalem, sixty miles south-south-west of Damascus, in 32° 40′ north latitude, 35° 45′ east longitude. As to prevent the co-operation of this force with the veteran Pacha, was an object of the first magnitude, Buonaparte despatched General Junot to watch the motion of the enemy, whom he descried advantageously posted on the heights near Loubi, a village about four leagues from Nazareth, a small town in Palestine, fifty miles north-east of Jerusalem, celebrated as the residence of Christ, in the early part of his life, where the monks of St. Francis have a spacious convent. General Junot continued his march, turned the mountain, and debouched into the adjoining plain, with a view to drive the enemy, when he found himself suddenly surrounded by a body of horse soldiers, upwards of three thousand in number, by whom his small detachment would most unquestionably have been overwhelmed, had not Napoleon, who followed him, made a timely appearance, 8th April, 1799, when, by his judicious arrangements, he rescued Junot from impending danger, taking several hundred prisoners with five standards, while the rest fled in disorder towards their camp near the Jordan: splendid as is the oriental cavalry, it cannot stand against the solid squares and well-directed musketry of the Republican phalanx.

General Kleber had been sent with his division to arrest the progress of a strong column of Mussulman troops, which had by another route crossed the Jordan by the bridge El-Mekanie: Kleber had also found himself surrounded by some four or five thousand cavalry, whom he resisted most gallantly, and succeeded in disentangling his small body, obliging the enemy to retire, who, however, managed to unite the two columns with considerable reinforcements, near Tabaria, which soon became his rallying point, from whence he advanced en masse into the plain near Mount Tabor, an eminence rising in Palestine, six miles from Nazareth, the summit of which commands a view of the river Jordan, the lake Genesareth, as also the Mediterranean Sea: Buonaparte, who foresaw the necessity of dissolving this force, came to the assistance of Kleber, 14th April, 1799, with a determination to give battle to the enemy and drive him back over the Jordan; from a distance he perceived the division of General Kleber actually engaged with the enemy, who appeared to muster about five and twenty thousand men, all cavalry, excellently mounted, with which he encompassed the French troops under Kleber, which at most did not exceed two thousand. The camp of the Mamalukes was at the foot of the mountains of Napolose, about two leagues in the rear of the action; Napoleon immediately formed his army into three solid squares, one of which was cavalry, then prepared to turn the enemy at a considerable distance, with a view to separate him from his camp, as well as to cut off his retreat to his magazines, and ultimately drive him into the river Jordan, at which stream General Murat had been stationed, who would finally encounter them. General le Turq, with the cavalry under his command, was ordered to storm the Mamaluke encampment, while the infantry, under Buonaparte himself, advanced against the main body of the enemy, who thus attacked and intercepted on all sides, notwithstanding his superior numbers, gave way, seeking refuge in great disorder at the rear of Mount Tabor, from whence, during the night, he retreated over the bridge El-Mekanie; a vast number in their eagerness to pass at a ford met a watery grave in the Jordan. General le Turq carried the Mamaluke camp gallantly with great slaughter, captured five hundred camels, made two hundred and fifty prisoners, together with all their provisions. On the 18th April, 1799, the French army remained under arms at Mount Tabor; next day, on the 19th, General Murat returned to Tabaria, where he took possession of the provisions and warlike stores, which the enemy had abandoned in his hasty retreat. The latter, when collected, were found to be in such abundance, that they would have been sufficient to have maintained the Republican troops for twelve months. The Mussulman force being thus dispersed, and rendered ineffective for the defence of Acre, Buonaparte returned to the siege; this he pressed on daily, making desperate assaults; in which the ranks of his best soldiers were greatly thinned, by the united efforts of Djezzar's courage, and the skill of his allies. At length, despite all the resolution that could be brought to bear against them, the French soldiers succeeded in forcing their way into the great tower, and made good their possession of one part of it. At this moment a Turkish fleet appeared in the offing; this was known to bring considerable reinforcements for the Pacha; consequently, Napoleon felt the absolute necessity that existed to finish the siege at whatever cost; in this he was bravely seconded by both his staff, his soldiers, and their officers. Sir Sydney Smith, however, was not to be daunted: he was as fully determined to hold out until the arrival of the fleet, as Buonaparte was anxious to capture the place before it should anchor in the port: thus resolved, the gallant sailor repaired with his handful of seamen to the fortress, when, after a furious sanguinary assault, he, in his turn, succeeded to dislodge the Republicans: Napoleon, however, did not renew his attack, but having made a breach in the wall at another part of the town, the heroic General Lannes, at the head of a party of French soldiers, actually entered Acre at the opening: Djezzar, ever on the watch, suffered them to come in unmolested, but before they could form, he brought against them such a throng of Turks that rendered discipline unavailable: the orientals rushed upon them pell mell with such fury, that it became nothing more than a mere multitude of duels, in which the Mussulmans fought bravely with their scymitars, and discharged their pistols with such effect, that they completely overpowered the Republicans, and put them to death—almost to a man. General Lannes himself was with great difficulty carried back, desperately wounded. The feelings of Buonaparte, at such repeated defeats, may be better imagined then expressed; to the presence of the English commodore, he attributed all his disasters: Napoleon, it has been seen, put forth a proclamation in which he invited the people to throw off the yoke of Djezzar, and to ally themselves with him; as a counterpoise to this, Sir Sydney Smith issued an address to the Druses, as well as to the other Christian inhabitants of Syria, invoking them, in the name of their religion, to come to his assistance, and thereby enable him to drive back the blasphemous general of a nation who had renounced christianity.

Whatever the relative merits of these two superior officers, certain it is, that much acrimony existed between the British commodore and the French general-in-chief: neither viewed the other with eyes too favourably disposed: Napoleon, vexed at the unyielding opposition he met with from the English sailor, when alluding to the proclamation of the latter, insisted that the naval commander was a madman: while a story is current that Sir Sydney in return challenged Napoleon, to which the Corsican replied, that "he would not come forth in a duel unless the English could fetch Marlborough from his grave, but that, in the mean time, any one of his grenadiers would willingly give the challenger such satisfaction as he was entitled to demand." Be this as it may, it must be confessed that the two chiefs strove together, under the highest influence of personal resentment, at the memorable siege of Acre, which is allowed on all hands to have been most ably conducted by both parties, who as well in the attack as in the defence displayed the most undaunted courage, coupled with almost unconquerable resolution, guided by the most consummate martial skill.

Some days previous to raising the siege, that dreadful scourge, the plague, made its appearance in the Republican camp; thus Buonaparte had every day the misery to see his legions thinned by this devastating pestilence, the very name of which shook the nerves of the European soldiers with indescribable horror; this, added to the destruction of his troops by the fiercely wielded weapons of the Mussulmans, when resisting his numerous attacks, greatly reduced the numbers of the besieging army, which had indeed sustained heavy losses; the brave General Caffarelli, whose fate occasioned universal regret, as well as many other officers of distinguished ability, were no more. Nevertheless, in spite of all these afflicting circumstances, Napoleon, on the 20th May, 1799, made a last and vigorous attempt to take Acre by storm, in which he was nobly supported both by his officers and soldiery, who obeyed his call with undiminished alacrity, as well as with the most devoted although fruitless gallantry. Several times, by performing prodigies of valour, the outworks erected by the Turks were carried, although under cover of the fire from their batteries and high walls; the English made a sortie, but were repulsed with considerable loss; failing, however, to make the impression he sought for, the plague fiercely raging and filling his hospitals, he yielded to stern necessity, and reluctantly retired from an enterprise which he now felt himself, from untoward circumstances, decidedly inadequate to bring to a favourable issue. In the evening, the generale was sounded; during the course of the night, the heavy artillery was removed from the batteries, and replaced by the field pieces; on the 21st May, 1799, the project was finally relinquished as a hopeless expectancy.

Four days previous to the abandonment of the siege, Buonaparte issued a proclamation, in which he said—" Soldiers, you have traversed the desert which separates Africa from Asia, with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its march to invade Egypt is destroyed; you have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage; you have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert, also dispersed those swarms of brigands collected from all parts of Asia, assembled in the district of Mount Tabor, in the hope of sharing the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships with troops on board, which you lately saw enter the port of Acre, were originally destined for an attack upon Alexandria, but your valour compelled them to hasten to the relief of the town you are besieging: several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt.—Finally, after having, with a handful of men, maintained the war during the space of three months in the heart of Syria, in which you have taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stand of colours, six thousand prisoners, as well as having either razed or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Caifa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where the approaching season for landing imperiously calls for our presence.—A few days longer might give you the hope to take the Pacha in his palace; but at this season, the castle of Acre is neither worth the loss of those days, nor of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are now required for more essential service.

" Soldiers,—we have yet a toilsome, as well as perilous, task to perform. After having, during this campaign, secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps prove requisite that we should repel efforts about to be made from the west. You will, in that case, have new opportunities to acquire glory; and if, engaged in so many encounters, each day be marked by the death of a brave comrade, fresh soldiers will come forward, to supply the ranks of that select number, which best give an irresistible impulse in the moment of danger, and thus command victory."

The best understanding always existed between Buonaparte and his army; a thousand instances of this reciprocity of feeling are on record.

During the siege, a shell fell at the feet of Napoleon, when two soldiers who were near rushed forward, and closely embraced their general, one in the front, the other at his side, thus forming a rampart with their bodies for his protection: the shell burst, and completely covered them all with sand, while they sunk into the bed formed by its explosion, which wounded one of them; Buonaparte made them both officers: the youngest subsequently lost a leg in the disastrous Russian expedition; he afterwards became commander of the Castle of Vincennes, a French village near Paris: when summoned by the allies, his answer was, that "as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress."

This devoted attachment of the troops to their commander may be fairly accounted for from the circumstance that, on every occasion, when privations were to be endured, Napoleon made it his constant practice to sustain them equally with the commonest man: he never could be induced to consult his own comforts while his soldiers were deprived of theirs; added to which, he was the first to soothe them in any affliction, to attend to their necessities, and render them any little services in his power. While his troops were writhing under the dreadful visitation of the plague, in which the sick utterly despaired, seeing that the healthy trembled to minister to them, Buonaparte fearlessly went through the hospitals, rebuked the cowardice of the attendants, conversed freely with the invalids, relieved the misery of the infected by squeezing and cleansing, as far as possible with his own hands, the foul ulcers which no one but himself had the courage to touch, thus at once breathing hope to the sufferers, cheering them by his presence, and practically evincing the interest he took in their welfare. It would be difficult, in this act of sterling heroism, to recognize the character of one by whose murderous orders such an awful waste of human existence had taken place on the Sand Hills near Jaffa: to find in one and the same individual, the man who could voluntarily risk his own life to ease the torments of a diseased fellowed creature, and he who in cold blood could order the destruction of his race by thousands at a time, and those too who were so completely at his mercy, that they had no means of defending themselves against such a sanguinary decree. According to his own mode of reasoning, these wretched prisoners ought to have been spared from the savage butchery to which they were condemned: they had surrendered with arms in their hands; consequently, it is not reasonable to suppose, had they been rendered desperate by circumstances, and continued to defend themselves to the last extremity, but that many of their opponents must have fallen before they could have been subdued; and it must be further taken into account, that they could but have lost their lives: as it was, they died under the weapons of their captors, in what is called military execution.

When passing the desert, Buonaparte, ever ready to share the fatigue of his men, rode upon a dromedary, choosing rather to endure the hard trot of that animal, than to show any regard to his own personal convenience. While marching over these sandy wildernesses, such was the destitution of the army, to such dire necessity was it frequently reduced, that the men would dispute with each other as well as with their officers, without distinction of rank, for the possession of the most trifling thing. So grievous were their privations, that for the purpose of profiting by a little dirty water, the soldier would scarcely have yielded his situation, even to his beloved general. On one occasion, when passing by the ruins of Pelusium, so intense was the heat as almost to produce suffocation; a soldier had contrived to shield his head for a few minutes behind the fragment of an ancient door; seeing Napoleon languishing under the fervid operation of a vertical sun, the poor fellow, almost fainting himself, gave it up to his "*petit caporal.*" "And this," said Buonaparte, when speaking upon the subject, with which he always appeared delighted, "was no trifling concession." It was upon that very spot, while removing some stones that lay at his feet, chance gave him possession of that superb antique, a fine cameo of Augustus Cæsar, which, although but a sketch, was most admirably designed. This much-valued gem, so well known afterwards among the most learned archaiologists, was presented by Napoleon to General Andreossi, who was a great collector of antiques. Denon, however, who either did, or pretended to, discover in the Roman emperor's features a striking resemblance to the commander-in-chief, contrived that it should afterwards fall into the hands of the graceful, but ill-used Josephine.

Albeit Buonaparte bestrode a dromedary, his coach passed the desert with the army, and was, perhaps, the first vehicle of that description ever seen in that portion of the world. The coachman, who was a first-rate whip, excited the astonishment of the inhabitants of Grand Cairo, by his dexterity in driving the carriage with six horses through the narrow streets of that city. It has been already seen that the gallant general was a determined fatalist: acting upon this bias, whether right or wrong, he always seemed pleased to draw attention to this observation, that the true meaning of the word Napoleon was "Lion of the Desert." In addition, he was wont to state, that "the desert had always a peculiar influence on his feelings; for," said he, "I never cross it without experiencing a certain inexplicable emotion; my imagination is delighted with the sight, because it seems the image of immensity—an ocean on *terra firma*—exhibiting no boundaries, neither showing beginning nor end.

Among the numerous extraordinary occurrences growing out of this Egyptian expedition, may be evidenced the Countess Verdier, a very beautiful, accomplished Italian lady, wife of the gallant general with that title, who particularly distinguished himself during the Syrian campaign; she was so enthusiastically fond of her husband, that she quitted the soft repose of European luxury, to accompany him, and share the vicissitudes of that hazardous undertaking. In this peregrination she was uniformly clothed in male attire. This lovely woman was once in company with Buonaparte and other officers at the foot of one of the pyramids, where provisions were not to be obtained; in this difficulty, some rats were procured and broiled, of which one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp was too squeamish to eat. The Commander-in-Chief felt rather indignant at this want of soldier-like acquiescence in necessity; when, turning to Madame Verdier, "Here, sir," said he, "is a lady who will put you to the blush;" at the same time presenting a portion of the food for her acceptance, of which she cheerfully partook. It chanced upon one occasion that this heroic female beheld a grenadier, who had lost his sight from the effect of the climate, and the reflection of the sands, an occurrence by no means uncommon in those dreary wastes. The blind veteran, who had strayed from his comrades, and who, unless speedily succoured, was in all probability doomed to a miserable death on those trackless plains, became an object of deep interest with the Countess; she instantly galloped to his assistance, thereby rescued the brave fellow from imminent danger; then, directing him to keep fast hold of the tail of her horse, she at the risk of being captured by the Arabs, who infest those immeasurable wilds, gently walked the animal upon which she rode, and thus humanely restored him to the companionship of his comrades.

In the course of the siege, the rear of the parallels had been filled with the dead bodies of the Turks, which not only emitted a most intolerable stench, but was also likely to produce dangerous infection: in consequence, on the 11th of May, 1799, Napoleon Buonaparte, as Commander-in-Chief of the Republican forces, sent a flag of truce, with a letter written under his dictation, by the chief of his etat-major, to the Pacha Djezzar, in which that officer, General Berthier, said—

"I am commanded by the General-in-Chief to propose to you a suspension of arms, that the dead bodies that lie in the rear of the trenches may be buried. He is also desirous to establish an exchange of prisoners; having in custody a part of the garrison of Jaffa, with General Abdallah, and in particular the artillerymen and bombardiers, constituting a part of the force which arrived about three days since at Acre from Constantinople."

The proposal produced no alteration. Although the bearer of this was a Turk, he was fired at by the garrison, while the cannonading from the fortress was continued without intermission. On the 13th of May, 1799, the flag of truce was again sent, but without any favourable result; on the contrary, at six o clock the same evening, the old Pacha made a desperate sortie, in which he was repulsed with considerable loss. Nothing seemed to move the feelings of this ferocious chief, alike impervious to the calls of generosity as to those of humanity; an ermined wretch, whose only redeeming quality was his loyal adherence to the cause of his country, which he defended with unremitting bravery. Sir Sydney Smith, when speaking of him, calls him "an energetic old man:" for energy in atrocious deeds, if that be the term, most assuredly the butcher governor was at no loss. Some French soldiers, who had been wounded and made prisoners in the various assaults, by order of this "energetic old man," were ruthlessly mutilated, while their bleeding heads, together with their palpitating members, were carried about the town in barbarous and disgusting procession. This conduct, bad as it is, was not the whole: about the latter end of April, 1799, a great number of sacks were observed by the Republican soldiers, which had been thrown upon the beach by the force of the tide; when opened, to the disgrace of our species, shocking to relate, they were found each to contain two dead bodies tied together! On questioning some deserters, the French learned to their utter dismay, that more than four hundred Christian soldiers, who were in the prisons of Achmet Pacha el Djezzar, had been shot by order of that monster, then bound in couples, enclosed in bags, and thrown into the sea. Whether it be an unfeeling oriental pacha, or a triumphant European general, the demoralization by such an action is the same; we should equally stigmatize the wretched perpetrators of such indefensible cruelty of whatever country they might be.

It is very probable that the taking of Jaffa led to the discomfiture of the French before Acre: it certainly had inspired them with a degree of confidence, that induced them to regard the intrenchments of the latter city as of less importance than they deserved. It was most assuredly an error of no common kind, to consider as an ordinary field operation a siege, which woful experience convinced them required all the resources of the military art; the more so, as they were destitute of a battering train, as well as the ammunition necessary for a successful attack upon a place surrounded by lofty walls, flanked with strong towers, encompassed by a deep fosse or ditch, with a scarp or the slope on that side the ditch next the fortifications, as also a counterscarp, or the slope of the fosse next the encampment.

The great importance which Buonaparte attached to the capture of Acre, as well as the gigantic schemes he had in view, may be gathered from his own observations when speaking upon this subject:—"Had I," he would say, "reduced St. Jean d'Acre, a complete revolution would have taken place in the East. The most insignificant circumstances are frequently productive of the greatest events. The timidity of the captain of a frigate who continued in the open sea, instead of forcing his passage into port, added to some misunderstanding that occurred between the commanders of several smaller vessels, prevented a complete change in the established order of things on the face of the globe. St. Jean D'Acre once secured, the French army would have proceeded to Damascus and Aleppo, from whence, in a very short time, it would have appeared on the banks of the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, as well as of Armenia, would have joined our forces; when the whole population of those countries must have been shaken." One of the generals having remarked, that in such an event, the army might soon have been reinforced with a hundred thousand men, Napoleon vehemently replied, "Rather say six hundred thousand, for who can form an estimate on that head? I should have gained Constantinople, also the Indies; thus an alteration in the existing state of the world must have been accomplished. It was, however, very audacious to have marched into the heart of Syria with only twelve thousand men; the distance between General Dessaix, who headed the other extremity of my army, and myself, was not less than five hundred leagues. Sir Sydney Smith stated that I had lost eighteen thousand men before St. Jean D'Acre, whereas my whole force only amounted to twelve thousand troops. Had I been master of the ocean, I should have conquered the East, which was so feasible, that nothing prevented the result, but the stupidity and improper conduct of some nautical men.

Napoleon, in one of his despatches, thus describes the inconvenience he experienced in consequence of the capture, by the English cruizers, of the heavy artillery intended for the siege of St. Jean d'Acre.

"During this period our battering train consisted of one thirty-two pounder carronade, which Major Lambert had taken at Caifa, otherwise Haifa, a small fortified sea-port town, near Mount Carmel, eight miles south-west of Acre, on the side of the bay, which the enemy abandoned on the approach of the French troops. This piece of ordnance was obtained by seizing with main force the long-boat of the Wasp, which had been sent with the intention of capturing the French magazines at Caifa: but it was not possible to make use of it, with the carriage belonging to the boat, beside which we were destitute of balls. These difficulties, however, speedily vanished: in twenty-four hours the artillery men constructed a carriage for the gun. As for balls, Sir Sydney Smith took upon himself to provide them for us: either a few horsemen or some waggons made their appearance from time to time, upon which the Commodore approached, and poured in an alternate fire from all his tiers: the soldiers immediately ran to pick them up, because, by my orders, the Director of the Park of Artillery paid them five sous for every ball. They were so accustomed to this manœuvre, that they would go and fetch them even during the cannonade, amidst shouts of laughter, which it always occasioned. Sometimes also a sloop was brought forward, or the construction of a battery began: thus we obtained a plentiful supply of twelve and thirty-two pounder balls: powder for the park was brought down from Grand Cairo, and a large quantity had been found at Gaza as well as at Jaffa. On the whole, the total of our means in the way of artillery, including our field pieces, consisted of four twelve pounders, provided with two hundred rounds each; eight howitzers, a thirty-two pound carronade, with thirty four-pounders."

CHAP. XII.

BUONAPARTE RETIRES FROM BEFORE ST. JEAN D'ACRE.—RETREATS TO JAFFA.—PLAGUE IN HIS ARMY.—HOSPITALS OF JAFFA.—RETURNS TO GRAND CAIRO.—GAINS THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.—RESOLVES TO REVISIT FRANCE.—EMBARKS AT ROSETTA.—LEAVES GENERAL KLEBER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE EAST.—ARRIVES AT AJACCIO IN CORSICA.—SAILS FOR FREJUS.—REACHES PARIS.—RECEIVED BY THE DIRECTORY.—REVOLUTIONS 18TH AND 19TH BRUMAIRE.—FORMS A PROVISIONAL CONSULATE OF WHICH HE IS THE HEAD.

So silently were the operations carried on, in raising the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, such precaution was used by Buonaparte in dismounting his batteries, and drawing off his troops, that the besieged, not aware of the circumstance, kept up a tremendous fire from the fortress during the whole of the night, on which the Republican army withdrew from the trenches on its march towards Jaffa, where it arrived on the 24th May, 1799, and remained there three days; night was selected in preference to day, because as three leagues of the route lay along the sea-coast, it was not deemed prudent to expose the soldiers to a cannonade from the English gun-boats, which would infallibly have been the case, had the retreating army been discovered by the fleet. No sooner was it known that Napoleon had abandoned the attempt to capture Acre, than Djezzar, as well as Sir Sydney Smith, prepared to pursue the fugitive course of the French troops, and actually entered Jaffa the day after the Republicans quitted it: it was on this occasion that a most cruel slander was raised against the moral fame of Napoleon Buonaparte, by branding him as an unprincipled, cruel murderer, who poisoned such of his own soldiers as were suffering in the hospitals of Jaffa, under that dreadful scourge, the plague; this turned out to be an abominable falsehood, although for several years it obtained credit throughout Europe, as well as caused a sensation of disgust against him, that would have been perfectly justifiable, had the accusation been well founded. To expatiate on the cruelty of this fancied measure, was a favourite theme with thousands: this feeling was carefully nourished by those governments who felt the weight of his arm when lifted against them as their enemy: but surely it cannot but be admitted that the more effective the operations of an opposing general, the more he is to be admired as an officer, entrusted with the interests of his country. It would be the height of folly to expect he would act as a friend; yet the outcry against Buonaparte was, that he was the most determined foe that could be imagined; why, if he did his duty, what else should he be? he was bound to annoy his enemy in every possible way, consistent with the usages of war. Cruelty certainly was not an ingredient in the character of Napoleon; whether his temper or his situation be contemplated, it will not warrant any such conclusion: that he, accustomed as he was to witness slaughter under every form, was not the most sensitive calculator when the loss of human life was to be considered, may readily be granted; but no general ever was more chary as to what concerned the welfare of his troops than this much, as well as unjustly, maligned commander-in-chief, whose towering success had engendered envy in the breasts of all who despaired to reach him with their jejune impotence.

On the subject of poisoning those of his troops who were infected with the plague in the hospitals at Jaffa, the perpetration of which was so confidently asserted as a fact by Sir Robert Wilson, but who has since retracted the assertion, acknowledging that his information was erroneous, it is in favour of Napoleon that Sir Sydney Smith never made any such accusation, which he assuredly would, had there been sufficient grounds for such a charge. Buonaparte thus expresses himself when at St. Helena:—

"Previous to leaving Jaffa, after the greater portion of the sick and wounded had been embarked, it was reported to me that there were some men in the hospital so dangerously ill as not to be in a condition to be moved. I instantly directed the chiefs of the medical staff to consult together upon what was best to be done, and to report to me on the subject. They found that there were seven or eight soldiers so dangerously ill, that they conceived it impossible they should recover, also that they could not even exist much longer; moreover, that as they were infected with the plague, they would spread the contagion amongst all those who should approach them. Some of the afflicted, who were sensible, perceiving that they were about to be abandoned, earnestly entreated to be put to death. Baron Larrey, the French surgeon, was of opinion that recovery was impossible; that these poor fellows could not exist many hours; but, as they might live long enough to be alive when the Turks should enter, and they might be subjected to the dreadful tortures which these barbarians were accustomed to inflict on their prisoners, he thought it would be an act of charity to comply with their desires, and accelerate their end by a few hours. This Desgenettes, the chief of the medical staff, did not approve, saying, 'that his profession was to cure the sick, not to despatch them.' Larrey came to me immediately after, informed me of the circumstances, as well as of what Desgenettes had said, adding, 'Perhaps Desgenettes is right; but still, as these patients cannot live for more than either twenty-four or thirty-six hours at most, it will be sufficient if you will leave a rear-guard of cavalry to protect them. Accordingly, I ordered four or five hundred dragoons to remain behind, with strict injunctions not to quit the place until all the afflicted were dead. They did remain, and subsequently informed me that the whole had expired before they left the town; but I have since heard, that Sir Sydney Smith found one or two alive when he entered the place. This is the truth of the business. Wilson himself, I dare say, now knows that he was mistaken. Sydney Smith never asserted it. I have no doubt but this story of the poisoning originated in something said by Desgenettes, who was a great gossip, which was afterwards either misconceived or incorrectly repeated. Desgenettes was a good man. I was not offended with him; notwithstanding he gave rise to this fable, I had him near my person in several of my subsequent campaigns; not that I think it would have been a crime had opium been administered; on the contrary, I conceive it would have been a virtue. It would, I think, have been cruelty to leave a few miserables, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom. A general ought to act with his soldiers as he would wish should be done with himself. Now, would not any one, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred to die easily a few hours sooner, rather than to expire under the torments of these barbarians? Most certainly, any sane person would. If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father loves his child; if my own son, I say, were in a parallel situation with those soldiers, I would advise it to be done; and if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, provided I had sense enough left, with sufficient strength to demand such a proceeding. But, however, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent my leaving a party to take care of them: that was done. If I had thought such a measure as giving opium requisite, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity, and have published it in the order of the day: it should not have been a secret. Is it to be believed that, if I had been capable to secretly poison my soldiers, or guilty of such barbarities as to drive my carriage over the dead, as well as over the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm as well as with an affection without parallel? No, no: I should never have had the power to have done so a second time! Many would have shot me while passing: even some of the wounded who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger would have despatched me. To do even a necessary action secretly, would alone give it the appearance of crime: I never committed a crime in all my political career—at my last hour, I can safely assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now: I could have despatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent—that given, they would have ceased to live.

"I have risen to too great a pitch of human glory, my elevation has been of too exalted a character, not to have excited the envy as well as the jealousy of mankind. They will say, 'It is true he has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of fame, but to attain it he has committed many crimes.' Now, the fact is, that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so: I have always gone with the opinions of the great mass of the people, and with events; I have always considered lightly the opinions of individuals—but of those of the public I thought much. Of what use, then, would crime have been to me? I am too much a Fatalist; have always despised mankind too much to have had recourse to crime to frustrate their attempts. Of what use would crime have been to me, who have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men? In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever about my fame—posterity will do me justice—the truth will be known. The good which I have done, will be contrasted with the faults which I have committed—I am not uneasy as to the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of having been the greatest man that ever existed; as it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary being: my elevation is unparalleled, because unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, all of which I have gained; I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws, that will bear my name to the most remote posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world: Europe was at my feet."

To suppose that Buonaparte would have been inhuman towards his own soldiery, is at once to suppose him to have been what not even his bitterest enemies will pretend he was; had he thus acted, he must have been the most idiotical blockhead living; seeing that he not only possessed their affection in the most unbounded sense, but also that all his fame, all his greatness, his very existence, depended upon the continuance of that feeling among the ranks of his army.

Baron Larrey, the principal surgeon on the French staff, on his return to Europe, published a work intituled an "Historical and Surgical Account of the Expedition of the Army of the East into Egypt and Syria," which he dedicated to Napoleon as "a tribute due to him for the care and attention he always paid to the comforts of the sick and wounded soldiers."

Assalini, in another publication, speaks in the highest terms of his humanity, as well as of his constant attention to the wants of the sick and wounded, describing the fearless manner in which he visited the hospitals at Jaffa, even when crowded with soldiers infected with the plague.

Count Las Casas, after his return from St. Helena, instituted the most searching inquiry respecting this atrocious charge, in which he consulted the most authentic quarters, with a view to ascertain the truth: the result of his industry was:—

1st. That all the sick had been carefully removed from Jaffa, with the exception of about twenty, who were so near death as not to be in a condition to bear a journey.

2nd. That no order had ever been issued to administer opium.

3rd. That at the time in question, there positively was not a single grain of opium in the medicine chest.

4th. That, although the matter had been discussed, it had never gone further, neither was it ever acted upon.

Again, when the siege had been raised, every attention was paid to the easy as well as comfortable removal of the invalids: nothing was omitted that could by possibility tend to render the journey as little inconvenient as the nature of such a movement permitted. It was ascertained that the number of horses usually employed in transporting the sick and wounded were insufficient: on this occasion, no general could have exceeded the humanity evinced by Buonaparte: he instantly issued an order that every horse, even those of the officers, should be given up for that service:—one of his attendants came to inquire which horse the general wished to reserve for himself—"For myself, scoundrel!" replied the indignant Napoleon, "do you not know the order? let every one march on foot—I the first—begone!" Without hesitation, during the whole way he walked over the burning sands of the desert, by the side of the sick, cheering them by the kindness of his inquiries, occasionally assisting them, and consoling them by his attentions; exhibiting to his troops the great interest he took in all that concerned their welfare, at the same time holding forth an edifying example of compassion coupled with fortitude and contempt of danger. Notwithstanding, the march was one continued scene of misery: the sick and wounded were numerous, their thirst was intolerable, while the heat was oppressive, the rays of the sun reflected from the sand intolerable: the wild Arabs of the desert hovered on every side of the retreating army in such numbers, that if a soldier by any chance fell behind his company, his life was surely forfeited to those lawless depredators, added to which, Djezzar was close upon the rear; yet such is the effect of custom, so hardened do brave men become when intimate with the slaughter of the battlefield, that the very attempt of a comrade, who, overpowered by fatigue, had sunk upon the burning sand to rise again, and join the ranks, was the cause of merriment. Seeing him stagger in the effort, "He is drunk," said one; "his march will not be a long one," said another; and when, after vainly essaying to accomplish his object, he finally sank, helpless and hopeless, a third would remark, "our friend has at length taken up his quarters:"—such is the melancholy result of that indifference with which governments sport with the lives of the inhabitants.

After a toilsome wearisome march, crowded with unpleasant incidents, this perilous journey was at length accomplished: to the surprise of the inhabitants—who had taken it for granted that neither the army nor its commander-in-chief would ever return—Buonaparte reached his old head quarters at Grand Cairo, in safety, 14th June, 1799. On the following day, to the astonishment of all, the troops were assembled on parade in the highest order; their brilliant appearance so little indicative of the hardships they had endured during a four months campaign, was most gratifying to their comrades left in garrison, who now joyfully came forth to welcome them: the magistrates, accompanied by the grandees, came also to pay their respects to the general, who had distributed his rewards among the soldiery, according as he appreciated their respective merits: at the same time he moved forward a battalion of grenadiers, whom he upbraided as not having displayed sufficient courage before St. Jean d'Acre, then sentenced them to carry their arms slung behind, until their character should be redeemed: the soldiers felt the rebuke severely, and it was not long before they amply retrieved the disgrace they had undergone by their valorous conduct in the field.

Napoleon now sedulously applied himself to the functions of a legislator; for some time he was unceasingly occupied with the formation of a new government, for the state of Egypt, which he now fully expected he should be able to make an important colony to the Republic of France: in doing this, he was extremely careful not to offend the religious feelings of the natives; every attention was paid to the injunctions of the Koran, as well as an acceptable homage to the Mussulman priesthood; in all his transactions, he steadfastly refused to show any peculiar favour to the Christian inhabitants, although he extended his protection to all alike: by these means, he so ingratiated himself with the Mohammedan doctors, that every morning at sunrise the Sheiks of the grand mosque attended his levee, with whom he constantly conversed respecting their prophet and his Koran. So friendly had these priests become with Napoleon, that they had even issued an order for the people to swear obedience to him as commander-in-chief of the French army: while it was not to be doubted that many of the soldiers, had they remained in the country, would have encircled their heads with the turban, and adopted the doctrines of Mahomet.

So certain was it considered in Grand Cairo that Buonaparte would never re-enter the city, that a little Chinese dwarf, one of his domestics, to whom he had committed the care of his wine-cellar, during his absence in the Syrian expedition, actually sold the whole contents, with a view to amass some property, under the conviction that his master never would return. Napoleon thus relates the matter:—

"He was a little deformed dwarf, the only Chinese then in the French capital, who had served to amuse Josephine at Paris, and was wont to attend behind her carriage. He was of a very mischievous turn: at last he became so troublesome, that she knew not what to do with him. To relieve her from this nuisance, I took him with me to Egypt : when at Cairo, the little monster had the superintendence of my wine. No sooner had I traversed the desert, than he sold for a sum very far below their value, two thousand bottles of the most delicious Burgundy and claret. When my unexpected arrival was made known, he ran to meet me; without being at all embarrassed, he, in the manner of a faithful servant, communicated the dilapidation that had been committed on the wine, which, with unblushing effrontery, he attributed to those whom he deemed it expedient to implicate. The cheat, however, was so flagrant. that he was immediately convicted, even on his own evidence. I was pressed from all quarters, to have him hanged, but that advice I rejected (because, in that case, it would have been nothing more than an act of strict justice), to have executed all the wearers of embroidered coats who had knowingly participated in this robbery: I was satisfied with discarding and banishing him to Suez, there to do the best he could for himself."

While Buonaparte was busied with the formation of a new Constitution for the Egyptians, his labours were interrupted by rumours concerning large assemblages of troops under the Beys of the Upper Nile, who appeared to have some urgent motive to induce them to endeavour to force a passage downwards ; these motives presently became apparent. Rumours were current of the expected disembarkation of a large Ottoman force, in the neighbourhood of Alexandria ; this in a few days was fully explained, when intelligence reached him that a Turkish fleet, comprising a hundred sail of ships, had not only anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, but had actually landed eighteen thousand men, all infantry, who had possessed themselves of the Castle, a fortress intended to protect the town of Aboukir, situated to the west of the Rosetta, or west mouth of the Nile, six leagues east of Alexandria, in 30° 38′ east longitude, 31° 18′ north latitude. No time was to be lost; Desaix was left in command at Grand Cairo; Napoleon mustered his troops, descended the Nile himself, and travelled with his accustomed expedition to Alexandria, where he found his presence of the utmost consequence, seeing that the Turks were strengthening themselves by every means in their power, while they were awaiting the promised descent and projected junction of the Mamalukes, by which they expected so to augment their numbers, as to be able to advance with an overwhelming force upon Alexandria, and thus effectually destroy the army of the Republican invaders. This state of things was not neglected by the determined Buonaparte, who made instant preparations to circumvent the intentions of the Ottoman cabinet.

Napoleon resolved to advance with his troops, for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy. The Turks, destitute of either artillery or cavalry, for the latter of which they waited the arrival of the Mamalukes, were not in a condition to contend with him in open rencontre ; this gave him the opportunity to choose his own plan of action, which was, should the enemy prove well-posted and numerous, to take up a position parallel to him, supporting his right by Lake Maadieh, his left by the sea, and to fortify himself by redoubts. In the prosecution of this scheme, he calculated that he should pen up the enemy in the peninsula, thus keeping him in a state of blockade, while he would also have the additional advantage to keep him from having any communication with Egypt ; in addition to which, it would afford him the means to attack the Turkish force, when the major part of the French army should have arrived. Buonaparte set out from Alexandria on the 24th, whence he proceeded half-way across the isthmus, where he encamped, and where he was joined by all the troops that were in that neighbourhood. The Turks, without horse soldiers, could not watch his movements, which was a great advantage to the Republicans; beside which, they were held in check by the hussars and chasseurs, which had been despatched by the garrison of Alexandria, to watch their manœuvres, immediately on their disembarkation, when some hopes had been entertained of surprising the enemy, upon his landing, before he should have had sufficient time to make good his quarters. In this, however, the French had been disappointed, because a company of sappers, who were escorting a convoy of tools, and who left Alexandria very late on the 14th June, 1799, having from some mistake or otherwise passed the lines of the Republican army, fell in with those of the Turkish army, at ten clock the same evening. No sooner did these miners perceive the error into which they had fallen, than they fled with the greatest precipitation, but not with sufficient celerity to prevent from ten to twenty of them falling into the enemy's hands, from whom the Turks ascertained that the Commander-in-Chief, with his army, was posted opposite to the camp of the Ottomans. Availing themselves of this information, they passed the remainder of the night in making their dispositions, in consequence of which, the French army found the Turkish general ready to receive it on the morning of the 25th June, 1799. Napoleon, whose genius was never at a loss, be the emergenay whatever it might, immediately came to the resolution to alter his whole preconceived plan, and determined to make an immediate attack, by which he expected, should he not be enabled to get possession of the whole peninsula, at least to be enabled to oblige the first line of the enemy to fall back behind the second, thus enabling the Republicans to occupy the position hitherto held by the foremost line, as also to entrench themselves in such an advantageous position. This, if accomplished, would so hem in the Turkish army, so narrow the ground they could safely occupy, that nothing could be more easy than to overwhelm it with balls exploded from howitzers, and an immense park of artillery, brought from Alexandria, as well as by the bursting of shells, for which the French army possessed almost unlimited resources. The brave General Lannes, with eighteen hundred picked troops, made dispositions to attack the Ottoman force on the left; while General Destaing, with an equal number of veterans, was prepared to encounter the Turks on the right. Independent of this, General Murat, who, from his noble bearing and personal appearance, had acquired the soubriquet of the handsome swordsman, with the cavalry, and a light battery, divided his force into three distinct corps, one of which was destined against the enemy's right wing, another against his left, while the third was to act as a corps de reserve, wherever the urgency of the case might require its aid: the enemy soon found himself engaged with small parties of the Republicans, as the skirmishers from the divisions of General Lannes, as well as those of General Destaing hovered upon his flanks keeping him perpetually on the alert: he, however, battled with success, and maintained his ground against every attack, until the cavalry, under General Murat, mingled in the combat. This intrepid officer soon altered the nature of the fight; by the extreme rapidity of his movements, he quickly penetrated the centre of the Turkish army, then directed his left to the rear of its right, while his right was brought to bear upon the rear of its left, by these means he completely cut off the communication between the enemy's first and second lines, which were all infantry: the Turkish general, whose foremost line consisted of from between nine to ten thousand men, thus suddenly bearded, lost confidence in himself: his men, eager to gain the second line, rushed tumultuously towards it, while the confusion among them became so great as to put an end to all attempts to restore order; unable to stand against the French dragoons, by whom they were fiercely encountered, the Turks fled in every direction, vigorously pursued by General Murat's horse. In their flight they were also closely pressed by the columns under Generals Lannes and Destaing, which had advanced to the heights recently occupied by the Ottoman troops, but who, seeing the discomfiture of the enemy, now descended at full charge; plied him with such irrresistible force that his right was driven into the sea, while his left was under the necessity of seeking refuge in the waters of lake Maadieh; avoiding one evil by plunging into another: thus, with a view to escape their pursuers, ten thousand men threw themselves into jeopardy, which proved fatal to them, in which the French, pouring volleys of grape shot upon the fugitives from their artillery, they were nearly all either killed by the fire of the Republicans, or drowned; as, according to the best accounts, not more than twenty of these defeated Turks out of the whole number ever lived to reach the sloops in which they had been transported to Egypt: the Ottoman infantry are, generally speaking, brave soldiers, but so very deficient in discipline, that they do not understand how to preserve order on any sudden emergency; at the same time, it must be allowed that they are not furnished with the same means of resistance as European troops, because their muskets are without bayonets; added to this, being fatalists by their religious tenets, they feel themselves deeply impressed with the idea that, in action on the open plain, they are decidedly inferior to cavalry.

This almost unprecedented success of the Republican troops, obtained with such trivial loss, gave great animation to the French army, which now entertained well-founded hopes that its commander-in-chief would be enabled to give a good account of the second line of Turkish infantry: for this purpose, Buonaparte, accompanied by Colonel Criten, went forward to reconnoitre, when it was discovered the weakest point of the enemy was his left; in consequence, General Lannes received orders to form his detachment in columns, to cover the intrenchments of the enemy's left, with skirmishers under the protection of his artillery, thus to proceed along the lake, turn the Turkish batteries, then throw himself into the village: General Murat, with his cavalry, was placed in close column in the rear of General Lannes, with intention to repeat the same manœuvre as that practised against the first line; when as soon as General Lannes should have carried the fortification, he was to get into the rear of the redoubt on the left of the Turks; this operation was to be made effective by Colonel Criten, who was intimately acquainted with the localities. While this was going forward, in order to occupy the attention of the enemy, General Destaing was directed to make feigned attacks. These dispositions were all crowned with the most brilliant success, General Lannes forced the intrenchments at the point of their junction with the lake, then made a lodgment in the first houses of the village; the redoubt, in which was Mustapha Pacha, together with the whole of the enemy's right, were covered by the skirmishers: the Pacha no sooner perceived that General Lannes was on the point of reaching the fortifications, and turning his left, then he made a sortie, debouching with four or five thousand men; by this movement he separated the right of the Republicans from their left, which he took in flank at the same time by placing himself in the rear of their right; this manœuvre would have stopped General Lannes short, but that Napoleon, who was in the centre, ever on the watch to render assistance where it might be beneficial, immediately marched with the sixty-ninth regiment, checked Mustapha's attack, obliged him to give ground, thereby restoring the confidence of the troops under General Lannes, who continued their movement: the cavalry under General Murat immediately debouched, taking a position in the rear of the redoubt: the enemy, finding himself thus cut off, fell into the most frightful disorder, while General Destaing advanced at the charge to the intrenchments on the right: the troops forming the second line, made a fruitless effort to regain the fort, for falling in with the Republican cavalry, not a single Turk would have been saved had it not been that a considerable number of them had just time enough to reach the village; on this occasion, three or four thousand more of the Ottoman soldiers were driven into the sea: Mustapha Pacha, with his whole staff, as well as a body of from twelve to fifteen hundred men, were surrounded and made prisoners; at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Republicans were masters of half the village, as well as of the enemy's camp, whose loss was then from fourteen to fifteen thousand men at arms; he had still three or four thousand troops left who were either protected in the fort or barricaded themselves in a part of the village. The fire of musketry was continued throughout the day; but it was not deemed possible to force the enemy in the houses he occupied, protected as he was by the fort, without risking an enormous loss. Under these circumstances, a position was taken by Buonaparte, who, together with the engineer and artillery officers, reconnoitred the most advantageous points where cannon of heavy calibre could be safely placed, in order to raze the defences of the enemy without the hazard of incurring a severe loss. The Turks never capitulate but after having made every possible effort to maintain themselves on the 29th July, 1 99, the garrison of Aboukir marched out of the fort, laid down their arms, and according to their usual custom, embraced the knees of their conquerors: upwards of four hundred of these prisoners having suffered great extremities, for want of provisions, died of repletion when they came to again have the command of food. From this it would appear that in fifteen days this expedition of the Ottoman cabinet was completely frustrated, by the annihilation of its whole army, comprising eighteen thousand men, with a fine park of artillery, although Mustapha Pacha, who was wounded, did not surrender until after a valiant defence: on this occasion, Sir Sydney Smith, who did the duty of major general to the Pacha, as well as choose the positions occupied by the Turkish army, narrowly escaped from the Republicans, and had great difficulty to reach his ship. When the Ottoman General Mustapha Pacha was brought into the presence of the victorious Napoleon, the latter addressing himself courteously to his prisoner, said:—"It has been your fate to lose this battle; but I will not fail to inform the Sultan of the courage with which you have contested it"—to which the haughty Turk replied, "Spare thyself that trouble, my master knows me better than thou."—The French lost in this engagement about three hundred men, as well as the brave Generals Duvivier and Cietin, also Guibert, one of the aides-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, added to which, the truly gallant Murat was wounded in the head by a shot.

Having covered himself with fresh laurels, by the achievement of so splendid a triumph over the Turkish army, in which he had nearly annihilated the Ottoman force employed in this memorable expedition, and upon which the ministers of the Sublime Porte had so confidently relied for the extirpation of the French invaders, Buonaparte proceeded to make a searching survey into the soundness of the fortifications of Alexandria, with the intention to render that city more secure, and which he found to be so essential to the maintenance and protection of his projected Egyptian colony; to this end he ordered those already existing to be put into a state of thorough repair, as also to be considerably strengthened by the addition of several new works. After having seen these orders in progress, he returned to Grand Cairo, 9th August, 1799, for the purpose of completing the necessary arrangements of the government, civil as well as military, by which the future administration of the affairs of Egypt was to be regulated. In all this he was most sedulous still further to conciliate the good opinion of the Santons, or Mahommedan priesthood: he was equally careful to avert the jealousy of the disciples of the Koran, by studiously avoiding even the appearance of any partiality towards the Druses, or Christian inhabitants. This policy he looked upon as indispensable to the consummation of his views; as the only certain means to consolidate the Republican institutions he was about to establish in that country; which he now contemplated, for many reasons, as one of the most valuable possible appendages to the exterior possessions of France, seeing that it was likely, sooner or later, to open a passage to the British empire in Hindoostan. With this view he caused the anniversary festival of the prophet's natal day to be celebrated with more than usual magnificence, the splendour of which was kept up by bringing into play all that taste for pageantry which the ingenuity of the most practised French artists could devise: this produced the desired effect; every thing in Upper as well as Lower Egypt wore the appearance of security and confidence.

During the time Napoleon was carrying on his conquests in Syria and the land of the Pharaohs, the affairs of France, under the feeble management of the Directors, had taken a very unfavourable turn; indeed, they had sadly retrograded, both abroad and at home; the Royalists, who, daily strengthened by the return of the emigrants, beheld with great satisfaction the weakness of the government, insinuated themselves into the Council of the Ancients, where they quickly obtained a majority, to which they hourly added adherents, and openly carried on their intrigues for the restoration of the exiled family: on the other hand, the Republicans, ever opposed to the restoration of the Bourbons, carried all before them in the Council of Five Hundred, leaving the Directors without the least control over either party: such had been the conduct of the five tyrants at the Luxembourgh, that it had given universal disgust throughout the whole French territory, so much so, that they found it impossible to carry on any longer the scheme of neutralizing the efforts of one faction by balancing it with the other. Popular discontent had risen to such a height, that in order to gain a transitory strength, they had associated with themselves the Abbé Sieyes, of all men the least likely to effect their purpose. The negociations of Rastadt had not yet terminated, when, actuated by bad faith, borne onward by an ill-advised zeal for manufacturing what it was pleased to call Republics, but which, in point of fact, were only so many servile slaves to the tottering, impotent government who erected them, the Parisian cabinet marched an army, upon the most untenable pretences, into Switzerland ; to resist the overpowering numbers of which those mountaineers were by no means prepared ; the result was an ephemeral abortion, called the Helvetian Republic. The Pope, notwithstanding the concessions he had already made at Tollentino, was assailed by an insurrectionary movement in his capital, ascribed to French cabal, in which the brother of Napoleon, Joseph Buonaparte, who was Gallic ambassador at Rome, narrowly escaped with his life. On this a Republican army advanced upon the pontiff's capital, the functions of his Holiness as a temporal prince were suspended, and the Roman Republic was proclaimed amidst tumults and bloodshed : the King of the two Sicilies, encouraged by the arrival of Admiral Nelson, with his squadron, in the Bay of Naples, who brought news of the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, dreading lest he should be the next victim to the conquerors of Rome, declared war against France, and advanced with his army towards the north, where he was put to flight by the Republicans, compelled to leave his capital, and sought refuge in his island dominions of Sicily : in consequence, another of those fleeting governments made its appearance, under the appellation of the Parthenopian Republic. These operations, so little in accord with either good faith or sound policy, roused as well the indignation of all genuine lovers of freedom, as of the European monarchs, whose representatives were at that time assembled in congress at Rastadt, for the purpose of establishing a general peace. This conduct, however, brought about a new coalition against France, in which Russia for the first time took a part. England not only sanctioned the alliance, but became paymaster of subsidies to the whole clan, advancing loans to an enormous amount. The result of this combination was, that Belgium and Holland were for a time wrenched from the grasp of the republic ; the gigantic conquests made by the superlative genius of Buonaparte in the north of Italy fell into the hands of the Austro-Russians, under that ferocious butcher, General Suwarrow, of Ismail notoriety ;—General Jourdan was driven beyond the Rhine River by the Austrian general, the Archduke Charles ;—in short, all the splendid successes of the French arms, previous to the departure of Napoleon for Egypt, seemed one by one to be buried under the most disastrous reverses : of all their mighty conquests, little, if any thing, remained. Consternation in France was general ; dissatisfaction appeared in every countenance, and all waited with intense anxiety a change in the system of government, which it could be no longer concealed must, at no very distant period, occur.

Buonaparte had not long been engaged in perfecting his scheme of government for an Egyptian colony, when intelligence respecting the perilous condition of the republic reached him, which determined him to return to France forthwith, but which resolve he also determined should remain a profound secret within his own breast. Of the manner in which he acquired his information report speaks variously : by some it is ascribed to a file of English newspapers said to have been sent to him by Sir Sydney Smith, with a view to distract his attention from his immediate pursuit ; others attribute it to communications from the French metropolis, where he had numerous partisans as well as friends, who were constantly upon the watch for any event in which they conceived he might be interested.

Be this as it may, the fact is undisputable that he had long indulged views inimical to the existing order of things in France—in short, that he had, long previous to his embarkation for Egypt, which he had from the first only considered as an honourable exile, despised the imbecility of the rule of the Directory, and contemplated the concentration of supreme power in his own person; but that he had awaited a favourable opportunity when he might be enabled to carry his ambitious designs into execution, without outraging the feelings of the nation, or rather with its approbation. That time appeared to him to have now arrived: the acknowledged incompetence of the members of the Directory to the task they had undertaken, seemed to invite him, who was so great a favourite, especially with the army, to take upon himself the reins of government, and, by the vigorous exercise of his master-mind, restore to France the lustre she had lost.—The pear was, to all appearance, ripe, and to cull it only required a steady hand with a little energy. No one entertained a doubt that the Corsican general possessed all the requisite energy to accomplish so arduous an undertaking: he seemed to be fitted by nature for the occasion, and was generally looked up to as the saviour of his country.

In pursuance of his resolution to return to Europe with as little delay as possible, Napoleon began to make the necessary preparations for his departure. In doing this he managed so adroitly, that not the slightest suspicion was entertained by the army, either officers or men, of his actual intention. On the contrary, it was generally understood and accredited that he was simply about to make a journey of observation through the Delta. Generals Andreossi, Berthier, Lannes, Murat, and Marmont, together with the savans Berthollet, Denon, and Monge, received orders to meet him at Rosetta, where they arrived without any one of them, except it might be Berthier, having penetrated his design. Of the wreck of the French fleet under Admiral Brueys, two frigates and two sloops of war had alone been saved in the harbour of Alexandria. These, under the inspection of Rear-Admiral Gantheaume, had been refitted and made ready for sea, by the time of Buonaparte's arrival on the shores of the west branch of the Nile, which he reached with his attendants August 22, 1799. The wind, which continued to blow from the north-east for two successive days, had driven the English blockading squadron off the coast. This determined him to put to sea immediately, as there was little probability, if they coasted along the arid shores of the ancient Cyrene, of falling in with the enemy's cruisers. At one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third of August, General Menou was sent to summon the intended companions of his voyage, who informed them that Napoleon was then waiting for them upon the beach, to which they instantly repaired, when the whole were embarked. An hour after, the vessels had cleared the port, and by daybreak they were under weigh, with a favourable breeze. This unlooked-for event was announced to the army on the same day by a proclamation, bearing the signature of Buonaparte; in which, assuming to himself the exercise of the functions of the executive government at home, he appointed General Kleber his successor in the chief command. When it first transpired that their general had forsaken them, the soldiers were extremely indignant; the murmurs were both loud and deep: they considered themselves as very unfairly deserted by the man in whom they had so thoroughly confided; in furtherance of whose operations they had so long, as well as so cheerfully, made every required sacrifice;—but when proper as well as favourable explanations were made as to the cause, and the great qualities of General Kleber began to manifest themselves, their ill-humour gradually subsided, and they resumed their energies in the cause of the republic.

A parting letter of instructions, written by Napoleon to General Kleber, was received by the latter; in which was detailed at great length the views of the former with respect to the future administration of the affairs of Egypt:—

"Accustomed," said he, "to look for the recompense of the toils and the difficulties of life in the opinion of posterity, I abandon Egypt with the most poignant regret. The honour as well as the interest of my country, together with the extraordinary events which have taken place there,—these, and these only, have determined me to hazard a passage to Europe, through the middle of the enemy's squadrons. In heart and in spirit I shall still remain in the midst of you: your victories will be as dear to me as any in which I may be personally engaged; and I shall regard that day of my life as ill employed, in which I shall not accomplish something for the army of which I leave you the command; and likewise for the consolidation of the magnificent establishment, the foundation of which is so recently laid.

"I send you English Gazettes to the 10th of June, 1799. You will there perceive that we have lost Italy; that Mantua, Turin, as well as Tortona, are blockaded; that Jourdan has been driven across the Rhine; in short, that our affairs have been so mismanaged, that they have taken a most decided retrograde movement. I hope, if fortune smile upon me, to reach Europe before the beginning of October. It is the intention of government that General Dessaix should follow me in the course of November, unless great events interpose. There cannot remain a doubt that, on the arrival of our little squadron at Toulon, means will be found to send you the recruits and munitions requisite for the army of Egypt. The government will then correspond with you directly; while I, both in my public and in my private capacity, will take measures to secure for you frequent intelligence.

"I beg to impress upon you the necessity of always considering Egypt as a point of the highest importance to France; and, nevertheless, of negotiating as long as possible with the Porte, on the basis that the French republic neither has now, nor ever had, the smallest wish to be permanently mistress of that country. But should it so happen that, by the next following May, you shall neither be recruited nor released, in that case you must be content to make a peace with the Sublime Porte, even if the first conditions of it should be the total evacuation of Egypt.

"In administering the internal affairs of that country, be very careful of the good-will of the Christians, but, at the same time, avoid giving the Mussulmans any reason to confound the Christians with the French;—above all, endeavour by all means to gain the shieks, who are timid, who cannot fight, and, like all priests, inspire fanaticism without being fanatics.

"The army which I confide to you is composed of my own children. I have never ceased, even in the midst of their most trying difficulties—in their most imminent dangers, to receive the most unequivocal proofs of their attachment. Endeavour to preserve in them still the same sentiments towards me. This, at least, is due to the unbounded friendship and particular attachment I entertain towards yourself, as well as to the unfeigned affection I feel for them. "BUONAPARTE."

During the campaign in Egypt, Napoleon was often wont to express the lively regret he experienced at being deprived of news from France.—As a set-off against his chagrin, which created a wearisome void in his life, among other expedients, he had recourse to military display. The most brilliant of these were the Fêtes of the Republic, towards the end of August, particularly that of the first vendemaire year seven, 22d September, 1798, which he caused to be celebrated throughout all the stations of the French army in Egypt, but with more than usual magnificence at Grand Cairo. Among the most exciting incidents brought forward at these highly interesting solemnities, by which a momentary distraction was thrown over the sameness of existence, must most unquestionably be reckoned the commander-in-chief's own energetic address to his troops on the latter occasion; to whom, after they had defiled before him in most excellent order, he thus spoke:—"We celebrate the first day of the seventh year of the republic. Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened; but we captured Toulon—that was the presage of ruin to our enemies. A year after you defeated the Austrians at Dego; the following year you fought upon the summits of the Alps. You were contending beneath the walls of Mantua two years ago, where you gained the celebrated victory of St. George. Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and of the Isouro, on your return from Germany. Who would have predicted that to-day you should be upon the shores of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent?

"From the Briton, renowned in arts and commerce, to the ferocious Arab of the desert, you fix the regards of the world. Soldiers! your destiny is noble, because you are worthy of your achievements as well as of the opinion men entertain of you. You will either die with honour, like the brave whose names are inscribed upon this pyramid, or you will return to your native land, covered with laurels and the admiration of all nations. During the five months that we have been absent from Europe, we have been the objects of unceasing solicitude to our countrymen: on this very day, the thoughts of forty millions of fellow citizens are with us: all exclaim:—'To their toils, to their blood, we owe universal peace, repose, commercial prosperity, together with the blessings of civil liberty!'"

It was with similar kind of harangues, that Buonaparte constantly brought before his troops the glories they had gained in their various combats; it was thus that he kept alive that enthusiastic spirit which continually urged them on to the accomplishment of the most difficult as well as dangerous enterprises; on this anniversary of the Republic, more than one hundred and fifty French and Turkish officers of distinction assembled to partake of a most sumptuous banquet, accompanied by all that magnificence of decoration, to which the exercise of French experience in matters of luxurious display is so competent: the Mussulman banner floated side by side with the Republican tricoloured standard. The crescent reared its head in company with the cap of liberty:—the "Koran" presented itself as the pendant to the "rights of man." It was not so much that the Turks cared about this celebration of a Republican establishment, as that they felt interested in and received a valuable and salutary impression from the number, discipline, and excellent appointments of the French troops.

That Napoleon was idolized in Egypt, an incident that occurred twenty years subsequent to that expedition will show beyond the possibility of contradiction, and must with all candid minds for ever put to rest all those atrocious calumnies which envy propagated to his disadvantage.

When Antommarchi, the surgeon appointed to succeed Mr. O'Meara in his attendance upon Napoleon Buonaparte, then a captive, and dying, at St. Helena, was on his way to that island in the Atlantic, he arrived off Cape Palm: as the vessel kept near to the shore, they saw a number of canoes leave the isle and make towards them. The progress of these skiffs was watched with anxious eyes: they were light, swift, and narrow, but low, managed by men who squatted down in them, and who struck the sea with their hands, as they glided over its surface; a wave, even a breath of wind, caused them to upset; but strong, active, well-made, and nimble as fish, they instantly turned round their boats, and pursued their course. The vessel had taken in sail, consequently they were soon up with her: they brought provisions, which were thankfully received—when one of them asked, "Where are you going?"—"To St. Helena," was the reply. This name seemed to excite in him a strong feeling; he remained motionless: "to St. Helena," he repeated, in a tone of dejection, "then is it true that he is there?" "Whom do you mean?" demanded the captain. The African cast upon him a look of disdain, then went to Antommarchi, and repeated his question. The reply was that indeed he was there. He looked at us again, grief depicted in his countenance; shook his head sorrowfully, and at length the word "Impossible," escaped him. His auditors gazed at each other, wondering who this savage could be that spoke French as well as English fluently, and at the same time had so high an opinion of Napoleon: "You know him, then," said one. "Oh! long ago," answered the man. "You have seen him." "Yes, often, and in all his glory; in Cairo, the well-defended city, in the sandy desert, and in the field of battle. His arm is strong—his tongue sweet as honey—nothing can resist him—he has for a long time withstood the efforts of all Europe—neither Europe nor the world can overcome such a man. The Mamalukes, the Pachas, were eclipsed before him—he is the god of battles." "You do not, then, believe in his misfortunes," said Antommarchi; "where did you know him?" "I have told you," said the African: "in Egypt." "Then perhaps you have served with him?" "Yes, in the 21st I was at Bir-am-bar, at Samanhout, at Cossier, at Cophtos, —in short, wherever that valiant brigade was to be found." "What has become of General Belliard?" "He still lives, and has rendered his name illustrious by twenty feats of arms." "You know him, too?" "Yes! he commanded the 21st; he scoured the desert like a true Arab; no obstacle stopped him." "Do you remember General Dessaix?" "None of those who went into Upper Egypt will ever forget him. He was brave, ardent, generous; he plunged into ruins or battles alike. I served him a long time." "As a soldier?" "No, I was not that at first; I was one of the slaves belonging to the King of Darfour. I was brought into Egypt, ill-treated, sold; I fell into the hands of an aide-de-camp of the just Dessaix; I was habited like an European, and charged with some domestic offices, of which I acquitted myself to his satisfaction. The Sultan Keber-Napoleon was pleased with my zeal, and attached me to his person. Soldier, grenadier, I would have shed my blood for him—lassitude, disaffection, plots, all vanished at his sight; a single word from him repaid us for all our fatigue; our wishes were satisfied when he appeared; we feared nothing from the moment we saw him. But surely Buonaparte cannot possibly be at St. Helena." "Have you fought under him." "I was wounded at Cophtos, and sent back into Lower Egypt; I was at Grand Cairo when Mustapha Pacha appeared on the coast; the army had to march; I followed its movement, and was present at the battle of Aboukir. What precision! What an eye! What brilliant charges! It is impossible that the invincible Napoleon has been conquered, that he is at St. Helena!" The African was obstinate, his auditors therefore did not insist; his illusion seemed dear to him, they therefore had no wish to dispel it. He went back well satisfied, after receiving powder, tobacco, clothing, and such other trifles as are prized by his tribe. When he left he went away speaking of the 21st, of his chiefs, of his dear general, and of the impossibility that so great a man as Napoleon should be captive at St. Helena.

A rather singular adventure happened to Napoleon during his residence in Egypt, which served to throw into strong light his real character, the relation of which made him many friends among the natives of that country. The general, with his etat major, and about fifty guides on horseback, were on a route, when, at the distance of some two leagues from Rhamanie, he ordered them to halt: the party, who were much fatigued with their journey, sought to repose themselves in the shade, as much, at least, as the nature of the place would admit: Buonaparte alone walked about with a thoughtful air; in a few minutes he was out of sight, his person being then concealed by the intervention of a little mount: suddenly, he called for his secretary, who immediately ran towards him, accompanied by two other persons, one named Talbot, a private in the guides; the other called Reguillot, a trumpeter, in the same corps; when they reached him, he asked Bourrienne if "he had any money about him?" The latter answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Napoleon, "follow me," which he accordingly did, as did also the two guides. A few paces beyond the little eminence, were three or four cottages, into one of which Buonaparte entered; in this humble dwelling was a woman lying very ill, upon a sort of mat spread over a heap of leaves, under a covering of cotton cloth, extremely white, and perfectly clean: close by the sick woman's side stood a girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, who, although of a brown complexion, was, nevertheless, very comely; every thing in the hut bespoke the extreme poverty of the occupants; still, however, the most decided neatness was everywhere displayed; the maiden did not evince the least astonishment at the interruption, but calmly surveyed the commander-in-chief from head to foot. He inquired of his secretary whether he understood anything of the girl's "patois," when Reguillot, addressing himself to her in her own language, gave her to understand that it was General Buonaparte who stood before her; at this announcement she smiled, and then, according to the custom of the country, she kissed his arm between the hand and the elbow: she was about to repeat the action, when the general prevented her, and ordered Reguillot to put some questions to her relative to the sick woman and herself; from this he gathered that they were mother and daughter, that the matron had fallen sick with chagrin, for the desertion of her only son, who had left her to follow the army of Djezzar Pacha. It further appeared that the girl was in despair, as, being destitute of means, she was no longer able to procure for her mother the assistance of which, from her ill state of health, she stood in need: during the recital of their misery, tears streamed down the poor creature's cheeks, upon which Napoleon folded her in his arms, and kissed her on the forehead in the most impressive manner. He then asked Bourrienne for his purse, which was handed to him immediately, containing one hundred and twenty-seven francs: after just looking into the purse, but without counting the money, he made the whole a present to the girl, who opened it without ceremony. At sight of the gold, she uttered a scream of transport, let fall the purse, then threw herself upon the general's neck, and eagerly kissed him. He looked first at the girl, after at his companions, then breaking abruptly away from the young woman, repelled her so hastily that she fell at the feet of her sick mother. Buonaparte immediately quitted the cottage, and left the daughter extended as she had fallen, while her countenance, as well as the mother's, bore an expression of the utmost astonishment.

After the abandonment of the siege of Acre, there was a great dearth of news from Upper Egypt, at which the generals of his staff were wont to express their surprise. "Desaix is there," replied Napoleon, "and I am easy:" some few days subsequent he heard from that general, who had been unceasingly engaged in conquering and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad Bey. These despatches also contained information of the loss of a very large and beautiful Djerm, called "the Italy," which had been expressly built for the navigation of the river Nile. Her commander, Morandi, after an obstinate resistance, despairing to effect his escape from the Arabs and Fellahs, set fire to the powder-magazine, and perished, with many of those on board. Those who escaped the explosion, among whom were some of the musicians of the thirty-first demi-brigade, were put to death, with the most horrible torments, to the sound of their own music, played by their own unfortunate companions. This sad news, with its frightful details, added to the name of the Djerm, struck forcibly upon the mind of the commander-in-chief: "My good friend," said he to his secretary Bourrienne, in a prophetic tone, "Italy is lost to France—it is all over—my presentiments never deceive me!"—This opinion was combated by the officers of his staff, who endeavoured to convince him that there could not be any rational connexion between Italy and the destruction of a bark, to which the name of that country had been given, at a distance of eight hundred leagues; nothing, however, which they could urge, could induce him to give up the idea he had formed: some time after, a French Gazette, published at Frankfort, 28th June, 1799, fell into his hands; after running over the journal with great eagerness, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, my friends, my presentiment has not deceived me; Italy is lost. The miserable creatures! all the fruit of our victories has disappeared."

While Buonaparte was in Egypt, he had a Mamaluke attendant, who was greatly attached to him, a faithful creature, who seldom left the side of his master. It occurred one evening, after the fatigues of a scorching day, that Napoleon retired to his tent, where he was occupied for some time in writing; wearied out, however, sleep at length overcame him; during his slumbers, the plume, which he wore in his hat, by some accident, came in contact with the light upon the table, and instantly burst forth in a blaze: the watchful, but unfortunate Mamaluke, who stood sentinel at the entrance, immediately rushed forward, with a view to extinguish the flame. Buonaparte, between sleeping and waking, suddenly roused by the noise, snatched up his pistol, but unable in his confusion to distinguish between friend and foe, drew the trigger, and lodged the fatal contents in the heart of his devoted servant, who fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon was thunderstruck when he discovered the mischief he had done, and never either forgot or forgave the rashness which deprived one so truly devoted to him of his existence.

It is scarcely possible that any voyage could have been more perilous than that undertaken for the purpose of enabling Buonaparte to return to Europe from the shores of Egypt ; every thing concurred to render the passage dreary and monotonous : the ships put to sea during a heavy gale ; the Mediterranean Ocean was traversed in all directions by Britsh ships of war, against wnich, had any of them been fallen in with, it would have been the height of folly to have offered resistance ; consequently, escape would have been hopeless. Napoleon himself, although he endeavoured to occupy his mind with reading his favourite Homer, as also pursuing his usual studies, geometry and chymistry, blending them with scientific conversations with his savans, as well as in learned dissertations on the olden times and manners of the east, in which the relative merits of the Bible and Koran were fully discussed, was frequently absorbed in the most intense meditation, in which he appeared to be brooding over some vast project, but which he did not at that time seem disposed to communicate to any one : indeed, he could not help feeling, more or less acutely, the heavy losses which had occurred to him since he first sailed from France on his Egyptian expedition. Four of his aides-de-camp, Crosier, Guibert, Julien, and Sulkowsky, had fallen under the chances of war, and slept with their fathers ; the brave Brueys, the fearless Caffarelli, with many others of high reputation, were no longer numbered among the living : these, which were certainly misfortunes, of themselves sufficient to cast a gloom over the party were still augmented by the continual disquietudes engendered by the uncertainty of the future, when the vacillating imbecile conduct of the French Directory became the subject of contemplation : nevertheless, in despite of the apprehensions so naturally springing out of the then state of the national affairs, there were moments in which the voyagers sought to quell anxiety, to unbend the perplexity of thought, or, in more familiar phrase, to kill time. The resource applied to was cards : even in this frivolous amusement the peculiar character of the Corsican's bias manifested itself. He disliked all games ; but since he must play, he gave the preference to "*vingt-un,*" merely because that will come sooner to a conclusion than any other. It would seem to have been an invariable maxim with him, that in whatever he undertook he should strive to be the conqueror ; and that, for the attainment of such his propensity, he should not at all times be over scrupulous as to the means employed. Thus, in the course of playing, he never hesitated, whenever it suited his purpose, to act unfairly—to aid his cards by sleight of hand ; in other words, to cheat his companions. For example, when he drew a card, if it proved a bad one, he left it on the table, without speaking, waiting until the dealer had drawn his card : should the latter have a good hand, Buonaparte threw up his without showing, by which he only forfeited his stake ; if, on the contrary, the dealer's cards exceeded twenty-one, the general also threw up his bad hand without showing, and demanded his stake. He would laugh heartily at these little tricks, especially when they were not detected ; a circumstance that but rarely occurred, as his associates had become much too refined courtiers to always make use of their eyes, when it was to discover any little deviation from rectitude in their much-venerated commander-in-chief. It is but justice, however, to say, that he never profited by these little contrivances, because it was his invariable custom, when the party broke up, to restore his winnings. It must therefore be conceded, that gain was not his object: what then could it be? Why, that his mind, capacious and well-informed as it was, was, after all, pleased with the childish whim that fortune should, in the nick of time, give him either an ace or a ten, by which he seemed to flatter himself that she would give him favourable weather on the day of battle. From this it would appear, that the most vigorous minds are not at all times free from nonsensical crotchets. He would sometimes engage in a game at chess, at which, although he played but indifferently, he did not relish to be beat. On one occasion he was engaged in this amusement at Mantua with General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds: he then requested Napoleon would point out any pawn, with which a checkmate should be given, declaring that the game should be lost if that pawn were taken. Buonaparte pitched upon the last on his adversary's right: with that pawn Beauvoir actually gave him check-mate: Napoleon was any thing but pleased: the game of chess has generally been considered as an imitation of the great game of war, wherefore is not easily accounted for; certain it is, that although he was not successful at that of chess, at the other Buonaparte feared no one. The French frigates arrived in safety off the Island of Corsica, when a storm obliged the vessels to take shelter, 30th September, 1799, in the harbour of Ajaccio, the place of Napoleon's nativity, where he was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and where he obtained a full confirmation of all the reverses which had befallen the French arms since the period he quitted Europe. He was anxious, however, to leave his natal town, being wearied with solicitations. and where, to use his own emphatic phrase, "it rained cousins." Soon, therefore, as the wind permitted, he again set sail, 7th October, 1799, for the shores of France, off which, as the French admiral descried an English squadron of seven sail, Gantheaume would have persuaded Buonaparte to either take to the long boat or return to Corsica, but he would do neither, observing, "that that experiment might be reserved for the last extremity." The topmast of his vessel was immediately lowered, in order to escape observation; Napoleon assumed the command, and insisted upon steering for the coast of Provence—trusting, as upon other occasions, to his interest with fortune. In this instance he was not disappointed: favoured by a dense fog, they passed unseen at midnight through the English ships, and on the morning of the 9th October, 1799, were safely moored in the Bay of Frejus. It was no sooner known that Buonaparte was at hand, than, in defiance of all the laws of quarantine, to which he had looked forward with disgust, persons of every description, including the chief functionaries, both civil and military, thronged on board to give him welcome, crying aloud, "Vive Buonaparte! no quarantine! we prefer the plague to the Austrians." His presence alone was considered the sure pledge of victory, and the certain revival of all the greatness of the French empire; he was hailed as the radiant sun about to dispel the noxious vapours of disgrace.

Frejus, at which Napoleon Buonaparte arrived on his return, is a town of France, in the department of the Var, seated in a morass, near the river Argens, forty miles north east of Toulon, on the coast of Provence, in 6° 44′ east longitude, 43° 26′ north-latitude. In the time of the Romans, by whom it was called Forum Julii, it had a port on the Mediterranean ocean, but from which, at this day, it is two miles distant; it is celebrated as the birth-place of that great Roman philosopher and general, Agricola; in its neighbourhood are still to be seen some beautiful remains of antiquity.

General Napoleon Buonaparte had long been considered as one of the greatest if not actually the greatest man in the whole French Republic; certain it is, none other possessed any thing like his influence; he, consequently, had become an object of immediate interest with the natives: any movement, therefore, of one enjoying so large a portion of public esteem, could not fail to be viewed as portending events of no common character; and as he was generally allowed to have a sound judgment, guided by great practical wisdom, whenever he was about either to adopt some new measure, or to take some new direction, the world was on the *qui vive* to learn the nature of its tendency. The story of Aboukir supplied fresh fuel to the already lambent flame of universal admiration: under such impressions, he landed on the French soil, not like a general who had quitted his post without either orders or leave of absence, but lauded with all the honours of a victorious chief, who had returned to restore the lost lustre of his country, to give ease to the hearts and stability to the fortunes of a grateful generous population, that confided solely in his unshaken love of liberty: to whom, as the child to its father, they looked forward with confidence to redress those grievous wrongs under the infliction of which they were suffering. His progress towards the capital bore all the appearance of a triumphal procession; wherever his person was recognized, he was greeted with the most joyous acclamations; mothers brought their offspring to point out to them the being who was to render the period of their maturity one of social happiness and perfect freedom,—by whose master mind, strength of nerve, and indomitable courage, the destructive hydra of priestcraft, kingcraft, and lawcraft, was to be chased from his stronghold and rendered subservient to the public good.

In viewing the actions of men, it is somewhat curious to observe how variously the selfsame object shall operate upon the minds of different individuals; to note with what contrary feelings the same line of conduct is appreciated by the many;—but it is still more curious to view the contrariety of opinion engendered in public officers differently located as regards identical conduct, with whom reason as well as common sense would lead us to suppose in all such cases the course to be pursued would be uniform. However this may be—in whatever cause it may originate, certain it is that nothing can at times be more distinct. For example: when news of Napoleon's arrival reached Marseilles, although it was well known that neither himself nor any of the crew of the ship in which he had sailed from Egypt had performed quarantine, yet the incident was celebrated with a general illumination of the city, accompanied with bonfires, display of fireworks, and other demonstrations of popular joy, in which the magistracy of that important sea-port most cordially joined. An impulse, however, of a very different nature seized upon the minds of the local authorities of Toulon. It was known that that dreadful scourge to humanity, the plague, had made frightful ravages among the army of Egypt: when, therefore, news was circulated that Buonaparte had landed at Frejus, and had immediately proceeded to the metropolis, without either himself, the vessel, or any of the sailors, having been subjected to the usual quarantine; the corporation of that city were in a shocking state of alarm—nothing haunted their disordered imaginations but total depopulation arising out of the neglect of the persons exercising magisterial authority at Frejus. In consequence, couriers were immediately despatched after the travelling general, with strict orders not to stop upon the road, under any consideration, until they had overtaken him, when they were as strictly enjoined to bring him back, by force if necessary, together with his companions, in order that they might undergo the requisite restrictions, and thus prevent the impending evil. Napoleon had, however, so much the start of them, and pursued his journey so rapidly, that he reached his own house, *Rue de la Victoire*, in Paris, 16th October, 1799, long before his pursuers obtained footing in that city. From the moment of the general's arrival in the French capital the memorable events which crowded with such rapidity one upon the heels of the other, so entirely absorbed public attention as to divert it from all other objects: thus the plague, with its consequences, was completely forgotten.

When Buonaparte, after his return, had leisure to examine into the state of the nation, to probe the wounds inflicted upon her by the violence of opposing parties, who only sought to secure their own aggrandisement in the struggle, he was convinced that the evil was much deeper seated than he had supposed, thus it appeared clear to him, that matters were even in considerably worse plight than he had anticipated; that, in fact, the Republic was fast expiring under misrule, torn to pieces by the devastating conduct of contending factions, who held the government in contempt. The disordered state of things, added to want of energy in the cabinet, had stimulated the Chouans, as the Royalists of Bretagne were called, to declare themselves; in consequence, forty thousand insurgents appeared openly in arms, under able officers attached to the royal cause, who combated the national troops with varied success, thus threatening, by their example, to rekindle the smouldering embers of a general civil war in France:—he ascertained that the French plenipotentiaries, who had been most unwisely suddenly ordered to quit the Congress assembled at Rastadt, had been murdered on their journey, within a few hours afterwards, by banditti, wearing the Austrian uniform; but who, so far from having acted under orders from the cabinet of Vienna, were commonly believed to have been actuated by certain angry intriguers of the Luxembourg:—that, in defiance of existing treaties, a French armed force had seized upon Turin, and dethroned the king of Sardinia: in short, that the republican arms in Europe had been every where disgraced by the most unjustifiable acts imposed upon them by a weak ministry: it is true that General Macdonald had made a masterly retreat with the army, which had occupied Naples, and, in face of the enemy, had led his soldiers in safety through Italy into Provence: in short, every thing appeared out of joint; the Directory, notwithstanding the recent accession of Sieyes, was still feeble, uninfluential, and entirely destitute of means to make itself respected. In contemplating the probable result of these numerous disasters, he quickly perceived that he had arrived at a moment of all others most propitious to his own ambitious views; that this was the time for successful action on his part, when men of all parties not only flew to him for advice, but were also agreed that affairs could not remain in their present position; that some new revolution was inevitable, and that a change in the government was close at hand: he also found that the leaders of all the factions, into which the country was split, were each equally desirous to make an appeal to arms and support their pretensions by the bullet and the sword. At a dinner given to Napoleon, by Barras, at which there were but few guests, the director, by way of sounding his man, addressing himself to Buonaparte, said:—"The Republic is falling: things can go no further in their present state: the government is powerless for all good purposes: a change must of necessity take place, and General Hedouville must be named president of the state,"—adding, with some significance, in the expectation of drawing out Napoleon's opinion—"as to you, general, you intend, no doubt, to rejoin the army: for my own part, broken in health, unpopular and worn out, I am only fit to return to the ease of private life." Buonaparte looked steadfastly at his host, without replying a single word to the harangue, to which he had attentively listened. The conversation ended here most unsatisfactorily for the member of the Directory, who now remained silent; but if he did not give utterance to his thoughts, his downcast eyes, with the chagrin displayed in his countenance, sufficiently betrayed his secret. Determined to act with caution, as also to narrowly watch the course of events before he ventured upon any decisive measure, he secluded himself as much as possible, and continued for a short period not only to shun public notice, but apparently to resume the same quiet, studious, and sequestered mode of life which he adopted when last in Paris. It is, however, well worthy of notice, that whenever it happened that he was recognised by the populace, he was wont to receive their salutations with an uncommon degree of affability; it was also remarked that if by chance he met any old soldier who had served in the army of Italy, he never failed to recollect the man, and always took him familiarly by the hand. In this way he ingratiated himself with the people, and felt the pulses of those upon whose assistance and fidelity he well knew he should hereafter have occasion to rely for the completion of his projected elevation, without giving room for suspicion as to the nature of his future conduct.

When Buonaparte first presented himself at the Luxembourg, after his return from the Eastern world, the trembling Directory, although they would gladly have despatched him, by bringing him to a court-martial, had they possessed confidence in themselves, nevertheless paid him the most profound respect, received him with open arms, and a well-dissembled demonstration of joy, complimented him upon his victories, in short behaved towards him as if he had never thwarted their views, but had on every occasion closely followed their instructions, and acted entirely in conformity with their wishes; not a question was mooted respecting his recent conduct, either as to his abandonment of the army of the east, or to his unauthorized appointment of another general as successor: full of alarm at his unlooked for as well as his unwelcome appearance, every member of the tottering government shrunk from him as from a spectre, yet unwilling that their cowardice should be perceived, each of the irresolute Directors, maintained a studied silence on that head, as they dreaded the answer which they had the best possible reason for anticipating would be the sturdy reply to any interrogatory they might be inclined to make: putting, therefore, the best face on the untoward circumstances, he was invited to a public dinner, which invitation he agreed to accept with just the same sincerity of feeling with which he was conscious it was given; thus both parties seemed to vie with each other who could most expertly play at the game of dissimulation—such are the vicious habits and miserable shifts to which unsteady demoralized governments are reduced: principle was discarded; moral courage was superseded by expediency, which to carry out its measures, usually is under the degrading necessity to call in the aid of those ignoble adjuncts, cunning and treachery.

The day was appointed, the preparations were upon the most magnificent scale, the decorations costly, the banquet sumptuous, the assemblage both numerous and brilliant, while his reception, to the discomfiture of the nerves of the Directory, was, perhaps, the most enthusiastic ever witnessed in the gay city of fashion. His demeanour during the repast, however, was cold and reserved, he seemed wrapped in thought, spoke little, and after having proposed as a toast, "The union of all parties," withdrew at an early hour in the evening, leaving his hosts dispirited, and full of dismay at his chilling manners, dreading the now unquestionably increasing popularity of the man, with whose presence, although he was their own invited guest, they would almost have parted with their skins to have dispensed: because they had sufficient penetration to read, in the taciturnity which he had so studiously preserved throughout the banquet, the death-warrant to their occupation as governors of the French Republic: at the same time, they seemed to be fully aware that he was the person who would be the immediate means to push them from their stools, as well as to assume the station which they had but too clearly evinced they were utterly incapable to occupy either with credit to themselves, or advantage to the nation. In fact, all parties seemed to be equally weary of the Directory, whose members, for the most part, corrupt, rotten, and divided in their councils, had brought upon themselves general execration and distrust. Of their chief, Barras, it was asserted that he had formed a connexion with the exiled Bourbons. Sieyes, although a man of sound literature, was not a man of business; added to which, he had been a priest, a poor recommendation with the Parisians in those days; to him, however, France was under some obligations, as he first suggested the division of the Republic into departments, by which, provincial prejudices, heretofore found so mischievous in their operation, were completely destroyed. Roger Ducos, who might fairly be said to be the double of Sieyes, seeing that he adopted all the opinions broached by the ci-devant Abbé, was a well-disposed man, but with a narrow mind, and fond of his ease. Moulins had never served in the field, although he bore rank as a general of division; he was considered to warmly espouse the patriotic cause, but was without influence. Gohier was an advocate, who had gained considerable reputation at the Bar, and was reckoned a man of integrity, and although most decidedly attached to the Jacobins, was allowed to possess both candour and patriotism, but was treated by his colleagues merely as one necessary to make up the requisite number of five, without having the least weight in their deliberations. Under these circumstances, it was to the acknowledged talents of the unrivalled soldier, who had so lately returned, that the abettors of each party looked up to with confidence to take some decisive measure.

"Envy will merit as its shade pursue." Notwithstanding the enthusiastic respect with which he was met, whenever he made his appearance in public which was but seldom, and then always in costume as a member of the Institute, Napoleon was not free from disquietude with relation to his own family While in Egypt, certain unpleasant rumours reached his ears, concerning the conduct of Josephine, during his absence from Paris: these were promulgated by the envious, with a view to disturb his peace of mind, and for a time they succeeded to have that effect. When it was understood that he had landed in France, that lovely confiding woman quitted the capital for the purpose of meeting him on his journey thither : unfortunately, however, in her way to Frejus, she took the road through Burgundy, while he, unconscious of her intention, was travelling by that of Lyons ; by this means she unluckily missed him, and thus added to the poignancy of those feelings by which he was already keenly tormented. Consequently, when she at length joined him in the metropolis, he received her with marked coldness, and thus inflicted a severe blow upon the sensibility of a female, than whom not one of her sex was ever more devotedly attached to any man, than was herself to him, whom the machinations of evil-disposed persons had thus induced to treat her with unkindness : after some few days, however, by the intercession and explanation of friends, harmony was restored, where it should never have been interrupted : this reconciliation might possibly have been brought about quicker than perhaps it would have otherwise been produced by a consideration of the ill effects likely to have resulted from a domestic fracas, at the very moment when the eyes of all France were fixed upon him, in the full confidence that he was about to take a prominent and active part in the expected forthcoming great political revolution.

The energies of Buonaparte's friends were at first directed to the formation of schemes, to make him one of the directorial body ; but that was soon found to be impracticable, without a violation of the law, which was still in force, that required " that every candidate for that office should be full forty years of age." The idea was, therefore, abandoned ; indeed, Napoleon, for reasons of his own, rather chose to avoid, than to remove the obstacle, as he found his adherents were daily on the increase ; Talleyrand, a man of considerable weight, was not slow to avail himself of his supple character, and insinuating address, to ingratiate himself with Buonaparte, by whom he was fearful at first that he should not be well received, in consequence of not having commenced negotiations with Turkey, as he promised, when the troops took their departure for Egypt. Napoleon was by no means blind to the accession of so valuable, as well as an intriguing ally, but flattered himself he could always keep over the arch-priest so watchful an eye, as to prevent the effects of that treachery, of which he was convinced the ex-bishop was a complete master. Subsequent events fatally proved to him the error into which he had fallen. Fouche, a name that can never be segregated from dishonour, also offered his services ; but Buonaparte, perfectly aware of his immoral character, as also of his versatile disposition, although perfectly willing to make use of the pliant minister, would not admit him into his confidence : so far he acted with sound discretion.

Cambacères, the minister of justice, a man of considerable talent, as well as influence, assured him of his most cordial support. General Moreau, the commander-in-chief of the citadel of Paris, also tendered his services· the two generals made their first acquaintance at the government dinner, recently given to Buonaparte, at the church of St. Sulpice, then called the Temple of Victory, 7th November, 1799 ; the former addressing himself to the latter, said :—" Public report speaks of the necessity of a change in the administration of the country, in which opinion I most readily concur, in that case I consider myself entirely at your disposal, at the same time I seek not to be admitted into any secret, all I require will be an hour's notice to make the necessary preparation."

General Macdonald, the same who so skilfully conducted the French army into Provence, on its retreat from Naples, also promised his adhesion in nearly similar terms. Almost every hour increased the number of the Revolutionists, notwithstanding, very few of them were initiated into the actual design of the leaders of the projected revolution : this band was still further swelled by all those who having made a shrewd guess at the man about to be called upon to pilot the vessel of the state, and ever ready to worship a rising sun. were indifferent as to the means by which he might be elevated : the venality of these induced them to expect to derive advantage in some shape or other by fostering his views : to this phalanx must also be added many who, reared by the first revolution, conceived themselves neglected, who now looked forward under the new order of things, and the wreck of the directory and the two councils to share in some portion of the spoil ; again, no sooner was it known that Napoleon was in Paris, than three regiments of dragoons, forming part of its garrison, petitioned to have the honour of being reviewed by him. The forty adjutants of the national guard of the capital, were also extremely anxious to obtain leave to wait upon him, to congratulate him upon his arrival ; most of them were personally known to Buonaparte, having received their appointment when he remodelled that body, during the time he commanded the army of the interior. The officers of the garrison also, as well as many others of great reputation and influence, sent to beg admittance to his presence, in order to tender him the expression of their admiration, and assure him of their attachment. To all such solicitations, he returned a favourable reply, promising to fix a day, but which, under one pretence or another, for evident reasons, he delayed to name. Thus, before he had been three weeks in the metropolis, his partizans had become so formidable, and public expectation so impatient, that longer concealment became almost useless ; more were, therefore, admitted into his confidence, though with extreme caution as to the persons, and every thing appeared ready for the threatened explosion. Even Barras, whose ill-timed dissimulation in proposing Hedouville, a man of the most ordinary character, for president, when he entertained Buonaparte at a private dinner, and which had been condemned by Fouché and others, who were friendly to him, is said to have called in the morning before Napoleon had risen, and insisting upon seeing him, entered his chamber, where he observed that, " he feared he had but very imperfectly explained himself at their last meeting, that he felt convinced that it was he alone who could save the Republic, that, therefore, he came to place himself at his disposal, ready to do whatever he wished, and to act whatever part he might choose to assign him ;" and concluded by entreating that Buonaparte would give him an assurance that, " if he had any project in agitation, he would rely upon his fidelity." The wary Napoleon, however, who had already made up his mind to espouse the party of the moderés, and was equally an adept in the art of dissembling with the director, carelessly replied, that " he had nothing in view ; that he was fatigued and felt indisposed ; that having but lately left the dry climate of the sands of Arabia, he could not yet accustom himself to the moist atmosphere of Paris." By these and similar unimportant observations, he, to the extreme mortification of Barras, put an end to the interview, without coming to any explanation.

It was well known to Buonaparte, that had the Directory followed the advice of General Bernadotte, then a violent jacobin, who had resigned his portefolio as minister [illegible] war some three weeks previous to the arrival of the commander-in chief from Egypt, and who was the most influential officer in France next to Napoleon himself, it would have caused him to have been arrested as a deserter from his post immediately upon his return but it wanted sufficient nerve to render such advice effective; independent of which, it might have proved a dangerous experiment, considering the popularity of the general. The members of this powerless executive, therefore, anxious to rid themselves quietly of the Corsican, whose splendid reputation embarrassed their proceedings and disquieted their minds, sent for Buonaparte to attend a private sitting, which summons he obeyed. After it was over, speaking of what occurred, he said to Bourriene, "They offered me the choice of any army I might desire to command. I did not refuse, but requested some time for the re-establishment of my health; and, in order to escape other troublesome offers, took my leave. I shall not return to their sittings: I decide for the party of Sicyes; it numbers better than that of the profligate Barras. Besides, the latter would have a repugnance to play an inferior part, and I will never yield to such a one. He gives himself out as the author of my fortune, and thinks only of himself as the future prop of the Republic. What should I do with him?—Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition: like a true priest, he will be satisfied with what he can get." It says but little for the honour of human nature that everything connected with these political intrigues should generally be of the most despicable character—that grandeur of idea, elevated sentiment, noble action, are hardly ever thought of, if not altogether discarded, in the prosecution of such schemes; as they are usually carried on under what is called expediency, which is another term for the unblushing, mendacious impudence of detestable knavish trickery, carried forward by spying, lying, and treachery;—yet such is the humiliating fact, as may be easily gathered from the conduct of the opposing parties engaged in this business, where each was endeavouring to outwit his fellow. Thus, while Napoleon and Barras were vying who should most dexterously hoodwink the other,—while the former was giving the preference to Sieyes, to whom he had heretofore manifested the most decided repugnance, and whose nomination to the Directory he had recently stigmatized as scandalous, Sieyes himself was not backward in pouring forth his venom against Napoleon. Upon one occasion, since his return from Egypt, Buonaparte had dined with the director Sieyes: after the general's departure, the vituperative, priestly character of the *ci-devant* abbé, unable longer to restrain itself, broke forth in an exclamation—"See how this little insolent treats a member of that authority which ought to have ordered him to be shot!" Yet such is the pliability of the materials of which the usual run of statesmen are composed, that all these irritating circumstances were softened down, and finally overlooked, by means of able mediators interested in forwarding revolutionary commotions; thus verifying the axiom, that bystanders see the game more clearly than those who play it. One of these represented to the aspiring general "how useless it was to seek to take place of Sieyes; that it would be much better to flatter him, with the hope of overturning the present and making a new constitution; above all, to tempt his cupidity;" — another advised him "to seek support among those who treat as jacobins the friends of the Republic; and be assured Sieyes is at the head of that party."

On the evening of the 17th Brumaire, 9th November, 1799, all the officers who had solicited an interview with Buonaparte separately received the general's invitation to come to his house in the *Rue de la Victoire*, at six o'clock next morning; while the three regiments of dragoons were desired to be mounted for their review in the *Champs Elysées* at the same early hour. He had also intimated to the generals who had accompanied him from Egypt, as well as to others with whose sentiments he was acquainted, that he should be glad to see them at the same time in the morning of the 18th Brumaire, 10th November, 1799. That many of those assembled were unacquainted with the real purpose for which they had been summoned, is most unquestionable; but how many of them and which were initiated it is impossible to say; although it is quite certain that some of them were perfectly aware of the nature of the business which had thus brought them together. It is very possible that several of them, knowing that the minister at war, Dubois Crancé, had carried to him the reports on the state of the army, and that he had also adopted Napoleon's advice on all that was to be carried into execution, as well in Italy as on the Rhine, might have imagined he had something to communicate to them respecting the ensuing campaigns. However this may be, Moreau, Macdonald, Lefevre, and other generals of great celebrity, but who were avowedly attached to the party of the Modèrés, were among the number who attended. At the appointed hour the dragoons were drawn up in the *Champs Elysées*. When the whole of those invited had reached Buonaparte's residence, the concourse of officers was so great, that he was obliged to receive them in the court-yard, as the house was found much too small to hold them.

Among those who came was the late war minister, General Bernadotte, but it was quite evident, that although he complied with the invitation of his bosom friend, Joseph Buonaparte, that he at least came without any specific knowledge of the cause for which he had been brought thither. He was neither in uniform, nor on horseback, like the others. As soon as he appeared, he was ushered into Napoleon's private chamber, where he was without much preface informed, that an alteration in the government was of imperative importance, and about to be carried into operation, that very day. He had already been tampered with but ineffectually, both by Sieyes and Roger Ducos, the latter of whom might be said to be the counterpart of the first, as whatever was done by the former, was sure to be sturdily maintained by his pliant colleague in the Directory. Bernadotte was impervious to the flattery of either the general or the two directors; and Napoleon, after using all the persuasion of which he was master, found his endeavours exerted in vain to procure his co-operation; and he was at length allowed to depart, after a somewhat reluctant assurance that he would not, at least as a citizen, do anything to thwart him. This promise, which Buonaparte had extorted from him with the greatest difficulty, was a great point gained, proved of the utmost importance, and answered every purpose intended, as he could have little reason to apprehend the interference of Bernadotte in his military capacity, from circumstances that will hereafter appear. Napoleon had all along persuaded himself that Bernadotte would be opposed to him. Speaking of him to his Secretary Bourrienne, he observed, "This devil of a fellow is scarcely to be seduced: he is bold and enterprising, is disinterested, and has judgment withal; he has been with my brothers, and does not like me; but we shall see." He had therefore laid himself out to persuade, and finally, as has been already said, prevailed upon him, if not to forward his views, at any rate, not to actively oppose his schemes. In all the advances which Buonaparte had made to this general, he had uniformly acted upon a principle laid down by himself—" always to be before-hand with our enemies, and show them a fair outside, as without this they conceive we fear, which emboldens them."

Every thing took place as agreed, at seven o'clock the same morning: the Council of Ancients assembled in the Tuilleries ; one of the members immediately rose, and declared that " the salvation of the State demanded the adoption of vigorous measures forthwith ;" and concluded by proposing two decrees for their acceptance :—

1st. That the meetings of the Legislative Bodies should be instantly transferred to the Chateau of St. Cloud, which was some short distance from Paris.

2d. That General Napoleon Buonaparte should be invested with the supreme command of all the troops in and about the capital, including the National Guard.

These motions, after some little debate, were carried ; and, in the course of a very short time, Buonaparte received, in the midst of his martial companions, the announcement of his military authority. He instantly mounted his charger, and placing himself at the head of his associates, as also fifteen hundred horse soldiers, whom he ordered to halt upon the boulevard, at the corner of the street *Mont-blanc*, rode directly to the Tuilleries, having first given orders to the officers of the National Guards to return to their quarters, and beat the generale, then to communicate the decree which they had just heard, and to announce that no orders were to be observed, but such as should emanate from himself. He was, together with all his staff, introduced into the council, when he addressed them, saying, " You are the wisdom of the nation ; I come surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support : let us not lose time in looking for precedents ; nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century : nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure—our arms shall put it in execution." This memorable speech was received with applause by many of those present ; and care had been taken to send no summons to those members of the council, who were considered decidedly hostile to the schemes of those who were to carry out the Revolution : at length, several began to murmur at the tone of defiance with which his speech had been delivered, as well as of the matter which it contained. Upon this expression of dissent, Napoleon immediately resumed his discourse : " I come," said he, looking them sternly in the face, " I come, accompanied by the god of war, and the god of fortune ; I appoint General Lefevre my lieutenant ; and rely, I will faithfully fulfil the task with which you have entrusted me." His manner was so violent, that his friends, alarmed lest his daring conduct might cause a sudden re-action in the assembly to which he was speaking, prevailed upon him to withdraw in time. As he quitted the council, however, he emphatically exclaimed, " Let those who love me, follow me ;" and, without further delay, remounted his horse. So much had his behaviour roused the indignant feelings of many of the senators, that his Secretary Bourienne remarks, " In truth, I know not what might have happened, had the President of the Council, when he saw the general about to retire, but given the word, ' Grenadiers, let no one go out ;' declaring it to be his conviction, that instead of sleeping the day after at the palace of the Luxembourg, the intrepid Buonaparte would have ended his career on the *Place de la Revolution.*" How far the soldiers might have felt disposed to act under the orders of the president, had he adopted such a line of conduct, it is not easy to say. As Napoleon had been recently invested with the supreme command of all the troops in and near Paris, it would have been an act of insubordination in the grenadiers, for which, had they been unsuccessful in the struggle that would most unquestionably have ensued, they might have paid the forfeit of their lives by the adjudication of a drum-head court martial; neither is it at all likely that the general officers who accompanied him would have quietly witnessed any outrage upon the person of one with the brilliancy of whose talents they were so much enamoured, and to whom they looked up for the settlement of that great national question in which they were now past recall so deeply implicated; they could not be so blind as not to perceive that, had the execution of Buonaparte taken place, their own would not have been very far distant. The course of events, however, prevented the necessity of reasoning upon any such speculative opinions. Early in the morning the Directors Sieyes and Royer Ducos set off on horseback for the Tuilleries; these two were in the secret, which their three colleagues, Barras, Moulins, and Goheir, were not: Sieyes was, perhaps, the most clumsy rider in Europe; when, therefore, Barras, who happened to be present when the former mounted his horse at the Luxembourg, was much amused at the awkwardness of the unpractised equestrian, and bespattered his brother Director with unmeasured ridicule. At that moment, however, he was unconscious of the motives which induced the *ci-devant* abbé to expose himself so early to his raillery. It was not long, however, before both he, Gohier, and Moulins became fully acquainted with the cause, and learned, to their astonishment, the nature of the proceedings which had taken place in the Council of Ancients; they had also the mortification to find that, not only had the troops followed Napoleon, but also that even their own guard had forsaken them to join the revolutionary insurgents. When the distracted trio found matters had taken so decided a turn, they began to cast about them how to act so as to avoid the resentment of the triumphant general, the dread of which now entirely occupied their thoughts; fully aware of their own insignificance, conscious of the corruption with which the affairs of the nation had been administered, they were anxious to ingratiate themselves with one whose good will it had now become their great object to obtain. With this impression Molins and Gohier proceeded to the Tuilleries, where they gave in their resignation, an act which Sieyes and Royer Ducos had already done. Not long after, Barras sent his secretary Butot to expostulate, as also to tender his master's abdication of his functions as one of the Directory, at the same time to know if any answer was to be returned. Buonaparte received him with unusual haughtiness; "Tell him," said the Corsican, "that I desire to hear no more of him, and that I hope I shall ever make the authority respected with which I am entrusted." Then, elevating his voice so that it might be heard by the grenadiers who were standing at the door, he continued his harangue, by asking, "What have you done for that fair France which I left you in such a prosperous condition? I left you peace, and on my return I find war; I left you victory, and I recognize nothing but defeat. For the wealth of Italy, with which I filled your coffers, I meet with nothing but poverty, oppressive taxation, and misery. Where are the hundred thousand heroes, my companions in arms, whom I left covered with glory? What is become of them? Alas, they are no more! This state of things cannot last long; in three years it would end in despotism; but we are for a republic; we have strengthened it by labours, cemented it with our blood; but we wish for no better patriots than the brave men who have suffered in its service." This speech was highly applauded by its auditors, and Butot retired in confusion to acquaint his master with the unpleasant reception he had met. Barras felt perfectly satisfied that Napoleon would never either forgive or forget the boast he had made that the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt owed all his greatness to the favour with which he had taken him by the hand in early life; added to which, he trembled at the thought of an impeachment, to which he was but too sensible his own infamous conduct in the practice of bribery and the exercise of extortion justly exposed him: in consequence, he made a formal resignation of his much-abused power, accompanied by a letter, in which he said:—"that he had undertaken his office solely for the purpose of serving the cause of liberty, that now, seeing the destinies of the Republic in the hands of her young and invincible general, he gladly resigned it." By this timely and courtly acquiescence in an order of things which he had no power to alter, he, fortunately for himself, purchased indemnity for the past. Having come to this happy compromise, by which he was enabled to enjoy at his leisure the enormous fortune he had amassed by the most scandalous means, he determined to remove from the scene of action to his country residence; but alarmed for his personal safety from an enraged multitude, who had long groaned ander the heavy pressure of his sordid misrule, and who, like all large assemblages of the populace, were ready to trample under foot the man whom they conceived to have been the cause of all the miseries to which they were subjected, the moment they knew his power was at an end, he requested to be allowed an escort, which was instantly granted, and a party of horse was appointed to afford him a safe conduct. Gohier and Moulins, less fortunate, remained for the present under surveillance. Previous to their resignation, General Bernadotte went to them at the Luxembourg, and made an offer to exercise his sword in their favour, provided they would nominate him to the command of the forces jointly with Buonaparte. They were undetermined, however; his word of honour was pledged not to act against Napoleon, as a citizen; as a subordinate officer he was liable to military punishment if he acted without such authority; their situation, therefore, as well as his own, rendered it indispensable for them to take that decisive step; by so doing, they would at least have given the soldiery a fair opportunity to declare their choice—they hesitated—and their power was at an end. The Luxembourg was immediately placed under the guard of troops, in whose fidelity Buonaparte could implicitly rely. The Directory had breathed its last.

Sieyes and Ducos stayed all night at the Tuilleries, as they did not deem it prudent, in the present posture of affairs, to sleep at the Luxembourg palace. Generals Jourdan and Augereau, who were both violent jacobins and members of the club *du manège*, to which society Bernadotte was also attached, came to Buonaparte at the Tuilleries, while the troops were passing in review before him, and where he remained during the rest of the day; judging from their political bias that they would not readily acquiesce in the new order of things, he strenuously advised them not to return to St. Cloud, but to remain quiet, and not by any ill-timed attempt obliterate the memory of the services they had rendered their country; assuring them that any movement they could make would only prove abortive, since it was beyond any human effort to extinguish the flame which had been kindled; that every contingency had been foreseen and provided for, that therefore nothing could prevent the march of the revolution: Augereau replied, that he was mistaken if he thought he had the slightest wish to offer opposition to his measures; that his devotion to him was as boundless as ever, that it was his earnest desire to march under his command, enthusiastically adding, "What! general, do you not still rely upon your little Augereau."—Fouche, the minister of police, Cambaceres, the minister of justice, also attended at the Tuilleries to acknowledge the new authority: the former being of the party directly opposed to Sieyes, had not been admitted into the secret of the day; but willing to bask in the sunshine of Napoleon's good graces, he was extremely voluble in expressions of attachment and devotion, and, in his zeal to prove his adherence to the change, had given orders to close the barriers, and thus prevent the departure of couriers and carriages. When Buonaparte understood what he had done, he exclaimed, "Good God! wherefore all these precautions? We go with the nation, and by its strength alone; therefore let no citizen be disturbed, offer no obstruction to the free ingress and egress of the inhabitants, let every one follow his own business after his own manner, but let not the triumph of public opinion have any thing in common with the transactions of days in which a factious minority prevailed."

The same morning, at ten o'clock, the Council of Five Hundred, the majority of whose members were of the adverse party, assembled in their hall, when they heard with equal astonishment and indignation of the decree by which their sittings were to be transferred from the focus of their popular influence, the city of Paris, to the more sequestered spot of St. Cloud. Against this alteration, however, it was useless to complain, since they possessed no means which would enable them to reverse the arrangement; they parted in evident ill humour, amidst cries, of "*Vive la Republique!—Vive la Constitution!*"

They then appealed to the populace as to allies by whose interference they expected to be able to overturn the projects of the revolutionists; and entreated the multitude to muster all their strength the next morning on the new scene of action; since it was evident that, if this military revolt could not be speedily turned back, it would inevitably be pushed onward to consummation of its purpose. The people, with breathless anxiety, waited the coming of the decisive day. The soldiers remained under arms, and a strong body of troops was marched to St. Cloud, under the command of Murat, one of the most gallant and faithful of his generals.

Buonaparte, whose motto was celerity, and who never slumbered over his object, held a council at the Tuilleries at seven o'clock in the evening of this memorable day. Sieyes proposed the arrest of forty of the principal leaders of the opposite parties: in this all present concurred except Napoleon himself, who thought he was by far too strong to need recourse to any such violent precautionary proceeding. "I swore in the morning," said he, with his wonted emphasis, "to protect the national representation: I will not in the evening violate my oath. I fear no such weak enemies." This recommendation of the abbé's would appear to have been dictated by sound judgment; the wisdom of it will presently become apparent. Sieyes, confessedly a man of systems, although by no means a man of business, was, nevertheless, admirably qualified to offer useful as well as luminous advice upon any trying emergency. As a specimen of his capabilities this way, may be instanced the 13th Vendemaire, 4th October, 1795. At the most critical moment of that day, when the committee of forty seemed quite distracted, and while it was yet deliberating upon the answer to be given to the sections, he sought Buonaparte, and drew him into the recess of a window. "You hear," said he: "they talk while they should be acting. Bodies of men are wholly unfit to direct armies, for they know not the value of either time or opportunity. You have no business here: go, general, consult your genius and the situation of the country; the hope of the Republic rests upon you alone." In the early stages of the first revolution he had also greatly contributed to its success by the valuable observations he was in the habit of making in the committees. He was abhorred by the faction of the *Société du Manège*, the members of which adopted jacobin principles, and whose progress he had checked. Fearless of bringing upon himself the enmity of so powerful a party, he courageously resisted the machinations of those men of blood, in order to avert from the republic the evils with which it was threatened by the revival of such principles. Nothing, however, could overcome the repugnance of Napoleon to countenance such harsh measures: he remained resolute in his determination to avoid even the appearance of unnecessary severity; the proposition, therefore, fell to the ground. At this meeting the nomination of three provisional consuls was agreed: Buonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos, were appointed to exercise the functions of the new government. Those who were inimical to this change spent the night in consultation as to the best method to defeat its establishment.

By noon the next day, 19th Brumaire, 11 November, 1799, the members of the two councils had arrived at the Chateau of St. Cloud. Owing, however, to some necessary preparations, two hours elapsed before the apartments destined for their congregation were ready for their reception; this delay was rather unfortunate: the deputies formed themselves into groups in the gardens, where each propounded his own views at the same time he elicited the opinion of his neighbours; thus they had time to sound one another as to the state of their feelings, with respect to the momentous crisis which had called them together away from the metropolis; they interchanged declarations and organized their opposition: the members of the Council of Ancients were interrogated as to its object: it was asked why they had been brought to St. Cloud? Was it to change the Directory? The opinion seemed very generally to prevail among them that Barras was both sordid and corrupt, while it was unequivocally admitted that Moulins was entitled to no respect, and that Gohier was every way unfit for his station; they should not, therefore, they said, feel disinclined to name Buonaparte, together with two other citizens, to fill up the government. The fewness of those present who were in the secret operated disadvantageously; these, however, threw out hints that it was the intention to regenerate the state by an amelioration of the constitution, and also to adjourn the councils. These feelers, however, although artfully put forth, did not prove successful: on the contrary, a degree of hesitation manifested itself even among the members most to be relied upon. About two o'clock, the *Orangerie* having been appropriated to that of the Five Hundred, the Council of Ancients opened their sitting in the Gallery of

Mars. A tumultuous debate commenced, touching the events of the preceding day; after a time Napoleon entered, leaving the soldiers who accompanied him at the door; having obtained permission from the president, who was in his interest, to address the assembly, "Citizens,'" said the general, "you stand over a volcano; the hour for decision has arrived; the moments are precious; it is necessary to take a prompt and decided part, because factions are at work. Let a soldier frankly announce the truth: the Republic no longer possesses a government; the Directory is dissolved, there must be a new compact—new guarantees. I was quiet in my house when this council summoned me to action; what could I do less? I instantly obeyed. I called around me my brave comrades; I placed the weapons of my country at the service of you who are its head; determined to protect your wisdom. We are repaid with calumnies—they talk of Cromwell—of Cæsar—as if the transactions of this day could be compared with past times. Had I aspired at power, the opportunity was mine long ere now. No! I desire nothing but the safety of the Republic, and to maintain the resolutions which you are about to adopt—and you, Grenadiers, whose caps I perceive at the door of this hall, speak, have I ever deceived you? When in camp, in the midst of privations, I promised you victory and plenty—did I ever forfeit my word? Now say, was it for my own aggrandizement or for the interests of the Republic, when, at your head, I led you on from conquest to conquest? I swear before you, citizens, that France holds not a more devoted patriot than myself. Dangers surround us! Let us not, then, hazard those advantages which have cost us so dear, liberty and equality." Here an adverse Jacobin member—or democract, as that party were then called—Linglet, added, with a loud voice, "And the constitution of the year Three." These words produced a profound silence; Buonaparte, somewhat astonished, soon recovered his self-possession, and resumed his discourse, repeating, very emphatically, "The constitution! you have it no longer, it has already been thrice violated:—

"1st. On the 18th Fructidor, 4th September, 1797, when the government infringed the independence of the legislative body.

"2nd. On the 22nd Floréal, 14th May, 1799, when, by a sacrilegious decree, the government, in conjunction with the legislative body, invaded the sovereignty of the people by annulling the elections they had made.

"3rd. On the 30th Prairial, 20th June, 1799, when the legislative body struck at the independence of the government

"All parties have invoked it—each in turn has trampled on it. Since that can be no longer preserved, let us at least save its foundations—liberty and equality! It is on your wisdom that I rely. The Council of Five Hundred would restore the Convention, rekindle popular commotions, re-erect the scaffolds, revive the reign of terror. I will save you from such horrors; my brave comrades and myself, whose swords are glittering near the entrance to this hall, will protect the Republic; and if any brawling hireling should dare to talk of outlawry, to those swords I shall appeal." This harangue, so energetically delivered, made a great impression on his audience; a great majority of the deputies expressed their approbation; and he left the Council amidst reiterated and long-continued shouts of "*Vive Buonaparte.*"

A widely different scene presented itself in the *Orangerie*, in which the members composing the Council of Five Hundred had taken their seats business opened under the presidency of Napoleon's brother, Lucien Buonaparte. The storm that ensued beggars description; the fury with which the angry passions of the deputies raged can hardly be compassed by imagination; torrents of abuse, rancorous in the extreme, poured forth from the lips of contending orators; the degree of acrimony mixed up with the observations of the agitated disputants was wholly unworthy of enlightened legislators assembled to discuss matters of such vital importance; the sitting altogether was perhaps the most undignified that ever occurred even in a French parliament, proverbial as it is for the vehemence which usually characterizes its deliberations. At length Emile Gaudin ascended the tribune: he painted in glowing colours the dangers of the country, and proposed a vote of thanks to the Council of Ancients for the measures of public safety which it had taken, and moved that it should be invited by a message to explain more fully its intentions; also, that a committee of seven persons, to be chosen from their own body, should be appointed to examine into and report upon the present state of the Republic: before he had finished speaking, several of the members darted forward, and the orator was hurled with great violence to the bottom of the tribune, amidst the most boisterous exclamations of "*Vive la Constitution!* the Constitution or Death!—Down with the Dictator!—We are not afraid of bayonets—we will die at our post!" The president in vain attempted to allay the furious tempest: the moderés endeavoured to obtain a hearing, but with no better success;—to restore order was impossible; the uproar not only continued, but seemed actually to increase.—At length a democrat deputy, the name assumed by the jacobin party who constituted the *Société du Manège*, succeeded in gaining a momentary silence, and proposed that the council should, man by man, again take the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the year three, 1795. This was forthwith carried by acclamation; the clamour was renewed, and created a feeling so strong, that the best friends of Napoleon began to waver, the most zealous of the moderés became neuter, while the timid positively joined the democrats. Thus, not one of them had sufficient courage to refuse to take the oath; even Lucien himself was obliged to swear. The triumph of the jacobin party was announced by shouts, while cries of "Bravo! bravo!" resounded through the chamber. The ceremony, useless as it was, lasted full two hours: the resignatory letter of Barras was handed in, and treated with the most indignant contempt. Buonaparte was informed that the "*appel nominal*" was concluded; that is, the calling over the names of the deputies, each recording his vote at the time of answering; and, further, that they were endeavouring by threats to oblige the president to put his (the general's) outlawry to the vote. This was the crisis—no time was to be lost. Napoleon, accompanied by four grenadiers, whom he ordered to halt on the threshold, immediately entered alone, with his hat off; the doors remained open, and plumes and swords were seen in dense array. An outcry burst forth—"Drawn swords in the sanctuary of the laws!—Outlawry! outlawry!—Let him be proclaimed a traitor!—Was it for this you gained so many victories?" To reach the bar it was necessary to cross half the chamber, as the president's seat was on one of the wings. When Buonaparte had advanced across one third part of the *orangerie*, two or three hundred of the members suddenly rose, crying, "Death to the tyrant! down with the dictator!" and rushed upon him with such impetuosity, that he was in imminent danger. A Corsican deputy, Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. The grenadiers had reluctantly obeyed his orders when he placed them at the door, and warned him of the risk to which he was about to expose himself, saying, "You do not know them—they are capable of any thing." These faithful soldiers, when they witnessed the perilous situation of their spirited commander, instantly sprang forward to his rescue, and extricated him almost breathless. One of the grenadiers, named Thomé, received a wound which was meant for the general, and the clothes of another were cut through; both these men were subsequently rewarded. The iron nerves of Napoleon were unquestionably shaken on this occasion: with the perils of the field he was familiar, and also remarkable for his calmness during a battle; but he was by no means prepared to encounter this civil rage. He came out staggering and stammering, descended into the court yard, mounted his horse, called the troops into a circle around him by beat of drum, and then addressed them: — "I was about," said he, "to point out to them the means to save the Republic, and restore our honour: they answered me with their daggers: it was thus they would have accomplished the wishes of the allied kings. What more could England have done? Soldiers, I have led you to fame—to glory: can I count upon you?" — "Yes, yes! we swear it!" burst spontaneously from every line: "*Vive Buonaparte! vive notre petit caporal!*"

Notwithstanding the retreat of Buonaparte from the Council of Five Hundred, the turbulence continued with increased violence; the cry for a sentence of outlawry became loud and general. Lucien ineffectually entreated of them to respect the feelings of nature, and not insist upon his putting that question to the vote; requesting that, instead, he might be listened to as the advocate of his brother. This boon was clamorously refused, and he was apostrophized in nearly the same language which had been used to the general. Thus attacked, he indignantly tore off the robe which he wore by virtue of his office, and exclaimed, "Wretches! you wantonly demand that I should put out of the protection of the laws my own brother—the saviour of the country—him whose very name causes monarchs to tremble! I cast aside with utter contempt the insignia of popular magistracy; I offer myself as the defender of him whom you would command me to immolate unheard." Saying this, he flew towards the tribune; the tumult, however, drowned his voice: some of the deputies harangued the soldiers, while numbers of the jacobin party gathered round the president, presenting pistols, with a view to force him to resume his robe. Napoleon, soon as he became acquainted with the desperate condition of his brother Lucien, immediately despatched a party of grenadiers to set him free. When the officer presented himself at the door of the sitting, exclaiming "*Vive la Republique!*" it was supposed that the troops had sent a deputation to express their adhesion to the council: in consequence, the captain was received with the most lively manifestation of joy: he adroitly availed himself of the misapprehension, approached the tribune, and secured his object, whispering to him, "It is your brother's order." The grenadiers at the same time shouted, "Down with the assassins!"—These exclamations soon changed the scene: joy vanished as if by magic, and was replaced with anger and a gloomy silence.

A variety of versions were afloat in the capital respecting the proceedings in the two councils: that most accredited was, that Buonaparte was a lost man, having been declared an outlaw in the Chamber of Five Hunered. This rumour induced Generals Jourdan and Augereau, who had purposely kept out of the way, to hasten with all speed to St. Cloud, where they arrived at the very moment that Napoleon, rescued from the danger to which he had been exposed in the *Orangerie*, was about to address himself to the troops. Augereau, advancing, accosted him thus:—"Well, here you are: you have brought yourself into a pretty position." To which Buonaparte coolly replied, "Augereau, call to recollection the bridge of Arcola; matters appeared much worse there. Take my advice: remain quiet, if you would not fall a victim to this confusion. In another half hour you will see what a turn affairs will have taken."

Soon as Lucien Buonaparte arrived in the court-yard of the chateau, finding the troops in a high state of excitement, he mounted a horse, and calling attention, exclaimed with a loud voice, "General Buonaparte, and you, soldiers of France, the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you, that factious men, with drawn daggers, interrupt the deliberations of the senate: he authorizes you, therefore, to employ force against these disturbers, and declares the assembly of Five Hundred dissolved." Napoleon desired General Murat to see the orders of the president obeyed, which were forthwith carried into execution. A detachment of grenadiers were marched into the hall, shouting "*Vive la Republique!*" amidst yells and shrieks from the infuriated members. An aide-de-camp mounted the tribune, and bade the assembly disperse: "Such," said he, "are the orders of the general." Some few obeyed; others, however, felt disposed to resist, and the cries of "Down with the Dictator!—*à bas Buonaparte!—Vive la Republique!*" were vociferously renewed. This clamour, however, was soon drowned by the drums, which beat to the charge, while the officer gave the word, "Forward, grenadiers!" The men, levelling their pieces, immediately advanced. The deputies instantly lost heart when they beheld the bristling line of bayonets; then, tearing off their scarfs, the greater number made their retreat through the windows with most undignified precipitation. The apartment was quickly cleared, and the door made fast. At this crisis, one of his officers applied for leave to place fifty men in ambuscade, in order that the unfriendly deputies might be shot, man by man, as they made their escape through the gardens. To this request Buonaparte replied by giving strict orders that no excesses should be committed by the soldiery: "It is my wish," said he, "that not one drop of blood should be shed on this occasion." The Council of Ancients witnessed this exercise of military power with considerable alarm; but Lucien represented to them that nothing had been done contrary to form—that the sitting of the Council of Five Hundred had been dissolved at his instance, as their president; that the troops, in what they had done, had only obeyed his mandate, when he found himself surrounded with daggers; and that he had sent to summon the members to re-assemble. The Ancients appeared satisfied with this explanation; and at eleven o'clock at night the two councils again met. That of the Five Hundred, however, was only attended by the modérés; and that small minority assuming to themselves the character of the whole body, communicated with the Council of Ancients in terms of such perfect understanding, that no further difficulty occurred to prevent the events of the day being announced under that kind of colouring, which best suited the views of the revolutionists, who had now so completely triumphed. At two o'clock in the morning of the 20th Brumaire, 12th November, 1799, the three consuls were introduced into the presence of the two legislative bodies, who had now joined each other in the *Orangerie;* when these newly-created functionaries were addressed by Lucien Buonaparte as president:—"Citizens consuls, the greatest people on earth confide its fate to your guidance. Three months hence your measures must pass the ordeal of public opinion. The welfare of thirty millions of men, internal quiet, the wants of the armies of the Republic, peace—these are to be objects of your care. Courage and devotion to your duties are doubtless requisite, when you take upon yourselves functions so important, obligations so onerous. The confidence of the people and its brave warriors are implicitly reposed in you; while the legislative body feels perfectly assured that your hearts are wholly with your country. Citizens consuls, we have, previously to the adjournment of our sittings, taken the oath which you will be required to take in the midst of us,—the sacred oath of inviolable fidelity to the sovereignty of the people, to the French Republic, one and indivisible, to liberty, to equality, and to the representative system." The councils were then adjourned to the 1st Ventose, 19th February following. Two committees, each consisting of twenty-five members, were appointed to represent the two councils provisionally, who were also to prepare a civil code; and the executive power was vested in a provisional consular commission, consisting of Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Buonaparte.

A proclamation, announcing the change in the government, was read throughout the city by torchlight, to the great joy of the Parisians, who dreaded the restoration of the reign of terror. From that hour the fate of France was decided by one of the most extraordinary revolutions on record in the history of the world, which was, to the surprise of every one, accomplished without effusion of blood, notwithstanding it was brought about by the intervention of the swords and bayonets of an armed military force. The next day the three consuls assembled in council at Paris. Roger Ducos turned to Buonaparte, and said, "It will be useless to go to the vote on the presidency, it belongs to you of right." Napoleon, with his usual promptitude, embraced the critical moment, and, to the mortification of the disconcerted Sieyes, seated himself in the arm-chair, a position which he was extremely careful ever after to retain. A lengthened discussion arose, touching the internal condition as well as the foreign relations of France; in which the requisite measures to be resorted to for the conduct of the war, the regulation of the diplomacy, and the management of the treasury, were thoroughly canvassed. To the astonishment of the Abbé Sieyes, Buonaparte entered readily and comprehensively upon such topics, evinced perfect familiarity with them, even to their minutest details, also made it apparent that he had formed settled opinions on finance, justice, jurisprudence,—in short, on every branch of public administration, from which it would be no easy task to detach him, as he suggested resolutions upon the various subjects from which it was imposssible to withhold approbation. Sieyes, Talleyrand, and other prominent civilians, who had had a hand in the great day's proceedings of the 19th Brumaire, had never for a moment suspected but, that, under the new order of things, the ambition of Napoleon would have been sufficiently gratified with the control of the armies and military establishments of the Republic; that, consequently, the chief management and direction of the civil concerns of France would have devolved upon themselves: in this, however, they reckoned without their host; they soon found, to their utter disappointment, that they had to do with no common man; that the chief consul, as he had already made himself, was every way equal to carry on the government of the nation in all and every of its departments, and they had wit enough to perceive that it was his determined intention not to allow his own views in that business to be thwarted by any one of his colleagues. Their conviction of the erroneous judgment they had formed with respect to their colleague, or head, as he might now be fairly called, operated upon the two consuls, Sieyes and Ducos, like an electrical shock—they looked at each other, as much as to say, "Is it possible?" but it availed them nothing; they found, to their consternation, that resistance would be futile, that nothing they could urge had the slightest chance to alter any pre-conceived idea of their brother consul. It is easy to conceive the feelings of that arch-priest Talleyrand, who was waiting for him, when he heard his brother priest the Abbé Sieyes, upon his return to his own house, say, "Gentlemen, your expectations are visionary; depend, you have got a master. Buonaparte can and will do every thing himself; nevertheless, in our present deplorable condition, it will be better to submit than to protract: dissension will only draw down certain ruin." Napoleon sent word to the ex-Directors Gohier and Moulins, whom he had placed under surveillance, that they were at liberty, aud the same evening took possession of the palace of the Luxembourg. Buonaparte, when speaking of these events, was wont to observe, "There never was a great revolution which caused less inconvenience; it was so generally desired that it was accordingly crowned with universal applause. For my own part," he would say, "all my share in the plot for effecting this change, was confined to the assembling the whole crowd of my visitors at the same hour in the morning, and marching at their head to seize on power. It was from the threshold of my door, from the top of my own steps, and without my friends having any previous knowledge of my intentions, that I led them to this conquest: it was amidst the brilliant escort they formed, their lively joy, and their unanimous ardour, that I presented myself at the bar of the Council of Ancients, to thank them for the dictatorship with which they had invested me." Then, adverting to those who thought he had violated the laws, he observed, "The authors and chief agents of that memorable transaction may and ought, instead of denials or justifications, to proudly answer their accusers, like the Roman, *We protest that we have saved our country; come with us and return thanks to the gods.*"

It has been the fashion of those who envied his reputation to ascribe Buonaparte's return to France as a base and cowardly desertion of his army in Egypt: but wherefore call it cowardly? might no other feeling than that of cowardice operate to decide his adoption of that course? did it betray any symptoms of cowardice, did it evince any want of courage, that he should brave the manifest danger to which he was exposed in traversing a sea swarming with the enemy's ships of war? that he should trust himself to the chance of capture? It can never be reasonably supposed that it was his desire to become their prisoner; consequently, there must have been some very superior inducement for the movement:—If the case, therefore, be viewed dispassionately, it would rather lead to the conclusion that it was one of those daring acts stimulated by a restless ambition, which, in so distinguished a manner, have stamped a mind that soared above all petty calculation of risk to his own person, when the object to be pursued was in unison with the aspiring nature of his genius; a coward would have patiently waited to have made the best terms he could for his own personal safety; would have gladly purchased his life and gained his freedom by the sacrifice of his honour: Napoleon, with the true spirit of a hero, felt convinced that the only prospect that presented itself, by which to continue the career of his fame, as well as to render essential service to his country, was to put something to the hazard: that something he courageously resolved should be himself; how therefore his most inveterate enemies could contrive to draw out of such an act of self-devotion, any thing like a cowardly feeling, would assuredly puzzle any one accustomed to compare causes with effects.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUONAPARTE ORGANIZES A NEW MINISTRY.—REPEALS THE LAW OF HOSTAGES.—PUTS AN END TO RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.—PACIFIES THE CHOUANS.—FORMS THE CONSTITUTION OF THE YEAR VIII.—REMOVES THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT FROM THE LUXEMBOURG TO THE PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES.—OFFERS PEACE TO ENGLAND.—RECONCILES THE DISCONTENTED SOLDIERY.—INVESTS MASSENA WITH THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

The defunct pentarchy of the Luxembourg had so disgraced itself by its venality, while its weakness in conducting the public affairs was so generally admitted, that it had thoroughly alienated the good will of the population; the great majority of the nation, therefore, was delighted to find the power which the Directory had so long, as well as so shamelessly abused, brought to a termination by its dismissal from a station to the functions of which it was decidedly incompetent, seeing that almost every department of the state had been suffered to merge into ruinous disorder: Buonaparte's character for decision, on the contrary, had made such a favourable impression; the great extent of his information, his business-like habits, together with his admirable arrangements wherever he had exercised authority, superadded to his brilliant conquests so gratifying to the national vanity, had ingratiated him to such a degree, that the people, wearied out with an almost endless succession of revolutions, each of which had in its turn professed to do every thing, while they only ended in vexatious disappointment—readily lent their support to an administration to be carried on under his auspices, in which they thought life and property might exist in safety, because it afforded some reasonable expectation that prosperity would be restored by appearing to rest upon something like a solid basis and bid fair for endurance. Had Napoleon failed to accomplish his object, on the stormy days of 18th and 19th of Brumaire, the jacobins would have triumphed, and that faction would have again deluged the country with blood: the reign of terror once more have reared its terrific front, and caused convulsion from one end of France to the other: the great bulk of the inhabitants were, consequently, deeply interested in giving stability to the new order of things. Thus, the newly constituted executive commenced its career with the cheering prospect of popular approbation, and the consuls of the Republic set heartily to work to organize an efficient ministry, determined, if possible, to cleanse the augean stable, and restore order. The derangement of the finances was the most pressing of many intolerable evils; it consequently occupied the earliest consideration: plunder had been carried to such a height, that when Emile Gaudin, the newly appointed minister of finance, entered upon the duties of his office, he literally found an empty exchequer: there positively was not even sufficient wherewithal to have despatched a courier. Not only had the immense wealth derived from the army of Italy, when under the supreme command of Napoleon Buonaparte, been recklessly squandered, but the treasury had latterly derived its supply from the grinding operation of forced loans, and the oppressive impost of a kind of income tax very partially levied. Nevertheless, with all these aids, public credit was annihilated: this, however, was, with all celerity, brought into a more wholesome condition; the regular taxation was augmented by an increase of twenty-five per cent., which brought up the receipt to be equivalent to the expenditure, with the additional advantage of causing the necessary contributions to the exigencies of the state to fall equally upon all the citizens, in proportion to their means. The next object was the war department: this had been so miserably neglected, that even the existence of whole regiments raised in the provinces was unknown in the proper quarter: The military chest had been robbed at home, while the troops on foreign service were in want of everything, their pay in arrear, and themselves in a most undesirable state of insubordination, bordering upon mutiny. To remedy this, which was an evil of the first magnitude, Berthier, an intelligent, industrious, and experienced general, was appointed, under whose able regulation confidence was speedily restored, and the exterior armies placed on a respectable footing. In order to give the greatest possible efficiency to the war bureau, Napoleon recalled Carnot from the exile to which he had been banished. The ability for managing the army possessed by this expatriated officer of state was generally allowed to be first-rate; no man had ever held the portfolio of his office with more advantage to his country. But then it was objected that he was a firm and determined republican—that, therefore, it was unwise to place any one professing those principles in power. To this Buonaparte, with his accustomed decision, answered, "Republican or not republican, he is one of the last Frenchmen who would wish to see France dismembered; therefore let us avail ourselves of his unrivalled talents, while he is willing to place them at our command." He was in consequence declared the warm inister. By the united skill and experience of this functionary, and that of the head of the provisional consular government, the French armies were soon brought into their former high state of discipline, and rendered formidable as ever. When the appointment to the superintendence of the police department came to be mooted, Sieyes objected to the re-appointment of Fouché, but was opposed by Napoleon, who agreed with his coadjutor, the abbé, that reliance could not readily be made on either the morality or on the versatile conduct of such a man; but insisted that "Fouché, and Fouché alone, was able to conduct the ministry of the police; that he had a perfect knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which had for some time been spreading misery throughout France; we cannot create men," said he emphatically, "we must take such as we find: Fouché has been very useful to the Republic;—we are commencing a new era: of the past we must remember only the good, and forget the evil; time, habits of industry, and experience, have formed many able men and modified many characters." Fouché was therefore reinstated in his capacity of Minister of Police. Thus did Buonaparte systematically avail himself of whoever he found was willing to be useful; he reckoned upon the ambition of one man, counted upon the integrity of a second, and placed reliance upon the sordid disposition of a third—well knowing he could turn the peculiar propensity of each to good account, while he kept in check the mischief they could do if left to themselves: the result of each experiment justified his conduct.

When the appointment to the foreign office came under consideration, it was proposed by Buonaparte to inaugurate Talleyrand: this was not unreasonably objected to, on the score that it would be difficult to fix him to a point, on account of his ever-wavering politics, which more resembled a weathercock than those of a man of decided principles. To this Napoleon coolly answered, "Be it so, still he is by far the most able to conduct the external relations of France of any one offered to our choice; I therefore shall instal him, as I deem him the best fitted to be the minister for foreign affairs;" observing, "It shall be my care to see that he exert his abilities." Cambacérès, a sound lawyer and an able judge, was invested with the portfolio of justice. The only ill-conceived nomination was that of the Minister of the Interior; the functions of which were confided to the celebrated geometrician, La Place: but so completely were the ideas of this son of science buried in subtleties, that he was incapable of taking a common sense view of any subject whatever that might be brought under his review. The situation had been conferred upon him as a tribute to science, but it was quickly discovered that he was wholly unfit for office. One peculiar feature marked the selection of this ministry, in the formation of which Buonaparte's master spirit advantageously displayed itself—a measure of boldness which none but a mind of his calibre, one of his firm but elastic nerve, would have ventured to employ:—he contrived to group together men of different parties, each of whom either detested or despised the others; but as each was most unquestionably the best qualified for the position in which he was placed, Napoleon, confident of his own powers of control, felt assured that every department would be not only most ably but also most diligently filled, because, as the administrators, from their repugnance to each other's principles, would communicate but little with their colleagues, they would be continually looking up to him for support as well as encouragement to the cause they espoused, and ever on the *qui vive* to elicit for their partisans the countenance of the extraordinary being to whose good opinion they were indebted for the share of power they exercised: thus, like an expert musician, he contrived to produce concord out of discord. In order to consolidate his power, Buonaparte, actuated by that sound policy which, if it did not always accompany his decisions, yet pretty generally characterized them, was anxious, at the commencement of his consular dignity, to conciliate, by the liberality of his measures, the good will of every party, without blindly attaching himself to any; he therefore determined to relax the tension of the cord which he considered had been too much straightened by those who had previously wielded the arm of government. The Jacobins, whose numbers had preponderated in the "Council of Five Hundred," obtained a decree more calculated to perpetuate rancorous animosity than to heal dissension, known as "the law of hostages," by the operation of which the relatives of emigrants, as well as those who formed part of the armed bands opposed to the Republic either in La Vendee or elsewhere, were injudiciously as well as unjustly made responsible for the acts of their kinsmen, and were thus rendered liable to fine and imprisonment: this proved a source of great oppression to nearly two hundred thousand persons who filled the goals. Napoleon caused this to be repealed, and despatched couriers into all the departments, with orders to open the prisons to these unhappy hostages. In this his conduct met with universal approbation, and made him many friends. The restoration of the old calendar, as well as the re-opening of the churches for Christian worship in spite of prevailing prejudices with which he had to battle, was a more daring experiment, which required the greatest possible tact, as well as unflinching firmness to accomplish. In reasoning with his colleagues upon this subject, Buonaparte did not attempt to represent himself as a believer in Christianity, but steadily maintained that, "in order to preserve tranquillity in the state, it was of absolute necessity to provide the people with the regular means of worship." At the same time it was settled as a principle, that conscience was not amenable to human law; that therefore "the right of government extended only to the exaction of obedience and fidelity." The clergy had been dispersed under a severe proscription; some had been sent to the Isle of Rhe, others to Guiana; many had emigrated, and thousands were immured in the prisons. A decree was passed at the instigation of Napoleon, by which it was ordained that every ecclesiastic who should be willing to take an oath to be faithful to the established government should be immediately set at liberty, recalled from banishment, and permitted to return, also allowed to resume the exercise of his functions; this procured the adhesion of more than twenty thousand of the ministers of religion, who were thus restored to their families. In this it will be apparent that Buonaparte acted upon the same principle which had governed him in Egypt and in Italy: experience had convinced him that priests had great sway in most communities, particularly with the female portion, also that they had generally proved themselves parasites; further, that they were never backward to use the influence they possessed over the minds of their votaries for any purpose that might suit the views of the ruling power which protected them; that consequently they were the most pliable as well as the most efficacious tools with which a government could work, because it was only requisite to point out to them a substantive interest, when they instantly became the zealous abettors of whatever the executive might wish, be the character of the measure whatever it might. By these measures the altars were restored, the decades were abolished, and things began to wear internally, at least, a more cordial and more pacific aspect: La Fayette and other distinguished revolutionists, who had been exiled for their opinions during the preceding administration, were recalled, and some emigrants, who had been imprisoned, after having been shipwrecked and cast on shore, were set free, without the trial to which they had been destined by the Directory.

When Napoleon Buonaparte first assumed the reins of government, he found every thing in disorder: such had been the contemptible imbecility of the Directorial Administration, so completely had it outlived all legitimate influence, that every hour was adding strength to the several factions by which France had been so cruelly torn to pieces, as each, in its struggle for power and plunder, chanced to over-ride the others. It had been the studied policy of the enemies to the first revolution to generate disgust against so salutary a measure, by attributing all the horrors which succeeded that memorable event to the advocacy of the cause of liberty, than which nothing could be more mendacious; because it can never be argued with any semblance of truth that "the abuse of a principle can ever affect the principle itself." Be this as it may, certain it is, that never was a cause of such high importance to Gallic welfare so cruelly tortured, so shamelessly perverted, as by the undulating parties whose miserable, hollow, pretensions to espouse so fair a system rendered France the hot bed of the most atrocious crimes for years—men who, while they wished it to be believed they only sought to give free institutions to their convulsed country, evinced their determination, by the whole scope of their despotic conduct, to stifle every scintilla of free discussion, to bury freedom under the ponderous and disgraceful load of a sordid ambition. At this period the Jacobins on one hand, the Royalists on the other, began fearlessly to exhibit their terrific fronts : no longer awed by the ruling power, whose impotence they despised, they did not even attempt to conceal their object, which was to renew the dreadful scenes which had given so many honourable well-meaning supporters of the original alterations in the government a distaste for all change, of whatever nature. The agents of the exiled family, ever upon the alert to further the Bourbon interest, openly put forth their claims ; their adherents were daily on the increase ; their resources appeared to be unlimited ; and the restoration of the monarchy was no longer considered problematical ; because it was perfectly understood, that they had even partisans in the Directory itself, as well as an overweening ascendancy in the Council of Ancients. La Vendeé was the focus of the insurgent force, the grand rendezvous of all those who were willing to unite in the royal cause, and by dint of arms to replace the wandering Louis upon the throne of his ancestors : this locality, washed by the waters of the Western Ocean, in the Bay of Biscay, afforded every facility to the British cruizers employed on this service to land troops, warlike stores, with other appliances requisite to mature the meditated overthrow of the then existing government. This great military assemblage, which carried its devastating hostility into eighteen departments of the French Republic, was known as Chouans; these armed bands, whose enterprise was proverbial, had grown formidable, not only from their numerical strength, but also from their gallant bearing and intrepid conduct, as well as from the acknowledged skill and unquestionable courage of their leaders : among these may be instanced Georges and Frotté : the latter young, active, daring, and full of stratagem, his presence struck awe wherever he appeared ; he carried fire and sword against all those who opposed his career. He was subsequently betrayed at the City of Alençon, capital of the department of Orne, seated on the River Sarte, eighty-seven miles west south-west of Paris, by Guidal, the General-Commandant, whom he had admitted into his confidence, and at whose house he was arrested. He was tried by a military tribunal and shot. Emboldened by recent successes, buoyed up by their growing influence in the legislative chambers, relying on their friends in the Luxembourg, the Vendeans had latterly assumed a more decisive line of action : Chatillon, one of their chiefs, actually invested and captured the city of Nantes, two hundred and seventeen miles south-west of Paris, capital of the department of the Lower Loire, a bishop's see, situate in 1° 33′ west longitude, 47° 13′ north latitude, with a population of eighty thousand inhabitants ; famous for an edict in favour of the Protestants, promulgated, 1588, by Henry IV., and which was revoked, 1685, by Louis XIV.

It is true he hardly retained possession of it for twenty-four hours ; nevertheless, it inspired his party with confidence : the rulers of the Republic, if such a feeble body as was to be found at the palace could be called a government, issued proclamations declaring the Chouans rebels, inviting them to return to their allegiance in the bosom of their country; threatening vengeance against those who should continue refractory: these vapid manifestoes were answered by counter proclamations, in which, without disguise, they declared their resolution to continue military operations, asserting that "they fought for the re-establishment of the ancient regime, for the throne and the altar, and that they beheld only usurpers in the members of the Directory, or in any other form of government which might be established to the prejudice of the House of Capet." This was the state of affairs when Napoleon was declared First Consul of the Republic.

In his earnest endeavours to suppress the insurgent Vendéans without causing a further effusion of blood, the personal character of Buonaparte invested him with great and manifest advantages: the commanders of these brave bands felt disposed to consider such a soldier as Napoleon a very different sort of ruler from the imbeciles of the Luxembourg. They considered it by no means dishonourable to negotiate with a victorious general of established reputation, when they would have thought themselves disgraced to have held communion with a marrowless government: their admiration of his talents prepared them to lend a favourable ear to his terms of pacification; added to this, the first measures of the new administration, while it displayed a nervous vigour in all its branches, were at the same time obviously well calculated to soothe their prejudices. They clearly saw that the war department, full of energy, conducted with consummate ability, would be speedily in a condition to overawe them and frustrate their project; they, therefore, readily lent themselves to a negotiation which the first consul, with that wisdom by which his measures were usually distinguished, had directed to be opened with them, in which he offered oblivion for the past, provided they relinquished all connexion with the Bourbons; the result proved how well he had considered his subject: Chatillon, D'Antichamp, Suzannet, and other Royalist chiefs of distinction accepted his proposals; as did Bernier, a leading clergyman in the disturbed provinces: the latter proved an acquisition of great value, as his influence over the Vendéans was of the most extensive kind. 'Tis true, some obstinately held out: for example, Georges maintained himself for some time with the money and arms supplied him by the English ministry in Morbihan, a department in the north-west of France, bounded on the north by that of the Côtés du Nord, on the south by the Bay of Biscay. He was, however, attacked by General Brune, hemmed in and beaten at Grand Champs; when he capitulated, gave up his artillery, laid down his arms, and promised in future to conduct himself like a good and faithful subject of the state. He solicited and obtained the honour to be presented to Napoleon, and received permission to go to Paris for that purpose: others, who were hardy enough to refuse the clemency offered to them, were routed in detail, tried by a court martial, and ended their existence under the fire of a file of soldiers. The civil war in the west was thus brought to a happy termination by the decided tone and conciliating measures of the first consul.

Some of the party vanquished on the 18th Brumaire still lingered in Paris, where they pursued their intrigues, busying themselves in plotting fresh convulsions. Upon this subject, a cabinet council was held, when it was the advice of all the ministers to banish these wilful disturbers of the public peace, in conformity with which, lists of proscription were drawn up: Buonaparte, however, whose object it was to make friends without creating enemies, and who only desired to keep those persons within bounds, by holding over their heads the terrors of punishment, would not suffer the sentence to be carried into execution. Here again he evinced his aptitude for meeting every emergency with lenient measures: no one was apprehended: they remained quiet, their plotting was arrested, by degees the edict of exile died away, and was no more heard of: the business of the nation progressed without further interruption.

As the time appointed for the re-assembling of the two legislative bodies was rapidly approaching, it became of imperious necessity, that, previous to that event, the new government should assume some definite permanent form, that the new order of things should be bottomed upon something like fixed principles. In accordance with this, the two provisional committees met the provisional consuls in the same chamber, for the purpose of coming to some conclusion with respect to the constitution, about to be laid before the citizens of France, for either recognition or rejection. The Abbé Sieyes, acknowledged to be the greatest among the great of scientific architectural politicians of that day, brought forward the result of his prolific brain upon this subject: he had, however, sufficient discernment to perceive, that whatever might be proposed, should it in any way be at variance with the preconceived notions of Napoleon Buonaparte, or be supposed in any shape to run counter to his own personal interests, it would, as a matter of course, be rejected without hesitation: consequently, that whatever should be adopted, would only be that which the laconic dictator, who occupied the chief seat among the consuls, should have previously felt disposed to sanction: such was the talent of this extraordinary man, that he actually over rode every suggestion that did not immediately quadrate with his own views on the subject debated: thus it was that the crafty priest was obliged to submit, step by step, to the imperturbable resolution of the chief consul. The scheme propounded by the metaphysical abbé was but little suited to the conflict of human passions, much less was it likely to promote the quiet progress of the national business: the absurdity, even of those portions of it, to which, out of respect to his brother consul, Napoleon had consented, became apparent when the machine was set in motion. But the two peculiar, as well as the most prominent, devices, for carrying on the executive, absolutely bordered on the ridiculous, namely:—

1st. Placing at the head of the state a kind of automaton, destitute of any substantive power, under the title of Grand Elector, an imbecile mock sovereign, subject at any time to be degraded by the vote of either of the legislative bodies.

2nd. Committing the real executive power to two separate consuls, one for war, the other for peace, nominally the inferiors of the Grand Elector, but positively in influence necessarily above him, and almost as necessarily the enemies as well as rivals of each other. This ingenious trio was, however, strangled in the birth by the shrewd observations of Buonaparte, who, with his usual acumen, instantly saw through the absurdity of the abbé's system, speaking of which, he asked, "what will be the situation of the two consuls?" observing—

"One will find himself surrounded by epaulettes and diplomatists, by military officers, who will demand money and soldiers, while the other will have under his control the ministers of justice, of the interior, of police, and of finance, with the adminstration of the public treasury, and will be attended by judges, financiers, the clergy, and men of the long robe, who will take a pleasure in crippling the operations of the first by refusing the necessary supplies. Is it possible for a government to go on, composed as this would be of such discordant heterogeneous materials? it would not, it could not, move forward with anything like efficacy, —it would be wanting in every thing, like the energetic decision requisite for conducting with vigour the public business. Then for your Grand Elector, what would be his situation, destitute of political influence? If he confine himself to the functions which you assign him, he will be nothing more than the shadow—the mere fleshless ghost of a dronish king. Where will you find the man sufficiently debased to humble himself to such a mockery of authority? If, gifted with something like masculine energy, he abuse his prerogative, he will become absolute. Suppose, for example, your Grand Elector, when he appointed the two consuls, one for war, the other for peace, should say to them, 'If you nominate a single minister—if you sign a single act without my previous approbation, I will remove you;' what would be your remedy against such an innovation of your plan? Perhaps you will argue that the senate in its turn will merge the Grand Elector. What then? The evil had better remain than that the cure should be attempted by such a measure. Thus you will perceive that, according to your scheme, there is not any guarantee whatever for the faithful performance of office. Then, again, where do you expect to find a man of any decent intellect, who would consent to accept an office, the only duties of which would be to fatten like a hog upon so many millions a year?" Adding, with his accustomed energy, "I for one will never consent to be your Grand Elector." Sieyes, unwilling to relinquish his favourite project, replied, "After all, you must admit, that a king is nothing more than a shadow." "But," emphatically retorted Napoleon, which put an end to the debate, "you mistake the abuse for the principle the shadow for the substance."

After an interesting discussion upon the business, which formed the subject of the meeting, the consuls announced by proclamation, 14th December, 1799, the constitution, by which the citizens of the French nation were hereafter to be regulated; prefacing it "Citizens, the constitution which we herewith present for your acceptance is grounded upon the true principles of a representative government: rests upon the sacred rights of property, of equality, and of liberty. The powers which it institutes will be vigorous and permanent: such they should ever be to secure the rights of the citizens, as well as the interests of the state. Citizens! the revolution is fixed on the principles from which it originated. IT IS ENDED."

"Constitution for the French Republic, as settled by the committee of the legislative bodies in conjunction with the three provisional consuls.

1. THE MALE CITIZENS, in every commune, who are of age, and who pay taxes, shall choose one-tenth of their whole number:—these to be the notables of the commune: out of these notables the officers of the commune shall be appointed.

2. THE NOTABLES OF THE COMMUNES, constituting a department, shall, in like manner, choose one-tenth of their whole number to be notables of the department: out of these the officers of the department shall be selected.

3. THE NOTABLES OF ALL THE DEPARTMENTS shall, in the same way,

choose one-tenth of their whole number to be Notables of France: out of these the public functionaries of the state shall be chosen.

4. Three assemblies shall be constituted, to be elected from the Notables of France, viz.:—

The Conservative Senate: to consist at first of twenty-four men, each to be at least forty years of age; these to hold their places for life; each to receive a salary equal to one-twentieth of that appropriated to the Chief Consul.

The Tribunate: to be composed of one hundred members, each twenty-five years of age, and upwards, of whom one-fifth shall go out every year, but shall be re-eligible indefinitely: the salary of each tribune shall be fifteen thousand francs: six hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling.

The Legislative Senate: to comprise three hundred persons, each not less than thirty years of age, renewable by fifths every year: the salaries of these legislators to be ten thousand francs: four hundred and sixteen pounds sterling.

5. The Executive Power: shall be vested in three consuls, to be chosen individually as Chief Consul, Second Consul, and Third Consul: the two former to retain their power for ten years; the last for five years.

6. In order that the administration of affairs may have time to settle itself, the Tribunate and Legislative Senate shall remain as at first constituted, for ten years, without any re-elections.

7. With the same view, to avoid discussions during the unsettled state of opinion, a majority of the members of the Conservative Senate are for the present to be appointed by the Consuls: Sieyes and Ducos to go out of office, and be replaced by Cambacérès and Le Brun, about to come into power: these shall be duly elected, if the public acquiesce, and proceed to fill up their own number, also to nominate the members of the Tribunate, and of the Legislative Senate.

8. All acts of the legislature shall be proposed by the Consuls. The Tribunate shall discuss and propose these acts to the Legislative Senate, but shall not vote. The Legislative Senate shall hear the Tribunate, and vote, but shall not debate the measures submitted to them. Any act thus discussed and voted, shall become the law of the land, soon as promulgated by the Chief Consul.

9. Buonaparte is nominated Chief Consul.

Cambacérés, minister of justice, is named Second Consul.

Lebrun is appointed Third Consul.

Books were opened throughout France, in which upwards of four millions of the citizens inscribed their names as accepting the constitution, while the dissentient signatures were very few: this affords irrefragable proof that the national mind wearied out by the contending factions sought repose, and therefore thought no sacrifice too great by which tranquillity could be obtained. On perusal, of this instrument, it was universally conceded that, under the new forms the whole power of the state must be virtually lodged in Napoleon Buonaparte, seeing that he in fact named himself Chief Consul: while his creatures were to choose the Conservative Senate, and the Conservative Senate were to nominate the members of the other two assemblies.

The machinery thus artfully set in motion, was a tolerable good index to the ultimate designs of Buonaparte, as it could hardly fail to remain under his immediate control; after all, it is much more than probable that he cared but little in what manner the structure of the future representative assemblies might be arranged, provided there should be no weakening of the executive power: which it was most unquestionably his fixed determination should essentially reside in his own person, by which means he felt perfectly assured he could easily neutralize the effect of whatever influence might be obtained by others: taking a broader view of the subject, it would appear that the ingenious contrivances of obliging the electors in the departments to choose not their actual representatives, but only the persons from among whom these were to be chosen by the Conservative Senate, as well as to prevent the Legislative Senate to debate for themselves measures destined to pass into law, were specially devised, for the purpose of reducing the forms of a representative government to a mere nullity.

To show the feeling of the Parisians upon this business, on the day the proclamation respecting the new constitution was published, a pasquinade, of which a copy is subjoined, appeared placarded on the walls of the city:—

POLITICAL SUBTRACTION.
From 5 Directors
Take 2
—
There remain 3 Consuls.
From them take 2
—
And there remains 1 Buonaparte.

To say that in practice this could never have turned out a free constitution would, perhaps, be going too far: circumstances might possibly have so modified its arrangements, as to have infused the spirit of freedom into an institution which, on the face of it, did not appear very favourable to such a conclusion. But it was never intended to last; it was a mere ruse—a stalking-horse, put forth to gain time, and pave the way for the absolute dominion of an individual, with the semblance of freedom.

It was diligently inculcated that a new epoch was to date from the day when the consular government was installed: the main spring of the revolution—the most crying evil that brought it about, the odious distinction of castes had ceased: all past resistance was to be forgotten; every one who chose was to be received with open arms into the bosom of the Republic; no man need to be apprehensive that any of his former acts, far less his opinions, would at all implicate his security, or even prove a bar to his advancement; his property as well as his person would meet protection, provided he gave in his adhesion to the new order of things. An amnesty to all was held forth: the purchaser of forfeited estates need no longer dread that his interest would be made a sacrifice to the returning nobles, to whom they had originally belonged. The Jacobin and the Modèré were equally cherished, while they ceased to urge their respective theories; the regicide might sleep in peace, as placed beyond the reach of Bourbon revenge; the emigrants had only to submit to the existing laws to revisit the land of their birth, and live in quiet.—The establishment of the old dynasty was certainly out of the question; no one could suspect Buonaparte of an intention to bring back the exiled family, but to keen observers it was quite evident that his ultimate intentions were to place himself in possession of the supreme power, and thus to establish in his own family a new dynasty in France: the French diadem was not to be entirely abolished, but after undergoing some trimming and a new furbishing, simply to be transferred: to the admirers of royalism, therefore, was held out in no very obscure colours, the reconstruction of a monarchical form of government, with all its concomitant intrigues, frippery, scandal, and other appendages to a pompous court. The churchman had, perhaps, the best possible reason to indulge in the perspective offered to his view: the rebuilding of the hierarchical fabric, endowed with all its former wealth, splendour, and power, was already begun; the temples were opened, and the priest was already spreading his influence over the weak minds of his female auditors, without giving in return any adequate advantage. Political liberty had been most unmercifully strangled by its pretended friends; it existed no longer; but civil liberty was said to have made a forward movement. Henceforth all was to be *couleur de rose*—every Frenchman was to contribute to the exigencies of the state proportionally to his means, and to be deemed equal in the eye of the law; no man, however mean his parentage, would have it to say, that there was one post of power or dignity in France to which he would be ineligible if his talents should warrant his elevation; all the citizens were to appeal to the same tribunals; to be amenable to the same law. This is the hacknied cant of jurists—meaning nothing, except it be the advantages derivable therefrom to their own breeches' pockets; seeing that those who cannot encounter the enormous expense attending this application, may be very fairly considered as without the pale of this much vaunted ruinous equality of legal rights. Is it possible that any just-thinking individual can be so easily duped, so thoroughly blinded, as to suppose that, because every one can apply to the same tribunal, that therefore no one can be oppressed with impunity? Let every day's experience answer the question: place the charges of application indeed within the means of all the citizens, then the maxim will be something worth; at present it is entirely worthless, and nothing either more or less than a cruel and most flagitious mockery of justice under the flattering semblance of impartiality.

A general feeling of surprise was excited when it was found that the Abbé Sieyes was not one of the permanent consuls, but that he had dwindled into the office of president of the Conservate Senate. The system-mongering priest probably was unwilling to become a mere cipher in the executive, as it was evident that Napoleon was determined to exercise in his own person all the functions of a civil ruler of the republic: under this impression, with that sordid cacoethes which is one of the most distinguishing features of his order, he bartered his pretensions for a large pension, together with an extensive estate—part of the royal domains of Versailles! In this he certainly, with true clerical foresight, contrived to keep together that which is said to be essential, the close union of church and state.

"Coming events" are said to "cast their shadows before them;" thus, to observing eyes, every movement of the Chief Consul evidently shadowed out past dispute, the bent of his future intentions, while it pretty plainly indicated the goal of his wishes: the road he meant to pursue could be no longer doubtful, neither was the object to which he was hastening to be mistaken. The constitution of the year VIII. having been promulgated and accepted by the nation, Napoleon, 19th February, 1800, removed the seat of government from the Luxembourg to the Tuilleries, to that gorgeous palace which for ages had been the residence of the *grande monarques* of France, significantly observing to his colleagues that "it was a good military position." By this change Buonaparte made a decided as well as a forward step in the prosecution of his ultimate scheme, and quietly settled himself in that magnificent structure, once the costly dwelling of a long line of the reigning princes of the house of Bourbon. Thus the sumptuous halls of royalty were once more thrown open to an admiring throng of courtiers, who, although not exactly of the old school, were yet ready, with that pliability which so eminently characterizes the genus, to bask in the cheering rays of the rising sun, as well as willing to do homage to the new occupant. The removal was conducted with imposing ceremony, as also with much splendour; all the great officers of state in their official costumes, were assembled to witness the scene; the Chief Consul appeared in his robes of office, red silk with a black stock. Some one sarcastically remarked, that "the latter article was rather out of keeping with the rest;" to this, dressing out his intelligent countenance with one of his most complacent smiles, he replied, "No matter! a small remnant of the military character will do us no harm." He concluded the celebration of this not unimportant event by a grand review of the troops in the *Place de Carousal.* Again, it was by no means the slightest feature of the new government, as indicative of the ultimate consummation of the long preconceived notions of its chief, that in the oath of allegiance, which it was incumbent for every citizen to take to the recently formed constitution, that which had made a portion of the solemn pledge of adhesion to all the governments which had prevailed since the formation of the republic, "hatred to royalty," should have been expunged;—however, such was the fact. In like manner, during the conferences respecting the constitut Napoleon had strongly advocated the suppression of the holiday held as a commemoration of the death of Louis XVI., saying, "We celebrate a victory, but we weep over its victims, even though they were our enemies. The festival of the 21st January is immoral: without pronouncing whether the execution of the king was just or unjust, politic or impolitic, useful or otherwise; nay, even if we decide that it was just, politic, and useful, it was, nevertheless, a calamity. Under such circumstances, oblivion of all things is best." The Abbé Sieyes is said to have argued against the suppression, alleging "that Louis was a tyrant." "Nay! nay!" said Buonaparte, with all his wonted emphasis, "he was no tyrant; had he been one I should this day have been a captain of engineers—and," added he, with one of his sarcastic sneers, "you, you would be saying mass." This rebuke completely silenced the wily priest, and an edict was consequently issued by which the future celebration of the day was formally abolished.

These lineaments, that so forcibly marked the altered temper of the times, gave a fresh stimulus to the advocates for the restoration of the old royal family: they thought, although erroneously, they perceived, in the conduct of the chief consul, a strong resemblance to that pursued by General Monk, in the days of our Charles the Second: led astray by the vehemence of their own desires, governed by the idea that Napoleon only sought to sell his influence at the best market, they were blinded to the real state of the case: therefore, conceiving this a favourable juncture to press their subject, they sought, through the medium of one of the foreign ambassadors, an interview with Buonaparte: this was immediately granted; Hyde de Neuville and Dandigné, two of the most influential as well as the most strenuous agents of the exiled princes, were admitted at midnight to an audience in the closet of the chief consul, at which Napoleon requested them to open their business and speak frankly, assuring them that no ungenerous advantage should be taken of their communication: thus assured, they flattered themselves with a happy result to their negotiation, but in this they had miserably miscalculated. The toy they wanted for their employer was destined to amuse other minds, to pass into more energetic hands: the negotiators, addressing themselves to Buonaparte, said:—"You, sir, have now the power to re-establish the throne of France; with you, sir, it rests to restore the crown to its legitimate master.—If you will candidly tell us what are your intentions, and they should be found to be in accord with our own, not only ourselves, but all the Vendéans, are ready to receive your commands." To this he replied, "What you desire is impossible: any attempt to restore the Bourbons must be attended with enormous slaughter, it could not be accomplished without striding over half a million of dead bodies; their re ascension to the throne is therefore out of the question. For myself, I am quite disposed to forget the past, as well as prepared to accept the services of all who may be willing henceforth to follow the general will of the nation, and shall refuse to treat with none except those who may not feel inclined to renounce all correspondence with the Bourbon family, and the foreign enemies of the country." The conference lasted little more than half an hour, when the agents withdrew, both parties equally convinced that there existed no probability of their coming to a satisfactory understanding upon such a basis; indeed, it was the fixed opinion of the agents, that Napoleon would never lend himself to support the interests they advocated. Perhaps nothing is so difficult for human beings as to entirely eradicate the idea that, sooner or later, despite of adverse circumstances, they shall obtain the substantive possession of whatever they may most ardently desire: self-love buoys them up, the most slender occurrences cherish their hopes, while the almost certainty of future success springs spontaneously from their over-heated imagination. Thus it happened with the Bourbons: blind to every thing save their own claims, notwithstanding the utter failure of their agents, they did not altogether despair: they still had confidence in the final result, they built upon the sandy foundation that no man, placed like Buonaparte, would be able to resist the tempting bait of rank and wealth with which they were ready to load him. It must, however, be allowed, that many of the measures adopted by the consular government were of such a character as to keep alive their delusive expectations, particularly that which caused the erasure from the oath of allegiance, "hatred to royalty," added to which, the conduct of the Chief Consul respecting the deceased Pope Pius VI. was, in their estimation, an indubitable proof of his leaning towards their cause: that sovereign Pontiff had retired after his defeat to Valence, a French city, capital of the department of the Drome, three hundred and thirty-five miles south-east of Paris, seated in 4° 52′ east longitude, 44° 55′ north latitude, on the stream of the Rhone: here the holy father had paid the debt of nature, at the advanced age of eighty-two years: Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, passing through this city, had held a conversation with Spina, the deceased pontiff's almoner, from whom he learned that no funeral obsequies had been bestowed upon the corpse, which was deposited in the sacristy of the cathedral; when he became chief consul, he ordered that the customary honours should be paid to his remains, and also that a monument of marble should be raised upon his tomb.

The persecution of the priests by the Directory had so exasperated the

Belgians, that they broke out into insurrection; the conciliatory measures of Napoleon, however, were so much approved of, that it was quelled, as were also the discontents that agitated the south of France: in short, his internal government was marked with such moderation and benignity, that even the continental states of Europe began to form a high opinion of his wisdom: the Prussian cabinet received his ambassador with great respect, and to show its confidence in the new order of things, ordered part of its army to be disbanded. In all this his brother consuls appeared as nullities: every thing was done by Buonaparte, no other name was heard of. His colleagues, expecting that great advantages would result to themselves, could they but remove him from the seat of government, at the time the new machinery was settling into a regular course of motion, made a strong effort to circumscribe his power, by urging the necessity of his immediately placing himself at the head of the armies in the field; but they reckoned without their host,—he was not to be so caught, he became immoveable. As they persisted in their object, he sternly replied to all their suggestions; and in a tone that could not be mistaken, said—"I am Chief Consul, and I shall remain in Paris." This was definite. Indeed, nothing could have been more impolitic than for him to have quitted the helm at this critical juncture, as by such a step he would have endangered the continuance of his own power: his presence was essentially requisite in order to carry out his plan, because, in the arrangement of every branch of the government, he had systematically, sought for his own security, to neutralize opposition by balancing against each other men upholding opposite sets of principles; thus he had chosen one consul from the Republican party, the other from that of the Royalists: this was a bold measure, that imperatively forbade his absence, seeing that either of them might have been induced, had they been left to themselves, to undermine his preponderance, which they would not dare to attempt while he was on the spot to overawe them. This it was, therefore, far from his intention to leave in their power: holding, as he did, while he resided in the Tuilleries, that master-key to human action—self-interest—perhaps the most powerful spring in existence of hope and fear, he made them eminently contributory to his purpose, by using their influence to draw into his vortex a great number of persons, originally of their own way of thinking; but whom, according to his calculation, it was very unlikely would continue such zealous theorists as to resist the manifest advantage that presented itself to them, provided they acted in unison with a man who could so amply reward them for their adhesion.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." So says the poet; and reason, the very best authority on such a point, confirms the sentence. If ever there was a man whose actions ennobled the cause he espoused;—if ever there was one of whom the universe might justly feel proud;—if ever there was a sincere friend to the liberties of mankind;—that man was George Washington, a plain unsophisticated soldier, unadorned, indeed, by empty titles, but richly decorated with the substantive gratitude of his countrymen. Straight forward, persevering, and benevolent, he was truly illustrious. When such a valuable being yields to the order of nature, humanity weeps: the whole course of his life was one continued series of great and good actions: his memory remains unstained: his name will descend to the latest posterity as the benefactor of his species, accumulating brilliancy as time flows forward: Fame will record him as, perhaps, the greatest man that ever existed, as one whose virtues have rendered him immortal: he died 15th November, 1799, about the period of the establishment of the French Consular Government. It is highly creditable to the sympathy of Napoleon Buonaparte, that when the news reached Paris of the decease of this uncompromising patriot, he immediately, in his character as Chief Consul, issued a general order for the French troops to wrap their banners in crape during ten days, in honour of, to use his own words, "a great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated the freedom of his country." Such will ever be the feelings of the truly generous and brave towards each other, whatever be the country to which they may respectively belong. A really great man is a cosmopolitan, a free citizen of the world: like the cheering rays of a radiant sun, he dispels gloom, spreads comfort, and adds to the happiness of all his fellows. Such a man is beyond the reach of tyrants, and if persecuted, may say to them, as Anaxagoras is reported to have replied to Alexander, "You may pound my body in a mortar, 'tis true, but you cannot touch my mind."

It would appear that men possessing the most eminent ability, are not on all occasions divested of even the most vulgar prejudices;—that Buonaparte himself, splendid as was his reputation, was not always free from these inconsistencies is evident. Shortly after his taking possession of the royal palace of the Tuilleries, General Murat, who had long paid his addresses to the Chief Consul's sister Caroline, who returned his affection, demanded her hand in marriage: the superior tactics, as well as the prowess of this handsome officer, had already made him a favourite with Napoleon raised him to distinguished rank in the army, and often procured him command in the field. Buonaparte objected, observing, "Murat is the son of an innkeeper: in the station to which events have elevated me, I must not mix my blood with his." And wherefore not? upon what rational foundation did his objection rest? Is it not astonishing that any advocate for religion should be guilty of such gross absurdity, to give it the mildest possible term? If, as it is asserted, we all sprung from one original stock, what difference can there be in the blood? Climate, indeed, may act upon its temperature, as it does upon every thing else, but the blood will remain essentially the same: the idea of not mingling his blood, was, therefore, truly farcical, and utterly unworthy of him,—No! no! it was not the mixing of blood, at which he must have laughed; but it was the silly doctrine of castes that he was willing to revive, although, in his recent proclamations, he had held it forth as abolished: the fact was, he had in reality become a sovereign, and therefore, as proved eventually to be the case, he wished only to ally himself with the new order, into which he had thrust himself by the most commanding talents. But may it not be asked what has been the original state of all the sovereign families in the world? who and what were their progenitors? Any laxity in the performance of the moral duties might have been a good and valid objection, but mere difference of situation, discrepancy in the value of the breeches-pockets, can never be substantively maintained, as that which ought to interfere, if principle be the guiding feature. Napoleon's better sense at last came to his aid, overcame his ridiculous scruples, the proper feeling prevailed, Josephine approved of the match, and, after a time, General Murat and Caroline Buonaparte became man and wife.

The Chief Consul laboured incessantly to restore to the armies of the Republic that ascendancy with which he had, by his masterly manœuvres, invested them, previous to his Egyptian expedition: of the value of this preponderance, the French people were sufficiently aware, and the mortification which their national pride suffered by the loss of it since his departure, was of the greatest use in furthering his ambitious views in the formation of the new government. The revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which had proved so decisively favourable to the schemes of Napoleon Buonaparte, owed its consummation to three very important causes.

1. The weakness of the Directorial administration, which had led to the altered condition of the Republic, reduced as it had been by a series of degrading reverses, from that imposing attitude which it had assumed at the treaty of Campo Formio, and which was the direct consequence of Buonaparte's splendid victories, to that humiliating state in which it was found at the period of his return from Egypt:—the north of Italy recovered by the Austrians, who now threatened to make an inroad into Provence, through the Savoy territory, whose frontiers they were about to attack.

2. The necessity that existed for a general of sufficient capability to bring back victory to the tri-colour standards, a necessity deeply felt by the whole nation, which considered itself humbled and degraded by the falling off in her military career, so resplendently great, during the period that General Buonaparte was actively employed in the field, driving every enemy before his invincible legions.

3. The enthusiastic admiration with which the Emperor Paul of Russia viewed the character of the First Consul: this operating upon the autocrat, in conjunction with his resentment at the manner in which his troops, under Suwarrow, had been supported by his allies, had induced him to abandon the Antigallican league, and withdraw his army altogether from the field.

Thus all eyes were turned towards Napoleon Buonaparte, as the only probable chance that presented itself for the renovation of the glories of the Republic. England appeared determined to continue the contest, and remain steadfast to her allies; while the Imperial Cabinet was making the most vigorous exertions to continue the victorious career which had lately attended its arms. The Duke of York's expedition had, it is true, lately failed; but then the brilliant success of the naval armament, in the Mediterranean, under that gallant commander, Admiral Lord Nelson, had come in as a counterpoise to the disasters of the army, under the orders of the royal duke: uncertain how either of these might influence the cabinet of St. James's, Napoleon resolved at least to make the experiment, of an offer to negotiate with the British government for a general peace, in the hope that his overtures might be received with a more favourable disposition, than had been displayed by his predecessors of the Directory, to those offered at Paris by Lord Malmsbury; at any rate, if he should not succeed, he would have thrown the odium of continued hostilities from his own shoulders to those of the English ministry; a circumstance from which, should it occur, he speculated to derive very considerable advantage, as it would have a direct tendency still more firmly to cement his power, and increase his importance in the general opinion of a people, whose vanity could never be so effectually gratified as by their military success: he therefore resolved to put his project in execution, before the Austrians should open the campaign: in consequence of which, adopting his own views and waving the usual etiquette of diplomatic intercourse, as he had done on a former occasion, when he wrote from Clagenfurt to the

Arch-Duke Charles, he addressed a letter, under date 25th December 1799, to George the Third in person, which ran thus :—

BONAPARTE, *Chief Consul of the French Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.*

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, on commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your majesty.

"Must the war, which has for eight years ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation?

"How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is requisite for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, as well as domestic happiness, to ideas of vain grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants, as also the first of glories?

"These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your majesty, who rules over a free nation, with no other view than to render it happy.

"Your majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a prompt step taken in confidence and freed from those forms, which, however requisite to disguise the dependence of feeble states, only serve to discover, in those which are powerful, a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of war, the flames of which are raging throughout the world.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"BONAPARTE."

From the tenor of this letter it would appear that, if he actually believed the King of England could answer his address personally, the first consul did not perfectly comprehend the bearing of the English constitution, because no public act of his would be valid unless done by the hands of responsible ministers. The reply was, of course, officially conveyed, 4th January, 1800, in a note from Lord Grenville, the then English Secretary of State for the department of Foreign Affairs, to Talleyrand, who held the portfolio of external relations in Paris. It was couched in no very measured language, and but little likely to effect the proposed end, but admirably calculated to suit the policy of Napoleon, and serve the interests of France, whose affairs at that juncture were in much too deplorable a state to warrant the expectation of honourable terms of peace: he had, however, extorted a public avowal of the views of the British Cabinet, and thrown upon it all the obloquy of continuing the war: it stated in substance:—"That the King of England had no object in the prosecution of hostilities but the security of his own dominions, together with those of his allies, and Europe in general: it declared his readiness to seize the first favourable opportunity for the restoration of peace, but that unfortunately at present he could see none. That the same general assertions of pacific intentions had proceeded successively from all the revolutionary governments of France; notwithstanding, they had all persisted in conduct directly and notoriously the opposite of their language: Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Germany, Egypt—what country had been safe from French aggression?

The war must continue until the causes which gave it birth ceased to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family would be the easiest means of generating confidence in the other powers of Europe. The King of England by no means pretended to dictate any thing as to the internal polity of France; but he felt compelled to say, that he saw nothing in the circumstances under which the new government had been set up, or in the principles it professed to act upon, which could tend to make foreign powers regard it as either more stable or more trustworthy than the former transitory forms which it had supplanted." In order to strengthen his own position, and keep alive the feeling created by this note in the citizens of the French nation, Bonaparte, who upon his accession to the first consulship, had suppressed the *u* from his signature, issued a proclamation in which he said, "People of France,—you are desirous of peace: your government desires it still more ardently than yourselves: its first views, as well as the whole course of its measures, have been specially directed to that object: the English ministry repels it; the British cabinet has betrayed the secret of its horrible policy: to dismember France, to destroy her marine, to ruin her ports, to efface her from the map of Europe, or to degrade her to the rank of a secondary power, to keep all the nations of the Continent divided, in order to seize upon their commerce, and enrich herself with the spoil—these are the detestable advantages for which England scatters her gold, lavishes her promises, and multiplies her intrigues.

"But neither the gold, the promises, nor the intrigues of England, will chain down the continental powers in subjection to her views. They have listened to the voice of France; they know the moderation of the principles by which she is influenced; they will attend to the call of humanity, and to the powerful voice of their own interest.

"Should it prove otherwise, the government, which has not feared to offer as well as to solicit peace, will recollect that it is for you to command it. In order to command it, money, steel, and soldiers, are requisite.

"Let all hasten to pay their contribution to the general defence; let the young citizens march; it is no longer for the choice of tyrants that they are about to take up arms; it is for the security of all they hold most dear; for the honour of France; for the sacred interests of humanity and liberty. Already the armies have resumed that attitude which presages victory: at the sight of those troops, as of the united wishes and views of the whole French nation, be assured, people of France, that you will have no enemies on the continent; but should any power still persist to tempt the chances of battle, your first consul has promised you peace, and he will go and conquer it at the head of those warriors whom he has so often led to victory. With them he will again seek those fields, where the memory of their exploits is still fresh; but in the midst of battles he will invoke peace; further, he swears to fight only for the happiness of France, and the repose of the world. "The Chief Consul, Bonaparte."

Buonaparte was with his minister Talleyrand, when the answer to his letter arrived from the English government: he appeared to peruse it with great complacency, and observed, that "he cordially rejoiced at the result of his informal negotiation, as we shall now know," said he, "what course to pursue." After some little consideration, he began to rub his hands, as was his wont when he was very much pleased, exclaiming, "It could not have been more favourable!" adding, "We must now put forth our energies, and convince the European cabinets that France still possesses means to render her armies once more triumphant." On the very s day, 7th January, 1800, just three days after the date of Lord Grenville's note, he issued an edict, as Chief Consul, for a new levy of thirty thousand conscripts, as also for assembling an army of reserve at Dijon, capital of the department Côté d'or, seated in a pleasant plain, one hundred and seventy-five miles south-east of Paris; which army was to consist of all the veterans who had ever served. By way of commentary on the English minister's note the walls of Paris were placarded with a satirical letter, supposed to be written by the unfortunate heir of the House of Stuart to the king of England, demanding from him the throne of his ancestors; the pasquinade concluded with observing, that "as the principle of legitimacy was now so fully recognized, and so resolutely defended by the court at St. James's, there could be no fair pretext for refusing to restore it to the present claimant."

It must ever be recorded to the honour of Napoleon Buonaparte, that he displayed, on many occasions, a benevolence of disposition, a nobleness of feeling, as well as a generous forbearance, which come in favourable contrast with the unforgiving, rancorous persecution of many, if not all the crowned heads of Europe; for example, long previous to his coming into power, a vessel, containing some emigrants of the aristocratic families of the Talmonts, the Montmorenceys, and the Choisseuls, all determined enemies to the new government of France, was driven by adverse winds upon the French coast near Calais, and wrecked: these men, on landing, were arrested, and thrown into confinement, by order of the Directory, where they were detained for the purpose of taking their trial as traitors to their country: they insisted, indeed, that they were bound for India; but the ship, with its warlike stores, too plainly evidenced their destination was La Vendée, where they were about to join the insurgent force, whose object was the restoration of the Bourbons. When their case came under his review, as Chief Consul, he said:—"Without entering into the question of intention, it is clear that the condition of these men renders them inviolable; their arrival was the result of misfortune, not a voluntary act, they are consequently under the laws of hospitality; therefore, to consign to punishment unfortunate shipwrecked indviduals, who have preferred committing themselves to the generosity of France to throwing themselves into the ocean, would be singular barbarity:" observing, "The laws against emigrants are political regulations, and their policy will not be violated by the exercise of indulgence towards persons so peculiarly situated." He ordered them to be released.

The English ministry acted very differently towards Napper Tandy, Blackwell, and other Irishmen, who suffered shipwreck on the coast of Norway: these people, who were naturalized Frenchmen, bearing commissions under the French government, on their return to Paris, had to cross the territory of Hamburgh, where they were arrested at the instance of the British Consul, and it was required of the senate to give them up to England for execution; this for a time was resisted by the authorities of Hamburgh, who rightly considered that those who sought an asylum in their jurisdiction, were entitled by the laws of hospitality to protection: the demands of England were strongly seconded by most of the powers of Europe, particularly by the Russian, and by the Austrian ambassadors: at this juncture the French army had experienced reverses, not only in Italy, but also in Germany, and their affairs wore rather an unpromising aspect:

when this was known, the craven senate, thinking that the fortunes of France were fast sinking, gave the asses' kick, and delivered up the victims The Republic, in consequence, immediately laid an embargo upon all Hamburgh shipping in its ports, also dismissed the Hamburgh agents at Paris, and recalled its own from that degraded city: indeed the French had great reason to be offended with such conduct, seeing that it was notorious, that it had long been the refuge of more than twenty thousand French refugees, who had there both concerted plots and organized armies against the French Republic, and this at a time when, if the French government had felt so disposed, she could have insisted upon the senate sending these French emigrants beyond their dominions. Hamburgh is one of the Hanse towns, consequently a free imperial German city, situated in the duchy of Holstein, in 53° 34′ north latitude, 9° 58′ east longitude, in Lower Saxony, with a population of one hundred and fifteen thousand inhabitants, distant fifty-five miles from the mouth, on the north bank, of the river Elbe; the city, which is famous for a wooden bridge, three miles in extent, which spreads itself over the river, as well as a morass, to Harburg, is also washed by the stream of the Alster, which enters the town by sluices, previous to which it forms a fine basin.

Shortly after this, the good effects of the revolution, effected 18th Brumaire, being more generally felt, and the French army having once more changed defeat for victory, the senate of Hamburgh lost no time in despatching a note, addressed to the Chief Consul, in which, after pleading the necessity they were under to submit to the superior power of the European courts, they expressed sorrow for the past, entreating him to accept their repentance for that which was not voluntary on their part To which he answered:—"I have received your letter, gentlemen; allow me to say it by no means tends to justify you. Courage and virtue are the preservers of states: cowardice and crime are their ruin; you have violated the laws of hospitality—a thing which never occurred among the most savage hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens will for ever reproach you with it. The two most unfortunate men, whom you have treacherously given up, will die with glory; but their blood will bring more evil upon their persecutors, than would be in the power of an army to effect." Subsequently, a solemn deputation from the senate of Hamburgh arrived at the Tuilleries, to make a public apology to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation at their conduct; and when the envoys urged their weakness, he replied to them, "Well! and had you not the resource of weak states at your command? was it not in your power to let them escape?"

When Buonaparte first assumed the reins of government as Chief Consul the French Republic had four armies on its frontiers.

"The Army of the North," under General Brune; this was destined to watch the partizans of the House of Orange, as also to guard the Dutch coast against any new attack from the English, who, under the Duke of York, had been recently defeated at the Helder, November, 1797. Helder is a fortified town, in North Holland, twenty-four miles north of Alcmaer, and forty-five miles north-west of Amsterdam, in 4° 34′ east longitude, 53° 0′ north latitude, situate on the north-west point of the province, opposite the west end of Texel Island, the entrance to which is defended by a fort called the Helder.

"The Army of the Danube," under General Jourdan, which had been obliged to repass the Rhine river, after its defeat at Stockach, a German town in Suabia, belonging to the Grand Duke of Baden, seated on a river of the same name, seventeen miles north-east of Constance. The Danube, famous for the fine sturgeon which ascend its stream for several hundred miles, is, perhaps, next to the Volga, the noblest river in Europe: the sinuosity of its course carrying its waters through various countries for nearly eighteen hundred miles; while its meridional distance from its source, in the court-yard of the Grand Duke of Baden's palace at Donaueschingen, on the eastern borders of the Black Forest in Suabia, situate in 48° north latitude, 8° 15′ east longitude, to its disemboguement through five mouths into the ocean, between north latitudes 44° 40′ and 45′, in 29° 20′ east longitude, is not more than twenty-one degrees, equal to about twelve hundred English miles. This magnificent river commences a north-east course for one hundred and fifty miles to Ulm, where it increases its waters from the south by a junction with the current of the Iller, and becomes navigable; it then flows circuitously north to Ratisbon, from whence, bending to the south, it passes Vienna as far as Presburg, where it becomes extremely rapid, with a breadth of two hundred and fifty yards; thence it wends its way east by north for about one hundred miles, swelled by numerous streamlets from the Carpathian mountains; then again changes its direction, running due south one hundred and sixty miles, through the heart of Lower Hungary, beyond Buda, where it is joined from the west by the stream of the Draave, a little below Essig; then winds eastward to its confluence with the river Saave at Belgrade, the capital of Servia, in European Turkey; from whence, pursuing a southerly course, it separates Bulgaria from Wallachia, finally flowing northward to Galatz, in Moldavia, near which it comes into conflux with the stream of the Pruth, and, gathering the waters of the Bessarabian rivers, falls into the Black Sea on its eastern shore.

"The Army of Helvetia," under General Massena, had been compelled in the preceding campaign to evacuate a great portion of Switzerland, but now occupied the whole of that republic; having recently defeated the Russians under Field Marshal Suwarrow at the battle of Zurich, capital of the canton of that name, seated at the northern extremity of the lake of Zurich, occupying both borders of the transparent rapid stream of the Limat, thirty-five miles south-west of Constance, in 8° 32′ east longitude, 47° 20′ north latitude.

"The Army of Italy," a wretched skeleton which still bore that name, so gloriously distinguished while under the command of Napoleon. This discomfited body of men, after a most disastrous conflict, had rallied in disorder on the Appenines and on the heights of Genoa, having lost all means of communication with the valley of the Po, while the English fleet effectually blockaded the coasts of both Provence and Liguria; the soldiers found themselves thus pent up among barren rocks, where they were compelled to endure all the hardships, as well as the privations, of a beleagured garrison. Their distress was extreme: destitute of provisions—almost without clothing—suffering from disease, disorganization had reached a frightful pitch;—the spirits of the troops were completely broken, desertion was frequent, and, at last, the evil became so alarming, that whole battalions abandoned their positions *en masse*, and retired behind the Var, a river, the current of which rises in the county of Nice, emptying itself into the Mediterranean Sea four miles west of the city of Nice. This stream gives its name to a department of France. In this calamitous state of things, Buonaparte withdrew General Massena from the army of Helvetia, and sent him to take the command of this once invincible, though now sadly disorganized, corps. At the same time, he issued an address to the troops in Italy, in which he said:—

"Soldiers, the circumstances which detain me at the seat of government prevent my being in the midst of you: your wants are great—every measure is taken to supply them. The first quality of a soldier is patient endurance of fatigue, and submission to privation; valour is but a secondary virtue. Several corps have quitted their positions—they have been deaf to the voice of their officers: the seventeenth light demi-brigade is of this number. Are, then, the heroes of Castiglione, of Rivoli, of Neumark, no more? They would rather have perished than have deserted their colours; they would have called their young comrades back to honour and their duty.

"Soldiers, do you complain that your rations have not been regularly distributed? What would you have done if, like the fourth and twenty-second light demi-brigades, the eighteenth and thirty-second of the line, you had found yourselves in the midst of the desert, without either bread or water, subsisting on horses and camels? Victory will give us bread, said they; and you—you desert your colours!

"Soldiers of Italy, a new general commands you—one who was always in the foremost ranks in the moments of your brightest glory: rest your confidence in him—he will bring back victory to your standards. I shall cause a daily account to be sent to me, detailing the conduct of all the troops, particularly of that of the seventeenth light demi-brigade, as also of the sixty-third of the line: they will remember the confidence I once had in them. "BONAPARTE, CHIEF CONSUL."

This forcible appeal had an almost magical effect upon the troops.—Massena was highly esteemed among them; and very soon after his arrival at Genoa, the deserters flocked back rapidly to rejoin their standards; subsistence was provided, the army speedily reorganized, and the evil which had lately threatened such serious consequences was remedied as if by enchantment. Such was the influence of Napoleon, that a few words addressed by him to his soldiers were sufficient to arrest desertion, allay discontent, and render them more than ever anxious, by renewed energies, to wipe out the stain of such conduct. The two armies of the Danube and of Helvetia he consolidated into one large body, which he called "the Army of the Rhine;" which, by that means, became the largest force of the Republic, numbering in its ranks one hundred and fifty thousand men. The command of this he bestowed upon General Moreau, whose reputation was only second to his own. In this Bonaparte displayed great magnanimity: he showed himself decidedly superior to all feelings of personal jealousy, and clearly evinced that the restoration of that lustre to the arms of his country, with which he had himself once invested them, was the sole object of his pursuit in his military arrangements.

"The Army of Reserve" was appointed to rendezvous at Dijon, as a central position, from which, as circumstances might require, either Moreau or Massena could be easily supported or reinforced. Napoleon, however, really designed it as a blind to that gigantic project, which he had determined to conduct in person, and which, as far as depended upon himself, was so dazzlingly successful, that it ranked him past dispute as the greatest general of his day; an enterprise which is generally considered by military men as at once the most daring and the most masterly of all the campaigns of the war; the plan of which he had already sketched out, in conjunction with Carnot, the war minister. General officers, indeed, were assembled there; a numerous staff reached the town, and warlike stores were daily collected, while the utmost bustle and energy appeared to prevail; but withal the troops were few and so very scant, that the Austrian cabinet, from time to time, received the account of the numbers and the appearance of this body of reserve, not only with indifference, but even with derision: so completely did he hoodwink the Aulic Council at Vienna, as well as the generals commanding the imperial armies.

In the mean time the Austrians were not idle. When the Emperor Paul withdrew his troops, they called forth all their resources, and soon had on foot two very large armies: one in Germany, under Field-Marshal Kray, comprising one hundred and twenty thousand men; the other in Italy, commanded by General Melas, one hundred and forty thousand strong; with which it was that officer's intention to penetrate the southern frontier of the republic, and enter France through Provence.

CHAP. XIV.

BUONAPARTE PREPARES TO FORCE HIS WAY OVER THE GREAT ALPS—PASSES THE GREAT ST. BERNARD—CAPTURES THE FORTRESS OF ST. BARD—THE SIEGE OF GENOA—RE-ESTABLISHES THE CISALPINE REPUBLIC—BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO—HIS DECISIVE VICTORY AT MARENGO—GRANTS AN ARMISTICE TO GENERAL MELAS—RETURNS TO PARIS—HIS LIFE ENDANGERED BY THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

Those, who, to prevent Bonaparte engrossing the whole power of the state, by an attempt to confine him to the military department, having completely failed, no sooner became acquainted with his determination to take the command in Italy, than they suddenly changed their mode of procedure, and proposed that "the Chief Consul should be incapable to head an army in the field, without previously abdicating his magisterial functions." To their astonishment, Napoleon at once acceded to the proposition, which they had fully expected would have called forth his indignation, but in this they were miserably deceived; their stratagem recoiled upon themselves; they were completely outwitted, and he soon convinced them they had to do with a man who understood subterfuge quite as well as themselves. This, which was intended as a saving clause, proved entirely worthless. The chief consul could not, indeed, act as general-in-chief of an army, but he still had the power to appoint whomever he thought fit to that post; while there was no law that either forbade his personal presence at head-quarters, or precluded him from being a spectator of the campaign. Then what did it import whether General Berthier, who was his bosom friend, should or should not sign himself commander, while it was matter of notoriety that a Napoleon Bonaparte was in the camp?

Napoleon was indefatigable both in providing for the army of the Rhine, as also to bring the army of Italy into a respectable state, suited to cope with that under General Melas. He was also occupied busily for three months throughout the interior of France in forming the army for his grand scheme, by which it was his purpose to change the face of affairs beyond the Alps. The troops thus raised were already marching by different routes upon the Swiss territory, each detachment being kept in total ignorance of the destination of the others: by this means he had recruited a large army, which was in actual motion, while the enemies of France were indulging in their merriment at the meagre appearance of the army of reserve at Dijon. He had already despatched General Berthier, together with some officers of known skill, who alone were in his confidence respecting this movement, to reconnoitre the various passes in the great Alpine chain, and make such other preparations as might be found requisite for the consummation of the operation, of the secret of which, at present, they were the only depositaries.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary exertions of the chief consul to strengthen the army of Italy, its position had again become extremely critical. After numerous conflicts with the enemy, attended with a variety of fortune, General Massena found himself closely blockaded in the city of Genoa by the Austrian general Ott, into which, after much struggling, he had been compelled to throw himself for safety, having seen that his left wing was completely cut off from the main body of his army, and under the necessity to retire behind the river Var; in which situation it was with the utmost difficulty that it offered any opposition to the threatened inroad of the imperial troops, under General Melas, who, with thirty thousand men, was advancing upon Nice, of which city he possessed himself 11th May, 1800. The extravagant joy of the Austrians was unbounded, but in its consequences it changed its complexion materially: they were perfectly assured that Massena was safely shut up in Genoa; the feebleness of Suchet's division could not have escaped them; they were, therefore, in a perfect delirium; all they had ever wished was now, as they thought, within their grasp; the gates of fertile France appeared at length to be widely open before them—at least, they conceived that there was no means left to prevent them from being forced. As for the army of reserve at Dijon, so far from considering that as an obstacle, they had long since, from all the accounts which had reached them, been accustomed to consider it as a substantive proof of the weakness of the French government; consequently as at best only as a body of troops, that could not expect to stand against the well organized forces of Austria;—added to which, they had not the scintilla of a doubt that the arch-traitor Pichegru, who was most unworthily one of the generals of the Republic, only waited for a confirmation of their entrance into the territory of France, to immediately place himself at the head of a numerous body of royalist insurgents, at the organization of which he had traitorously connived. The valiant Austrian, however, had, without his knowledge, strangely miscalculated: weak as apparently were his opponents, he had forgotten the principal; therefore, like all ill-informed persons, he left unlooked for that which of all other things should have called forth his attention. Buonaparte was upon the move; the army of reserve at Dijon was merely a *ruse de guerre;* and, when he least expected it, he had the most unpleasant news from where he had not the most remote idea of any thing like a powerful enemy—behind him in Italy!

The consummate wisdom of the chief consul's grand project will now be apparent: fully acquainted with the precarious situation of Generals Massena and Suchet, perfectly disappointed in the conduct of General Moreau, still confident that he should quickly change the complexion of affairs, he quietly remained at the Tuilleries, until he received General

Berthier's decisive despatch from Geneva, couched in these terms:—"I wish to see you: there are orders to be given, by which three armies may act in concert, and you alone can give them in the lines: measures decided on in Paris are now too late." Bonaparte instantly quitted the capital for Dijon, where, on the 7th May, 1800, to keep up the mask, he with great military parade reviewed some seven or eight thousand raw half-clad troops, which he then committed to the care of General Brune. This gave the spies of Austria new spirits; they were positively in raptures, when they transmitted to their government the detailed accounts of the consular farce, for such it really was, seeing that Napoleon remained but two hours at Dijon, from whence, travelling all night with his usual speed, he reached Geneva on the following day. Here he was met, by appointment, by the engineer Marescot, who had been specially employed to explore the wild passes of the Great St. Bernard; and from whom he received a most appalling recital of the almost insurmountable difficulties of marching an army over those stupenduous barriers into Italy. Bonaparte, who was not to be intimidated by even greater obstacles, and who had made up his own mind to the experiment, cut the narrative of his employee short, by sternly asking him, "Is it by any means possible to pass?" To which Marescot replied, "The thing is barely practicable." This was all the Chief Consul required, rubbing his hands, and smiling, he laconically said, "Very well; *en avant* let us proceed."—Thus, while the Imperialists were indulging their jokes upon the ghostly appearance of the army of reserve, and thinking only of the insecurity of the French frontier, guarded as it was by the enfeebled and dispirited division, under General Suchet, whom they never doubted, had no chance of succour, but what it might receive from the miserable apology for an army assembled at Dijon; the Chief Consul, not contented with merely gaining a victory, which might, perhaps, have been easily accomplished, by marching on the Var, and on Genoa, but resolutely bent on surrounding the name of Buonaparte with the splendour of some fresh and uncommon achievement, he, with that intellectual vigour, as well as fearless determination, which cast such a brilliant halo around his character, resolved, at all risks, to penetrate the Italian territory, and to descend into its fertile valleys, from the stupendous eminences of the great Alps themselves, perfectly contented manfully to encounter all the predicted dangers, as well as the unquestionable difficulties, that must necessarily result from the prosecution of such an hazardous undertaking, and, like Hannibal of old, to surmount, if possible, what were generally considered insurmountable obstacles. Happily for himself, his progress was not harrassed by the assaults of living enemies; on the contrary, the hardy mountaineers flocked to his assistance, for the purpose of availing themselves of that liberal remuneration which he offered to all who were willing to lend their assistance, and alleviate the laborious duty of his soldiers. This plan, he felt, if successfully carried into execution, would enable him to fall unexpectedly upon the rear of General Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and oblige him to come to action with manifest disadvantage, seeing that, as Generals Massena and Suchet would then be on the other side of him, reverse must, under such circumstances, inevitably be fraught with ruin; this course of action having become conclusive with himself, he lost no time in making the requisite arrangements: he ordered his army to pass in four divisions by as many distinct routes: for the purpose of accelerating the march, as well as to enable him to perplex his opponents on the termination: he made his commisseriate collect an immense supply of provisions, and had also already transmitted a large sum of money to the holy fathers of the monasteries of St. Maurice and St. Bernard, who in consequence were prepared to furnish every soldier as he passed with a good luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine. The worthy hospitallers of St. Bernard have generously taken up their abode on that wild eminence, for the benevolent purpose of lessening the misery of travellers in those dreary regions, and assisting to recover those who might otherwise be lost amidst the neighbouring defiles. They keep a pack of dogs of an extraordinary breed, so well trained, that they are continually roving over these frightful eminences night and day, and not unfrequently, by their sagacity, drag to light and insure the safety of pilgrims and travellers, who may have been buried in the snow.

The transport of the artillery as well as of the ammunition, Napoleon had foreseen would become a service of extreme difficulty, he therefore immediately applied himself to the subject, and made such arrangements as might facilitate his intended project. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees previously hollowed out, and then dragged forward by sheer muscular strength; a single cannon frequently requiring the exertions of a hundred soldiers, who were harnessed to it;—the carriages and wheels were taken to pieces, slung upon poles, and thus borne upon men's shoulders; the powder and shot were packed into fir boxes, and carried by mules, for which purpose these animals were collected wherever they could be found. These preparations were made during the week that elapsed between the arrival of the chief consul at Geneva, and the commencement of the march of General Lannes.

The left wing, under General Moncey, consisting of fifteen thousand men, detached from the army of General Moreau, was ordered to debouch by the pass of the St. Gothard; while a corps of five thousand, under the orders of General Thureau, took their course over Mount Cenis. A detachment, embodying a similar number, passed by the Little St. Bernard, commanded by General Chabran; the main body, which comprised thirty-five thousand, under the chief consul in person, was reserved for the arduous task of conducting the artillery over the huge rocky barriers of the Great St. Bernard. Thus, from the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone rivers to the streams of the Isere and the Durance, a force of about sixty thousand men was prepared, along the great Alpine chain of mountains, for the adventure, and actively employed in bringing it to an issue, not one-third of whom had ever seen a shot fired in the field. All these columns were set in motion between the 15th and 18th of May, 1800. General Lannes cleared the way with the advance; the nominal commander-in-chief, Berthier, with the chief consul himself, superintending the rear guard, which, as it had the charge of the artillery, was considered by him as of the highest importance, consequently more worthy of his immediate presence to direct operations when any difficulty should occur, and which was but too frequently the case. When they reached St. Pierre, a road was no longer visible; nothing could be distinguished but long airy ridges of rock, with eternal snow, over which the goatherd, the chamois, the smuggler, and the hunter, are alone accustomed to venture, and that at the hazard of life.—Over these precipices, where to make a false step is certain death in almost bottomless chasms, caked over with frosted snow drift; beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket-shot is but too frequently found sufficient to bring down an overwhelming avalanche, the army, horse and foot, laden with warlike stores for a campaign, and dragging a park of forty field-pieces, were compelled to traverse, every moment placing them in the most imminent danger.

Description would furnish but a very impoverished picture of the immense toil endured by the soldiery, while traversing these wild, rugged, inhospitable eminences, especially those who had the charge of the great guns: it is utterly inconceivable the fatigue they sustained; climbing up the most difficult acclivities, almost inaccessible on the French side of the Alpine mountains, then descending stupendous precipices, alike fearful and unsafe, on the Italian side; while the equanimity and courage of the intrepid Napoleon was equally conspicuous in conducting and successfully carrying out this perilous undertaking. The men in front durst not halt for an instant, even to take breath, because any stoppage in the van might have thrown the succeeding columns into dangerous confusion, upon the brink of some almost perpendicular overhanging rock, the narrow pathway of which was flanked by a tremendous abyss, where a false step would have inevitably dashed the unfortunate victims headlong into the yawning cavity below; while those in the rear were obliged to flounder up to their knees in the mire occasioned by the feet of the foremost files, as well as by the hoofs of the horses and camels in the preceding divisions, trampling ice and snow into sludge. The descent into the beautiful plains of Piedmont, although well calculated to give elasticity to the flagging exertions of the men, and to buoy them up with bright prospects of the future, was not a whit less hazardous: lying along contracted paths of precipice after precipice, both steep and slippery, so much so, that in their downward march footing was often found very insecure: the chief consul himself was contented to slide nearly a hundred yards in succession, seated on his hinder quarters. During this arduous task, Bonaparte sometimes travelled upon a mule, but more commonly on foot, cheering the gallant spirits under his command, and sharing with his well-disciplined, indomitable troops in their wearisome labour.

On the 16th of May, 1800, Napoleon slept at the monastery of St. Maurice; and in the course of the four following days, his whole army had made good the passage over the Great St. Bernard. On the 20th May, 1800, the Chief Consul himself halted for an hour at the Convent of the Hospitallers, which stands upon the summit of this lofty mountain, for the purpose of personally returning the holy fathers his warmest acknowledgments for their seasonable kindness to his weary soldiers. Bonaparte was always remarkable for his generosity to any one who had ever rendered him a service. In his way over the Alps, a peasant youth had accompanied him as a guide from the convent of St. Maurice to that of St. Bernard, where they parted. Napoleon conversed familiarly with the young man, and appeared much pleased with the simplicity of his manners, as well as with the acuteness of his observations, as also at the extreme caution he used, to prevent accidents, in leading him through these terrific wilds. Previous to separating, the chief consul questioned his youthful companion respecting his personal situation, as also what were his views in life; to all these the guide replied without hesitation. Bonaparte then gave him some money, together with a note addressed to the superior of the monastery of St. Maurice: the youth took his leave, and having returned, presented the billet to the person for whom it was intended. It is easy to judge how agreeably the lad must have been surprised when he found that, in consequence of a scrap of paper which he could not read himself, his future existence was to be gladdened by a permanent increase of his means to render it comfortable. This peasant, speaking of Napoleon, depicted him as "a very dark man, with an eye that, notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sensation of fear." He described in strong colours "the striking effects of the Chief Consul's look and voice when any obstacle presented itself to check the advance of his army across that fearful wilderness, which is called emphatically 'the Valley of Desolation:' a single glance—a word, was generally sufficient to quell any feeling of dismay, and set all in motion again. If, however, the hinderance bore the appearance of being insuperable, he would order the trumpets to sound and the drums to beat, as if for the charge; and he never knew this to fail in rallying their spirits, and causing the immediate removal of the obstruction, be whatever it might." Of the conversation, however, that passed between Bonaparte and himself he recollected but little; except that, on one occasion, when wringing his beaver, soaked through with the heavy rain that had recently fallen, Napoleon, with great good humour, observed, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains.—Well! I shall find another on the other side."

General Lannes, who commanded the van, debouched 16th May, 1800, into the beautiful valley of Aoust, or Aosta, one of the Piedmontese provinces, bounded on the west by the Alps, on the north by the Valais, the mountains running into the duchy from north to south. On the day following he arrived at Chattillon, a town in Piedmont, ten miles south-east of Aosta, where he had to encounter a corps of five thousand Austrians; these he attacked and defeated. Had an enemy fallen from the clouds, the imperialists could not have been more astounded, as they had not the slightest idea of meeting a French division in that quarter. Corps after corps, joy depicted in every countenance, came down into the plentiful and verdant valley: after all their suffering, every obstacle seemed to have been surmounted, and they began to congratulate each other on the prospect of their future enjoyments, when suddenly their hilarity subsided: they perceived with great chagrin that they had still difficulties to contend with, as the progress of the van-guard was arrested by a new and unforeseen impediment; at least one, the importance of which had either not been sufficiently considered, or very imprudently much undervalued. Midway between the towns of Aosta and Ivrea, the stream of the Doria flows through a narrow defile not more than fifty yards in width, the heights on either side rising precipitously; in the midst of an abrupt conical rock stands the fortress of St. Bard, which entirely commands the river, as also a small walled town of the same name, through the heart of which lies the only passage into the road to Turin. Lannes made a vain attempt to carry this place by a *coup de main*;—the failure gave rise to a panic among the troops, which speedily communicated itself from the van to the rear; in consequence of which, orders were immediately issued to stop the descent of the artillery, and the unwelcome intelligence was despatched to the Chief Consul, who had just reached Aosta, an episcopal Piedmontese town, with a population of five thousand five hundred souls, situated about the centre of the province, between two currents of the river Baltea, which falls into the stream of the Po, on the great high road from the Alpine pass of St. Bernard to the city of Turin, the capital of the Sardinian dominions.—

He immediately set off for St. Bard, where he found the division in much confusion: Napoleon, whose master-mind was equal to every vicissitude, rarely failed to vindicate his great reputation for ready resource on all trying emergencies like the present: he took a hasty survey of the localities, then climbed the height of the Albaredo, an Alpine eminence, which rises on one side above the fort; here he satisfied himself that, although the path had hitherto been used only by the herdsman and the hunter, still the army, which had recently crossed the St. Bernard, might, by using similar efforts, make its way here also. He immediately gave orders for a single cannon to be raised to the summit of the rock; this order was executed with considerable difficulty; Bonaparte planted it with his own hand so scientifically, as to bring his shot to bear full on the bastion of St. Bard, and worked it with such precision and effect, that the main battery of the subjacent castle was quickly silenced. Soon as this was arranged, the troops commenced their toilsome march, creeping on their hands and knees along the brow of the mountain in single files, each soldier pausing for a moment to gaze on their *petit caporal* Napoleon, who, exhausted by the exertions he had made, had lain himself down on the summit of the rock, where he had fallen into a sound sleep: the main body passed after this fashion slowly but surely, and accomplished the passage without any considerable loss. Meantime, Colonel Dufour, who commanded the fifty-eighth regiment, had been directed to scale the walls of the town at nightfall; this movement was performed with such impetuosity by the Republicans, that the Austrians, unable to withstand their vigorous assault, gave way, and sought refuge in the castle, while the French soldiers made good a lodgement in the houses below. The garrison kept up a heavy cannonade for some hours, pouring down grape-shot at half-musket distance from the enemy; but at length the firing ceased, as it is supposed, out of compassion to the inhabitants: thus, before daybreak, the indefatigable Chief Consul had effected his main purpose. With a view to deafen the sound, as well as to deceive the Imperialists, Bonaparte, who was never at fault for a stratagem, caused the streets of the town to be thickly covered over with straw. He then ordered the artillery to be also concealed by straw and branches of trees, and thus dragged through the town, under the very guns of St. Bard, without exciting the slightest suspicion in the garrison as to what was going forward; the deceit answered its purpose, for on the ensuing morning the Austrian commandant despatched a messenger to the commander-in-chief, Melas, informing him that a large division of Frenchmen had certainly passed the goat tracts of Albaredo, but it was equally certain that it was without cannon. Meanwhile, Napoleon, who never suffered himself to slumber over his projects, was hastening with cavalry, foot, and artillery, upon Ivrea, an ancient episcopal town in Piedmont, well defended with a fort, a citadel, and a castle, seated between two hills on the stream of the Doria, twenty miles north of Turin, in 7° 48′ east longitude, 45° 22′ north latitude: his march thither was unopposed; when, however, he reached the town, it was not until after two days' hard fighting that an entrance could be forced; when the garrison having greatly suffered, at last withdrew. Bonaparte now pursued the road to Turin, in the course of which the vanguard had to sustain another severe conflict at the bridge of Chiusilla, a Piedmontese town, ten miles from Coni, where he was opposed by ten thousand Austrians, who had been very advantageously posted for its defence: Lannes, with his wonted impetuosity broke them, and made them retreat, the French troops pursuing them as far as Orca, by which they cut them off from the imperial magazines at Chevagno, and also captured a large quantity of military stores, which had been embarked on the river Po. The advance had now pressed forward to within a single march of the Sardinian capital Turin, while General Murat occupied the Sardinian town of Vercelli, in Piedmont, the see of a bishop, containing twenty thousand inhabitants, seated at the conflux of the Cerva with the Cesia, forty miles north-east of Turin, in 8° 24′ east longitude, 45° 31′ north latitude. The other divisions of the army, those of Moncey, Chabran, and Thureau, having happily accomplished their several Alpine journeys, were pouring down from the different passes upon the fruitful valley, gradually converging towards the appointed rendezvous on the river Ticino, which has its source in Switzerland, on the south side of the St. Gothard, flowing through the canton of the same name, also through the lake Maggiore, whence it passes to Pavia in the Milanese, and then joins the stream of the Po, at a short distance beyond: the Chief Consul had thus overrode difficulties considered almost insurmountable; he had nobly achieved his object, and was in a condition to open the campaign substantively against the imperial commander, General Melas, who had made a desperate effort, 22d May, 1800, to force the passage of the Var, in which he had been most resolutely opposed by General Suchet, who had valiantly maintained his line of defence on the old frontier of France.

It was close upon the heels of his discomfiture by General Suchet, in the projected invasion of France, that the commander-in-chief, Melas, received the first intelligence of the movements of the Chief Consul, as also of the defeat of a corps of Imperialists by General Lannes at the Bridge of Chiusilla. This unwelcome news induced him to abandon any further attempt against Suchet, for the purpose of opposing his troops to those of the successful Napoleon, the real army of reserve, nominally under the command of General Berthier, who had pushed forward with great celerity, and between the 1st and 4th of June, 1800, crossed the stream of the Ticino with his whole force, and once more, on the 2nd of June, entered the important city of Milan, where he was most enthusiastically received.

Bonaparte remained in the Milanese capital six days, during which numbers flocked from all parts of Lombardy, to congratulate their liberator, as they now called him, on his return: he also received many deputations on the aspect of public affairs, which it was wished he would once more regulate, at the same time informing him that a great number of the warmest Italian patriots still groaned in the Austrian dungeons: upon this he busied himself with re-organizing the Cisalpine republic, after which he addressed the troops, in which he said:—

"The Chief Consul to the Army of Reserve, Milan, June 6th, 1800, year VIII. Soldiers! one of our departments was in the power of the enemy; consternation reigned over the whole of the south of France—the greater part of the territory of the Ligurians, the most faithful friends of the republic, was invaded—the Cisalpine republic, annihilated by the last campaign, was become the sport of a ridiculous feudal domination.

"Soldiers! you march—and the French territory is already free! consternation and dread are succeeded by joy and hope in our country! You will restore liberty and independence to the people of Genoa, who will for ever be delivered from their eternal foes! You are in the capital of the Cisalpine! The enemy, panic-struck, hopes to regain the frontiers. You have taken from them their stores, their magazines, and their reserve of artillery. The first act of the campaign is ended.

"You hear daily, millions of men manifest their gratitude to you; but shall the violation of the French soil pass unpunished? Will you suffer those soldiers who have carried terror into your families, to return to their fire-sides? You rush to arms! Well, then, march to meet them; oppose their retreat, snatch from them the laurels with which they have decked themselves; and thereby teach the world that a malediction rests upon all madmen who dare to insult the territory of the great nation: the result of our efforts will be UNCLOUDED GLORY AND SOLID PEACE.

"The Chief Consul, BONAPARTE."

At this time General Lannes, after numerous skirmishes with the Austrians, occupied Pavia, a fortified city in the Milanese, in 9° 15′ east longitude, 45° 13′ north latitude, seated in a beautiful plain, on the stream of the Tesino, near its confluence with the river Po, seventeen miles south of Milan, and celebrated for its university; Generals Chabran and Thureau threatened the city of Turin by two different routes; the face of affairs having been so quickly altered, at last pointed out to the Austrian commander the imminent danger to which he exposed himself, by lingering inactive and indecisive, as he had done for several days, in the open country of Piedmont: therefore, alive to the ineligibility of his position, he pushed forward, and established his head-quarters at Alessandria; seeing also that he must hazard a battle, which would in all probability decide the fate of the Italian provinces, he began to collect his scattered columns, that by concentrating his force, he might be in a better condition to meet the coming event.

When the imperial commander Melas retreated, the French general Suchet was not slow to avail himself of the circumstance: he also had gained information of Bonaparte's descent from the Alpine mountains; in consequence, he directly put his troops in motion, crossed the river Var, resumed the offensive, and at the point of the bayonet carried Vintimiglia, a Sardinian town, in the territory of Genoa, situated at the mouth of the waters of the Rotta, on the Mediterranean Sea, twenty miles north-east of Nice, in 7° 37′ east longitude, 43° 58′ north latitude: pursuing his career, he obtained the command of two defiles, first that of Braus, then that of Col-de-Tende, progressing from which, he re-occupied his old position at Melagno, while his advanced guard penetrated as far as Savona, a strong town in the Sardinian states, in the Genoese territory, its citadel surmounting a rock, seated on the Mediterranean Ocean, twenty-four miles west south-west of Genoa, in 8° 20′ east longitude, 44° 18′ north latitude.

From the first moment that General Massena threw himself into Genoa, he had been closely blockaded as well by sea as by land; the English fleet under Lord Keith prevented communication from the shore, while forty thousand Austrians, under General Ott, lay watching him on the land side; yet, in despite of all this vigilance, he was enabled to re-victual his garrison, who most gallantly held out. Massena heroically kept possession of the semi-circular chain of heights for a considerable time; to dislodge him from which a desperate effort was made, 3rd April, 1800, but which signally failed: superior numbers, however, at last grew too much for him, and he was shut up within the walls of the city, where a large portion of the population was friendly to the Imperialists, consequently hostile to the French cause. Notwithstanding the severe duty of the garrison, as well as its privations from the want of provisions, the heroism of the French soldiery was never more brilliantly displayed—never was a fortress more vigilantly or more valiantly defended. General Massena made continual sorties, in which, for the most part, he had the advantage; but famine spread its desolating horrors, and conquered his resolution. This is an enemy against which the most courageous cannot successfully contend. On the 26th May, 1800, a cavalry officer arrived with the cheering news of the approach of Napoleon: the advance of an army headed by a general whom they so much revered filled them with confidence—the idea of prompt relief made them endure their present painful condition with patience—the experience of former campaigns had taught them to learn what they might expect from his active disposition.

A convoy of corn, the last hope of the beleagured city, had been taken by the English, in consequence of which cocoa was served out to the inhabitants. At this period there were eight thousand Austrian prisoners; these had until now received their rations equally with the garrison; this, however, was no longer possible, of which circumstance Massena hastened to acquaint the blockading General Ott, requesting that he would send in provisions for the prisoners, at the same time he pledged his word of honour that "no portion of them should be diverted from the purpose for which they were intended." The Austrian commander, who himself depended for his supplies upon assistance from the fleet, forwarded the application to the English Admiral, Lord Keith, intimating his wish that the request, which he considered reasonable, should be complied with—this, however, was refused: the consequence was a subsequent coolness between the two commanders. In this cruel situation day after day had passed without bringing the expected alleviation of their sufferings—the murmurs became loud and strong; at last patience appeared exhausted:—the women assembled tumultuously, demanding "Bread or death:" every thing was to be apprehended from the despair of so numerous a population, who were actually famishing; every thing eatable, even the shoes and knapsacks of the soldiers, having been devoured. Thus situated, Massena at length yielded to stern necessity; he promised that, if succours should not arrive within twenty-four hours, he would then treat: he kept his word—on the very next day he sent Adjutant General Andrieux to open negotiations with General Ott and Admiral Lord Keith.

It is not unworthy the philosopher to contemplate by what very slender threads the most momentous human concerns are frequently suspended:—the 2d June, 1800, is remarkable for the coincidence to which it gave birth: it was then that Massena, with a starving garrison, made propositions for the surrender of Genoa to the enemy; while at the same time Bonaparte triumphantly entered the city of Milan, where his soldiers luxuriated in the greatest plenty: on the same day, two officers, one Austrian, the other French, charged with very opposite missions, met each other in the anti-chamber of the Imperial General Ott; the latter came to treat for the surrender of Genoa, the former brought an imperative order from his commander-in-chief, General Melas, to immediately raise the blockade of that city, and forthwith to march the beleaguering army upon the river Po:—Here fortune and misfortune met in juxta-position at the same moment in the same chamber. Had it so happened that the French offer had been delayed for two or three hours, or that the Imperial despatch had arrived two or three hours earlier, or that the two officers, when they met, had become cognizant of the nature of each other's business, the face of affairs would have been very materially changed—Genoa would have been saved—this furnishes the key to the favourable terms granted to Massena: the fact is, there was no time for delay on the part of the Austrian: the thing, if not done off hand, could not have been brought to bear: Ott clearly saw the danger of permitting twelve thousand men to quit Genoa without they were prisoners of war; but what could he do?—A few hours would disclose his actual position, and the bird would escape from his cage in despite of him; it was, therefore, finally stipulated that eight thousand five hundred men of the garrison should quit the place by land, while General Massena should go by sea to Antibes, a French town in the department of Var, seated on the Mediterranean Ocean, in 7° 7′ east longitude, 43° 35′ north latitude, with a strong castle, eleven miles south-south-west of Nice. When all was arranged, Lord Keith was pleased to compliment General Massena upon the gallantry of his defence, observing that—"his courage had been such that no terms could be too good for him." It must be admitted that Massena was a little too hasty in accepting the terms offered, as the slightest reflection would have convinced him that their favourable character was the result of unpleasant news, not the emanation of generous feeling, and that such news could only be the consequence of the success of Bonaparte: he ought, therefore, to have hesitated. The word "capitulation" was omitted, and the French marched out with arms and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, when the land division immediately joined General Suchet. Although General Ott succeeded in entering the city of Genoa, it was found that he very unprofitably spent his time lingering before that place, while the ever alert Napoleon was making such rapid strides in advance of his gigantic project.

Bonaparte was miserably disappointed by the conduct of General Moreau, who had under his command the fine army of the Rhine, upon the numerical strength of which Napoleon had made great reliance. He had been ordered by the Chief Consul, even at the hazard of placing the army under Field Marshal Kray between himself and France, to press forward to Ulm, a well fortified German city of Wirtemberg, seated at the confluence of the river Blau with that of the Danube, opposite the influx of the stream of the Her, in 9° 56′ east longitude, 48° 24 north latitude, thirty-eight miles west by north, from Augsburg, and forty miles south-east of Stutgard; and at all hazards prevent Kray from opening any communication with Italy by way of the Tyrol; he was also to detach fifteen thousand men, for the separate service of passing into Piedmont by the defiles of St. Gothard, a celebrated mountain, rising five thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the Swiss canton of Uri. When he should thus have Bavaria and Suabia in his power, he was to march under the walls of Vienna: but it would appear that Moreau was inadequate to such exertion; that the bold giant-like conceptions of Bonaparte were beyond his capabilities. The Antipodes themselves are scarcely more distant from each other than was the characters of these two generals, who, although confessedly officers of superior talents, were, nevertheless, in the field as dissimilar as possible, to say nothing of their abilities as statesmen, where the distinction was much broader.

One was the child of genius, rich in expedient and full of self-confidence: the other was the creature of routine, meagre in device, relying more on others than himself.

Bonaparte could draw plentifully upon his own resources, and often turned even disaster to good account: Moreau was deficient in resources, and not unfrequently marred those which he derived from others, sometimes rendering even victory itself useless in his hands.

The first was daring, rapid in his movements, fertile in stratagem, with great presence of mind: the latter was cautious, not very happy in manœuvres, and tardy in his operations.

Had General Moreau debouched according to his instructions, the Austrian would have been taken by surprise, defeated, half his army made prisoners, and the campaign decided in a fortnight. He rendered useless all the blood spilled on the field of battle at Engen by his indecision, hesitating what course to pursue the whole of the following day: the Austrian thus had always time for counter movements, and, though inferior in numbers, was superior in the field. The French army was at one time entangled eight days in the midst of ravines, forests, and defiles; and, instead of being concentrated, as Napoleon wished it should, it was extended sixty miles. "This was," to use the Chief Consul's own expression, "positively defying the enemy and fortune at the same time." Indeed, the whole campaign was a series of blunders. The same demonstration was reiterated in the short space of forty days: this was sufficiently encouraging to the imperialist, who, had he profited of all the advantages thrown in his way, must inevitably have driven his opponent back into Switzerland. It was at one time in the contemplation of Bonaparte to take the command in Germany upon himself; and it is more than probable he would have done so, had not circumstances rendered his return to Paris indispensable. So sluggish had been the movements of General Moreau, that it was the 15th July, 1800, the very day on which an armistice was signed, before he had established his head-quarters at Augsburg, a fortified German city in Suabia, seated between the streams of the Werdach and the Lech, in 10° 50′ east longitude, 48° 17′ north latitude, thirty miles north-west of Munich, where he was for the first time in a condition to reinforce the Italian army, or to march into the heart of the Austrian states: the splendid victory of Napoleon at Marengo rendered either movement unnecessary.

If the conduct of Moreau be compared with the foresight as well as accuracy exhibited by Napoleon, previous to undertaking his meditated enterprise of crossing the almost impassable Alpine chain at the Great St. Bernard, whose summit is eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and subsequent descent into the beautiful valley of Piedmont, the discrepancy between these two warriors will become strikingly apparent. As early as March, 1800, Bonaparte ordered Chauchard's great map of Italy to be unrolled upon the floor of his study; then stretching himself at full length upon the delineation, he began to stick into it, in various directions, a number of pins, the heads of which had been previously covered, some with black, others with red sealing-wax—the latter to represent the French army, the former that of the Austrians. Having placed the pins to his liking, he commenced drawing out those with the red tops, at the same time asking his secretary, with a smile, "Do you think I shall beat Melas?" Who very naturally answered, "Why, how can I tell?" To which the Chief Consul replied, with some warmth, "Go! you are a simpleton!—Look here: Melas is at Alessandria, where he has his head quarters; his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves, are all there; he will remain in that position until Genoa surrender. Passing the Alps here," pointing to the Great St. Bernard, "I fall upon Melas, cut off his communication with Austria, and I meet him here, in the plains of Scrivia." sticking a red-headed pin upon San Juliano. Perceiving that Bourienne only contemplated this campaign of the pins as mere pastime, Napoleon became rather angry, and dismissed the subject with requesting him to "bear in mind the operations he had seen him mark out." When afterwards Bonaparte beheld the army of reserve formed, and everything completed to his mind, he observed, "This is all as I wished it: I hope to fall on the Austrian's rear before he shall be aware that I am even in Italy: that is, provided Genoa hold out, and it is Massena who defends it." All this actually happened as he had predicted; and some few months afterwards his secretary absolutely found himself at San Juliano, writing from Napoleon's dictation after a great and successful battle.

When the Chief Consul entered Milan, he was for some days ignorant of the fall of Genoa, which was communicated to him twenty-four hours before he received the official intelligence by some Milanese patriots, who had taken refuge in that city, but after its fall had made their way back to their own country, by crossing the mountains: The division under General Moncey had not then arrived. Conceiving, therefore, that the blockading army was widely separated from that under General Melas, the Chief Consul speculated by a sudden movement to pass the river Po, before the Austrian commander-in-chief should be aware that he was in that neighbourhood; in which case he could either attack General Ott, and relieve Genoa, or, if it were found more practicable, force Melas himself to accept battle, unsupported by Ott's division. Pursuing this arrangement, General Lannes, with the French van, pushed forward to Montebello early on the morning of the 9th June, 1800, where, to his great surprise, he found a strong corps of Austrians, consisting of eighteen thousand men, the flower of General Ott's army, while his own force did not exceed eight thousand. This was fearful odds; but the intrepid Lannes sustained their attack nobly, when a sanguinary battle ensued, in which the republican general covered himself with glory. The ground was favourable for cavalry, in which the Austrian was greatly superior; the fields were clothed with very tall crops of rye, so that the combatants were frequently almost within bayonet's length ere they were aware of each other's presence. It was nearly a conflict of man against man, continued at an immense cost of human gore; both parties fought with desperation. About mid day, Victor's division came up: this decided the contest—victory proclaimed for the French standards. The field was thickly strewn with the bodies of the wounded, the dying, and the dead.—The Austrian retreated, after losing three thousand killed, leaving six thousand prisoners with General Lannes, who was stained all over with blood. He subsequently formed one of the new French nobility, being created Duke of Montebello by Bonaparte when emperor, in memory of his gallant conduct on this day of dreadful havoc, in which so many human beings were consigned to the arms of death, besides thousands who were mangled and rendered cripples for life.

Napoleon had by this time gained intelligence of the fall of Genoa, and immediately concluded that the Austrian commander-in-chief had concentrated his army; in consequence, he dispatched an aid-de-camp to General Suchet, with orders for him to traverse the mountains by the Col di Cadibona, and then march on the Scrivia, by which movement he would place himself in the rear of the enemy. Bonaparte himself took up a position of great strength at Stradella, a Sardinian town in the Milanese, seated on the stream of the Versa near the river Po, ten miles south-east of Pavia, defended by a castle.

It was on the evening of the day on which this ever-memorable battle was fought that General Dessaix, with his aides-de-camp Rapp and Savary, arrived at head-quarters. On leaving Egypt, Napoleon had ordered General Kleber to send Dessaix to France in the course of November, 1799. This order had been complied with, and the latter general had landed at Frejus shortly after the establishment of the consular government, where he found a letter from the Chief Consul, urging him to join him without delay. Many impediments, however, intervened to prevent Dessaix presenting himself to his friend, whom he really loved, so early as he could have wished. He was yet in France when the news of the passage of the Great St. Bernard was promulgated; upon hearing which he exclaimed, "He will leave us nothing to do!" and immediately commenced his journey, travelling post night and day, until he threw himself into the Chief Consul's arms. They were delighted to see each other, and the night was spent in conversation respecting what had occurred in the Egyptian province since Bonaparte had quitted that country; the details of the campaign in Upper Egypt were canvassed; the negotiations at El-Arish scrutinized; the composition of the Grand Vizier's great Turkish army examined; the battle of Heliopolis was reviewed, as well as the present situation of the French army in that region. In the course of the conference, Bonaparte, with some warmth, said, "How could you, Dessaix, put your name to the capitulation of El-Arish?" The reply to this was, although, perhaps, not very pleasant to the ears of Napoleon, "I did it, and I would do it again, because the commander-in-chief was not willing to remain in Egypt; and because, in an army at a distance from home, and beyond the influence of the government, the inclinations of the commander-in-chief are equivalent to those of five-sixths of the troops. I always had the greatest contempt for the army of the Grand Vizier, which I have closely observed. I wrote to Kleber that I would undertake to repulse it with my division alone. If you had left me the command of the army of Egypt, and taken Kleber away with you, I would have preserved that fine province for you, and you never should have heard a word about the capitulation;—but, however, things turned out well, and Kleber made up at Heliopolis for the mistakes he had been committing for six months."—The Chief Consul immediately gave his friend the command of a division. The high opinion Napoleon entertained of both him and Kleber may be gathered from his own words when speaking of them:—

"Of all the generals," said he, "I ever had under me, Dessaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents, especially the former, as the other only loved glory inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasure, whereas Dessaix loved glory for itself, and despised everything else. He was wholly wrapped up in war and glory; to him riches and pleasures were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than myself, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapped up in a cloak, Dessaix would throw himself under a gun, where he slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace For him luxury had no charms: upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, The Just Sultan. He was intended by nature for a great general."

It would appear that General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Imperialists, as well as the cabinet of Vienna, were to the very last incredulous as to the appearance of a French force in Piedmont. In an intercepted despatch written by the Aulic Council to the Austrian general, even the existence of the army of reserve was positively denied; while General Melas himself, in a letter to his mistress at Pavia, observed, "They say in Lombardy that a French army has entered Italy; but don't be afraid, and on no account leave Pavia." Twelve hours afterwards General Lannes was in that very city. Melas attributed his critical situation to defective information, as also to the erroneous orders of his court. The old general, however, prepared to cut his way through the Chief Consul's army; the chances of victory were certainly on the side of the Austrian: he had under his command forty-five thousand men, including eighteen thousand cavalry, in which were embodied the splendid squadrons of General Elsnitz. The army of the French at Marengo, including the reserve of eight thousand under Dessaix, was not more than twenty-eight thousand, of which not quite four thousand were cavalry.

As the locality of Stradella was illy suited to cavalry movements, Bonaparte was extremely desirous that Melas should make his attack at that place. Three days, however, elapsed without the appearance of the desired enemy: this induced the belief that Melas had given him the slip, and had made up his mind either to march to the left, cross the stream of the Ticino, and occupy Milan, with a view to reopen his communication with Vienna, or, by turning to the right, fall back upon Genoa, overwhelm Suchet, and thus station himself where he could provision his army through the agency of the English fleet; or, should necessity compel, he could embark his troops, carry them round to the other side of the peninsula, and place him once more between the imperial army and the German states. Perplexed with these apprehensions, Napoleon descended into the level expanse of Marengo, on which he had, not without reason, been unwilling to receive the onset of the imperial commander-in-chief, with his Austrian cavalry. On the 11th June, 1800, the Chief Consul was at Volghera; the next day found him at San Juliano, in the very centre of the great plain, but still no enemy presented himself. On the 13th, Bonaparte mounted his charger early in the morning, and spent the whole day in reconnoitring, it being nightfall when he returned to the camp, so completely drenched with rain, that he was hardly able to dismount; his legs were so benumbed with cold and wet, that it was with difficulty he walked to a miserable hut, into which a few faggots were brought, and the intrepid Napoleon was fain to dry himself in the best manner he could. In this uncertainty, the Chief Consul advanced to the village of Marengo, three miles south-east of Alessandria, where nothing met his eye but a scanty outpost, which retreated before him. As his anxiety increased, he next day detached General Dessaix to watch the road to Genoa, while another, division under General Murat, was sent towards Scrivia. Dessaix was already half a day's march from head-quarters, when intelligence reached Bonaparte which induced him speedily to call in all his detachments. The Austrian, for whom he had so long waited, was advancing: on the evening of the 13th June, 1800, General Melas mustered his whole army in front of Alessandria, separated from the plains of Marengo only by the river Bormida; on the 14th, in the morning, he passed that stream at three several points, and bore down upon the republicans in as many columns. Notwithstanding the great inferiority in point of numbers of the army under Napoleon, as well as the superiority of Melas in his cavalry, still the Chief Consul hesitated not an instant to accept battle. The French, under General Gardanne, occupied the small hamlet of *Padre Bona*, a little in front of Marengo; at the village which overlooks a narrow ravine that forms the channel of a rivulet, General Victor was stationed with the main body of the first line, the extreme right resting on *Castel Ceriola*, another hamlet almost parallel with Marengo; General Kellerman, with a brigade of cavalry, was posted immediately in the rear of General Victor, for the protection of his flanks; a thousand yards behind General Victor the second line was formed, under General Lannes, protected in like manner by a brigade of cavalry under General Champeaux; again, at about an equal distance in the rear of General Lannes, was placed the third line, consisting of the division under General St. Cyr, together with the consular guard, reckoned the best troops in the field, under the conduct of Bonaparte himself. On reaching the open plain, the imperial heavy infantry formed into two lines: the first under General Haddick, considerably in advance of the other, commanded by Melas in person, having under him, as his second, General Zach. These moved steadily forward towards Marengo, while the light infantry and cavalry, under General Elsnitz, made a detour round *Castel Ceriola*, with the intention to turn the right of the republicans.

This was the posture of the two armies when this eventful devastating battle commenced. The charge of the Imperalists was made with such impetuosity, that General Gardanne was unable to withstand the shock; he gave way, abandoned *Padre Bona*, and fell back upon General Victor. This was followed by a tremendous cannonade along the whole front; the tirailleurs of the contending armies bearded each other, their pieces almost touching, along the opposite margins of the ravine. As the separation between the combatants was only a few toises, cannon and musketry made dreadful havoc. The French general, Victor, bravely withstood the furious assaults of a far superior force of Imperialists for more than two hours; Marengo had been captured and retaken several times: Generals Lannes, Berthier, and Murat, sent courier after courier to the Chief Consul, to inform him that the troops were giving way. He coolly replied—"Hold out as long as possible; when you cannot, fall back." At length General Victor's division, unable longer to contend with such unequal numbers, was thrown into disorder. The second line advanced when the first was found in full retreat, and the two corps took up a fresh line of defence considerably in the rear of Marengo. Here they were again vigorously attacked by the Austrians, and again, after a most determined resistance, were compelled to give way. General Elsnitz, with his splendid cavalry, began to pour his squadrons upon the retreating columns of General Lannes; but that valiant chief formed his soldiers *en echelon*, a French military term, which implies that one division regularly follows the other, like the steps of a ladder, and retired in admirable order; so perfectly collected was he, that his troops consumed three-quarters of an hour in retiring, three-quarters of a league exposed to the grape-shot from eighty pieces of artillery. The retreat had now, however, become general: the plain was covered with fugitives, who exclaimed—"All is lost." At this critical moment Napoleon despatched his consular guard, comprising eight hundred grenadiers, to take a station on the right, five hundred toises distant from General Lannes, for the purpose of keeping the enemy in check, and then hastened in person to support him with the seventy-second demi-brigade; at the same time, he directed General St Cyr, with his division, to march to *Castel Ceriolo*, on the extreme right, in order to outflank the entire left of the enemy. At this period, the army perceived the Chief Consul in the middle of this immense plain, surrounded by his staff, and two hundred horse grenadiers: this proved sufficient to inspire his flying troops with the hope of victory; their confidence revived, the fugitives rallied upon San Juliano, in the rear of the left of General Lannes' division. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Republicans still continued to defend the principal road, as also the defile. At this appalling moment, when cannon-balls were tearing up the ground under his horse's feet, the earth around him strewed with the mangled limbs of the dead and the dying, Bonaparte appeared to brave death; he saw the terrible tempest issuing from the enemy's artillery, without appearing to regard it; no change in his countenance was visible, no agitation marked his manner, his orders were given with both precision and coolness: turning to some of the flying soldiers, he said to them:—"Recollect that it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle." This reproof had the desired effect; most of them returned to their duty, animated with fresh ardour, and anxious to wipe out the stain of leaving their colours: at this period, General Dessaix, with his division, appeared on the outskirts of the field; riding up to the Chief Consul, he said, very emphatically, "I think this is a battle lost." Napoleon replied, with equal emphasis, "And I think it is a battle won; do you push on, and I will speedily rally the line behind you." Victory, which seemed to have forsaken her favourite child, appeared again to countenance his efforts: the fortune of the day was turned. Bonaparte, whose presence of mind never deserted him, nor ever gave up any thing while the scintilla of a chance remained, who was never at a loss to avail himself of any favourable circumstance, then drew up his whole army on a third line of battle, and rode along the front, saying:—"Soldiers, we have retired far enough, let us now advance." Thus addressed, the enthusiasm of the troops was completely restored. The brave Dessaix led on a fresh column of five thousand grenadiers, and began to act on the offensive. He was met by the advance of General Zach, when a terrible conflict was the result, in which the courageous Republican fell at the first fire, mortally wounded. His death was worthy of his life: "Tell the Chief Consul," said he to young Le Brun, who stood beside him, "I only regret I have not lived long enough to be known to posterity;" but he had, his fame will never die. When Napoleon, in the heat of the engagement, saw his friend stretched upon the earth, in the cold arms of death, he appeared greatly moved:—"Alas!" said he, "why is it not permitted me to weep?" When the soldiery beheld their beloved Dessaix fall, it redoubled the fury of his followers: the first line of the imperial infantry charged with equal resolution: at that moment the cavalry, under General Kellerman, made an unexpected assault upon their flank; their ranks were broken, and after a valorous, but vain, struggle, they were obliged to surrender: General Zach himself was also made prisoner. The Austrian columns in the rear, who were advancing, flushed as they supposed with victory, now found themselves unable to resist the impetuosity of the French line, which now pressed upon them, led on under the immediate command of the irresistible Bonaparte himself; post after post was carried. The fine cavalry of General Elsnitz, perceiving the imperial infantry broken and in confusion, lost heart; when, instead of forming to protect its retreat, they turned their horses heads, and galloped over the plain, trampling down all who came in their way. The rout was complete; and when at length the fugitives reached the stream, their disorder is not to be described; hundreds of them were drowned by their impatience to pass the river; the waters of the Bormida rolled red, amidst the dead bodies of horses and men. Several corps, unable to effect a passage yielded to their conquerors. At ten o'clock in the evening of the same day, the Austrian commander, Melas, with great difficulty, rallied the remnant of that magnificent array on the very ground which it had left in the morning, with the full confidence of themselves being the victors: such is the uncertainty of warfare; so frequently are the brightest prospects blighted at the moment of their most cheering appearance.

Thus terminated one of the most brilliant military encounters on record, greatly to the consternation of the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces, who was certainly deceived in his view of the affair: when the Republicans at one time were retreating in disorder, he considered the contest as already decided in favour of his troops, and retired from the field of action, leaving his second in command, General Zach, to finish the business, which he erroneously considered would be nothing more than a mere pursuit of the flying enemy: had he, perhaps, have followed up his advantage with the whole of his reserve, a far different result might have attended this hard-fought battle. The loss of the Austrians in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was fifteen thousand men; the French also suffered severely. After the engagement, Napoleon chanced to meet a great number of the wounded, when, in tones of the deepest affliction, he remarked to his staff, "We cannot but regret not being wounded like them, in order to participate in their sufferings."

After this signal defeat, the Imperalist, Melas, perfectly aware that General Suchet was marching on his rear, felt disinclined to continue hostilities; the next day he sent a flag of truce, with an offer to negotiate, in which he proposed to abandon Genoa, together with all the strong places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, provided he were allowed to march the remains of his army unmolested to the rear of Mantua. This proposal was readily accepted by the Chief Consul, who had thus at one *coup* regained nearly all that the French had lost in Italy, during the disastrous campaign of 1799; there was also another object of importance attached to this convention: it was known that an English army was on the ocean, with an intention to land in the Genoese territory, for the purpose of uniting with that of Austria: thus, by regaining possession of the port of Genoa, before the British troops could arrive, he entirely frustrated that project.

All having been thus settled in favour of the Republicans, by which it was fully evinced that the French troops were still what they were wont to be under good commanders; the Chief Consul having also added fresh laurels to his former fame, and encircled his brow with a halo of unrivalled effulgence, returned, 17th June, 1800, in triumph to the city of Milan, where he put the finishing hand to the re-construction of the Cisalpine Republic: a festival, upon the most magnificent scale, was got up by the citizens and well-wishers to the freedom of Italy, to which the conquering hero was most cordially invited, and at which he was joyfully received amidst the most deafening plaudits from the delighted assemblage, who seemed to vie with each other in doing honour to their intrepid warlike guest. After this sumptuous banquet, the command of the army of Italy was bestowed by Napoleon upon General Massena, while General Jourdan was, at the same time, appointed French Minister in Piedmont, which really conferred upon him the authority of governor of that province; these arrangements having been concluded, the Chief Consul set out on his return to Paris: in the course of his journey to the French metropolis, he halted at the noble city of Lyons, where he laid the first stone of the *Place de Bellecour*, about to be erected on the ruins of the great square destroyed during the revolution. He reached the palace of the Tuilleries about midnight, 2nd July, 1800, covered with the most honourable testimonials of public gratitude. Two months had not elapsed since he quitted the gay city from which he departed on his felicitous expedition, 6th May, 1800: in this brief space of time what wonders had been accomplished by the exercise of his splendid, almost unrivalled talents! in what a different position had he placed France to what he found it on his return from Egypt! The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded, it exceeded every thing that has ever been recorded in the triumphal entry of the most renowned warriors; for many nights in succession every house was illuminated; the people flocked in crowds around the gardens of the Tuilleries, anxious to behold the man whom they deemed the Saviour of the Republic; contented if, after waiting for hours, they only caught a glance of him whose fame was dear to all true lovers of their country. This expression of public joy was much augmented from the circumstance that very different tidings had been expected, which, had they been realized, far from exciting their feelings of hilarity, would have almost, if not quite, plunged them into despair: the fact is, a commercial traveller had left the field of battle about noon on the 14th June, 1800, when the French troops, having been driven out of Marengo, were falling back in confusion; this person, after a rapid journey, had arrived at Paris with the disastrous news of the total defeat of the French army; those who envied the elevation of Bonaparte were not slow to advantage themselves of this unpleasant intelligence. His enemies immediately commenced an intrigue for the purpose of enforcing his deposition from the office of Chief Consul, proposing to invest the then minister of war, Carnot, with the supreme authority; it so happened, however, that in the midst of their most strenuous exertions for his overthrow, he unexpectedly arrived at the Tuilleries, decorated with the laurels of a victory, perhaps never equalled: this put an end to their machinations; they were confounded; the scandal of their malicious scheme recoiled upon themselves, they shrunk into holes and corners, glad to hide their disgraceful heads wherever they could find a refuge; from this moment it is indisputable that Napoleon looked upon his minisser Carnot not only with jealousy but with absolute aversion.

The National Institute, which now considered itself truly aggrandized by the great celebrity of their consular warrior, held an extra sitting for the purpose of congratulating him on his victorious return, and expressing their sense of the honour conferred on their body by his being enrolled as one of their members.

Napoleon's own account of this extraordinary battle, as delivered by him at this meeting of the National Institute at Paris, will perhaps give as clear a conception of that splendid affair as can be obtained:—

"I had Dessaix," said he, "who was my sheet anchor. I opened the whole army by an extremely rapid movement: I formed the two wings of Dessaix, and I showed them six thousand fresh troops. A tremendous discharge of artillery, and a desperate charge at the point of the bayonet, broke their line, and cut their two wings. I then ordered Kellerman to attack them with eight hundred horse; and, as cavalry march quicker than infantry, they cut off from the rest of their army the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers, in sight of the Austrian cavalry: but this was half a league off; they required a quarter of an hour to arrive, and I have always observed that it is these quarters of an hour which decide the fate of battles. Kellerman's troops threw the grenadiers towards our infantry—they were instantly made prisoners. The Austrian cavalry then arrived; but our infantry was in line, its cannon in the front: a fine discharge, and a barrier of bayonets, prevented their attack; they retired somewhat in disorder. I pressed them with three regiments which had just joined me; they deployed, and, in seeking to pass the bridge of Bormida, which is very narrow, a great many were drowned in the river. They were pursued till night.

"I learned after the battle from several general officers who were my prisoners, that, in the midst of their success, they were not without inquietude—they had a secret presentiment of their defeat. During the action they questioned our prisoners, asking them, 'Where's General Bonaparte?'—'He is in the rear,' they replied; and those who had already fought against me in Italy, who knew my custom to reserve myself for the end, exclaimed, 'Then our day's work is not yet done.' They confessed, also, that when I showed myself at the first line, they were completely deceived, that they believed all my reserve were engaged. In battle there is always a moment, when all the brave men have done their best, when they seek nothing better than to run away; but these are misgivings of the heart—they want a pretext: the talent is to give them one. You thus see, two armies are two bodies which encounter each other; there is a moment of panic which must be seized. All this is nothing but mechanism and moral principle: see what it is to be a member of the Institute. In fact, all this is nothing but habitude: when we have seen many affairs, we distinguish the moment to a nicety; it is as common as a sum in arithmetic."

There were not wanting those who, not possessing talent themselves, but envious of it in others, and who, combining this with an unconquerable hatred to the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, because he had thwarted their schemes, they branded as a Corsican, were extremely desirous to ascribe the brilliant victory of Marengo to General Dessaix. This, however, is warmly opposed by an officer of rank, who was by no means an admirer of Napoleon, nor friendly to his ambition. Commenting on this memorable affair, he thus proceeds:—"Those who can assert such a thing must be totally ignorant of all military concerns, and probably say it only through envy. Bonaparte's talents as a general were never more distinguished than on that day: he saved every thing by defending the narrow defile on the side of the village of Marengo, till Dessaix's corps should come up; and perhaps there is no other general in the world who could have kept his men at the defile as he did, exposed all the time to such a dreadful fire from the enemy. It required all his talents, all his coolness, all his presence of mind, all his insensibility to personal danger—for he was himself exposed the whole time to the hottest of the fire—and, above all, it required his vast personal influence with the soldiers to prevent their giving way. Those who really understand the nature of such a conflict must consider this as one of the most brilliant actions among all those which have marked the French emperor's unexampled career. If the troops had not been kept standing firm as the rocks by which they were surrounded, Dessaix's corps would have come up in vain—all would have been lost past recovery. Dessaix behaved most gallantly; but in pagan times, when the deities were supposed to mingle in mortal combat, Bonaparte would have been taken for nothing less than the god Mars himself."

When the news of the great victory at Marengo reached the army of the Rhine, its emulation was excited; the troops burned with impatience to achieve something worthy to be recorded in the same page with the history of that splendid affair: this, however, was for the present impossible, because they were doomed to inactivity, seeing that when the Chief Consul granted an armistice to General Melas, he also, in the expectation that it might be the forerunner of peace, extended it to the armies on the German frontiers. Moreau, in consequence, had no opportunity to avail himself of the eagerness expressed by his soldiers to distinguish themselves in the field, and thereby add to the glory of their country. The negotiations, however, proved nugatory: England remonstrated against the ratification of any peace in which she should not be included; further insisting that the present posture of affairs did not render such a proceeding necessary: the Emperor had been subsidized by the British cabinet, consequently his measures were more or less governed by that power. The pride of the Austrian was roused by this declaration of her ally; and, always unwilling to suffer humiliation, he refused to set his seal to an act bearing such a complexion, which was discountenanced by his ally, who it seems was determined to continue the contest. An additional stimulus was furnished to the continuation of the Antigallican league, by the surrender to an English expedition, under Admiral Lord Keith and Sir Ralph Abercrombie, of Malta, an island situated in the Mediterranean Ocean, between Africa and Sicily, twenty miles in length, with a breadth of twelve miles, of which Valette is the capital. Therefore, every species of diplomatic insincerity was resorted to for protraction: the negotiations lingered on from day to day until 10th November, 1800; suspicion haunted each party; in short, it was easy to be perceived that nothing definitive could be effected without the effusion of more blood.

When weak minds once take up an idea, they cling to it with immoveable pertinacity. Thus, the infatuation of the Bourbons would appear to have been irrepressible: nothing could overcome their conviction that the ultimate object of the Chief Consul was the restoration of their house to the throne of France; and they never entertained a doubt that, by his influence, sooner or later, it would be accomplished. During the continuance of the armistice, therefore, they made another, although an ineffectual, attempt to induce Napoleon to imitate the conduct of Albemarle after the death of Oliver Cromwell. The Abbé de Montesquoieu, who was the secret agent of Louis the Eighteenth, then assuming the title of the Count De Lille, prevailed on the third consul, Le Brun, who was of the royalist party, to lay before the Chief Consul a letter addressed to him by that expatriated prince, couched in these confident terms:—"You are very tardy about restoring my throne to me: it is to be feared that you may let the favourable moment slip.—

You cannot establish the happiness of France without me; and I, on the other hand, can do nothing for France without you. Make haste, then, and point out yourself the posts and dignities which will satisfy you and your friends." To which Bonaparte replied, "I have received your royal highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France—you could not do so without marching over five hundred thousand dead bodies. For the rest, I shall always be zealous to do whatever may lie within the compass of my power towards softening your royal highness's destinies, and make you forget, if possible, your misfortunes." The Count D'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth, attempted to negotiate with the Chief Consul, after a more refined method. He despatched a very beautiful and interesting woman, the Duchess de Guiche, to Paris: this charming lady, without difficulty, obtained access to Josephine, and for a time shone the most brilliant and fascinating ornament of the Consular Court. When, however, Napoleon discovered the object of the duchess's errand, he issued orders for her to quit the capital without delay. There cannot exist a doubt that the hopes of the Royalists were very sanguine as to their success; they never once dreamed that the bauble, which they were so anxious to obtain for the object of their solicitude, was already destined to encircle the brow of the very man they were soliciting to bestow it upon the royal exile.

"Envy is ever honour's most secret enemy, and never does a good turn but when it designs an ill one: vulture-like, it preys upon itself." The plot for the subversion of the power of Napoleon Bonaparte as Chief Consul, by supplanting him, having failed, a fresh conspiracy was hatched and carried into execution about the middle of August, 1800, which threatened his life, by the explosion of what has been termed "*The Infernal Machine*," which was thus constructed: — "A cart was prepared to contain a barrel of gunpowder, strongly fastened down in the midst of a quantity of grapeshot, which, when set on fire, was to explode at the moment when Bonaparte should be passing through some narrow street, and thus scatter destruction around it in every direction. The night selected for giving effect to this diabolical contrivance was that of the 10th October, 1800, when Napoleon was expected to visit the Opera; and the dreadful engine was planted in the *Rue de Nicaise*, through which he must pass on his way to the theatre from the palace of the Tuilleries."

At this period two great factions were prevalent in France, the Jacobins and the Modérés: like all factious bodies, they were too frequently bent upon mischief, for the purpose of forwarding their own vile interests, under the mask of carrying out measures for the public good. Tyrannicide, in itself not only justifiable, but also a meritorious as well as a lawful principle, was a tenet sturdily upheld by the whole class of Jacobins. Unfortunately, however, this laudable motive was perverted, and grossly abused by men, whose narrow minds, devoid of all right principle, rendered them incapable to apply it properly, but who, nevertheless, contrived to render it subservient to their own unruly passions; who, like all bigots, could see nothing without the pale of their own party views, which they did not doom to ruin whenever opportunity should offer. Men, whose depraved hearts, insensible to the finer feelings of humanity, sought only to glut their vindictive dispositions by the destruction of those who might differ from them in opinion; or who, occupying situations to which they themselves aspired, were considered as fit subjects for their nefarious proscription: with such beings the degrading feeling of revenge is cherished, as the first. the last and noblest of duties. Among these, there were many of both parties, who looked upon the sovereign authority, exercised by the Chief Consul, with decided enmity, as well as with unconquerable aversion: with these the merits of the man, his brilliant reputation, the great benefits he had acquired for his country, the splendour of his achievements, weighed but as a feather in the scale: Envy absorbed all their faculties; his annihilation alone, therefore, could satisfy their rancorous propensities. A long-protracted civil war had inured them to scenes of blood, rendered them indifferent spectators to the slaughter of their fellow-creatures; and it may be, that many, who were now callous to the perpetration of dark atrocious deeds, would, perhaps, in their earlier and better days, have contemplated such demoralizing actions with horror and disgust. Be this as it may, it was among the Jacobins, who had formerly venerated Bonaparte as "the child and champion of their creed," that the first schemes for his assassination were agitated. While Napoleon held his court at Montebello, an Italian sculptor, of considerable ability, whose name was Ceracchi, had modelled the busts of the Chief Consul and Josephine; this man, under the pretext of retouching his work, came to Paris, and solicited admission to the palace, also to the presence of his destined victim, resolved to act like another Brutus. The occupations of the Chief Consul, however, very fortunately for himself, did not allow him sufficient leisure to comply with the request.

The Italian, thus disappointed in his intended project, having opened his purpose to Topineau, the adjutant-general Arena, Le Brun, a painter, Damerille, and others of kindred sentiments, these worthless wretches arranged another plan for the murder of their intended sacrifice, who was to have been surrounded by the conspirators in the lobby of the Opera-house, and despatched with the stiletto. It would seem that remorse had overtaken one of the accomplices in this atrocious plot, who betrayed the secret; in consequence of which, Ceracchi, together with his associates in the treacherous design, were arrested in the theatre, towards the middle of August, 1800, at the very moment when they expected to carry their nefarious object into execution. Nothing daunted, either by the frustration of this cowardly scheme, or the punishment of its projectors, the enemies of Napoleon did not relax in their endeavours to give full effect to their meditated plans for his destruction: they called all the bad passions into activity, and admitted new colleagues to the prosecution of their infamous proceeding; the result was an attempt to destroy the life of the Chief Consul by the operation of an engine, which could not fail, even if it should accomplish the desired mischief, to immolate, in addition, a great number of innocent unsuspecting passengers, and others who might chance to be within its hellish vortex. If there be one crime of a deeper dye than another, it is most assuredly that of heartless assassination: providentially, this detestable contrivance did not reach the person for whom it was designed, by the singular circumstance that the Chief Consul's coachman was intoxicated on that evening, and drove with more than his usual speed, especially after the explosion, which occurred not more than half a minute subsequent to the passing of Bonaparte's carriage, and which the driver mistook for a salute, which he knew was frequently bestowed on his master. The devastation, however, that ensued was great: the windows of several houses, on both sides the street, were shattered, twenty persons were killed, fifty-three wounded; among the latter, the assasin, St. Regent himself, who applied the match to the train.

Bonaparte's own version of this affair was: "I had," he observed, "laboured hard all the day, and Josephine wished to go to the opera in the evening; after dinner I felt myself so overpowered with sleep, that she had much difficulty to rouse me and persuade me to accompany her. When seated in my carriage, I again fell fast asleep. At the moment of the explosion I was dreaming of the danger I had undergone some years before at midnight, in crossing the stream of the Tagliamento during a flood, by torchlight: I awoke, and exclaimed to Lannes and Bessières, who were with me, 'We are blown up!' The attendants would have stopped the carriage, but I bade them drive to the theatre as fast as they could." This order displayed his usual presence of mind, and it was remarked by those who saw him arrive, that he was the only one of his party who wore an unruffled countenance when they entered his box.

It is to the honour of human nature that assassination is held in general reprobation: the assassin, even by those for whom he may have thus outraged all good feeling, is looked upon as a disgrace to his species, as a being so thoroughly contaminated as to be utterly unworthy to mingle with decent society. This murderous attempt upon the life of the Chief Consul invested his person with a new species of interest; the atrocity of the conspiracy excited universal horror: when the treacherous operation became known to the audience, a simultaneons expression of indignation burst forth from the spectators, who testified their respect for Napoleon, as well as the disgust they manifested at the machination of the conspirators, by the most enthusiastic acclamations and other demonstrations of joy, that he should have escaped the toils of his enemies. The principal actors in this ignominious business were arrested, impartially tried, condemned, and executed, shamelessly exulting in what they had so flagitiously intended. An arbitrary edict of the senate was issued, which condemned one hundred and thirty of the most notorious of the terrorist faction to perpetual exile: this ordinance was received by the citizens with considerable applause; but Bonaparte, who thoroughly despised that odious party, would not suffer it to be acted upon: they were simply placed under the surviellance of the police, and after a time the affair died away.

These outbreaks are always mischievous in their ultimate consequences: they pave the way for measures restrictive of general freedom, and serve as pretexts for servilely strengthening the hands of the executive: let the government be of what complexion it may, it rarely, if ever, fails to advantage itself of these occurrences to grasp more power into its own hands, and to curtail by so much the liberties of the people: thus, although the Chief Consul was above pursuing with severity the miserable relics of a falling faction, which he held in contempt, he was by no means slow to forward his own vaulting ambition; his penetration clearly pointed out that the present state of the public mind afforded a most favourable opportunity for its advancement; he therefore resolved not to let it slip uselessly through his hands, but to make the most of it. In consequence, the establishment of a new tribunal, and the enactment of a new law, both of them of the most coercive and despotic description, were proposed to the legislature; the object of these was not to be mistaken: the senate became alarmed, an animated discussion ensued; they were vehemently opposed by the two councils, and only adopted, after a rather stormy debate, by very meagre majorities.

"The first, under the name of 'The Special Commission,' consisted of eight judges without a jury, from whose decision there was no appeal, neither was it subject to any revision."

"The other authorized the chief magistrate, without the intervention of any tribunal whatever, to banish either from Paris or from France disaffected persons as 'enemies of the state,' whenever such steps should appear proper."

It must be evident to all dispassionate reasoners that these regulations established as decided a despotism as can well be conceived. The Chief Consul had the means vested in himself to effectually dispose of all persons whom he might even suspect of political offences, according to his own pleasure; the range of his power, therefore, became unlimited. The police, under the management of that time-serving creature, Fouché, was a fearful engine of oppression, and rendered, by the corrupt conduct of that subtle minister, entirely subservient to the will of the Chief Consul; from that moment the personal security of every man in France was subjected to the caprice as well as the mercy of Napoleon. If any doubt could still exist as to the tendency of the Chief Consul's inclinations, it must be completely eradicated by the following singular anecdote, then current in every Parisian circle:—During the month of December, 1800, while public opinion was yet effervescing with the details of "the infernal machine," a pamphlet of a very extraordinary character appeared, intituled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, Monk, and Bonaparte;" this brochure was entirely put forth as a feeler, and designed to favour the assumption of regal power by the Chief Consul; it acted like an electrical shock, was unsparingly canvassed, and became the subject of general animadversion; it was hinted to Napoleon by his most intimate friends that the publication was calculated to greatly injure him. He immediately sent for Fouché, and reproached him in no measured terms for allowing such a pamphlet to appear. The police minister heard him with seeming indifference, then coolly replied: "I did not choose to interfere, because I had traced the manuscript to the Hotel of your brother Lucien." The Chief Consul, with well-counterfeited anger, cried, "And why not denounce Lucien? he ought to have been arrested instantly and confined in the Temple;" saying which he quitted the saloon. Fouché smiled and whispered to Bourienne the secretary, "Confine the author in the Temple indeed! Lucien produced the manuscript, which I found full of corrections in the hand-writing of the Chief Consul." When Lucien became acquainted with this curious scene, he repaired to the Tuilleries, and complained that, "after being made a puppet he had been abandoned." To this Napoleon replied, "The fault is your own: it was your business not to be detected; Fouché has shown himself more dexterous; so much the worse for you." This curious conduct on the part of Bonaparte was the cause of a coolness between the two brothers which was never thoroughly dissipated. Of all the family Lucien was, perhaps, the most sturdy in the maintenance of his political principles, which were generally supposed to be decidedly republican; be this as it may, certain it is Napoleon could never induce him to accept his offers of a crown. He immediately resigned his office in the ministry, and subsequently went to Spain in the character of French ambassador to that court.

CHAP. XV.

RUPTURE OF THE ARMISTICE.—BONAPARTE RENEWS HOSTILITIES.—THE FRENCH ARMIES SUCCESSFUL.—GREAT BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.—DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE WITH AUSTRIA, AT LUNEVILLE.—HIS FRIENDLY FOOTING WITH THE EMPEROR PAUL, OF RUSSIA.—NAPLES AND THE POPE.—ORGANIZES THE NAVAL CONFEDERACY OF THE NORTHERN POWERS AGAINST ENGLAND.—THE FLOTILLA AT BOULOGNE.—NEGOTIATES WITH THE BRITISH MINISTRY.—THE PEACE OF AMIENS.—THE CONCORDAT.

The armistice, after enduring for five months, was rendered nugatory by diplomatic subterfuges. Bonaparte, wearied out with the delay of the negotiators, and disappointed in his expectancy of peace, was not only determined to re-commence hostilities, but also resolved to be first in the field: in consequence, on the 17th November, 1800, he sent orders to all his generals to set the troops in motion. Two great armies were now on foot: that of Austria was superior in numbers, embodying two hundred and eighty thousand men at arms, while the ranks of the French could only reckon two hundred and fifty thousand; the Republican standards were every where triumphant. On the Mincio the Imperialists were defeated by General Brune, who advanced to within a few miles of the city of Venice: notwithstanding his success he was induced to sign, 16th January, 1801, a foolish convention, from which Austria reaped all the advantage. Napoleon was extremely indignant at such weak conduct, and refused to ratify the instrument unless the cabinet of Vienna agreed to relinquish some of the articles—with this, however, the Imperial Court thought fit to comply. General Macdonald occupied the passes in the Tyrolese Mountains, and by that position was enabled to reinforce either the army of Italy or that of the Rhine, as circumstances might require.

The farce of an army of reserve at Dijon was again played off by the Chief Consul, who with great parade assembled about fifteen thousand Parisian volunteers and other corps. This army was marched into Switzerland, while all Europe was watching its motions—nothing doubting that it was about to strike some fatal unexpected blow, like the former; in fact, the very name of Napoleon's army of reserve had now filled his opponents with terror. This was exactly what he wanted. By this delusive array he kept two Austrian detachments, consisting of forty thousand men, in check. General Murat, with his corps, disarmed the levy *en masse* in Tuscany, which had been raised against the French; he also compelled the Neapolitan forces to quit the Roman territory, and further obliged the King of Naples to admit a body of Republican troops into his kingdom, to defend it against the English. On the 24th November, 1800, General Moreau, at the head of one hundred and forty thousand fighting men, advanced upon the river Inn, which flows north-east through the heart of Germany, and joins the stream of the Danube at Passau, a fortified town in Bavaria, in east longitude 13° 12′, north latitude 48° 34′, one hundred and thirty-five miles west by north of Vienna, sixty-five miles east-south-east of Ratisbon, at which city the river is nine hundred feet wide. The French commander was encountered by the Archduke John of Austria, who repulsed Moreau in an affair at Haag, a Bavarian town, the capital of a county of the same name, seated on an eminence in 12° 15′ east longitude, 48° 7′ north latitude, twenty-six miles east by north of Munich. This partial success, however, proved ruinous to the Imperial prince: elated by his triumph, he resolved to run the hazard of a general engagement, and for that purpose appeared in the evening of 2d December, 1800, in front of the French lines at Hohenlinden, situated between the streams of the Inn and the Iser, twenty-two miles east of Munich. This terrible conflict, so disastrous to the Austrian cause, commenced at seven in the morning of the 3d December, 1800: the snow was lying on the ground so deep as to have obliterated all track of the roads, by which means several of the Imperial columns were bewildered; the battle was contested with the most determined obstinacy; the issue was long doubtful: at length the Imperialists gave way, leaving ten thousand dead behind them, besides losing fifteen thousand more in deserters, wounded, and prisoners—among the latter were two generals; one hundred pieces of cannon, with an immense quantity of baggage-waggons and munitions of war, also fell into the hands of the victorious Republicans, who had suffered severely—their loss amounting to ten thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. After this splendid victory, the Archduke retreated in great confusion with the remnant of his discomfited troops, upon Haag. Moreau improved his success, marched upon and occupied Salzburg, the capital of a province bearing the same name, defended by a castle built upon a mountain, containing thirteen thousand inhabitants, famous for the salt-works in its neighbourhood, seated on the river Salza, in 12° 4′ east longitude, 47° 46′ north latitude, one hundred and fifty-five miles west by south of Vienna, forty-five miles south-west of Passau. Moreau committed a great blunder, notwithstanding his brilliant success at Hohenlinden: instead of following the Chief Consul's plan, and approaching the river Inn *en echelon*, he passed it at six points on an extended line of some twenty leagues, by which he never could bring into the field of battle more than half his army. Bonaparte, speaking of the battle of Hohenlinden, said, "The Archduke's idea of that affair was extremely good, but defective in the execution;" further observing, "that if Moreau had followed up his victory with proper energy, he might have reached Vienna before the wreck of the Austrian force." The Imperial capital, however, was now exposed to the attack of three victorious armies: the circumstances of the Emperor were now so desperate, that the Cabinet of St. James, with a view to relieve their pressure, consented to release him from his obligations, and allow him to make a separate peace upon the best terms he could. In consequence, a definitive treaty, by which all the principal articles of the contract of Campo-formio were confirmed, was signed between France and Austria, on the 9th February, 1801, at Luneville, a town in France, in the department of Meurthe, seated on a plain, between the currents of the Vesoul and the Meurthe, in 6° 30′ east longitude, 48° 36′ north latitude, fourteen miles east-south-east of Nancy, sixty-two miles west of Strasburgh.

By this negotiation, the Cisalpine and Ligurian commonwealths, as also the union of the Batavian Republic with the French, were acknowledged by the Austrian cabinet, while the Rhine river was declared to be the boundary of France; Prussia, and other subordinate princes of the empire, thereby made a sacrifice of certain territorial possessions, belonging to them within that line of demarcation, which were guaranteed to the Republic by the German emperor, not only in his capacity of head of the Austrian monarchy, but also in his quality of chief of the Germanic empire: by another article, which proved to be extremely unpalateable to the Imperialist, he yielded up his right to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; this was bestowed by Napoleon, upon a prince of the House of Parma, as a requital for the good offices of Spain, during the war: thus, the Chief Consul obtained all he desired; while England alone remained steadfast in her hostility, determined to abide the hazard of the die.

In consequence of the personal admiration expressed by the Russian Emperor Paul, for the vast genius of Bonaparte, the Chief Consul left nothing unessayed which he thought might flatter the autocrat, and secure him in his interests. Some ten thousand Russian prisoners of war, in the hands of the Republic, were not only sent back in safety, but new clothed and equipped, at the expense of France: this was a measure of sound policy on the part of Napoleon; Paul contrasted this favourably for the Corsican, with an alleged neglect of the Russian troops by the Austrian council, when arranging the treaty of Luneville. On another occasion, the Chief Consul had further means to ingratiate himself with the Muscovite prince, who had been pleased to appoint himself Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. England, however, refused to surrender that strong hold to Russian ambition. Bonaparte, with great tact, contrived to irritate the Czar against Britain, by artfully representing the refusal as an insult on the part of the British government: this feeling he afterwards contrived to turn to good account. The queen of Naples, who was sister to the Austrian emperor, after the battle of Marengo, felt alarmed for the safety of her husband's Italian dominions; which, during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, had been rescued from Republican sway by the English fleet, under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson. She saw no means to prevent them from again falling under the rule of France, but by soliciting the good offices of the Emperor Paul in her favour: for this purpose she took up the resolution to make a journey to St. Petersburgh, in the middle of winter. Being thus invoked, the autocrat felt himself egregiously flattered, and readily undertook to apply to Bonaparte on the queen's behalf. This intervention of the Russian emperor was listened to by the Chief Consul with great complacency; he foresaw the great advantage he might derive by compliance; and, therefore, consented to spare Naples, at least, for the present.

When Napoleon became Chief Consul, he busied himself, among other things, with the maritime rights of the neutral powers of Europe, which he rested on the following principles:—

1. The sea is the dominion of all nations.
2. The flag covers the merchandize.
3. A neutral ship may be visited by a belligerent vessel, to ascertain its flag and cargo, so far as to be satisfied that it carries no contraband goods.
4. Contraband goods are considered to be military stores only.
5. Neutral ships may be prevented from entering a place that is besieged, if the blockade be real, and the entrance be evidently dangerous.

On the other hand, the English government peremptorily contended:—

1. That materials adapted for building ships, such as timber, hemp, tar, &c. were contraband goods.
2. That although a neutral ship had a right to go from a friendly port to an enemy's port, it could not traffic between one hostile port and another.
3. That neutral ships could not sail from the enemy's colony to the mother country.
4. That neutral powers had no right to have their merchant ships con-

voyed by ships of war; and that, if they did so, this would not exempt them from search.

The armed neutrality in the year 1780, opposed these pretensions of England, but they were again brought forward during this revolutionary war, and had been acknowledged by the United States of America. This had nearly been the cause of a rupture between France and the Trasatlantic Republic: but, at the commencement of 1800, envoys from the latter power had arrived at Paris to adjust the difference.

These were soon adjusted by the dexterity of Napoleon; and, the negotiation between the two powers having been brought to an amicable termination, the treaty between France and America was signed, 30th Septemper, 1800. The Chief Consul, who never suffered any opportunity to slip which he thought likely to strengthen his position, was determined that the American plenipotentiaries should be sumptuously regaled, previous to their quitting the Gallic shores. In consequence of this, on the 3rd October following, by desire of his brother Napoleon, Joseph Bonaparte, as president of the diplomatic commission, on this occasion gave a superb entertainment to the American ministers at his estate, Morfontane, near Paris, in which the ingenuity of the most celebrated French artists, who excel in the arrangement of these decorated festivals, was strenuously exerted to convey an expression of the most friendly feeling towards the government of America, by the constituted authorities of France. The arms of the two Republics were exhibited in juxta-position on all sides: the principal events of the war for American independence were tastefully, as well as ably, depicted by emblematic designs bearing appropriate inscriptions. The whole was got up with the utmost possible splendour, and the three consuls, with all the great officers of state, were present at the banquet.

The Chief Consul gave the first toast:—"To the manes of the Americans and of the French, who fell on the field of battle, gloriously fighting for the independence of the new world."

Cambacérès, the second consul, proposed:—"To the successor of Washington," who was recently deceased.

The third consul, Le Brun, then gave:—"To the union of America with the northern powers, to enforce respect to the freedom of the seas."

With a view more effectually to convince the European governments of his decided approbation of the conduct of the Chief Consul, the Emperor Paul despatched a letter to Bonaparte, in which he wrote:—"Citizen, Chief Consul, I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens; every country governs itself as it pleases. Whenever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule, and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquaint you of my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you, to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government." After this, a regular correspondence was kept up between them. The Chief Consul lost no time in turning the friendship of the autocrat to good account. The result of which was a naval convention between Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, to join which Napoleon subsequently induced Prussia. The latter seized Hanover, while the Danes entered Hamburgh, by which the Baltic, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, were closed against the English shipping: the Chief Consul adopted rather a curious method to express his intention to crush, if possible, the maritime superiority of Great Britain. Some very valuable books, magnificently bound, were sent, as a present from the National Institute of France, to the Royal Society in London: these were accompanied by a complimentary letter, bearing the signature of "Bonaparte, president of the National Institute, and Chief Consul of France;" upon this packet was a finely executed vignette, representing liberty sailing upon the open ocean in a shell, with a motto—"*Liberté de mer*," the freedom of the seas. However fearful this naval confederacy against Britain, it was baffled, and ultimately crushed by the success of her arms, the valour of her seamen, the intrepidity of her commanders, and the inflexibility of her cabinet. In Egypt she had not only discomfited the Republican troops, after the death of General Kleber, who was assassinated on the very same day that the brave Dessaix fell gloriously fighting on the plains of Marengo, but had also obliged them to evacuate the country. The Danish fleet had been either captured or destroyed by the immortal Nelson: added to which, news arrived that the prime mover of the northern league, the Russian autocrat, had been murdered in his own palace at St. Petersburgh: the compact was dissolved in consequence, after some slender negotiations.

To cripple the resources of England, had always been a favourite object with the French revolutionary government. For this purpose, it was evidently the intention of the Directory to strike a blow at the commerce of Britain, through the invasion of her East Indian possessions; to facilitate this, the conquest and occupation of Egypt were projected. This scheme, however, was frustrated by the intrepidity of the British troops, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Abercrombie, who fell mortally wounded, at the very moment of victory, in front of Alexandria. That resolute general was succeeded by the gallant Hutchinson, afterwards Lord Donoughmore, who, following up the success of the British arms in that region, compelled the surrender of the whole of the Republican forces, under Generals Belliard and Menou, upon condition of their being transported in safety to the shores of France. When the fate of the meditated Egyptian colony became known to the Chief Consul, he exclaimed, "Well, then it only now remains for us to make a descent upon Great Britain." Like all other measures projected by him, immediate operations were commenced with the greatest activity: an invading armament, comprising an hundred thousand men, was promptly formed: seamen and soldiers were trained, and incessantly exercised in every manœuvre likely to be of avail in that perilous undertaking; an immense flotilla of flat bottomed boats chained to the shore, crowded with soldiery, was prepared to carry them across the channel. These were placed under the protection of the Gallic batteries, where they only waited some favourable moment, when the English fleet should be so situated as to permit them to pass unmolested: this, notwithstanding the extent of the preparations, proved, like the Egyptian business, abortive, and was subsequently relinquished, in consequence of the unceasing vigilance with which the narrow seas were watched by the brave Nelson, who made an attempt to cut out the boats assembled at Boulogne, in despite of the fortifications which protected them: this unfortunately failed.

The situation of the two countries was now such, that both parties appeared disposed to negotiate. The Chief Consul's almost unparalleled success over the Austrian emperor, had been followed up by marching a joint army of French and Spaniards into Portugal, which power, the only remaining ally of England, had been obliged to submit to Republican sway:

against this was to be placed the victories of the British in Egypt, and the Baltic, together with the capture of Malta, and the retirement from office of the English prime minister, Pitt. Envoys accordingly met at Amiens, a large populous French town, in the department of Somme, seventy-five miles north of Paris. After a wearisome diplomatic contest, preliminaries of peace were agreed to, and signed 10th October, 1801, which led to a definitive treaty, ratified by the belligerents, 25th March, 1802. England surrendered all her conquests made during the war, except the islands of Ceylon and Trinidad, the first lying in the Indian Ocean, two hundred and seventy miles in length, its extremest breadth being one hundred and twenty miles, between 6° 4′ and 9° 50′ north latitude, and 80° and 81° 22′ east longitude, off the south-west coast of the promontory of Hindoostan, from which it is separated by the gulf of Manara: famous for its pearl fisheries, and for cinnamon; the latter, ninety miles in length, about fifty in breadth, situated in the Atlantic Ocean, on the north-east coast of Terra Firma, separated from Paria, on the south, by a channel ten miles over, and from Cumana, on the west, by the gulf of Paria, the north entrance into which, on account of the adverse currents and tempestuous waves encountered here, is called by *Bacadel Drago*, the Dragon's Mouth: its capital is the port D'Espagne, on the gulf of Paria, near Boca, in 61° 30′ west longitude, 10° 0′ north latitude; the air is unhealthy; the products are sugar, cotton, maize, fine tobacco, and fruit.

On the other hand, the French government restored what her troops had taken from Portugal, and guaranteed the independence of the Ionian Islands, described in page 145.

Malta, the adjustment respecting which presented the greatest obstacles, and which was the germ of another war, was agreed to be restored to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to be declared a free port, and garrisoned by the troops of a neutral power: neither England nor France to have any representative in the order.

Mr. Sheridan, speaking of this peace, said, "It was such as all men were glad of, but of which no man could be proud."

The administration of every department had been thrown into the utmost confusion during the tumults and wars of the preceding years: soon as peace was signed Bonaparte applied himself sedulously to restore order throughout the domains of the Republic; those who had access to his privacy were astonished at the immensity of the labour he underwent in this arduous pursuit, as well as at his untiring disposition. No secretary was able to keep pace with his energies, one after another these scribes were exhausted by the business that fell under their hands, while Napoleon himself, so deeply was he interested in his object, appeared hardly to feel the want of sleep, and to sustain his unparalleled fatigue without having recourse to any thing stronger than lemonade. Among the most essential of the regulations brought into activity by his unwearied application during the short duration of the peace was:—

A Decree of the Senate, dated 26th April, 1802, which permitted all emigrants to return to France, if they chose to do so within a limited time, and also to pledge allegiance to the Consular Government: it further offered to such persons the restoration of so much of their property, which, having been confiscated during the revolution, still remained unsold at the disposal of the state. From this amnesty, however, were excluded five hundred persons arranged under five heads, including:—

1. Those who had headed bodies of Royalist insurgents.
2. Those who had served in the armies of the Allies.
3. Those who had belonged to the houschold of the Bourbons during their exile.
4. Those who had been agents in stirring up either foreign or domestic war.
5. Generals, Admirals, Representatives of the People, who had been banished for treason to the Republic, together with Bishops who were obstinate in their refusal to accept the conditions on which the exercise of the ecclesiastical functions had been sanctioned by the Consuls.

Although the restoration of forfeited property never took place to any thing like the promised extent, yet the prudence of this merciful edict was in a great measure justified by the event : the far greater portion of the emigrants availed themselves of its provisions, returned to their native homes, and became good peaceable subjects to the Chief Consul, who might with great truth be said to be sole ruler of the destinies of France. The reason why the fulfilment of that part of the decree relating to property was withheld may be accounted for by the fact that after some princely estates had been given back to their original lords, these nobles having obtained all they wished, gave the most unequivocal proof that in future they should be very indifferent about conducting themselves so as to merit the favour of Napoleon Bonaparte. Instances of haughty ingratitude, even admitting them to have occurred, which was very probably the case, could by no means warrant him in breaking his convention with these unfortunate men ; one demoral act can never be a good excuse for the perpetration of another ; the word once pledged can rarely, if ever, be broken with impunity, it ought to be held sacred under every circumstance, if character for integrity be the aim. In this departure from his own proffered generosity to a body of despoiled emigrants, the Chief Consul was assuredly preparing for himself dangers of a more grave complexion than those he had removed by allowing their return to the soil of France : after experience convinced him of the folly he had committed when he refused to ratify his own voluntary act.

All classes felt the good effects of his anxious attention and unwearied industry. Some most decidedly beneficial measures were brought to bear, which received, as they deserved, general approbation. Noble monuments of public utility reared their heads in almost every direction. New bridges were planned suited to public convenience : roads were projected, to give greater facility to intercourse, old ones were put into a state of thorough repair. Museums were constructed for the advancement of science. Learned men, of whatever rank, whatever their political opinions, were liberally encouraged. With a view to establish a perfect water conveyance through the whole extent of the French territory, a great canal was commenced between the streams of the Yonne and the Saonne, to run quite across the Republican dominion, from Marseilles to Amsterdam. While the inland navigation of Languedoc was taken in hand to be rendered complete : but the master-work of the whole, that which most prominently points out the great depth of his forecast, the soundness of his judgment, as well as the real benevolence of his disposition, was the establishment of a national system of education, an employment truly worthy of a philosopher. Among other transcendant services which he rendered to the community, over which he presided, was the formation of the Polytechnic School at Paris, at which all the liberal arts are taught: an institution which has furnished France with an immense number of the most eminent characters in every department of science. Men who, for the excellence of their acquirements, the solidity of their knowledge, and the ultimate application to useful purposes, cannot be surpassed by any seminary in the world, either ancient or modern: this establishment was placed under the direction of Monge. Another task, of no common magnitude, was undertaken by this indefatigable child of genius, he set on foot a commission, consisting of the most esteemed jurists of his day, at which he regularly attended, and took an active, as well as a zealous, part in their deliberations on the momentous subject in which they were engaged: this was nothing less than providing for the French citizens an uniform code of laws, at once distinguished by their simplicity, perspicuity, and justice, now generally known as "The Code Napoleon," and as generally allowed to possess intrinsic merit. The marked good sense of his observations, the soundness of his suggestions, the convincing arguments by which they were upheld, were the admiration of every one.

The administrative act, in which the Chief Consul met with the most strenuous resistance, that to which he found it most difficult to reconcile, either the party he meant to benefit, or those who, on most other occasions, were ready to second his views, was that by which the Romish religion was finally established as the national faith. After the battle of Marengo, the papal dominions had been spared, to the evident surprise, as well as the displeasure, of the soldiery: and, 18th September, 1802, a treaty was signed, after long protracted discussions, between the Holy Father and the Consular Government. Whenever any violent stretch of power has been contemplated, it has been a common practice to call in the aid of the priesthood; the reason is obvious, the clergy have ever been found the most pliable, as well as the most convenient tools, in the establishment of measures subversive of public liberty: their known influence over the human mind, enables them to lend powerful assistance to arbitrary government; while the usual bias of their disposition is towards irresponsible despotic rule. Of the value of such instruments, Napoleon was perfectly aware: desirous to conciliate them to his own views, he had re-opened the churches in France; he was now prepared to take another step on the same road, as a prudent means to the attaintment of that, which, if it had not in the commencement of his career been his object, had latterly been the great aim of his ambition; to acquire which, entirely occupied his mind, and was the actuating motive of all his policy.

Be the cause whatever it might, Bonaparte was inclined to consider the affairs of the sovereign pontiff with very different eyes to what he had formerly done. In fact, he had already made up his mind to make use of the head of the Romish church, in the consolidation of his own authority as a monarch: for this reason, he was determined to restore, as well as to uphold, the secular administration of the apostolical see, which would afford him a favourable stepping-stone to his main design. This resolution led to a concordat, the terms of which, drawn up by Napoleon himself, were considered by the high Catholic party as derogatory to the dignity of the papal court, destructive to the authority of the church, and only agreed to by the Pope from sheer necessity. This was, in fact, inserted in the body of the deed itself by his holines, who states his compliance to result from "the exigence of the time, which lays its violence even upon us." The most bitter portion of this arrangement was that which regarded the bishops, who were thereby summoned to send in, each separately, within fifteen days, either the resignation of his see, or his acceptance of the terms of the instrument. These prelates, building upon the religious feeling of the people, were for some time refractory, as they considered it endangered the authority of the priesthood. The people, however, were content with conditions to which the vatican had assented: thus, generally speaking, the regulations were found acceptable. The Chief Consul was not only acknowledged to possess all the privileges of the ancient monarchy, in whatever might concern public worship, but was also declared to be the head of the Gallican church. The main articles in this famous concordat, were:—

"The Apostolical and Romish is recognised as the religion of the state.

"Catholics are to pay one-tenth of their taxes, to defray the expenses attending the celebration of religious rites.

"The Pope, in concert with the French government, shall make a new division of dioceses, and, if necessary, require the resignation of any existing prelate.

"Vacant sees, both now and henceforth, shall be filled by the Pope, on nominations by the French government.

"No bishop shall continue to hold his see, unless he swear allegiance to the French government, and adopt a ritual, in which prayers shall be offered up for the consuls.

"The Pope engages to procure the resignation of those prelates, who may still adhere to the old establishment.

"Church livings, like the dioceses, shall be re-arranged, and the curés be appointed by the bishop, but subject to the approbation of the French government.

"The processions of the clergy, and their ceremonies, were to be subjected to the approbation of the civil power.

"The French government shall make provision for the prelates and clergy.

"The Pope renounces, both for himself and his successors, for ever, all right to challenge the distribution of any church property, consequent on the events of the revolution."

Many of the sternest Republicans felt both anger and indignation at a policy, which they were quick-sighted enough to perceive had only re-established the church, as the most convenient means to resurrect the monarchy: in a new dynasty, certainly, but not only without any dimunition of the former regal power, but with absolutely a larger range of domination. Serious objections were also raised against this measure by some members of the Council of State, who viewed it as too great a deviation from the original principles of the revolution. Bonaparte, who placed great reliance upon his own powers of persuasion, had this subject fully argued one evening, on the terrace of his favourite villa, "Malmaison;" in the course of this discussion, it was urged that it might lead to consequences dangerous to the existing government. To which Napoleon, half ironically, replied, What, then, do you not take into account a clergy, who will every day pray for the safety of the Republic, and of bishops, who will be obliged to reveal all plots against it, in conformity with their oaths." He candidly avowed himself not to be a believer in Christianity; "but," said he, "religion is a principle, which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man:" then looking upwards to the sky, which was cloudless and starry, he emphatically continued, "Who made all that? It was but last Sunday evening, I was walking here alone, when the church bells of the village of Ruei rung at sunset. I was strongly moved; so vividly did the image of early days come back with the sound: if it be thus with me, what must it be with others? In re-establishing the church, I consult the wishes of the great majority of the people." Volney, the celebrated traveller, who was one of the party, observed, "You speak of the majority of the people; if that is to be the rule, recall the Bourbons to-morrow." This rebuke was wormwood to the Chief Consul: he never after conversed with the author of "The Ruins of Empires." This was not the only mortification Bonaparte had to undergo, in consequence of his newly-born friendship for the papal court. His name was now introduced into the church service as often, at least, as that of the king was wont to be. The official reception of the concordat was conducted with imposing solemnity: the cathedral of *Notre Dame* was prepared for the occasion. The Archbishop of Aix, the same prelate who had preached the sermon at the coronation of Louis XVI. was selected to preside at the ceremony, in which the ancient royal precedents were studiously followed; the Chief Consul appeared, attended by a numerous retinue, with all the state and consequence of a monarch. Bonaparte easily penetrated, in the countenances of some of the old Republican Generals, their contempt for this proceeding; indeed, it would not have been an easy task to have secured their presence, had not precautions for that purpose been adopted for some time previous. General Berthier, at the instance of Napoleon, had long before invited a large party of these officers to breakfast with him on the morning of the day when the ceremonial was to occur; after the repast, they accompanied him to the Chief Consul's levee; when there, they could not consistently refuse to join in the procession: General Moreau, with two or three others whom it was imagined could not be safely tampered with by Berthier, received personal invitations from Buonaparte himself, to assist at the celebration, after which it was intended to consecrate some colours, and then dine at the Tuilleries: to the extreme vexation of Napoleon, Moreau coolly answered, "I accept the last part of your invite," and kept his word. When the rites were concluded, the Chief Consul inquired of one of the generals "what he thought of it?" The veteran briskly answered, "It was a true *capucinade*," meaning thereby it was a piece of priestly mummery: thus thwarted, dressing out his face with one of his most complacent smiles, he said to another whom he imagined to be less sincere, "Things you see are returning to the old order"—here he met with a rebuff still more severe than the former: the officer, with some warmth, replied, "all returns!—all but the two millions of Frenchmen who have perished for the sake of destroying the very system which you are now rebuilding!" Nevertheless, Bonaparte always steadily maintained that this was the only true way to restore internal peace to the French population: so needful did he consider this measure, that when talking over the subject with Las Casas, at St. Helena, after his exile, that he averred, "had there been no pope at the time, one ought to have been made for the occasion," and with great emphasis continued:—

"Every thing proclaims the existence of a God; that cannot be questioned: but all our religions are evidently the work of man. Why are there so many?—Why has ours not always existed?—Why does it consider itself exclusively the right one?—What becomes, in that case, of all the virtuous men who have gone before us?—Why do these religious revile, oppose, exterminate one another?—Why has this been the case ever and every where?—Because men are ever men; because priests have ever and every where introduced fraud and falsehood. However, as soon as I had power I immediately re-established religion. I made it the ground-work and foundation upon which I built. I considered it as the support of sound principles, and of good morality, both in doctrine and in practice. Besides, such is the restlessness of man, that his mind requires that something, undefined and marvellous, which religion offers; and it is better for him to find it there, than to seek it of Cagliostro, or of Mademoiselle Le Normand, the fortune-tellers, or of the other soothsayers and impostors." Some one ventured to observe, that he might possibly in the end become devout. To which he answered, with an air of conviction, that "He feared not; and that it was with regret he said it; for it was, no doubt, a great source of consolation; but that his incredulity did not proceed from either perverseness or licentiousness of mind, but from the strength of his reason. Yet no man can answer for what may happen, particularly in his last moments. At present, I certainly believe that I shall die without a confessor. I am assuredly very far from being an atheist, but I cannot believe all that I am taught, in spite of my reason, without being false, and a hypocrite. When I became emperor, and particularly after my marriage with Maria Louisa, every effort was made to induce me to go with great pomp, according to the custom of the kings of France, to take the sacrament at the church of *Notre Dame;* but this I positively refused to do. I did not believe in the act sufficiently to derive any benefit from it, and yet I believed too much in it to expose myself to commit a profanation. To explain where I came from, what I am, and whither I go, is above my comprehension; and yet all that is. I am like the watch, which exists, without possessing the consciousness of existence. However, the sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered as a gift of heaven: what a resource would it not be for us here to possess it? What influence could men and events exercise over me, if, bearing my misfortunes as if inflicted by God, I expected to be compensated by him with happiness hereafter? What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime, and yet of how many might I not have been guilty? I can appear before the tribunal of God—I can await his judgment, without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings, with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives have resembled mine. I have wished only for the glory, the power, the greatness, of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my moments, were directed to the attainment of that object. These cannot be crimes; to me they appeared acts of virtue! What then would be my happiness, if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence!

"How is it possible that conviction can find the way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and witness the acts of iniquity, of the greater number of those whose business it is to preach to us? I am surrounded by priests, who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay hands upon every thing they can get. The pope is the head of that religion from heaven, and he thinks only of this world. What did the present chief pontiff, who is, undoubtedly, a good and holy man, not offer to be allowed to return to Rome? The surrender of the government of the church, of the institution of bishops, was not too high a price for him to give, to become once more a secular prince. Even now he is the friend of all the Protestants, who grant him every thing, because they do not fear him. He is only the enemy of Catholic Austria, because her territory surrounds his own.

"Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that, as emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was favourable to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favoured equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had been under the influence of one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts, and of my actions, under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me by the dread of hell? What power cannot a wicked man, the most stupid of mankind, thus exercise over those by whom whole nations are governed? Is it not the scene-shifter at the Opera, who, from behind the scenes, moves Hercules at his will? Who can doubt that the last years of Louis XIV. would have been very different, had he been directed by another confessor? I was so deeply impressed with the truth of these opinions, that I promised to do all in my power to bring up my son in the same religious persuasion which I myself entertain."

He finished the conversation, by reading the New Testament from the beginning, as far as the conclusion of the sermon of Jesus on the mount. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration, at the purity, the sublimity, the beauty of the morality, it contained.

This concordat proved to be the grave of the new computation of time adopted in the early stages of the revolution, which from this period was discontinued. By this Republican calendar, the year underwent a new division: this comprised twelve months, each containing thirty days; the remaining five to make up the annual complement, were called intercalary every fourth, which is the Bissextile, or leap year, having six of course: the months were subdivided into three equal decades, each having ten days. By this arrangement Sunday was abolished, also the names usually attached to the weekly days: for which were introduced—

Primidi	the First Day	Sextidi	the Sixth Day	Of the First, Second, or Third Decade, as the case might be.
Duodi	—— Second —	Septemdi	—— Seventh —	
Tridi	—— Third —	Octodi	—— Eighth —	
Quaterdi	—— Fourth —	Nonodi	—— Ninth —	
Quintidi	—— Fifth —	Decadi	—— Tenth —	

This new reckoning, commenced at midnight, 22nd September, 1792, which, for the Observatory at Paris, was the true autumnal equinox; thus

1 Jan.	was	10 Nivose	the Snow Month, which commenced	21 Dec.
1 Feb.	—	11 Pluviose	— Rain	20 Jan.
1 Mar.	—	9 Ventose	— Wind	19 Feb.
1 April	—	10 Germinal	— Budding	20 Mar.
1 May	—	10 Floreal	— Flower	21 April
1 June	—	11 Prairial	— Meadow	20 May
1 July	—	11 Messidor	— Harvest	19 June
1 Aug.	—	12 Thermidor	— Hot	19 July
1 Sep.	—	13 Fructidor	— Fruit	18 Aug
1 Oct.	—	8 Vendemiaire	— Autumn	22 Sep.
1 Nov.	—	9 Brumaire	— Hazy	22 Oct.
1 Dec.	—	9 Frimaire	— Hoar-frost	21 Nov.

The intercalary days were 17, 18, 19. 20, 21 September. Leap Year included the 16th.

Although all his measures were concerted with a view to obtain for himself the absolute sovereignty of France, and by a necessary result, tended to curtail the freedom of its population, yet, in whatever did not interfere with his ambitious projects, Bonaparte was ever the ready champion of their privileges, the uncompromising asserter of their rights: he was unquestionably desirous to raise them in their own estimation above the subjects of other states. Thus they were indebted to him for the enactment of some very excellent laws. Among others, that which declares "Every individual born in France to be a Frenchman;" also, that which "preserves the privileges of French citizens to the children of Frenchmen settled in foreign countries, although such progeny be not born in France." Both these were powerfully opposed by the civilians, and as sturdily advocated by Napoleon.

In support of the first, he observed:—"I should like to know what inconvenience can possibly arise from acknowledging every male born in France to be a Frenchman? The extension of the French civil laws can only be attended by advantageous consequences; thus, instead of ordaining that individuals born in France of a foreign father, shall obtain civil privileges only when they declare themselves willing to enjoy them, it may be decreed that they will be deprived of those privileges only when they formally renounce them." On the second, his reasoning was no less cogent and eloquent.

Some difficulty arose during the discussion, respecting "the decease of soldiers, who might die in a foreign country." The Chief Consul took up the argument with great animation, exclaiming—"The soldier is never abroad when he is under the national banner. The spot where the standard of France is unfurled becomes French ground!"

The assembled jurists were of opinion that "civil death should carry along with it the dissolution of the civil contract of marriage." Bonaparte powerfully opposed the introduction of such doctrine; speaking in his usual emphatic manner, he said:—"A woman is then to be forbidden, though fully convinced of her husband's innocence, to follow in exile the man to whom she is most tenderly united; or, if she should yield to her conviction and to her duty, she is to be regarded only as a concubine! Why deprive an unfortunate married couple of the right of living together, under the honourable title of lawful husband and wife? If the law permit a woman to follow her husband, without allowing her the title of wife, it permits adultery. Society is sufficiently avenged by the sentence of condemnation, when the criminal is deprived of his property, and torn from his friends and connections. Is there any need to extend the punishment to the wife, and violently to dissolve a union, which indentifies her existence with that of her husband? Would she not say, 'You had better have taken his life; I should then have been permitted, at least, to cherish his memory: but you ordain that he shall live, and you will not allow me to console him in his misery?'—Alas! how many men have been led into guilt, only through their attachment for their wives! Those, therefore, who have caused their misfortunes, should at least be permitted to share them. If a woman fulfil this duty, you esteem her virtue; and yet you are allowing her no greater indulgence, than would be extended to the wretch who prostitutes herself."

The debates were frequently carried on with great warmth, during which the Chief Consul was sometimes successfully opposed; but he was ever for adopting, wherever they could possibly be introduced, laws founded on gentleness, and replete with mercy.

CHAP. XVI.

BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE CISALPINE REPUBLIC.—EXPEDITION AGAINST SAN DOMINGO.—ARREST AND DEATH OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.—FORMS THE LEGION OF HONOUR.—MADE CHIEF CONSUL FOR LIFE.—ADOPTS AN HEIR.—SECRET TREATIES WITH TURKEY, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL DISCLOSED.—ASSUMES THE OFFICE OF GRAND MEDIATOR OF THE HELVETIC REPUBLIC.—MR. FOX VISITS BONAPARTE.

The year 1802 was studded with events of no common magnitude, for the most part bearing heavily upon the liberties of mankind—a grasping ambition for irresponsible power, would seem now to be the only actuating principle of Napoleon, while every movement had a tendency to renovate the ancient order of things, only concealed under other names. *Madame* superseded *Citoyenne,* while *Monsieur* was rapidly displacing *Citoyen,*—in fact, the term citizen fell into abeyance. The etiquette of a court was revived with all its trappings, and aides-de-camp no longer officiated in the consular saloons, which were now traversed by grand chamberlains, equerries, and other costly attendants upon royalty, splendidly habited: in short, ostentatious display, together with unlimited extravagance, once more became familiar at the palace of the Tuilleries. The usual heading of state papers was no longer continued: "Liberty, equality, sovereignty of the people," vanished from all official documents, and were no longer thought of. Thus Bonaparte disposed of political rights at his own pleasure; privileges had no other stronghold than what he chose to concede. The nation appeared as if struck by a torpedo, and looked with an undefinable apathy on the destruction of Republican forms and usages.

'Tis the nature of unrestrained power to grow hungry upon what it feeds, to engender an appetite which, the more it be indulged, the keener it will become; thus, Napoleon had no sooner firmly clutched the supreme authority over France, than he began to greedily cast his eyes beyond the confines of the Gallic territory, and sought to establish his rule on the other side the Alps: this was adroitly managed by his minister for foreign relations, who summoned a grand *Consulta* of Italian deputies, with the avowed purpose of making some desirable alterations in the future government of the Cisalpine Republic. Four hundred and fifty of the most influential citizens assembled at the ecclesiastical city of Lyons, capital of the department of Rhone, seated on the conflux of the streams of the Soane and the Rhone, in 4° 40′ east longitude, 45° 46′ north latitude, two hundred and eighty miles south-east of Paris: that supple privy counsellor, Talleyrand, was there to meet them, ready to dictate the terms of a new constitution, which was to pave the way for the elevation of his master to an independent sovereignty over a considerable portion of Italy, not in his character of Chief Consul of France, but in his own individual capacity: by this arrangement, the executive was to be lodged in a president and vice-president; the legislative in a council to be chosen from three electoral colleges; it was craftily proposed that Bonaparte should be invited to take upon himself the office of president; in consequence, Napoleon repaired to Lyons early in January, 1802, when he harangued the convention in the Italian language, and assumed the dignity thus conferred upon him by a previous understanding: it was decreed that the Republic should no longer bear the nomenclature of Cisalpine, but be recognized in future as the

Italian commonwealth: thus he consolidated in himself not only a permanent, but also an irresponsible command in a distant region, completely disconnected with the Gallic Republic; to render this more palatable to the French people, he contrived to gratify their thirst for conquest by the annexation of Piedmont and Parma, as integral portions of France.

Among the colonial appendages once belonging to the French government, was San Domingo, or Hispaniola, now known by its native appellation of Hayti, or the Highland, one of the richest islands in the West Indies, containing mines of gold, talc, and chrystal, lying between the islands of Jamaica and Porto Rico, in the North Atlantic or Western Ocean, stretching from Cape Engagno, in 68° 20′ to Cape Donna Maria, in 74° 26′ of west longitude, between 18° and 20° of north latitude, surrounded by craggy rocks and dangerous shoals; its extreme length is four hundred and eight English statute or three hundred and forty six geographical miles; but as the west end projects out into the sea in two promontories, its mean length is only two hundred and seventy five English statute miles, with a breadth varying from seventy to one hundred and thirty five miles, embracing within these limits an area of thirty-seven thousand one hundred and twenty-five square miles, or three million seven hundred and sixty thousand English statute acres, its extent being about three-fourths that of England, excluding Wales; it has four principal rivers, whose streams rise about the centre of the island, the Yuna flowing into Samana Bay, in the east; the Yaque de Santiage running to the north; the Artibonate to the west; the Neibe taking a southerly direction: it was discovered by Columbus, 6th December, 1492, and is the first spot colonized by Europeans in the new world; those Europeans were Spaniards. The east end of the Isle is separated from Porto Rico by the Mona, or Porto Rico channel, about one hundred and twenty miles in width: the northern promontory of the west end is separated from the Island of Cuba by the windward passage about sixty miles across; the southern promontory of the west, is about one hundred miles distant from the west end of the Island of Jamaica: a chain of mountains extends from the extremity of the northern promontory of the west end to the south-east end of the island, and near the centre rises to the height of about six thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Other mountain chains run in various directions, affording great variety of feature and climate, contributing equally to beauty and fertility. In 1789, the French part of the island had a population of thirty thousand eight hundred and thirty whites, twenty-four thousand Mulattoes, with four hundred and eighty thousand slaves. From this period a new and very important era in the history of San Domingo commences; the French revolution extended to this island; an insurrection of the negroes ensued, in which upwards of two thousand of the white oppressors fell a prey to the fury of their slaves. In 1792, the national assembly of France proclaimed the political equality of the blacks and the other inhabitants: in the following year, 1793, three commissioners were despatched from the French shores, who, upon their arrival in San Domingo, proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves; this, unfortunately, served as a signal for the latter to wreak their vengeance upon their former masters. On the 21st June, 1793, a force, consisting of three thousand blacks, entered Cape François, and made an indiscriminate slaughter of the whites, whilst the most cruel revenge displayed itself over all the French portion of the island. In the midst of this confusion the

English made an attempt to establish an authority, and an armament from the island of Jamaica succeeded in gaining possession of Port au Prince, but after suffering severely from disease, and greatly harassed by the resistance of the blacks, the expedition was abandoned, 1798, by which time the whole of the white population had been nearly extirpated, whilst the blacks, under the command of Rigaud and Toussaint L'Ouverture, had made considerable progress in establishing military discipline: thus, on the 1st July, 1801, the independence of the island was formally proclaimed, under the name of the Republic of Hayti, when Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed governor for life, with the power to name his successor. Bonaparte heard of all these arrangements with great contempt, nothing doubting he should be able to regain this valuable island by means of a numerous fleet, which he caused to be fitted out to carry an army of twenty thousand men, which he committed to the command of General Le Clerc, who had married Napoleon's favourite sister Pauline. In this, however, he was ultimately foiled: his troops were compelled to retreat and become prisoners of war, 30th December, 1803, to the English, who took the field as auxiliaries to the Haytians. Toussaint L'Ouverture's children had been sent to France for education, and as he was known to be the most moderate of all the black generals, the Chief Consul addressed a letter to him, at the same time he sent back his children, thinking thereby the more readily to effect his object, which was to repossess the island:—

"*To Citizen Toussaint L'Ouverture, General-in-Chief of the army of St. Domingo.*

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"Peace with England, and all the powers of Europe, which places the Republic in the first degree of greatness and power, enables the government, at the same time, to direct its attention to St. Domingo. We send thither Citizen Le Clerc, our brother in-law, in quality of captain general, as first magistrate of the colony. He is accompanied with the necessary forces to make the sovereignty of the French people respected. It is under these circumstances, that we are disposed to hope that you will prove to us, and to all France, the sincerity of the sentiments you have constantly expressed, in the different letters you have written to us. We have conceived an esteem for you, and we wish to recognize and proclaim the great services you have done the French people. If their colours fly on St. Domingo, it is to you and to your brave blacks that they are indebted. Called by your talents, and the force of circumstances, to the first command, you have destroyed the civil war, put a stop to the persecutions of some ferocious men, restored to honour the religion and worship of God, from whom all things proceed. The constitution that you have formed, though containing many good things, contains others which are contrary to the dignity and sovereignty of the French people, of which the inhabitants of St. Domingo form but a portion.

"We have made known to your children and to their preceptor, the sentiments by which we are animated. We send them back to you. Assist with your councils, your influence, and your talents, the captain general. What can you desire? the freedom of the blacks? You know that, in all the countries we have been in, we have given it to the people who had it not. Do you desire consideration, honours, fortune? It is not after the services you have rendered, the services you can still render, with the particular sentiments we have for you, that you ought to be doubtful with respect to your consideration, your fortune, and the honours that await you. Make known to the people of St. Domingo that the solicitude which France has always evinced for their happiness, has often been rendered impotent by the imperious circumstances of war; that men who came from the Continent to agitate and nourish factions, were the produce of the factions which destroyed the country; that in future, peace, and the power of the government, insure their prosperity and freedom.

"Rely, without reserve, on our esteem; and conduct yourself as one of the principal citizens of the greatest nation of the world ought to do.

"The Chief Consul—Bonaparte."

In January, 1802, General Le Clerc reached the Carribean Sea, and summoned Toussaint to surrender. The negro chief received his offspring with transport, but apprehending treachery, he returned to his camp and courageously refused all overtures, resolved gallantly to share the dangers and abide the destinies of his countrymen; numbers, however, were compelled to yield to discipline, and stronghold after stronghold falling into the hands of the French, he at length entered into a negociation, the conditions of which were that he should be allowed to retire in safety to his plantation. Toussaint was an African by birth, a man of strong natural parts, with a humane disposition, and active habits, although uneducated; at an early period of his life he was sold as a domestic slave, during which he acquired great influence among the black population, more especially with those of his own nation: as he had in numerous instances by his example and advice softened the ferocity of his countrymen, he was much respected by the White inhabitants.

The Chief Consul, in his instructions to the commander of the expedition against San Domingo, had expressly ordered that the mulattoes, or men of colour should be treated as equals to the whites, and the greatest confidence placed in them, that their intermarriages with white women should be by every means promoted, as also the matrimonial union of women of colour with white men, but that a system directly the reverse should be pursued with regard to the negroes or blacks.

In the event of the pacification of the colony, all the black officers of rank were to be despatched upon Continental services, urging that they were bound to serve wherever the state might require their assistance; for this purpose these chieftains were to be shipped at the various ports of the island, and to be conveyed to Brest, Rochfort, and Toulon: this was neglected by Le Clerc.

When the chiefs were disposed of, the blacks were to be disarmed, excepting ten battalions of six hundred men each; the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of these negro troops were to be one-third blacks, one-third mulattoes, and one-third whites.

All requisite measures were to be adopted to secure the full enjoyment of civil liberty to the negro population, and it was more particularly enjoined that efficacy should be given to the regulations respecting the classification and labour of the blacks, which had been introduced by Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Suspicion is the handmaid of treachery—the one is in perfect keeping with the other—wherever the last exist, the former will usually be found to be its intimate companion. To find a pretext to remove an obnoxious individual from a distant colony has never been thought a very difficult task by an obsequious governor: thus, although Toussaint had relinquished his milttary appointments and retired into private life, his former acts were by no means forgotten: he was viewed with jealousy, his influence was dreaded, and his presence in San Domingo considered detrimental to French interests; by well-dissembled mildness the lion had been artfully seduced from his lair, dexterously separated from his courageous associates; thus he was easily caught in the toil, and was now about to be immolated at the disgraceful shrine of an ignominious perfidy and the dastardly breach of a solemn compact. Vague, unauthenticated rumours of insurrection and culpable correspondence were set afloat; these were deemed sufficient to warrant the arrest of this unfortunate man—this victim to inordinate aspiration for uncontrolled domination; he was inveigled on board a vessel, put under confinement, branded as a traitor, and sent to France; there he ended the miserable remnant of his days, consigned to the horrors of a dungeon and the tender mercies of a gaolor, who, generally speaking, has a heart not much less obdurate than the stone walls which confine the wretched beings committed to his custody. Whether by excess of grief, poison, or the accursed hand of the midnight assassin, remains a secret which probably will never be divulged—governments are not usually too explicit in these matters—whatever may have been his unhappy fate, the mystery attending it excited great as well as universal interest. The treacherous arrest of Toussaint opened the eyes of the other negro officers to the moral turpitude of the transaction; fearful lest the same destiny should await themselves, they flew to arms, declared their independence, openly bearded the French troops, and invested the black general Dessalines with the command formerly exercised by the betrayed Toussaint L'Ouverture; the insurrectionary outburst spread its devastating flame over the colony with electrical rapidity: it is a melancholy reflection to recur to the almost unparalleled cruelties exercised by the belligerents—it speaks but little in favour of human propensities. The calamities of war are sufficiently dolorous when hostilities are carried on in the mildest manner: in this instance they were shockingly aggravated by the commission of the most savage barbarities, perpetrated equally by the French soldiery as by the black warriors. That dreadful scourge, disease, incidental to tropical climates, aided the fury of the negroes, while it thinned the ranks of the French commander: at last, the veterans who accompanied Le Clerc were, after great vicissitudes of fortune, cooped up in Cape Town, at which place the general himself fell a prey to fever, and his troops were subsequently compelled to capitulate. Pauline accompanied the body of her deceased husband from the Aceldama, a Hebrew term for a field of blood, to his more peaceful slumbers in his native land.

At Paris a rigorous decree was promulgated, which forbade the longer residence of any negro, either male or female, in France, the consequence of which was that some hundreds of that proscribed race became wanderers over Europe. This subject has been pathetically taken up by the energetic pen of our own truly valuable poet, Wordsworth.

If ambition be put out of the question, the soundness of the policy which dictated these measures would hardly be discernible. San Domingo, under the government of Toussaint L'Ouverture, although nominally an independent state, was virtually a French colony, from which France derived all the advantages of colonization, without either incurring the expense of maintaining possession, or the waste of human life in keeping up an army of Europeans for the subjection of the island; the language and habits of the two people were identical: therefore, if Napoleon had drawn closer the bond of union instead of pursuing a vengeful course, he would unquestionably have found fast friends where he met none but most determined enemies. Indeed, Bonaparte himself, when discoursing on this business, during his exile at St. Helena, seems to have repudiated his own conduct, by observing, "The idea of reducing San Domingo by force was a great error, as I had foreseen its failure: I certainly ought to have been satisfied with governing it through the medium of Toussaint L'Ouverture, although that chief was clearly not so highly gifted as was attempted in his time to describe him; but I was induced to undertake the expedition at the entreaties of the West India proprietors, who were very powerful in Paris." This is not saying much for his wisdom, little for his discretion, still less for the expansion of his views as a statesman; not that he was deficient in those qualities: it can only, therefore, be accounted for by quoting in his behalf the proverb which says, and says truly, "No man is wise at all hours."

If the clue be wanting to the labyrinth which envelops the former transactions, it will be still more difficult to thread the mazes and discover the principle which could induce a man of such comprehensive mind as Napoleon Bonaparte to uphold enslavement in one place while he destroyed it in another; such contradictory policy in a person of his commanding talents is altogether inexplicable. Be this as it may, the bondage of the degraded negro to his unfeeling purchaser was continued in two French colonies, namely—

Martinique, or Martinico, one of the windward Caribbee Islands, commonly called West Indian, in the North Atlantic Ocean, of which the Caribbean Sea forms a part, lying between Cuba, San Domingo, and Porto Rico on the north, and the north coast of the new republic of Columbia on the south, sixty miles in length, eighteen miles in breadth, with a circumference of about one hundred miles, extending from the 62° to the 84° degree of west longitude, in which are several safe and commodious harbours; the capital is Fort Royal; the island is called windward on account of the winds generally blowing from the eastern point in those quarters, and derives the appellation of Caribbean from the aborigines, a warlike people who bore the name of Caribs.

Isle of France, or Mauritius, one hundred and fifty miles in circumference, situated in the Indian Ocean, two hundred leagues east of the extensive island of Madagascar, in 20° 9′ south latitude, 57° 28′ east longitude; population, one hundred and one thousand five hundred.

While in three other dependencies on the French government, the blacks were absolved from being any longer the property of the planter, their state of slavery declared to be at an end, and themselves, in common with their masters, entitled to all the civil rights, privileges, and immunities belonging to free citizens: these were—

Cayenne, or Equinoctial France, a French settlement, extending two hundred and forty miles along the coast of Guiana, and running inland nearly three hundred miles, commencing at Cape Orange, and stretching out to the south as far as the river of the Amazons, bounded on the north by Surinam, by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, on the south by Amazonia, and by Guiana on the west; there is also an island bearing the same name lying off the coast, fifty miles in circumference, separated from the continent by a narrow channel, in 52° 15′ west longitude, 4° 56′ north latitude.

Guadaloupe, one of the leeward Caribbee Islands, lying in the North Atlantic Ocean, between the Island of Antigua and Dominica, divided in two by a strait called the Salt River, by means of which the sea on the north-west communicates with that on the south-east: each portion is about sixty miles in length, with a breadth of twenty-four miles: Basseterre, the capital, is seated on the south-west extremity, in 16° north latitude, 61° 48′ west longitude; on this island there is a volcano called the Mountain of Sulphur, and on the east side of it are two mouths which open into a sulphureous pit.

San Domingo already described, page 316.

With his accustomed animation, Napoleon was wont to defend this paradoxical doctrine, justifying it as the best means to secure the tranquillity of the Isles of France and Martinique. "It was done," he said, "to prevent a dreadful re-action, and the destruction of thousands of the French white inhabitants. The question of the liberty of the blacks," he continued, "is very complicated and difficult. In Africa and Asia it has been resolved; but it has been so by means of polygamy. The whites and the blacks there form parts of the same household. The head of the family having white and black wives and wives of colour, the white and mulatto children are brothers, bred in the same cradle, bear the same name, and eat at the same table. Would it then be impossible to authorize polygamy in our islands, restricting the number of wives to two, a white one and a black one? The patriarchs in the first ages of Christianity had several wives. The church permitted and tolerated a species of concubinage, the effect of which was to allow one man to have several wives. The pope and the councils have the authority and the means to authorize such an institution, because the object of it is the conciliation and harmony of society, and not the increasing of carnal pleasures. The effect of these marriages would be confined to the colonies: proper measures would be taken to prevent them from spreading disorder in the bosom of European society."

The Decree of the Senate, 26th April, 1802, has been already noticed, page 307.

Steady to his purpose, with a capacious mind, iron nerves, and commanding talents fully adequate to his task, Bonaparte ascended step by step to the diadem of France: unremittingly pursuing his object, it was his studied policy to be the originator of everything connected with the palace of the Tuilleries, which, if it did not excel, might at least vie in splendour with any European court, conducted as it was under the guidance of her whose elegant manners were proverbial—the graceful Josephine. Although ostensibly the chief executive minister of a commonwealth, Napoleon was bent upon becoming its acknowledged master; in furtherance of his scheme, he resolved to give birth to a Patrician order, and thus, at one blow, put an end to that equality of citizenship which constitutes the very essence of a Republican form of government: he was also determined that the new race of nobles should owe their titles and their elevation over their fellow citizens, to himself and to himself alone, thereby surrounding his person with those immediately interested to promote his ulterior views: thus fortified, he clearly foresaw that his course would be accelerated; that, while it shut the door against Bourbon influence, it also opposed an additional barrier to their return, seeing that from thenceforth the great stimulus which could attach adherents to the cause of the expatriated family—the bestowal of dignities—would be amply within the scope of his own power to grant

Ever wary in his progress, he was, however, careful not to do too much at once. Thus actuated, he proposed the establishment of an institution, the members of which should, in addition to pensions from the country, be distinguished by wearing some emblematic device; this was evidently put forth as a feeler, as well as the precursor of what would be considered a more flattering as well as a more substantive creation of nobility, because more exclusive. Whenever Buonaparte contemplated any serious innovation upon the Republican maxims, recognized by the revolution, it was his wont personally to discuss the merits of the proposed measure with such of his senators who might differ from him in opinion. His powers of persuasion were of the very first order, his arguments evinced great depth of thought, as also an intimate acquaintance with the French character, while his reasoning afforded irrefragable proof that he had maturely considered his subject, keeping its weak points in the background, but whatever of strength it possessed was prominently brought under review with a master hand: in the course of these discussions, General Berthier ridiculed the idea of forming such an institution as unworthy of Republicans: called "Ribbons and crosses the playthings of monarchy," then cited the old Roman commonwealth, as "not having any settled system of honorary rewards"—this was sufficient to rouse the animation of the Chief Consul, who combatted the assertion with his accustomed energy, observing—

"You and others are always talking to us of the Romans—the Romans had patricians, knights, citizens, and slaves: for each class different dresses and different manners—honorary recompenses for every species of merit—mural crowns—ovations—triumphs—titles. When the noble band of patricians lost its influence, Rome fell to pieces:—the people were a vile rabble. It was then that you saw the fury of Marius, the proscriptions of Sylla, and afterwards of the emperors. In like manner Brutus is talked of as the enemy of tyrants: he was an aristocrat who stabbed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to lower the authority of the noble senate. You talk of "child's rattles"—be it so:—it is with such rattles that men are led. I would not say that to the multitude; but in a council of statesmen one may speak the truth. I do not believe that the French people love "liberty and equality." Their character has not been changed in ten years: they are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were—vain and light. They are susceptible but of one sentiment—honour. It is right to afford nourishment to this sentiment, and to allow of distinctions. Observe how the people bow before the decorations of foreigners. Voltaire calls the common soldiers 'Alexanders at five sous a day.' He was right: it is just so. Do you imagine you can make men fight by reasoning? Never. You must bribe them with glory, distinctions, rewards. To come to the point: during ten years there has been a talk of institutions—where are they? All has been overturned: our business is to build up. There is a government with certain powers; as to all the rest of the nation, what is it but grains of sand? Before the Republic can be definitely established, we must, as a foundation, cast some blocks of granite on the soil of France. In fine, it is agreed that we have need of some kind of institutions. If this legion of honour be not approved, let some other be suggested. I do not pretend that, alone, it will save the state, but it will do its part." Many years after, speaking of this institution, he observed, "It was the reversion of every one who was an honour to his country, stood at the head of his profession, and contributed to the national prosperity and glory. Some were dissatisfied because the decoration was alike for officers and soldiers; others because it was given to civil and military men indiscriminately. But if ever it cease to be the recompense of the brave private, or be confined to soldiers alone, it will cease to be the legion of honour."

"I have to regret that this part of my policy should have been so ill understood: in my own opinion, it was one of my grandest and happiest ideas. I had in view three objects of the highest importance, and all three would have been accomplished:—

"1. To reconcile France with Europe, and to restore harmony, by seeming to adopt European customs.

"2. By the same means, to bring about a complete reconciliation and union between old and new France.

"3. To banish feudal nobility, the only kind that is offensive, oppressive, and unjust.

"By my plan, I should soon have succeeded in substituting positive and meritorious qualities for antiquated and odious prejudices. My national titles would have exactly restored that equality which feudal nobility proscribed. They were conferred as the reward of merit of every kind: for genealogical parchments I substituted noble actions, and for private interests, the interest of the country: family pride would no longer have been founded on obscure and imaginary circumstances, but would have rested on the noblest pages of our history; finally, I would have banished the odious pretension of blood; an absurd idea, a theory that has no real existence; for we all know very well that there is but one race of men, and that one is not born with boots on his legs, and another with a pack-saddle on his back. All the nobility in Europe, those who really govern it, were pleased with my plan: they unanimously applauded an institution, the novelty of which enhanced its pre-eminence; and yet it was this very novelty for which its enemies would have sapped its foundation, and infallibly have destroyed it: that opinion to which I had secured a triumph, precisely served the purpose of its opponents. But I have suffered this misfortune oftener than once."

On the 15th May, 1802, Napoleon instituted his new order, to which he gave the appellation of "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

Joseph Buonaparte, the Chief Consul's brother, was made grand master of the order, of which—

The first consul, for the time being, was to be the chief of the institution, as also to preside over the council of administration attached to it.

Large national domains were set apart to pay the pensions of the members, and support contingent expenses.

A palace was appropriated for the chief officers of the order and the council of administration.

The sons and daughters of the legionaries were to be educated at the national expense.

The members were to be appointed for life.

The insignia of the order, to be worn by the members, had five points, to distinguish it from a cross.

The first class were to wear stars upon their breasts, with the denomination of grand eagles.

The order was to be open to all military men who had received marks of honour, as well as to those citizens who had rendered eminent service to the state during the late war, or who had contributed to establish and defend the principles of the Republic by causing the government to be re spected, also to proficients in science, to men of great literary reputation, or any otherwise distinguished by their talents and their virtues.

The legion comprised a council of administration and fifteen cohorts, each of which latter included—

Seven grand officers with pensions of five thousand francs each, or two hundred pounds sterling.

Twenty commandants, with pensions of one thousand francs each, or forty pounds sterling.

Thirty subordinate officers with pensions same as the commandants.

Three hundred and fifty legionaries with pensions of two hundred and fifty francs each, or ten pounds sterling.

Bonaparte is said to have first conceived the idea of forming this legion, by observing from a window of the Tuilleries the admiration bestowed by the populace, assembled before the palace, upon the decorations worn by the Prussian Ambassador, the Marouis Lucchesini, as he descended from his carriage, glittering with stars and crosses. Be this as it may, the stanch Republicans viewed the institution with jealous eyes, and those in the legislature offered considerable opposition to its adoption; their party, however, had been materially weakened by disunion among themselves, and the return of the emigrant nobility.

In compassing his grand design, Napoleon was ever on the alert to avail himself of passing events, whenever he thought they could be made instrumental to the promotion of his aspiration. Nothing of the kind, therefore, was suffered to escape his notice; and it must be allowed that he was extremely felicitous in turning such occurrences to the advantage of his schemes. The most enthusiastic joy prevailed throughout the French territory on the announcement of the peace of Amiens, see page 307; it certainly formed a most triumphant epoch in the annals of France: not only had the right to choose her own form of government, for which her warriors had so long and so courageously combatted, been conceded by her enemies, but all her most valuable acquisitions made during the sanguinary contest, were recognized in the face of the world: Bonaparte, to whose martial genius this glorious result was mainly to be attributed, was desirous that, in addition to his military renown, should be added the olive branch, and that he should be known under the title of "The Pacificator of Europe." The ratification of this peace was celebrated at Paris with unexampled splendour. Napoleon received addresses of congratulation from every part of the Republic, and attended by a brilliant cortege, including all his own family, the great officers of state, the ministers as well as the constituted authorities went to the church of *Notre Dame*, where he was seated during divine service, under a canopy of crimson velvet richly embroidered. Holcroft, the author of the comedy of the "Road to Ruin," was present on this occasion, and thus describes the appearance of the Chief Consul. "It must have been one of the proudest days of his life: the sallowness of his complexion was overpowered by the emotions of his thought; there was colour in his face; a gentle inclination to smile rendered his mouth pleasant; his aspect was gracious; his forehead large and open; his soul was in tune: I never heheld a physiognomy more apparently capable of the grandeur of benignity." The council general of the department of the Seine proposed to erect a monument to him, and waited upon him for that purpose, but he modestly contrived to avoid this intended honour with no inconsiderable tact, but also with great dignity, and in reply to their solicitation said: "The idea of dedicating monuments to men who render themselves useful to their country is honourable to nations. I accept your offer; let the place be marked out; but leave to future ages the care of constructing the statue, should they confirm the good opinion which you are pleased to entertain of me."

Bonaparte having travelled thus far as it were over beds of roses, was resolved, if possible, to continue the roseate path, which he had hitherto found redolent of all he could desire: his next forward movement therefore was, if possible, to render his power permanent; to this end he began to cast about for the best means to advantage himself of the prevailing enthusiasm in his favour, in order to obtain the much coveted position by which he should confirm his independence. There are always to be found time-serving sycophants ready to undertake any service, however degrading, that may be thought pleasing to those by whom they are desirous to be patronized. A being of this description existed in the person of the senator Chabot de l'Allier, who was a creature of the Chief Consul; this minion moved that the Conservative Senate should confer some striking mark of public gratitude on "The Great Pacificator;" the proposal, against which only one dissentient voice was heard, that of the celebrated Republican minister of war, Carnot, was agreed to, and quickly received the concurrence of the other legislative bodies. It was consequently decreed, that "Napoleon should be re-elected to the consular dignity for ten years, in addition to the term for which he was already chosen," and a deputation was directed to wait upon him with the proposal: he received the communication most graciously, and after thanking them, he said, with well-affected *naiveté*, "the interest of my glory, as well as of my happiness, suggests that the termination of my public life shall be the moment that the peace of the world be proclaimed; the glory and happiness of an individual, however, must be silent when the interest of the state and the voice of the people call upon him; however, I cannot consent to accept of any such prolongation of my official duties except from the free suffrages of the people, because it was the suffrages of the people that invested me with the chief magistracy, and I should not consider myself certain of still possessing their confidence, if the act for retaining me in that situation be not ratified by the public voice. During the three last years fortune has smiled on the Republic, but fortune is inconstant, and how many men has she loaded with her favours who have afterwards outlived them!" In the latter part of this he seems to have spoken prophetically. In compliance with his suggestion, the matter was referred to the people: registers were opened in the different departments, wherein to inscribe the suffrages of the citizens on this subject. When preparing the edict of the Senate for public inspection and ratification, the Second and Third Consuls, acting under the influence of their master colleague, contrived to make a most important change in the terms of the instrument; thus, instead of propounding the question, "Shall Bonaparte be Chief Consul for ten years after the expiration of his present term?" the words ten years were entirely omitted, and the proposition sent down was "Shall Bonaparte be Chief Consul for life?" To this a second question was artfully joined, to wit: "Shall Bonaparte be invested with the power to name his successor?" Both these questions were carried in the affirmative, by an immense majority: three million five hundred seventy seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens voted for the propositions, while only nine thousand and seventy-four passed a negative upon these daring innovations. On the 3rd August, 1802, the Senate presented him with the act of confirmation of his appointment to the chief consulate for life, with power to name his successor. When he received this distinguished mark of public confidence, he thus addressed them :—" The life of a citizen belongs to his country ; the French people wish that the whole of mine should be devoted to them. I obey their will. Content with having been called by the order of Him from whom all things emanate, to bring back upon the earth, justice, order, and equality, I shall hear my last hour sound without regret, and without an undue anxiety about the opinion of future generations."

Carnot, the war minister, headed the small band of uncompromising Republican patriots, who recorded their negative to this appointment of Napoleon to the chief consulship for life. This sturdy citizen observed that he was well aware that he was signing the sentence of his own exile, when he, and he alone, denounced this flagitious decree from the tribune. Bonaparte, however, who was now snugly seated, conceived himself strong enough to forego severe measures : he, therefore, contented himself with a dismissal of the intractable politician from the management of the war department : thus his person remained in safety : many years elapsed before he was again employed ; but when foreign invaders entered the French territory, he tendered his services, which were accepted in the hour of need.

It is but fair to bring under public review Napoleon's own version of this business, as given by himself, during his exile at the island of St. Helena. Speaking of these events, he observed, " Such was the ascendancy I had acquired, that, even while the negotiations for peace were pending, I got myself elected President of the Italian Republic ; and this circumstance, which, in the ordinary course of European diplomacy, would naturally have created so many obstacles, occasioned no interruption to the proceedings. Matters were brought to a conclusion ; and I gained my point by plain dealing, better than if I had fallen into all the usual diplomatic subtleties. Many libellous pamphlets, and even manifestoes of no better character, accused me of perfidy, and of breach of faith in my negotiations ; but I never merited these charges, which, on the contrary, might always have been justly applied to the other cabinets of Europe. At Amiens, I sincerely thought that the fate of France, and of Europe, and my own destiny, were permanently fixed. I hoped that the war was at an end. However, the English ministry again kindled the flame. England is alone responsible for all the miseries by which Europe has since been assailed : for my part, I intended to have devoted myself wholly to the internal interests of France ; and I feel confident I should have wrought miracles : I should have lost nothing in the scale of glory ; and I should have gained much in the scale of happiness. I should then have achieved the moral conquest of Europe, which I was afterwards on the point of accomplishing by force of arms. Of how much glory was I thus deprived ? My enemies always spoke of my love of war ; but was I not constantly engaged in self-defence ? After every victory I gained, did I not immediately make proposals for peace ? The truth is, I never was master of my own actions : I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans ; but I never had it in my power to execute any. I held the helm with a vigorous hand ; but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them ; and I prudently yielded, rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I never was truly my own master, but was always controlled by circumstances. Thus, at the commencement of my rise, during the consulate, my sincere friends and warm partizans, with the best intentions, and as a guide for their own conduct, frequently asked me what point I was driving at? I always answered that I did not know. They were surprised, probably dissatisfied; yet I spoke the truth. Subsequently, during the empire, when there was less familiarity, many faces seemed to put the same question to me; and I might still have given the same reply. In fact, I was not master of my own actions, because I was not fool enough to attempt to twist events into conformity with my system. On the contrary, I moulded my system according to the unforeseen succession of events. This often had the appearance of unsteadiness and inconsistency; and of these faults I was sometimes unjustly accused. Amidst the mass of absurdities and falsehoods, related of me, are the overtures which it is said I made to the Bourbon princes, in which it was proposed that Louis should execute a formal deed, resigning for himself, and for his family, all pretensions to the throne of France, and that, in return, I should put those princes in possession of independent dominions in Italy. Now, if even I had been favourably disposed towards such a transaction, it would not have been in my power to carry such intentions into execution. I had certainly myself received overtures of a somewhat different complexion, both from Milan and from London; but I never entertained them even for an instant. How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them—that of the sovereignty of the people—how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which are proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable—too ridiculous; it would have ruined me for ever in public opinion. The fact is, that neither at home or abroad, did I ever do any thing of the kind; and this will, no doubt, in the course of time, be the opinion of all persons of judgment, who allow me to have been neither a fool nor a madman. The prevalence of this report, however, induced me to seek to discover what could have given rise to it; and these are the facts which I collected:—At the period of the good understanding between France and Prussia, and while that state was endeavouring to ingratiate itself in our favour, she caused inquiry to be made, whether France would take umbrage at her allowing the French princes to remain in the Prussian territories; to which the French government answered in the negative. Emboldened by this reply, Prussia next inquired whether we should feel any great repugnance to furnishing them, through her medium, with an annual allowance. To this our government also replied in the negative, provided that Prussia would be responsible for their remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigue. The negotiation of this affair being once set on foot between the two countries, Heaven knows what the zeal of some agent, or even the doctrines of the court of Berlin, which did not accord with ours, may have proposed. This furnished, no doubt, the motive and the pretext, if, indeed, any really existed, for the fine letter of Louis XVIII., to which all the members of his family so ostentatiously adhered. The French princes eagerly seized that opportunity to revive the interest and attention of Europe, which had been by this time totally withdrawn from them."

All hope of issue by Josephine having vanished, Napoleon, fortified by the decree of the Senate, was, nevertheless, determined that the throne of France should in future be occupied by a new dynasty—that of his own family; it was, therefore, his then intention to name one of his brother's sons as his successor. To this end, he entered upon a learned disquisition respecting the Roman law of adoption, maintaining, with energetic eloquence, that an heir, so chosen, ought to be ever dearer than a son. We say his "then intention," because subsequent events presented him with a child of his own, born in wedlock.

After the ratification of the peace of Amiens, the European powers were not a little astounded by the disclosure of some treaties, which had hitherto been kept profoundly secret, and which had been concluded by the Chief Consul with Turkey, Spain, and Portugal, by which the latter had actually ceded to the French government her possessions in Guiana, while the first had placed the Republic in full possession of all the immunities and privileges of commerce, which the Porte had ever bestowed upon the most favoured nations, Spain having also agreed that Parma should be annexed to the dominions of France, after the demise of the then reigning prince. By these instruments, it would appear that the grasping ambition of Bonaparte had found, in almost every quarter of the globe, something whereon to fasten its claws: a circumstance by no means calculated to draw closer the bonds of union between his own and the neighbouring governments. If, however, anything had been wanting to widen the breach, and alarm the cabinets of Europe for their own safety, it was to be found in the preparations he had been making to overawe Switzerland, and crush its independence; by means of which, he would virtually unite that country to his already extensive, as well as powerful empire. By the treaty of Luneville, the contracting parties had guaranteed to the Swiss their unquestionable right to arrange their own form of government, and had also undertaken to maintain inviolate the freedom of the Helvetic Republic. Unfortunately, as in many other countries the same lamentable disunion is to be found, these hardy sons of liberty were split into two parties.

One included the small mountain Cantons, who insisted upon the re-establishment of the old federative constitution. These were headed by the gallant Aloys Reding, a brave man, of commanding talents, with unflinching integrity.

The other comprised the more wealthy and aristoctatic Cantons, who were equally bent upon continuing certain innovations, which they had introduced, and fixing the government upon the model of the French Republic, "one and indivisible."

Both parties were alike obstinate, neither being disposed to yield its pretensions. Thus, the flame of controversy, fanned by conflicting passions, was at last kindled into all the horrors of civil war. In this unhappy, ill-advised contest, the adherents to the original frame of government were generally successful; the supporters of the new constitution, finding themselves hard pressed, invoked the assistance of France, while the friends of the ancient regime instructed their agents to apply to the ministers of the principal powers of Europe for aid; the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, acting, no doubt, under instructions from their respective cabinets, refused to give them an audience—in short, none except the English Resident, Mr. Merry, appeared disposed to lend them any assistance in their endeavours to overturn the new government. Napoleon, who is suspected to have fermented their quarrel, for the express purpose of turning it to his own advantage, was but too sensible of the necessity to preserve, if possible, his influence in Helvetia; he, therefore, unrequested, as well as unexpectedly, suddenly assumed to himself the character of arbiter between the contending parties; and addressed a letter, in the form of a proclamation, to the eighteen Cantons, in which he said:—

"Inhabitants of Helvetia—for the last two years you have presented an afflicting spectacle to the world. Opposite factions have successively possessed themselves of power, and they have marked their short-lived ascendancy by a system of partiality which proves their weakness and want of ability. In the course of the year 10, your government was desirous that the few French troops in Helvetia should be withdrawn: the French government embraced the opportunity to show how much they respected your independence, but the different factions quickly recommenced their agitations with redoubled violence, and the blood of the Swiss flowed by the hands of each other. You have been disputing for three years without coming to any mutual understanding; and, if left to yourselves, you may do so for three years longer. Your history proves that your intestine differences could never be settled without the intervention of France. It is true I had determined not to meddle with your affairs, and I have constantly seen your different governments ask my advice without following it, and sometimes make an improper use of my name, just as it suited their passions or their interest. But I neither can nor ought to remain any longer insensible to your present misery. I recall my determination, I will be the mediator of your differences, but my mediation shall be effectual, and such as becomes the great nation in whose name I speak to you. Five days after this proclamation shall be published, the Senate shall assemble at Berne. All public functionaries who have been nominated at Berne since the last capitulation, shall be dismissed, and cease to exercise any authority. The prefects shall repair to their posts. The first and second Helvetic demi brigades shall form the garrison of Berne. The troops which were in pay six months ago, shall alone remain embodied, and all individuals dismissed from the belligerent forces, and who are now armed, shall deposit their arms with the municipality of the commune in which they were born. The Senate shall send three deputies to Paris, and each canton shall send one. All the citizens who, for the last three years, have been landmanns, senators, or occupied places of public authority, may repair to Paris, to offer their sentiments on the means to restore union and tranquillity. On my part, I have a right to expect that no town, commune, or public body, will desire to do anything contrary to the intentions which I have just now manifested.—People of Helvetia—awake to hope! your country is on the brink of a precipice; it shall be saved, and all honest men will second this generous intention. But if, which I can hardly think, there should be among you any individuals of so little virtue as to refuse to sacrifice their passions and their prejudices to the love of their country, then, alas! O people of Helvetia, you will have degenerated from your ancestors: there is no sensible man who does not see that the mediation which I take upon me, is for Helvetia, a blessing sent from that providence which has never ceased to watch over the existence and independence of your country, and that that meditation is the only means which remains to save both the one and the other. It is time for you to consider, that if the union and patriotism of your ancestors founded your Republic, the deadly spirit of your factions, if it continue, will infallibly destroy it, and it will be painful to think, that at a period when new Republics are rising up around you, fate should have fixed the end of one of the most ancient."

(Signed) "Bonaparte."

The Chief Consul was not in the habit of doing things by halves: having made up his mind to the course he should pursue, he supported this manifesto by an order to General Ney, to advance into Switzerland, with thirty thousand men; under such circumstances, resistance became useless: the old spirit of Swiss freedom was effectually paralyzed; the Swiss deputies, therefore, met as directed, when they agreed to a constitution moulded after the fashion prescribed by Bonaparte: the terms of which bound the cantons to maintain an army of not less than sixteen thousand men, which was to be at the disposal of France: this was, in point of fact, degrading that once free and independent country into little more than a French province; of all the European powers, England alone remonstrated against this unprovoked aggression: she despatched an envoy for that purpose, but without producing any effect. It was, however, generally allowed that the form of government introduced was quite suitable to the peculiar condition of Switzerland: the Diet voted an address of thanks to Napoleon for "restoring their ancient constitution, as being the only one either adapted to their wants or consistent with the wishes of the people." The Helvetic troops were passed into the French service: on the 1st October, 1802, the Chief Consul, in addition to his other titles, was styled "Grand Mediator of the Helvetian Republic."

The peace of Amiens opened new sources for gratification to British travellers: ten years the Continent had been virtually shut against them; during that period the public journals had daily teemed with accounts of the wonderful effects brought about by the French Revolution; curiosity was at its height: persons of every description were eager to witness the astonishing changes which they had been taught to believe had taken place in consequence of that memorable event: personally, to behold the chief actor in the Revolutionary drama, Napoleon Bonaparte himself, was by no means the least inducement for the trip; he was the great lion whom every one was anxious to see; for this purpose people flocked in shoals across the channel; Paris swarmed with English of all ranks, ages, and sexes: nobles, senators, merchants, idlers mingled in one indiscriminate throng for the indulgence of their inquisitive disposition. The English are essentially an aristocratic people; reserved in their manners, exclusive in their intercourse, great worshippers of wealth, and most decidedly admirers of pageantry and splendour: they were, therefore, agreeably disappointed with the condition of Paris; to their great surprise they found the consular court magnificent in the extreme, most splendidly appointed; its discipline very nearly conducted upon the old model of the monarchy: the Parisians generally received our countrymen with great civility; were sedulous to pay them extraordinary attention; animosity seemed to have given way to generous feelings, and for a brief space the establishment of a friendly communication between the inhabitants of the two nations appeared to have taken root. English statesmen of the highest class crowded the levees of Bonaparte, and were received by the Chief Consul with marked respect; indeed, none of the English who visited the French capital had any reason to complain of the want of urbanity towards them on the part of Napoleon, who always seemed pleased whenever they chanced to meet: he frequently expressed much displeasure that the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, should refuse to present any lady or gentleman who had not been previously presented at the court of St. James's; it was a regulation which he was desirous to see abolished. Among the host of eminent personages who availed themselves of this opportunity to visit the emporium of fashion, was that consummate politician and vigilant opponent of the heaven-born minister

—Pitt—The Right Honourable Charles James Fox. On presenting himself at the palace of the Tuilleries, he was most cordially welcomed by Napoleon, who felt both pleased and flattered by the arrival of so illustrious a visitor; like the Chief Consul himself, Fox was no common character, such luminaries do not burst forth every day to irradiate an astonished world with their lustre; in communing with men of this stamp, Bonaparte always felt himself most decidedly at home, and never failed to impress his auditor with a reverence for his extensive information. Congenial minds quickly become intimate; friendship between such is of almost instantaneous growth; while mutual admiration lays the foundation for unbounded confidence. Thus, the British statesman and the French ruler soon fell into colloquial intercourse, pleasing to both; they parted highly gratified with their interview. Napoleon ever after spoke in animated terms of the pleasure he had derived from his conversation, and lauded the conduct of those cities who had received the English Senator with distinguished honours, which, indeed, were almost everywhere paid to him in his tour through France; speaking of this great man, Bonaparte said—

"I liked Fox, and loved to converse with him: a circumstance occurred, which, although accidental, must have been very flattering to him; as I paid him every attention, I gave orders that he should have free admission every where. One day he went with his family to see St. Cloud, in which there was a private cabinet of mine, that had not been opened for some time, and was never shown to strangers. By some accident Fox and his wife opened the door, and entered; there he saw the statues of a number of great men, chiefly patriots, such as Sydney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, Lord Chatham, &c., and among the rest his own, which was first recognized by his wife, who said, 'My dear, this is yours.' This little incident, although trifling and accidental, gained him great honour and spread directly through Paris. The fact was, that a considerable time before, I had determined upon forming a collection of statues of the greatest men of all nations, and the most distinguished for their virtues. I did not admire them the less because they were enemies, and had actually procured busts of some of the greatest enemies to France; among others, that of Nelson. I was afterwards diverted from this intention by occurrences which did not allow me time to attend to the collecting of statues."

The year 1802 is remarkable for a most extraordinary, as well as undignified, proceeding on the part of Napoleon; a French emigrant of the Royalist faction, one Le Peltier, was editor of a newspaper called "L'Ambigu," published in London in the French language; in this journal were inserted continual tirades of a most offensive character against Bonaparte; in consequence of these attacks, he made complaints to the British government against what he called the abuse of the press; thank God! the English Home Secretary does not like the French minister of police possess the arbitrary power to seize and suppress the publication of a newspaper at his pleasure; the obvious answer, therefore, of the British ministry was, "our courts of law are open to you—we ourselves are accusto [illegible] abused as you are, and in them, like you, we have our onl [illegible] Chief Consul was imprudent enough, against all advice [illegible] the hands of an English jury, who certainl [illegible] guilty, but before he could be brou [illegible] France was renewed. Le Peltier wa [illegible] Sir James, then Mr Mackintosh, one o [illegible]

English bar, and the elegant lecturer on international law, who delivered a most severe philippic against the ambitious projects of Bonaparte, calculated to make a much greater impression upon public opinion than would twenty newspapers, each having twenty times the talent of "L'Ambigu."

"It would appear that the treaty of Amiens gave but little satisfaction to any party: a strong disposition existed in England to get clear of this treaty; many members of parliament denounced it as fatal to England, because it was not disgraceful to France; the French government was represented as plotting the destruction of this country, while their negotiators at Amiens were designated as "adepts in duplicity, regardless of principle, and unpractised in virtue." The future possession of the Island of Malta had, in the first instance, thrown almost insuperable difficulties in the way of adjustment; while it now bid fair to form the nucleus of a fresh contest, and to cause the earth to be nourished by a further and more copious effusion of human gore: added to this, the public prints on both sides the channel were regularly filled with the most rancorous abuse; the whole vituperative vocabulary was exhausted for the purpose of exciting hostile feelings. The English newspapers diurnally vomited forth the most scurrilous epithets against the Chief Consul, charging him with crimes of the blackest dye. The Parisian press was in nothing behind its neighbour in the adoption of disgusting opprobrious terms, as applied to the English ministry; this mutual crimination and recrimination was not confined to the broad sheet—it found vent in the English legislature, where the objects of Napoleon were dwelt upon in no very measured terms: Mr. Sheridan, with his usual eloquence, in his place in parliament, thus expressed himself: "The destruction of this country is the first vision that breaks on the French Consul through the gleam of the morning: this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he may address it, whether to Jupiter or to Mahomet, to the Goddess of Battles or to the Goddess of Reason. Look at the map of Europe, from which France was said to be expunged, and now see nothing but France. If the ambition of Bonaparte be immeasurable, there are abundant reasons why it should be progressive." Mr. Wyndham, also in the House of Commons, after denouncing the restless insatiable ambition of Napoleon, concluded a forcible appeal with saying: "Bonaparte is the Hannibal who has sworn to devote his life to the destruction of England: war cannot be far off, and I believe it would be much safer to anticipate the blow than to expect it." The speeches of many of the other members, however, were much more virulently offensive, expressed in coarser language.

Napoleon, on his part, complained heavily of the abusive matter continually poured forth against him in England; these reiterated insults, he insisted, were incompatable with a state of peace: another cause for dissatisfaction on which he remonstrated was, "that the French princes, bishops, with their adherents, were openly permitted to remain in Great Britain, although, in former times, the British ministry had peremptorily demanded the removal of the Pretender from France," and further accused the English cabinet with a violation of the treaty of Amiens, by "the refusal to evacuate Egypt, and the wilful retention of Malta." It is true the Chief Consul had managed to keep within the terms of the treaty, but had also dexterously contrived, by his superior diplomatic talents, so to negotiate as without violating the conditions of the peace to materially alter the relative position of the powers of Europe; thus, by his finesse, he had quietly but substantively aggrandized France; for example, in the adjustment of the indemnities under the treaty of Luneville, page 303, by the terms of which states and princedoms were to be disposed of; while the lesser powers were to be sacrificed to furnish compensation for the losses of the greater; the proceedings were, of course, rendered at once complex, difficult, and dilatory; where so many conflicting interests were implicated, each desirous to make the best bargain possible, it was not likely that feelings of the most pleasant description should exist: the Emperor of Germany, seeing much of his authority about to be wrested from his hands, felt a great repugnance to carry into effect the seventh article of the treaty. The keen sighted Napoleon saw the dilemma which obstructed the progress of the negotiation; at the same time he perceived the advantage which these barriers presented to himself if adroitly handled; he, therefore, used his influence with the Russian autocrat, who, at his instigation, resolved conjointly with France to take an active part in the mediation of existing differences, and thus bring this long-protracted business to a close. By desire of the Emperor of all the Russias, fresh negotiations for this purpose were opened at Paris in the beginning of February, and finally concluded at the latter end of November, 1802. In the course of these conferences the Chief Consul skilfully mingled himself, and without appearing to do more than carry out the original intention of the treaty, so expertly arranged matters as to decidedly lessen the influence of the Austrian Emperor, in the Germanic Diet, by procuring a vote for the abolition of two ecclesiastical electorates—namely, Treves and Cologne. By this artful management, to which the consent of the Emperor of Germany had been very reluctantly obtained, the Germanic constitution suffered a more serious infraction than was effected after the thirty years' war by the "Treaty of Westphalia." France, on the contrary, although she obtained no accession of territory, nevertheless considerably increased her influence, already too weighty in the scale of European power; in short, the line of conduct pursued by Bonaparte, both in and out of Europe, was so subtle that it began to fill all independent governments with suspicion; this feeling was considerably extended, and further aggravated, by his recent unjustifiable interference with the affairs of Switzerland: thus, in England, where public opinion has full range, and possesses, through the medium of its free press, powerful means to make itself heard, if not always respected, the prevalence of distrust in the measures of the Chief Consul became from day to day more manifest.

The British ministry felt convinced that, under a crafty system of diplomacy, in the management of which, perhaps, the Chief Consul stood unequalled, connected as it was with deep and well-conducted intrigue, in which it was evident he also excelled, France was silently gaining quite as much, if not more than she would be able to compass, even in the event of the most victorious campaign: added to this the English cabinet had sufficient cause for alarm in the discovery, notwithstanding the secrecy with which it was carried on, that the persons, chiefly military, whom Napoleon had located in England, with the pretence of there acting as consuls for the protection of French commerce, were, in point of fact, little more than spies, who had received his instructions to make an accurate survey of our whole line of coast, and to transmit it to the War Bureau, at Paris, together with correct plans of all the harbours in the United Kingdom. This treacherous conduct was openly denounced as equally at variance with all moral conduct, as utterly inconsistent with all the usages of international law, and furnishing most unquestionable evidence of warlike preparation. It was under this convicion that the English government demurred to the surrender of an important, as well as an impregnable fortress, such as Malta, into hands, from whose weakness it might at pleasure be wrested by the uncontrollable ambition of Bonaparte, aided as he would be by the colossal power of France. This was not all: the Chief Consul caused a report to be inserted in "The Moniteur," the official paper of the cabinet of the Tuilleries, which was held forth as having been made by General Sebastiani, who had just then returned from a mission to the Levant. This report, which minutely detailed the incidents of his journey, was couched in terms, the object of which could only have been to irritate the English government, and thus drive it to extremities, abounding as it did with assertions highly destructive, as well as insulting to British character; in fact, nothing less than charging the representative of the British monarch, General Stuart, with having vainly endeavoured to excite the Turkish government to get him, Sebastiani, assassinated. Among other things, it purported that "the predilection of the Mussulmans was so strong in favour of Napoleon, that six thousand French troops would amply suffice to restore Egypt to the Republic, seeing that, wherever he had shown himself as the envoy of the Chief Consul, he had been received with an enthusiasm almost bordering upon idolatry, and that the Ionian Islands, described in page 145, only waited a favourable opportunity to declare themselves French." The injurious, unjustifiable statements put forth in this publication, were considered by the English government as a studied insult, which sought, by a wilful sacrifice of truth, to inculpate the country, by destroying the character and honour of its ambassador, and a strong remonstrance was made against that which the English cabinet deemed not only "an unpardonable violation of common decency, but as, at the same time, making a confession of the dangerous ambition of the chief consul." To this the French minister, Talleyrand, replied, that "Bonaparte had quite as much reason to complain of the want of veracity in Sir Robert Wilson's 'Narrative of the English Expedition to Egypt,' recently published, in which was promulgated for the first time—that, during his command of the French forces in the land of the Pharaoh's, he had poisoned a number of his troops at Jaffa; a story equally false, as it was subversive of his character, and derogatory to his honour." It is but fair to state that Sir Robert Wilson subsequently contradicted this statement, alleging that he had been misinformed.

When he demanded the expulsion of the Bourbon family from the soil of England, there can be no question that Napoleon made a most unwarrantable attempt to dictate to an independent nation, of equal rank with France, it was, therefore, insulting. As for his application to abridge the freedom of the British press, it was both ridiculous and arbitrary: he ought to have known better, because it could not but be within his knowledge that an English minister had no such power, even if he had the will.

Amidst so many vexatious circumstances, accompanied as they were with such unconquerable distrust on both sides, aided by a host of the most offensive accusations, not always kept within the bounds of honesty, nor set forth in the mildest language, it is not to be wondered that the peace, or rather the truce of Amiens, signed as it was in the face of mutual suspicion, should prove but of short duration, or that it should only have served to wet the appetites of the belligerents for a renewal of the contest: indeed, it already approached its end.

CHAPTER XXII.

BONAPARTE CONFERS WITH LORD WHITWORTH, THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR—RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS—SEIZURE OF THE FRENCH SHIPPING IN THE ENGLISH PORTS—ENGLISH TRAVELLERS DETAINED IN FRANCE BY ORDER OF BONAPARTE—THE FRENCH TROOPS OCCUPY HANOVER AND NAPLES—HIS PLAN FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND RESUMED—CONTEMPLATED DEPOSITION OF BONAPARTE BY THE REPUBLICANS—THE ARMY WISH TO PLACE MOREAU AT THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT—PICHEGRU RETURNS SECRETLY TO PARIS AFTER HIS EXILE—IS ARRESTED AND CONFINED IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE TEMPLE, WITH GEORGES AND THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, WRIGHT—CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OF BONAPARTE—ARREST AND EXECUTION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN—BONAPARTE DECLARED EMPEROR OF FRANCE—HIS CORONATION AT MILAN AS KING OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON was feelingly alive to the reiterated invectives with which he was assailed; he felt keenly the profusion of charges poured forth against him, as well as the disposition of the British cabinet to treat him harshly: in consequence, on the 21st February, 1803, he requested to have an interview with the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth. This was readily granted; when his lordship was ushered into the Chief Consul's cabinet, the latter immediately opened the conversation, that lasted nearly two hours, during which, he harangued with such impetuous, incessant volubility, as hardly to allow the ambassador the opportunity to offer a word of explanation. In the course of this, he ineffectually attempted to shake the resolution of his auditor by a display of rude violence, which he knew well how to assume, and which he had found to succeed with the Austrian minister, at Campoformio. Lord Whitworth's version of this singular conference, runs thus:—Bonaparte commenced, by assuring his lordship of his pacific disposition, observing, "it was with extreme mortification that he found that the treaty of Amiens, so far from having been followed by conciliating measures, and cementing a closer friendship between the two powers, should only have been productive of increasing disgust and rancorous jealousy." He then, with great emphasis, made a recapitulation of his complaints against the English cabinet, "Every gale that blows from England," he said, "is burthened with enmity. Your journals slander me, and the redress I am offered is but adding mockery to insult. Your government countenances Georges, Pichegru, and other infamous men, who have sworn to assassinate me. I could make myself master of Egypt to-morrow, if I pleased. Egypt, indeed, must, sooner or later, belong to France; but I have no wish to go to war for such a trivial object. What could I gain by a war with England? Invasion would be my only means to annoy you; and invasion you shall have, if war be forced on me; although, I confess, the chances would be a hundred to one against me in such an attempt. In ten years I could not hope to have a fleet able to dispute the seas with you; but, on the other hand, the army of France could be recruited in a few weeks to four hundred and eighty thousand men. United, we might govern the world. Why can we not understand each other?" The meaning of these hints was but too apparent. Lord Whitworth, in reply, said—"The king of England had no wish but to preserve his own rights, and scorned the thought of becoming a partner with France in a general scheme of spoliation and oppression." They parted with cold civility, and negotiations were resumed in their usual channel. England resolutely refused to give up Malta, at least, for ten years to come. The English government having taken this resolution, the minister brought down a message from the king, which announced to parliament the critical situation of affairs, stating their position to be full of alarm as France was making extensive preparations for hostilities, that, consequently, it was requisite to resort to similar measures; a considerable increase to the military establishment was immediately voted.

On the 13th March, 1803, Lord Whitworth, in company with the other members of the diplomatic body, attended the levee of the Chief Consul, when a scene occurred, which is thus described in his lordship's official despatch to Lord Hawkesbury, the then English secretary for foreign affairs, dated Paris, 14th March, 1803:—

"The messenger, Mason, went on Saturday with my despatches of that date, and, until yesterday, Sunday, I saw no one likely to give me further information, such as I could depend on, as to the effect his Majesty's message had produced on the Chief Consul. At the court, which was held at the Tuilleries on that day, he accosted me, evidently under very considerable agitation. He began by asking me if I had any news from England? I told him that I had received a letter from England two days ago. He immediately said, 'And so you are determined to go to war.'—'No,' I replied, 'we are too sensible of the advantages of peace.'—'We have,' said he, 'already waged war these fifteen years;' as he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed only, 'that is already too long.'—'But,' said he, 'you wish to carry it on for fifteen years more, and you force me to do it.' I told him that was very far from being his majesty's intention. He then proceeded to Count Markoff, and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing together at a little distance from me, and said to them, 'The English wish for war; but if they be the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to sheath it. They have no regard for treaties. We must henceforth cover them with shame.' He then went his round. In a few minutes he came back, and resumed conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. He began again, 'For what reason are those armaments? against whom are these measures of precaution? I have not a single ship of the line in the ports of France; but if you will arm, I shall arm likewise: if you will go to war, I shall go to war also. You may, perhaps, be able to destroy France, but never to intimidate her.'—'We do not desire,' said I, 'either the one or the other: we wish to live in good understanding with her.'—'It is requisite, then, to pay regard to treaties,' replied he, 'those who pay no regard to treaties; will be responsible for it all to Europe.' He was too much agitated to make it advisable for me to prolong the conversation. I, therefore, made no answer; and he returned to his apartment, repeating the last phrase. It is to be remarked, that all this passed loud enough to be overheard by two hundred people that were present: and I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity, as well as of decency, on this occasion. I have the honour to be," &c. (Signed) "WHITWORTH."

The wily Talleyrand, with his usual caution, is said to have made many efforts to explain away the intemperate words of the haughty soldier, his master, but without success: the tone in which they had been uttered but too clearly evidenced the intentions of the speaker. The English nation was no longer to be hoodwinked; on the contrary, she became more sensitively jealous, and the suspicion with which she, in common with the other powers of Europe, had but too much reason to contemplate the career of revolutionary France, was not only revived, but fully confirmed. On the 18th May, 1803, Great Britain declared war against the French Republic, orders having been previously issued for detaining the French shipping, wherever it could be found. In consequence of the promptitude of these measures, two hundred vessels, valued at about three millions sterling, were confiscated, ere the proclamation of hostilities reached Paris. Napoleon resolved to retaliate, by an unprecedented outrage: the same night that the resolution of St. James's became known to the Chief Consul, he issued orders to arrest the persons of all English subjects in France: by this, ten thousand private individuals, mostly of the wealthy class, innocent of all animosity against France, were suddenly made captives, condemned to a miserable exile in a hostile country: their condition moved universal sympathy, while the unparalleled infliction was viewed with general indignation and disgust.

It is rather a loose kind of morality which seeks to find a remedy for one crime by the commission of another; yet this generally seems to be the moral feeling of governments. Napoleon justified his measure of severity upon the principle of retaliation: "the British ministers," he observed, "made a great outcry about the English travellers that I detained in France; although they themselves had set the example by seizing all the French vessels and persons on board of them, upon which they could lay their hands, either in their harbours or at sea, before the declaration of war and before I had detained the English in France. I said then, if you detain my travellers at sea, where you can do what you like, I will detain yours on land, where I am equally powerful. But after this I offered to release all the English I had seized in France, before the declaration of war, provided they would in like manner release the French and their property which they had seized on board of the ships: they refused. England gave as a reason, she had always done so: the great cause of dispute between us was, that I would not allow her to do as she liked at sea; or at least, if so, that I would act as it pleased me by land. In short, I did not wish to receive laws from her, but rather to give them; perhaps in this I pushed matters too far—man is liable to err."

If the first official report, transmitted by Lord Whitworth, be closely examined, there certainly would appear some incongruity in the detail, because it would materially lessen respect for the character of the Chief Consul, to believe he really uttered such incoherent nonsense as to assert that, "notwithstanding he knew that the chances for success in invading England were a hundred to one against him, still he would make the attempt." This would rather have been the language of a maniac than that of either a profound statesman, or of an able warrior; a child would hardly have so committed himself. It is not improbable, therefore, that his lordship might have been mistaken in recalling to his mind some sentences, especially as they were spoken in a foreign dialect, and occupied two hours in the delivery. However this may be, Bonaparte personally always denied the accuracy of the statement, and impugned the British ministry with duplicity, observing with great emphasis, "your ministers never publish the facts; they have one account for the public and another for themselves." In conversing upon the subject, at St. Helena, with Dr. O'Meara, he thus expressed himself:—"Lord Whitworth, in that famous interview which he had with me, during which I was by no means violent, said, on leaving the room, that 'he was well satisfied with me, and hoped that all would go on well.' This he said to some of the ambassadors of the other powers. A few days afterwards, when the English newspapers arrived with his account of the interview, stating that 'I had been in such a rage,' it excited the astonishment of every body; especially of the ambassadors, who remonstrated with him, and said, 'My lord, how can this account be correct? You know that you allowed to us that you were well contented and satisfied with your reception, and stated your opinion that all would go on well.' He did not know what to answer, and said, 'But this account is also true.'"

When Lord Whitworth demanded his passports, the Chief Consul appeared rather reluctant to acquiesce, and said, "that he had no objection to evacuate Holland, but with respect to Malta, as the demand would change a formal disposition in the treaty of Amiens, he could not consent to it without a previous communication with Spain and Holland; farther, that as the stipulation relative to Malta had been guaranteed by the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, the contracting parties were bound to act in concert with those guaranteeing powers before they made any change in the articles: that he should not refuse his consent, but that it did not belong to him to propose it, since it was not he who urged any change in the stipulations, adding, that as Malta seemed to be the chief point in dispute, he would propose to place it in the hands of either Austria, Russia, or Prussia, or even to confirm it to England in return for a consideration." As Lord Whitworth had no authority to treat upon any such conditions, he pressed for his passports and arrived in London the day after the English declaration of war.

Never, perhaps, was resentment deeper seated than it was at this moment between the respective governments of two polished nations, who, if left to their own feelings, would, in all probability, be upon the most friendly terms: it so happened, however, that the most rancorous animosity had completely closed the door against every chance for a favourable arrangement of existing differences: the fact is, Bonaparte was looked upon by the legitimates, as they call themselves, as an interloper; his talents they envied, his successes filled them with spleen, while there was not any thing which they would not have done to curb his ambition and arrest his progress; the cause of all their malignity was their want of capacity to give efficiency to their wishes; their ill humour sprung from their inability to crush the man whom they hated: they regarded him as they would a beast of prey, whom it was meritorious to hunt down; while, on his own part, he hesitated not to adopt whatever means he could avail himself of to keep the hunters at bay; both parties, therefore, prepared to sound the tocsin o hostility, to precipitate their unfortunate subjects into the labyrinths of a war, the duration of which extended over more than the quarter of a century: a war rarely equalled for atrocity; a war hardly ever paralleled for the spirit of bitterness with which it was continued; a war but seldom exampled for the waste of human life by which it was characterized. It was a most sanguinary struggle; enmity met enmity; blood flowed like water, while men were considered only as so many marks against which the shafts of contending factions might expend their venom. As in all such conflicts, the people were sacrificed to the ferocity of their chiefs, their property was violated, and their comfort destroyed. He who immolated the greater number of his fellow creatures at the unhallowed shrine, being considered the greatest hero.

Things were in this train on the 20th May, 1803, when Napoleon published a manifesto in which he detailed the causes which led to the renewal of the contest with Great Britain: the terms of this document were thus couched: "The present age and posterity will see all that has been done by France, to put an end to the calamities of war, and with what moderation and patience she has laboured to prevent their return; but nothing has been able to interrupt the course of the projects formed to enkindle discord between the two nations. The treaty of Amiens was negotiated amidst the clamours of a party in England, hostile to peace; and scarcely was it concluded, when it became an object of the bitterest censure; soon after, alarms were disseminated in the country; dangers were pretended, on which were raised the necessity of such a peace establishment, as to be a permanent signal of new hostilities. At length, an unexpected message all at once terrifies England with imaginary armies in France and Batavia; she supposes the existence of important discussions, which divided the two governments, while no such discussion was known to the French ministry. Immediately formidable armaments take place on the coast, and in the ports of Great Britain; the sea is covered with her ships of war; and it is in the midst of these preparations that the cabinet of London demands of France the abrogation of a fundamental article of the treaty of Amiens. In vain did France consent to shut her eyes to the actual non-execution of that treaty, from which England pretended to release herself; in vain was she willing to delay taking a definitive resolution, until Spain and Batavia, both of them contracting parties, could have manifested their disposition. In vain, in short, did she propose to request the mediation of the powers which had been invited to guarantee the stipulation required to be abrogated. Every proposition was rejected, and the demands of England became more imperious and more absolute. But it was not in the principles of the French government to yield to menaces; it was not in its power to bend the majesty of the French people to laws prescribed to them with forms so haughty, and so new. The government stopped at the limits traced out by its principles and its duties. The negotiation is interrupted, and we are ready to fight if we be attacked; we shall at least fight to maintain the faith of treaties, and for the honour of the French name; and the result of this contest will be such as we have a right to expect from the justice of our cause, and the courage of our warriors."

Vigorous measures were the distinguishing features that accompanied the recommencement of hostilities. England, by her numerous well-appointed fleets, quickly reconquered the colonial possessions, which she had restored to France on the ratification of the hollow peace of Amiens, and aided the blacks in compelling the remnant of Leclerc's army to evacuate San Domingo. On the other hand, Bonaparte's armies were every where in motion: one division overran the south of Italy, and took possession of Naples; another, under General Mortier, marched into Holland, and penetrating the north of Germany, summoned Hanover: a country watered by the streams of the Embs, the Elbe, and the Weser, the lakes Steinheim and Summer, containing numerous extensive mines of silver, iron, copper, and lead; a separate government, belonging to the king of England, in his quality of elector, but not incorporated with Great Britain, with a population of one million, three hundred thousand souls, of which eight thousand are Jews;

bounded on the north-west by the Germanic Ocean, on the north-east by the river Elbe, on the south-west by Dutch Friesland and Prussian Westphalia, and on the south-east by Saxony: since this period it has been elevated into a kingdom, to the throne of which women not being eligible, the reigning sovereign is Ernest Augustus, son of the late George III., of England. The Duke of Cambridge, another son, who was then governor of Hanover for his father, the elector, finding resistance hopeless, agreed to surrender the territory, provided his army was permitted to retire, unbroken, behind the river Elbe, pledging his honour that his troops should not again take the field against France during the war, unless exchanged. The English ministers, however, advised the king not to ratify this treaty; the consequence was, that General Mortier called upon General Walmsloden, the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian army, either to surrender his arms, or abide the issue of an attack beyond the Elbe; there was no alternative for a man of honour, the men were disarmed and disbanded, but it furnished a spectacle well worthy the contemplation of the philosopher and the philanthropist; a scene, which even the French soldiery, accustomed as they were to the horrors of war, could not behold without emotion: the strong attachment between the German dragoon and his horse, is matter of notoriety. When the cavalry were dismounted, and ordered to deliver their steeds to the French, the parting was more like that of affectionate relations than that of man and beast. Here nature operated in all her native simplicity; mutual good offices had given birth to mutual attachment.

Having obtained possession of the Hanoverian dominions, together with all its artillery and military stores, Napoleon issued a decree, by which the navigation of the streams of the Elbe and the Weser was prohibited to British merchantmen, with orders that no enemy's ship should be allowed to pass within reach of a French battery. This interdiction assisted the measures of the Chief Consul, as it materially crippled the commerce of Great Britain, by shutting up her communication with some of the best markets on the continent; it was also the cause of serious injury to Bremen and Hamburg, by cutting off their foreign trade; because English men-of-war were stationed to closely blockade the maritime outlet of those rivers, which was to be continued, so long as British vessels should be excluded from navigating their waters. It is quite evident that, at this juncture, most of the great European powers quailed before the ruler of France: had it been otherwise, the Emperor of Austria, as head of the Germanic body, would not have shrunk from his duty, which was to have reclaimed against this invasion of its territory, and the levying contributions, instead of quietly contenting himself with the Chief Consul's subdolous explanation, "that he had no wish to make the conquest of Hanover, but merely to hold it until England should see the necessity of fulfilling the Maltese article in the treaty of Amiens." Neither did Prussia feel disposed to remonstrate, as she ought to have done, alarmed by the proximity of French troops, under General Mortier, who had exacted large sums from the electorate.

During the autumn and winter, 1803, the attention of Europe was occupied with the resumption of Bonaparte's favourite scheme of the invasion of this country, by which he expected to strike a fatal blow at the heart of his last and greatest enemy. The preparations were upon a very extended scale: camps were formed along the French and Dutch coast, in which were mustered one hundred and sixty thousand men at arms, under the orders of Generals Davoust, Ney, Soult, and Victor; the whole, when ready to be under the immediate command of the Chief Consul himself as generalissimo. A vast flotilla was collected, and constantly manœuvred, in the various harbours opposite to England, Boulogne being the principal station. With a view to inspire his enemy with false security, Napoleon always asserted that it was his fixed determination to make the attempt with only the flotilla, but this was a mere *ruse;* he was, in fact, indefatigable in his endeavours to fit out a fleet of fifty sail of the line in different ports of France and Spain, which were to steal out of harbour, either singly or in very small squadrons, to rendezvous at the island of Martinico, returning thence in a body to sweep the channel of English shipping, for such a season, at least, as would allow time for the execution of his grand project, that of landing an army on the shores of Britain, and marching immediately to take possession of the English metropolis. The zeal of the gallant Nelson, and other British admirals, however, kept such a sharp look-out, and so closely observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the Spanish ports, that no squadron, nor hardly a single ship, could escape their vigilance, much less force a passage to the Atlantic Ocean. Bonaparte went several times to Boulogne, for the purpose of inspecting both the troops and the flotilla, and giving the necessary directions for the management of the contemplated descent.

The threatening attitude assumed by Napoleon, together with his formidable preparations against our peaceful island, operated like an electrical shock upon its inhabitants; nothing daunted, the patriotism of the people was effectually roused, and burst forth with unconquerable ardour; party feuds were arrested; the spirit of political controversy gave way to a sense of common danger, and almost the whole nation simultaneously rushed to arms, resolutely determined either to defend, to the last extremity, the land of their birth, to protect their firesides, and secure their wives and families from insult, or die in the attempt: volunteers started forth in every hamlet, and in a very short time upwards of four hundred thousand men of this description enrolled themselves as defenders of their country; the militia regiments counted above eighty thousand fighting men, while the regular military force was presently augmented to one hundred thousand brave soldiers: such was the enthusiasm, that the effective strength of Great Britain was estimated at seven hundred thousand sturdy combatants, between whom and the invading forces nothing intervened but the Straits of Dover: every precaution was used to prevent surprise: throughout the night beacons blazed upon the hill tops, the coast was fortified with troops, while the British Navy, consisting of nearly five hundred ships of war, well found and manned, traversed the ocean in every direction, under the conduct of most able commanders, such as Pellew, and others of his stamp; blockaded the enemy's harbours, frequently cutting out or otherwise destroying his shipping, thus crippling his far-famed flotilla, and confining it to port, under protection of his batteries: the determined valour which actuated the volunteer corps so recently formed, was evinced on several occasions of false alarm, by the cheerful alacrity with which they marched to meet the enemy at the supposed point of intrusion: in short, nothing could exceed their determined resolution to give their invaders a warm reception, which seemed to actuate them as if they were only one man. The mighty armament, however, of the French consul, for the purpose of carrying the war into the bosom of England, ended in smoke: the invasion was never put into practice, although nothing could persuade Bonaparte but that he should have succeeded had it not been for a few unforeseen accidents: in this opinion he persisted to the end of his life. But he had evidently greatly underrated the resistance by which he would have been opposed, neither had he sufficiently calculated the natural difficulties presented by the country through which he must have marched. Had he made the attempt immediately on the rupture of the peace, his chance for success might, perhaps, have been doubtful; at any rate, he might have made a temporary inroad, destroyed an immense quantity of property, and deluged the beautiful plains of Britain with blood: to have retained that position was hardly within the power of France, had she even possessed far greater resources than was at her disposal: these evils, however, were, under the blessing of divine Providence, happily averted, and our courageous volunteers had the satisfaction to find ample remuneration for their intrepid conduct in the grateful smiles of their fair countrywomen, and the affection of their children. The ensuing spring found Napoleon employment in another quarter, of a very different description.

We have all read the story of the boy who fell asleep by the way and dreamed that he had sold the eggs he was carrying to market, that with the produce he had bought chinaware, which he had also disposed of to good profit, and thus, by continually changing his commodities, advanced rapidly to fortune; when, unfortunately, conceiving himself insulted, in his passion he attempted to kick his adversary, but on waking, found he had only in his resentment overthrown his basket, while his eggs, broken by his ill humour, lay scattered valueless upon the ground. To show the infatuation of the Chief Consul, who built the ideal success of his speculation upon the advantageous result of his projected invasion of Britain, upon a somewhat similar foundation; a copy of his conversation on this subject, with Dr. O'Meara, at St. Helena, is here given; it will speak best for itself: "I would have headed it myself," said he. "I had given orders for two fleets to proceed to the West Indies: instead of remaining there, they were merely to show themselves among the islands, and return directly to Europe; raise the blockade of Ferrol, take the ships out, proceed to Brest, where there were about forty sail of the line, unite and sail to the channel, where they would not have met with any thing strong enough to engage them, and clear it of all English men of war. By false intelligence, adroitly managed, I calculated that your government would have sent squadrons to the East and West Indies, and to the Mediterranean in search of my fleets. Before they could return, I should have had the command of the channel for two months, as I should have had seventy sail of the line, besides frigates. I would have hastened over my flotilla with two hundred thousand men, disembarked as near Chatham as possible, and proceeded direct to London, where I calculated to arrive in four days from the time of my landing. I would have proclaimed a republic as I was then Chief Consul, the abolition of the nobility and of the House of Peers, with the distribution of the property of such of the latter as opposed me among my partizans, also the liberty, equality, and sovereignty of the people. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain; but would have introduced a great reform. I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, also to restore a popular form of government, a democracy, all which would have been confirmed by the conduct of my army, as I would not have allowed the slightest outrage to be committed by my troops. Marauding or ill treating the inhabitants, or the most trifling infringement of my orders, I would have punished with instant death. I think that with my promises, together with what I would actually have done, I should have had the support of a great many. In a large city, like London, where there are so many *canaille*, by which term he meant the poorer classes of society, as well as the thieves and vagabonds, and so many disaffected, I should have been joined by a formidable body. I would, at the same time, have excited an insurrection in Ireland. "On Dr. O'Meara's observing that his army would have been destroyed piecemeal, that he would, in a short time, have had a million of men in arms against him, and moreover, that the English would have burnt the metropolis rather than have suffered it to fall into his hands"—his delirium was not shaken, and he replied with great confidence, "No! no! I do not believe you—you are too rich and too fond of money. A nation will not so readily burn its capital. How often have the Parisians sworn to bury themselves under the ruins of Paris, rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemies of France, and yet twice it has been taken. There is no knowing what would have happened, Mr. Doctor. Neither Pitt, nor you, nor I, could have foretold what would have been the result. The hope of a change for the better, and a division of property, would have operated wonderfully amongst the *canaille*, especially that of London. The poor of all rich nations are nearly alike. I would have made such promises as would have had a great effect. What resistance could an undisciplined army make against mine in a country like England, abounding in plains? I considered all you have said; but I calculated on the effect that would be produced by the possession of a great and rich capital, the bank and all your riches, the ships in the river Thames, and at Chatham. I expected that I should have had the command of the channel for two months, by which I should have had supplies of troops; and when your fleets came back, they would have found their metropolis in the hands of an enemy, and their country overwhelmed by my armies. I would have abolished flogging, and promised your seamen everything; which would have made a great impression upon their minds. The proclamation that we came only as friends, to relieve the English from an obnoxious and despotic aristocracy, whose object was to keep the nation eternally at war, in order to enrich themselves and their families with the blood of the people, together with proclaiming a republic; the abolition of the monarchical government and of the nobility; the declaration of the forfeiture of the property of such of the latter as should resist, and its division amongst the partizans of the revolution, with a general equalization of property, would have gained me the support of the *canaille* and of all the idle, the profligate, and the disaffected in the kingdom. Had I succeeded in effecting a landing, I have very little doubt that I should have accomplished my views. Three thousand boats, each to carry twenty men and one horse, with a proportion of artillery, were ready. Your fleet having been decoyed away, would have left me master of the channel. Without this, I would not have made the attempt. Four days would have brought me to London. In a country like England, abounding in plains, defence is very difficult. I have no doubt that your troops would have done their duty; but one battle lost, the capital would have been in my power. You could not have collected a force sufficiently strong to beat me in a pitched battle. Your ideas of burning and destroying the towns and the metropolis itself, are very plausible in argument, but impracticable in their accomplishment. You would have fought a battle and lost it; 'Well, then,' you would say, 'we have been beaten, but we have not lost our honour. We shall now endeavour to make the best advantage of our misfortune. We must make terms.' I would have offered you a constitution of your own choice, and have said, assemble deputies in London to fix upon a constitution: I would have called upon Burdett and other popular leaders to organize one according with the wishes of the people. I would have declared the throne vacant, abolished the nobility, proclaimed liberty, freedom, and equality. Think you that, to keep the House of Brunswick upon the throne, your rich citizens, merchants, and others of London, would have consented to sacrifice their riches, their houses, their families, and all their dearest interests, especially when I had made it known that I only came to do away the monarchy and give them liberty? No! it is contrary to history and to human nature. You are too rich, your principal people have too much to lose, and your *canaille* too much to gain by exchange. If, indeed, they supposed that I wanted to render England a province of France, then, indeed, the national spirit would do wonders. But I would have formed a republic according to your own wishes, required a moderate contribution, barely sufficient to have paid the troops, and perhaps not even that. Your *canaille* would have been for me, knowing that I am the man of the people, that I spring from the populace myself, and that whenever a man had merit or talent, I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had, knowing that, by joining me, they would be relieved from the yoke of the aristocracy under which they labour. There is not an indigent labouring populace in the world, not even the Prussian, worse treated. Excepting the obligation of serving as soldiers, the German poor are better off than yours. You have no more regard for yours, than if they were so many helots, slaves bound to do your bidding, and you treat them precisely as if they were such. To my lords and my ladies, to the aristocracy and wealthy classes of society—oh! indeed, you pay every kind of attention and regard—nothing can be too good for them, no treatment kind enough; but for your needy, your working people, bah! they are so many dogs, as your contractors said, when furnishing provisions to the French prisoners, 'It is too good for those French dogs!' You yourself have got a great deal of aristocratic bias in your head, and appear to look down upon your necessitous as if they were a race of inferior beings. You talk of your freedom. Can any thing be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send your boats ashore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the indigent portion of society, if they cannot prove themselves gentlemen, are hurried on board your ships, to serve as sailors in all quarters of the globe. And yet you have the impudence to talk of the conscription in France: it wounds your pride, because it fell upon all ranks. Oh! how shocking it is that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country, just as if he were one of the needy! and that he should be compelled to expose his body, or put himself on a level with a vile plebeian! Yet God made all men alike. Who forms the nation? Not your lords, nor your well-fed prelates and churchmen, nor your gentlemen, nor your oligarchy. Oh! one day the people will revenge themselves, and terrible scenes will take place. That conscription, which offended your aristocratic pride so much, was conducted scrupulously, according to the principle of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it The conscription did not crush a particular class like your press-gang, nor the needy, because they were poor, It was the most just, because the most equal mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the world. The Conscription would have become a national institution, instead of being regarded as a punishment or a servitude. It would have been a point of honour to have served the country, and the time would have come, that a girl would not have married a youth that had not paid the debt he owed to it: the love of glory is the inheritance of a Frenchman. Were you a nation of half savages, of poor wild mountaineers, or of ferocious shepherds like the Scythians, then, indeed, you might destroy your capital and desolate your country, in order to arrest the progress of an invader. Even if you were as poor, as wild, and as ignorant as the Spaniards, perhaps you might destroy some of your towns and habitations. But you are too wealthy, and too selfish. Where is there one among you who would say, 'I will destroy my house, abandon my property to be pillaged, suffer my wife and daughters to be violated, my sons to be massacred! and for what? To keep the House of Brunswick upon the throne, and Lord Bathurst and the Archbishop of Canterbury in their respective employments, with twenty thousand a-year! All this I will do against a man who offers terms, who proposes to give us a constitution in accordance with the wishes of the nation!' No! no! it is more than could be expected from man. Of this Pitt himself was well aware; and one of the means which he took to form the coalition against me, was by asserting that a descent was possible; that if it were effected, England would be conquered before twelve months; that then all the Continent would be at my mercy and my disposal; that England once fallen, all was lost. This the King of Prussia told me afterwards. The inhabitants of Moscow did not assist in setting fire to the city; but, on the contrary, they did their utmost to extinguish it. The English, after a battle, finding that we did not come to plunder and destroy them, that we did not injure or molest the inhabitants, that their wives and daughters remained unviolated—for I would not have allowed the smallest outrage to be committed; instant death would have been inflicted on whoever attempted it—they would have seen that we did not come to rob or to destroy them, but merely to overthrow their government. If, indeed, war were to be waged as in ancient times, when the male prisoners were either massacred or made slaves, and the women became the concubines of the victors, then the conquest of the nation would have been impossible. But no! you would have seen us advancing, and molesting the population as little as your own soldiers. Everything would have been done to conciliate and to harmonize."

The leading disposition of the French troops was unquestionably in favour of a republic; it was with a view to consolidate a commonwealth that they had so gallantly devoted themselves: Napoleon's seeming adherence to that form of Government, his creation of so many in the course of his military career, had materially contributed to the accomplishment of those splendid victories which encircled his brow with never-fading laurels: in short, he was looked up to as the determined uncompromising champion of Republicanism. But when he began to deviate from that point, dissatisfaction began to manifest itself: thus, even before he declared himself Consul for life, the rapidity of his advance toward sovereign power had excited strong symptoms of jealousy in a considerable portion of the French soldiery, particularly in that part of it which constituted the army of the Rhine; which had long been suspected of not entertaining too favouraban opinion of Bonaparte's consistency with those principles to which he had been once considered as so unalienably attached. He had never been their general, neither had any of their chiefs partaken in the plunder of Italy nor participated in the glory of the numerous battles by which it was won: it was also from its ranks that the troops engaged in the unhappy expedition to San Domingo, under General Le Clerc, had been detached. No sooner did distrust diffuse itself among them, than they began to consider that the employment of their comrades in that unhealthy climate, had arisen more from the Chief Consul's want of reliance on their fidelity towards himself, than from any opinion of the superiority of their discipline, or greater confidence in their gallantry; while the severe strictures on the campaign of 1801, which he had passed upon the conduct of their commander, General Moreau, who was generally considered as second only in military genius to the Chief Consul himself, was by no means calculated to engender the best feelings possible. After the decrees of August, 1802, by which, in point of fact, the monarchy was re-established and fixed in the dynasty of the Bonaparte family, the spirit of discontent made itself more distinctly as well as more openly understood: indeed, it reached that pitch, that the Republican party in the French armies began to look up to Moreau, who was known to have treated both the concordat and the legion of honour with undisguised contempt, as their head, and they only waited a favourable opportunity to rise against the tyranny of Napoleon, to contend for popular rights, and in the event of a successful issue, it was seriously contemplated to invest Moreau with the reins of government, and to displace Bonaparte; this arrangement, however, was abandoned, in consequence of the sudden but secret return of Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, and other intriguing adherents to the Bourbon faction.

When it was found impossible to prevent Napoleon from sitting upon the throne of France, Carnot and other genuine Republican members of the Legislative Bodies, with a view to exercise some sort of control over his measures, busied themselves with the endeavour to organize a constitutional opposition similar to that in the English parliament: thus, when the decrees for the establishment of the legion of honour, that by which the Chief Consul was authorized to name his successor, were presented to the senate, the self-love of Bonaparte received a wound because these ordinances were carried far less triumphantly than he wished; in consequence, the coolness already existing between the ex-war minister and the autocrat was turned into an almost invincible hatred.

It not unfrequently happens, in the history of parties, that leaders of very opposite principles are induced to lay aside, for a time, their peculiar tenets for the purpose of making common cause for overwhelming a third set of politicians, whose opinions are not in accord with either; it occurred after this fashion in the present instance: the influence of the Royalists had been greatly strengthened by the return of a great number of emigrants, but who, disappointed at not receiving back the property promised to them, felt the breach as a new and aggravated grievance, in consequence of which they became determined, as well as active, partizans of the Bourbons; the Republicans, who were equally averse to the conduct of the Chief Consul, with the expectation of unseating him and obtaining the exercise of the public functions for members of their own party, threw the whole weight of the interest into the scale of the Royalists; in this manœuvre, however, they were completely foiled, because about the middle of February, 1804, Paris was alarmed by the report of a fresh plot against the life of the Chief Consul; that the Duke de Berri and the Duke D'Enghien, the heir to the Prince de Condé, two princes of the Bourbon family, as well as the English government, were privy to this infernal scheme, which had, indeed, been set on foot under their sanction; it was further stated that the first prince was personally prepared to land on the west coast of France, whenever General Pichegru or Georges Cadoudal, both leaders in the enterprise, should inform him that the proper time was come for his appearance, while the second lay watching the event ready to advantage himself of its consummation, immediately behind the Rhine river, at the castle of Ettenheim, a town in the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden, twenty-five miles south-east of Strasburgh, awaiting a similar communication. The plan was to seize Bonaparte while he was engaged in the pleasures of the chase, for which hellish purpose a hundred and fifty bravos were to assemble at Malmaison, disguised in the uniform of the Consular Guard. The officer who divulged the conspiracy, although a violent republican, and as such earnestly desirous of the downfall of the Chief Consul, had served under the Corsican, and was averse to shedding his blood; when, therefore, he understood, at a late hour, that the life of his old commander was to be sacrificed, he made a strong remonstrance against the commission of so sanguinary a deed; but finding his associates determined upon the subject, rather than be accessory to such extremities, he gave the necessary information to the police minister Fouché. Mairn, Le Jollais, with other principals, were, in consequence, arrested and thrown into prison, while General Moreau, who had held various conferences with these men, was also placed under confinement. Georges Cadoudal, the chouan, escaped by only a quarter of an hour, but was subsequently taken while in the attempt to pass one of the barriers, after having traversed the capital for days together in cabriolets. Pichegru contrived to remain undiscovered until 28th February, 1804; but the ministers having got scent of their prey, six gend'armes burst upon his concealment so suddenly, that although his pistols and a dagger were spread upon his table, he had not time to make use of them; after vainly wrestling with his captors for some time, he was manacled and conveyed to the dungeons of the temple, where he died. It was rather a singular circumstance, that Captain Wright, an English naval officer, who distinguished himself under Sir Sydney Smith at Acre, should have fallen in with a French ship of superior force, and become a prisoner of war: it was from Wright's vessel that Pichegru was known to have disembarked on the French shore; the French government conceived that this gentleman had acted in concert with the conspirators, under which impression he was also consigned to the solitary dungeons of the temple, where he breathed his last. So resolute were the parties concerned in this diabolical scheme, upon compassing their object, that Georges Cadoudal once actually penetrated into Napoleon's chamber, at the palace of the Tuilleries, and was only prevented by the merest accident from destroying the Chief Consul; while others of the gang had very nearly approached his person, under the pretence of presenting petitions; Bonaparte always attributed his escape to his irregular mode of living: he rarely dined on two following days at the same hour; and scarcely ever left the palace except when he had his attendants about him, for some review or public ceremony.

On the evening, 14th March, 1804, General Caulaincourt, afterwards Duke of Vicenza, an aid-de-camp to the Chief Consul, despatched a strong party, under Colonel Ordonner, which suddenly crossed the stream of the Rhine, passed the Baden frontier, surrounded the castle of Ettenheim, then rushed into the apartment of the Duke d'Enghien, and seized the prince, together with his company; he was then separated from his companions, except his aide-de-camp, the Baron de St. Jacques, who never after quitted his master, but was denied communication with any other person: he was forthwith conveyed to the citadel of Strasburg. Here, after having been confined three days, he was called up at midnight, and hurried to Paris, where he, for a short time, made one of the unhappy inmates of the temple, from whence, in a few hours, he was removed to the neighbouring state prison, the castle of Vincennes. His examination immediately commenced; in the course of which, he utterly denied all knowledge of either Pichegru or his designs: earnestly demanded to have an audience of the Chief Consul, emphatically observing, "My name, my rank, my sentiments, added to the peculiar distress of my situation, lead me to hope my request will be complied with." The boon, however, was never granted. At midnight, on the 21st March, 1804, the prince was summoned to take his trial before the military commission, appointed for that purpose, consisting of eight colonels of regiments, then quartered in the French capital, over which General Hullin sat as president. The offence charged against him, was, that "being in the pay of England, he had plotted with the British government against both the external and internal safety of the Republic; that, in conjunction with others, he conspired to assassinate its chief magistrate, and fought against his native land." He readily admitted "his intention to take part again in hostilities, whenever an occasion should offer. My birth," he observed, "and my opinions, must ever render me inflexible on this point. I have done nothing more than maintain the rights of my family;" and said, with great firmness, "a Condé could never enter France, but with arms in hand." His judges gave him frequent opportunities to retract his declaration, but he was immoveable. "I see," said he, "the honourable disposition of the commissioners, but I cannot resort for safety to the means which they indicate." He was then given to understand that there was no appeal from the judgment of a military commission. His reply was, "I know it, nor do I disguise to myself the danger which I incur; my only desire is to have an interview with the Chief Consul." He was found guilty; remanded to his confinement, while the report was forwarded to Bonaparte. The court remained sitting until their messenger returned, who brought back their own letter, on which was written "condemned to death." He was again called before his judges, when he heard his sentence with great composure; he was immediately led down a winding staircase by torch-light, from whence he emerged through a postern into the ditch of the castle, where a party of gend'armes d'elite were drawn up; these men were Italians. It was now six o'clock in the morning; the gray light began to dawn, When they were about to apply a bandage to his eyes, he indignantly resented it, exclaiming, "A loyal soldier can face death, without fear, with open eyes." The word was given, triggers were drawn, and the Duke d'Enghien, at the age of thirty-two, mingled with the dust; the body, in its clothes, was consigned to his mother earth, in a grave which had been previously prepared on the spot where he was shot. A few days after this, on the morning of the 7th April, 1804, General Pichegru was found dead in his prison. It must be conceded that there was much irregularity in this proceeding.

The sentence was altogether unsupported by evidence, except as to the mere fact of his having borne arms against France, and it may be fairly questioned whether this was really a crime in him, because he owed no allegiance to the French government; on the contrary, from every act of amnesty to the emigrants, himself and all his family had been expressly excepted, by which they were thereby constituted aliens.

2. The execution immediately followed the sentence, which is contrary to the usage of all civilized nations, and in direct contravention of an article in the French code then in force, which gave twenty-four hours to every prisoner convicted by a court-martial, to enable him, if he chose, to appeal from the sentence.

3. The seizure of his person was wholly illegal: it took place by means of a violation of the territory of an independent prince, an outrage for which no good excuse can be offered.

4. Had the arrest been perfectly regular, the trial of a prisoner accused of a political conspiracy was entirely out of the jurisdiction of a court-martial.

5. It was incompatible with the laws of France to hold any trial at midnight.

6. The interrogatory was not read over to the accused, which, by the French law, was rendered imperative.

7. No counsel was assigned to him: this indulgence, by the law of France, is granted to the meanest and most atrocious criminal, let him be arraigned before whatever tribunal he may.

George Cadoudal, with eighteen others, were condemned to death, of which eleven with himself were executed; of the rest, among whom were two sons of the Prince Polignac, some were suffered to escape upon condition of perpetual banishment: others had capital punishment commuted for imprisonment: General Moreau, against whom nothing more appeared save what was admitted by himself, namely, that he had been twice or thrice in company with Pichegru, after that general's secret return to Paris, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment afterwards commuted to two years' exile which he passed in the United States of North America.

The efforts of the French executive were now zealously turned to connect, if possible, the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal with the English cabinet; for this purpose police agents were employed, who, under various disguises, sought to entangle the British ministers, resident at various German courts, in a correspondence capable of being misrepresented: Mr. Drake, the Envoy at Munich, and Mr. Spencer Smith, the resident at Stutgard, were caught in this trap: some letters of their's furnished the Chief Consul a pretext for complaining to the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that "they had stained the honour of the diplomatic body, by leaguing themselves with the Chouan conspirators: those princes, in consequence, dismissed these two gentlemen from their respective courts.

A conspiracy suppressed, always serves to strengthen the power it was intended to destroy; both parties opposed to Napoleon were ruined: the French Royalists were effectually silenced; reduced by terror to inaction, they shrunk into holes and corners to hide themselves. The stanchest adherents of the Bourbons were under necessity to content themselves with murmuring in private saloons, where alone they felt any security in declaring their resentment: but even there the Chief Consul had his spies, who regularly reported the caricatures and the jests in which this depressed faction endeavoured to find consolation for their defeat: while by the exile of Moreau, the republican party had lost the only leader under whose guidance there was the slightest chance for inducing their followers to take up arms against the ever-encroaching ambition of the Chief Consul.

To respect the territory of small independent States, was no longer felt imperative by the Cabinet of the Tuilleries, when by the infraction any object was to be gained: the British minister to the Hanseatic Towns, residing at Hamburg, Sir George Rumbold, on the night of the 23rd October, 1804, was forcibly carried off by a party of French soldiers, who had crossed the Elbe, and together with all his papers conveyed first to Hanover, from thence to the Temple: nothing, however, was found which could at all inculpate him. After a confinement of two days and two night, during which he was certainly treated with civility, he was carried to Cherbourg, a French seaport, in the department of Manche, about seventy miles due south of the south side of the Isle of Wight, and one hundred and ninety miles west-north-west of Paris, in 49° 39′ north latitude, 1° 37′ west longitude: from this place Sir George was sent by a flag of truce on board the British frigate, the Niobe. The King of Prussia on this occasion made a most powerful remonstrance. In like manner, Lord Elgin, the English Ambassador to Constantinople, who was one of the travellers detained by Bonaparte at the recommencement of the war, and who was living in the south of France on his parole, was confined in a solitary castle in the Pyrennees, on pretext of having mixed himself up with the assassins who had attempted the life of the Chief Consul, his innocence, however, was so clear, that he was shortly after liberated.

The conspiracies against the life of Bonaparte caused a great sensation throughout the republic, while they exasperated the feelings of the French against England: addresses of congratulation and devotion to the Chief Consul poured in from every quarter: this was the golden opportunity for which Napoleon so long had sighed, the favourable moment of which he was resolved to avail himself, to carry into effect his meditated scheme. Accordingly, on the 1st of May, 1804, Curée in the tribunate moved, "that it was time to bid adieu to political illusions—that victory had brought back tranquillity—that the finances of the country had been restored and the laws renovated—that it was a matter of duty to secure these blessings to the nation for the future, by making the supreme power hereditary in the person and family of Bonaparte, because such was the desire of the army, also of the people—that, in his opinion, the title of Emperor, as best corresponding with the dignity of the nation, was that by which Napoleon Bonaparte should be hailed." Against this proposition no member raised his voice, save Carnot, whose adhesion to Republican principles remained unshaken; he ascended the tribune: in a most eloquent speech, delivered with great energy, he combatted the attempt to introduce an hereditary monarchy: "Is it," said he, "to grant the Chief Consul a reward for his services, to offer him the sacrifice of liberty? The value of those services I admit; his merits as a warrior claim my admiration, while his policy as a statesman is entitled to praise; but is it not to destroy Bonaparte's own work to make France his private patrimony? I voted against the consulate for life, and I am not disposed this day to follow a different course, I am determined that my conduct shall be consistent with my principles, but the moment the order of things which is proposed shall be established, I will be the first to conform to it, and yield to the new authority a proof of my deference. Napoleon is at present dictator of the Republic, and as such has saved it. Fabius, Camillus, Cincinnatus were dictators also, why should not Bonaparte like them lay down despotic power, after the holding of it shall have ceased to be necessary to the general good? Is there to be no limit to the gratitude of the nation? At all events, even granting that Napoleon himself could not be too highly rewarded, or too largely trusted, why commit the fortunes of posterity to chance? Why forget that Vespasian was the father of Domitian, Germanicus of Caligula, Marcus Aurelius of Commodus? Do not these examples prove that government by an individual is not always a sure pledge of either its stability or of its tranquility. It was reserved for the new world in the conduct of the affairs, of the United States of America, to show the old the practicability of the enjoyment of national liberty accompanied by the rising prosperity of the people: the true means to consolidate a government is by an adherence to justice. By this remark I have no desire to make any particular application, or to cast blame on the operations of the administration." This honest patriot concluded a most brilliant and argumentative harangue by exclaiming, "Is liberty then disclosed to man, only that it may never be enjoyed? No! I cannot consent to regard it as a mere chimera, for my heart tells me that its government is easy." The legislative body, nevertheless, unhesitatingly adopted the proposition: a senatus consultum was instantly put forth: Napoleon Bonaparte was declared emperor of the French! the empire to descend in the male line of his body: should he not have a son, then he might adopt, as his heir, any son or grandson of his brothers. In default of his making such adoption, Louis and Joseph Bonaparte were named as next heirs to the imperial diadem: the members of his family were declared princes of the blood of France. It will be perceived that two of his brothers, Lucien and Jerome, were passed over in nomination to the succession; the reason was, they had both given offence to the autocrat by their marriages. The newly-created imperial dignity had grown fastidious, and felt displeased at any connexion with plebeian blood!

With a childish impatience to play with his recently-acquired bauble, Napoleon did not wait for the sanction of the nation to the decree which made him an Emperor, which, as it was to be obtained after the same mode as the consulate for life, was not reported by the prefects until the 1st December, 1804: but full six months previously, namely, on the 1st May, 1804, he publicly assumed his fresh-acquired authority, and crowded his court with a host of unnecessary appointments. The offices of High Constable of France, Grand Admiral, &c. were revived and bestowed on his brothers, now called Prince Louis, Prince Joseph, &c. &c. Of his two late colleagues, the First and Second Consuls.

Cambaceres, the first, was constituted Arch-Chancellor of the Empire.

Le Brun, the second, Treasurer of the Imperial Exchequer.

General Duroc was made Grand Master of the Palace.

General Caulaincourt was installed as Grand Master of the Horse.

General Berthier was announced as Great Huntsman!

Count Segur, one of the ancient regime, Master of the Ceremonies; and the under named Generals were promoted to the rank and dignity of Marshals of the Empire.

Augereau
Bernadotte
Berthier
Bessières
Brune
Davoust
Jourdan
Kellerman
Lannés
Lefevre
Perignon
Massena
Moncey
Murat
Serurier
Soult

Although every thing, thus far, was highly seasoned with monarchical folly, still it was not sufficient to cloy the insatiable appetite of the new autocra'ts ambition; in selecting the title of Emperor in preference to that of King:—Napoleon appeared to have two objects in view,

One to carry back the mind of the people to the time of Charlemagne.

The other to pass over in silence the dethroned dynasty by which he hoped the remembrance of them would in time be obliterated.

In imitation of that great conqueror who had caused himself to be crowned by Pope Leo, Bonaparte resolved that the investiture of himself should be performed by Pope Pius VII.; while further to confirm his own power as head of the Catholic Church, the venerable pontiff should be ordered to repair to the French capital, there to officiate at the ceremony of his coronation; for this purpose, the holy father, who had no means to resist the mandate, left Rome on the 5th November, 1804, and arrived in Paris, where, on the 2nd December, 1804, in the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, he consecrated and blessed the diadems, but was not permitted to place them on the heads of either Napoleon or Josephine; that office the emperor performed with his own hands, amidst a scene of splendid pageantry unrivalled for magnificence, attended as it was by all that was illustrious in the French metropolis. The crowned heads in Europe, with the exception of those of England, Russia, and Sweden, sent to congratulate him upon his enrolment among hereditary sovereigns; many of the lesser German potentates personally attended his inauguration, and contributed to swell the state, and add to the brilliancy of the newly-formed imperial court. Bonaparte, with his empress, visited the Camps at Boulogne, and along the coast, where they were received apparently with great enthusiasm, and an excess of military devotion; after that, they made a progress to Aix-la-Chappelle, and along the Rhenish frontier, flattered and extolled wherever they appeared; although, to a close observer, it was very palpable that the people at large took very little interest in the business.

That the sister commonwealths might be in unison, the senators of the Italian republic were induced to send an address to their president, humbly beseeching him to allow himself to be crowned as their king, at the City of Milan. The emperor complied with their request, and on the 26th May, 1805, as he had done at Paris, after receiving a benediction from the successor to St. Peter, with his own hand he placed on his own head the ancient iron crown of the Lombard monarchs, at the same time he pronounced that which, according to tradition, those sovereigns were accustomed to utter on such occasions:—"God hath given it me. Beware who touches it." From thenceforth Napoleon styled himself "Emperor of the French, and King of Italy;" but announced that, after his decease, the two crowns should not be held by the same person. It would appear that something beyond the mere purposes of the ceremonial, induced him once more to cross the Alpine mountains; seeing that the Ligurian Republic sent the doge to Milan to offer its congratulation to the king of Italy, at the same time it made a tender of its territory, for the formation of another department of the French empire; this also was accepted, but proved to be the precursor of very serious results; the cabinets of Europe viewed the annexation of Genoa with evident alarm.

The Empress Josephine's son, by her former husband, now recognised as prince Eugene Beauharnois, who had become a great favourite with Bonaparte, was left as viceroy over the newly-created kingdom of Italy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUSSIA AND SWEDEN FORM A NEW COALITION AGAINST BONAPARTE—GENERAL SPANGENBURG, WITH HIS TROOPS, BECOME PRISONERS TO THE FRENCH—SURRENDER OF ULM, WITH ITS GARRISON, BY GENERAL MACK—MASSENA COMPELS THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES TO ABANDON THE VENETIAN STATES—THE ARCHDUKE JOHN BEATEN BY GENERAL NEY IN THE TYROL—BOTH PRINCES RETREAT TOWARDS HUNGARY—BONAPARTE ENTERS VIENNA—NELSON'S VICTORY OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR—BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ—BONAPARTE GIVES HANOVER TO PRUSSIA—TREATY OF PRESBURG——THE COURT OF NAPLES RETIRE INTO SICILY, AND JOSEPH BONAPARTE DECLARED KING—LOUIS BONAPARTE MADE KING OF HOLLAND—RHENISH CONFEDERATION—BONAPARTE BECOMES PROTECTOR OF THIS LEAGUE.

Enlisted in the category of crowned heads, Napoleon Bonaparte had thus reached the goal of his aspiration: he is therefore, in future, to be contemplated as a powerful, absolute potentate, about to exercise sovereign functions. It cannot fail, however, to excite surprise that a man of his acknowledged sterling abilities, with a mind known to possess such expansive elasticity, who had filled the four quarters of the globe with his fame, should have been emulous to mingle with a group, the members of which, generally speaking, are neither eminent for their moral qualities, nor remarkable for their intellectual endowments; should have evinced an anxiety to enter into an association, from which he must be aware he would not receive a cordial welcome, at the same time that it was one but little calculated to maintain for him unblemished his former high character: it was certainly a most inexplicable aberration—to speak poetically, it was a complete bathos. Turn over the history of these rulers, its pages exhibit a frightful display, are fraught with much to grieve, but with little to cheer: we ponder over them with feelings of abhorrence. Abstracted from their political conduct, do they shine even as brilliant models of private life? as the brightest ornaments to the domestic circle? as exemplary in the performance of the duties of either husband, father, or friend? Some have been idiots; some ferocious bigots; some madmen; some heartless tyrants; some have even given way to worse propensities. How was it possible, then, that a being of his commanding talents could be substantively aggrandized by admission into such a motley set? It was most assuredly a school in which he might acquire very undesirable habits, but most decidedly not one in which he could fairly indulge the hope to make rational progress. As the emancipator of his country from iron sway, he stood upon a pinnacle supported by the really good and truly great in all nations; as the renovator of odious institutions inimical to freedom, he fell from his towering height, never to rise again: the effulgence of his meridian sun was obscured by the fogs arising from idle ostentation and worthless pageantry. Alas! poor human nature! to what vile ends may not an ill-directed ambition lead?

The gloom produced throughout Europe by the execution of the Duke D'Enghien had somewhat dimmed the lustre of Napoleon's career: it was viewed with horror, and gave birth to another coalition against the new-made emperor. The severity of the measure was deeply resented by the courts of St. Petersburg and of Stockholm. Previous to Bonaparte's assumption of the princely dignity, the Russian despot made a strong remonstrance on this subject, and prepared for war, in which he was joined by Gustavus, the then King of Sweden; this, however, met with but little attention from the Gallic autocrat. In consequence, a strict alliance was formed by the two northern cabinets, in conjunction with that of Great Britain, to become parties to which both Austria and Prussia were strongly invited; and for this purpose Alexander made a journey to Berlin, where he had a personal interview with the Prussian monarch: the two sovereigns swore eternal friendship over the tomb of the great Frederick. The terms of the compact were, that no peace should be signed with the French government by any of the confederates, until the limits of its empire should be reduced to a compass compatible with the security of the other European states;—in other words, until the relative position of each should be restored to equipollence. The objects, therefore, to be conquered were—

1. The revival of the independence of Switzerland, also that of Holland.
2. To oblige the French cabinet to withdraw its troops from the north of Germany.
3. To obtain the restoration of Piedmont to the King of Sardinia.
4. To compel Bonaparte to evacuate Italy.

The King of Prussia, however, although personally hostile to the Emperor Napoleon, awed by the proximity of a formidable French force, was not in a condition to join the warlike league, seeing that a strong French party actually prevailed in his councils; while Austria, with every disposition to aid the common cause, had been so grievously crippled by the fatal battle of Marengo, that the German emperor was deterred by prudential motives from giving in his adhesion to the belligerent contract.

Among the earliest acts of the Emperor Napoleon was an autograph letter, addressed by himself to the King of England, George III., in person, dated 27th January, 1805: it adverted to the blessings of peace, without making any specific proposition. This was answered officially by the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who merely observed, that such was the present position of the relations between his government and that of Russia, that negotiations could only be opened with the united consent of both cabinets.

Although many of Bonaparte's brother monarchs had complimented him upon his accession to the diadem of France, yet they did not receive intelligence of his coronation at Milan, as King of Italy, with the same complacent feelings. The Austrian, although previously indisposed to renew the contest with Napoleon, no sooner heard that the iron crown of Lombardy had been clutched by the French emperor, also that the Genoese territory was annexed as an additional department to France, than he became seriously alarmed. This aggrandizement of the Gallic empire caused all his prudential reluctance to hostilities to vanish. Thus disarmed by anger of his usual caution, he rashly commenced warlike preparations: without either the assurance of the co-operation of Prussia, or even waiting the arrival of the Russian legions then on their march towards Germany, he immediately took the field, and opened the campaign with a body of troops, under the command of his favourite general, Mack, who unwisely established his head-quarters at Ulm, a handsome large fortified city of Wirtemburg, in 9° 55′ east longitude, and 48° 24′ north latitude, forty miles south-east of Stutgard, seated at the confluence of the river Blau with the Danube, opposite the influx of the waters of the Iler, on the western frontier of Bavaria;—thus fatally leaving the current of the Inn in his rear, although the line of that river offers the strongest possible defence to the hereditary dominions of Austria, as it extends its course uninterruptedly from the Tyrolese mountains to its junction with the stream of the Danube at Passau, a fortified city within the domains of the Bavarian electorate, one hundred and thirty-five miles west by north of Vienna, in 13° 32′ east longitude, 48° 34′ north latitude, watered by the Inn and the Ilz, which divide it into four parts, in one of which stands the castle of Oberhaus, on the mountain of St. George. This was an unpardonable error, of which Bonaparte hastened to profit.

By a series of well-planned combinations, the French emperor so manœuvred as to induce the Austrian commander to believe the French troops were marching against him through the Black Forest—that, consequently, he should be attacked in front of the city of Ulm; instead of which, the greater part of Bonaparte's army, in several divisions, passed the stream of the Rhine, to the northward of General Mack's position, penetrated into the heart of Germany on the left of the Danube, then, throwing themselves across that river, took ground in the rear of the imperialists, cut off their communication with Vienna, while Marshal Bernadotte, with his division, advanced from Hanover, traversing during his march the neutral territories of Anspach, or Onolzbach, and Bayreuth, two principalities in the southern part of the circle of Franconia, then belonging to the King of Prussia, at the evident risk of inducing that monarch to join the allies. The transgression, however, led to no serious results, as subsequent events kept the cabinet of Berlin quiet. Napoleon thus cooped up the Austrian general in Ulm, after the same isolated manner he had before caged General Wurmser in Mantua. In the course of these demonstrations, several severe affairs occurred with various divisions of the Austrian army. In these skirmishes the French always came off victorious: between the 26th of September, when they crossed the Rhine river, and the 13th of October, 1805, when they completely occupied Bavaria and Swabia, not less than twenty thousand Austrians became their prisoners: among the rest, five thousand men, under the imperial general, Spangenburg, laid down their arms at Memmingen, a well-fortified Bavarian town, seated in a fertile plain near the stream of the Iller, twenty-eight miles south-east of Ulm, in 10° 12 east longitude, 48° north latitude. On the 20th October, 1805, General Mack surrendered, when the garrison of Ulm, consisting of twenty thousand veterans, filed off, and deposited their arms before Bonaparte and his staff;—an immense quantity of warlike stores fell into the hands of the French emperor, who dismissed eighteen Austrian generals on their parole, and despatched a waggon loaden with imperial standards, to gratify the vanity of the Parisians.

It cannot fail to be perceived that the animosity of the European monarchs was directed rather against the insatiable ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte, than against the French people as a nation: whatever colour their hostilities might assume, it was with a view to restore the expatriated family of the Bourbons that their energies were called into action. When, therefore, the newly formed coalition against him became known to the French emperor, together with the warlike aspect of Russia, with his usual promptitude he prepared to meet his enemies, determined to conduct the campaign in person. His grand army on the coast, designed for the invasion of England, was suddenly broken up, and marched towards the Rhine river; at the same time, orders were sent to Marshal Massena, who commanded in Lombardy, to advance upon the Venetian territory; from thence, if possible, to make his way into the hereditary states of Austria, where it was Napoleon's intention, after the fall of Ulm, to concentrate his troops, then to bear with his whole force upon the imperial capital, Vienna.

Massena had to contend with a well-organized army, consisting of sixty thousand men at arms, under the immediate command of the Austrian Archduke Charles. Several sanguinary contests ensued; when the latter, however, after sustaining many signal defeats, retreated before the French marshal, through the passes of the Carinthian mountains, towards Hungary; where he was joined, with the remnant of his army, by his brother, the Archduke John, who, with a strong division of imperialists, had been repeatedly worsted in his attempts to defend the Tyrol against the aggression of General Ney. Thus released from the presence of the Austrian armies under the archdukes, whose movements were watched by a formidable detachment of French soldiers, under the orders of Prince Murat, while Marshal Augereau, who had advanced with a large reserve, was posted behind him in Swabia, to guard the passes from the Voralberg, and be ready to check the Prussians, should that army break its neutrality, and cross the Danube, the two victorious French divisions, under General Ney and Marshal Massena, triumphantly entered Clagenfurt, described at page 135; where they were uninterruptedly at the disposal of Bonaparte, ready to aid in his operations. Napoleon, by his judicious arrangements, having placed his communications from both his rear and his flanks in a state of perfect security, now began to move forward at the head of his main body, in pursuance of his plan. The Austrians by this time had been joined by a detachment of Russian troops, forming a combined army of forty-five thousand men, for the purpose of relieving Ulm; for that service, however, it was now too late. At first these allies made demonstrations as if resolved to oppose the progress of the French emperor; but after two or three skirmishes of outposts, they fell back upon the great Russian army, which had arrived under the command of the Czar himself, who established his head-quarters at the strongly-fortified ecclesiastical Moravian city of Brunn, or Brinn, seated on the confluence of the streams of the Zwittau and the Schwartz, in 16° 38′ east longitude, 49° 13′ north latitude, thirty-three miles south-west of Olmutz, an archiepiscopal city of Moravia, an Austrian province, bounded on the north and on the west by Bohemia, on the east by Hungary, and on the south by Austria Proper. It was around the standard of the northern autocrat that every disposable force was to rally, in order to arrest the designs of Buonaparte, and drive him back beyond the Rhine river. To this assemblage of troops the Emperor Francis repaired in person, 7th November, 1805, seeing that all chance of effectually defending his metropolis was at an end. On the evening of that day, an Austrian envoy reached Napoleon's head-quarters, then at Lintz, a bishop's see, and the capital of Upper Austria, seated in 14° 16′ east longitude, 48° 21′ north latitude, on the right bank of the stream of the Danube, defended by two castles, ninety-six miles west of Vienna. The ambassador brought proposals from the German monarch for an immediate armistice, to be followed by negotiation. Bonaparte refused to listen to any terms, unless Venice and the Tyrol were first ceded to him. As Count Giulay, who was intrusted with the commission, had no authority to comply with such conditions, the proposition for delay failed; and on the 13th of November, 1805, Napoleon entered Vienna, slept at the castle of Schoenbrun, the magnificent palace of the Austrian Cæsars, where he took up his residence, and appointed General Clarke governor of the imperial city, a large portion of the military stores, and other warlike equipments, were given to the Elector of Bavaria. That prince had been grossly outraged by the Austrian cabinet, who haughtily insisted that he should not only declare war against Bonaparte, and join the allies, but also allow his troops to be incorporated with the imperial forces, and be commanded by its chiefs. The Elector remonstrated against such unusual degrading conduct, and wrote to the emperor, saying, "On my knees, I beg of you that I may be permitted to remain neutral." This appeal was without effect: the Austrians entered the Bavarian territory, where they acted as if they were in an enemy's country. Indignant at such treatment, the Elector withdrew his army into Franconia, where he awaited the arrival of the French troops as his liberators from a galling thraldom.

As a counterpoise to this success came the unwelcome intelligence of the total discomfiture and capture of the combined French and Spanish fleets, by Admiral Lord Nelson, off Cape Trafalgar, fought on the 21st of October, 1805, in which that gallant English seaman lost his life; a hero whose laurels will never fade, one of whom his country must always continue proud This disastrous news seemed but to give an additional stimulus to the indomitable Napoleon, whose energies appeared to gain additional elasticity by temporary pressure. "I cannot be every where," he said, then quitted Vienna at the head of his troops, prepared for action, and fearlessly sought his antagonist, by crossing the current of the Danube, and placing himself within reach of the combined forces of Russia and Austria, then under the surveillance of their respective emperors.

It had now become evident that a conflict between the armies of the contending emperors could not be much longer avoided; it was also clear that the event would, in all probability, be followed with very decisive results. Both parties, therefore, felt the importance of the struggle; consequently, each was sedulous to make the best use of his resources. Bonaparte, who relied upon his dexterity in decoying an enemy into some imprudent movement, of which indiscretion he could favourably avail himself, resolved to leave no artifice unessayed to accomplish his purpose, and lure his antagonists to their ruin. The combined princes felt security not only in what they considered the perilous situation of the French, but also in the eligibility of their own position, as well as in their numerical strength: further, to augment this, on the approach of the French soldiery, they fell back as far as Olmutz, in order to form a junction with the Russian reserve under General Buxhowden. Napoleon, ever on the alert, immediately pushed forward to occupy the Czar's late head-quarters at Brunn: twelve miles to the east is the small town of Austerlitz, or Slawkow, near which is an extensive plain. Bonaparte, accompanied by his generals, rode over this ground to reconnoitre: when he had completed his exploration, he said to his companions, "Study well this field—we shall shortly have to contest it." The risk he had incurred by crossing the Danube, and advancing into Moravia, did not escape the penetration of Napoleon: he was quite aware of the hazard of the measure; he was also fully sensible that such a demonstration might have proved fatal to a less experienced commander than himself;—but his eagle eyes were not to be deceived: he saw the errors into which the enemy had already fallen, and speculated upon those which it was most likely he would still commit. Besides, he was aware that to have lingered in Vienna until the enemy should have been re-enforced by the army then organizing on his left, under the Archduke Ferdinand, in Bohemia, also by the united forces still formidable under the Archdukes John and Charles, who were using every effort to rouse the Hungarians on his right, would have been to endanger his plan of operations altogether, especially as the wavering cabinet of Prussia had a well appointed army, ready to march at the shortest notice, comprising a hundred and fifty thousand men, which, in the event of any disaster, might have laid aside its vacillating policy. It was therefore that he determined to take time by the forelock—to boldly face danger, and bring the enemy to action without further delay. His arrangements on this occasion perfectly justified the high character he had acquired as a general, fully adequate to conduct a large body of troops to victory. Everything was foreseen—nothing was neglected by the enterprising Napoleon. The array was indicative of his consummate abilities: the right wing was committed to the care of Marshal Soult; the left, under the orders of Marshal Lannes, occupied a strongly fortified position; the centre, commanded by Marshal Bernadotte, was supported by the cavalry under the intrepid Prince Murat; the reserve, under the immediate inspection of Bonaparte himself, amounting to twenty thousand combatants, including in that number ten thousand imperial guards, took ground in the rear of the line, ready to act wherever its aid might be required. Napoleon's sagacity enabled him to foresee the almost certainty that the allies would fall into the trap he was about to prepare for them, which actually happened as he had vaticinated. That he might profit to its fullest extent of his stratagem, should his wily manœuvres succeed, Bonaparte placed Marshal Davoust, with two divisions, one of horse, another of foot, considerably in the rear of his right, behind the convent of Raygern. When those dispositions were settled, Bonaparte observed, "This is the fairest evening of my life; yet it grieves me to think how many of these brave fellows must be slain; the anguish caused by this idea makes me feel that they are really my children; and truly I am vexed with myself for these sensations, as I fear they will unman me in the field of battle."

The impression in the Russian camp was by no means favourable to Austrian valour. The disastrous issue of the campaign was attributed by the autocrat's commanders to the unpardonable cowardice of the imperialists, whose spirits they insisted were broken by the reverses they had sustained in Italy. The officers surrounding the Czar, affirming that they were natives of that country which had given birth to the great Suwarrow, who had so valiantly wrested from the grasp of the French all Napoleon's conquests in Lombardy, held their opponents in sovereign contempt. Full of confidence in themselves, they said they merely waited for the opportunity of a general battle, to show that they were neither unskilled in the art of war, nor had lost any portion of that courage, which they had so eminently displayed in their progress through Italy. This was precisely the feeling which Bonaparte wished to encourage, with which he had become acquainted by means of his spies; upon this he built his hopes of success, while all his demonstrations were calculated to cultivate and confirm this opinion in the enemy. His anticipations were soon realized, and proved the correctness of his judgment. On the 1st of December, 1805, he beheld with extreme pleasure the commencement of that series of indiscreet movements on the part of the enemy, which he had so anxiously desired—of those errors which laid the foundation of his subsequent victory. The Russian, instead of waiting quietly in the strong position which he occupied, where he might have remained in perfect safety until his ranks should have been swelled by the Austrian troops from Bohemia and Hungary, under the archdukes, to the great delight of Napoleon, he saw him begin to descend from the heights. He no sooner witnessed this improvident demonstration on the part of the enemy, than he hailed it with enthusiasm: his joy was boundless—his utmost expectations were gratified. Almost frantic with joy at the consummation of his wishes, he exclaimed, "In twenty-four hours that army will be mine!" He had hardly uttered this exclamation, when Count Haugwitz was announced as an envoy from the King of Prussia, bearing important dispatches. He was immediately ushered into the emperor's presence, who, with his usual acumen, perceived that he came with the unpleasant intelligence, that the court of Berlin, no longer indecisive as to its conduct, had at length determined to yield to the importunity of the Czar, consequently to join the confederates, unless certain stipulations were fulfilled, but with which he could not be acquainted, although he shrewdly suspected they related to delusive expectations which had, for the purpose of delay, from time to time been encouraged, that, in the event of the effectual humiliation of Austria, the imperial crown of Germany might be transferred to the house of Brandenburg.—Bonaparte's presence of mind rarely if ever forsook him: on this occasion it served him with great advantage. Perfectly aware that, should he prove the victor in the ensuing contest, it would materially alter the tenor of the Prussian communication, he promptly said, "Count, you may see that the outposts of the two armies are almost meeting—there will be a battle to-morrow; return, therefore, to Vienna, and deliver your message when it shall be over." The count took the hint, and retired, no doubt deeming it an act of prudence to delay for one day longer, under such circumstances, that which had already been so long, perhaps very unwisely, protracted.

The second of December, 1805, will be a day ever memorable in history. The sun broke forth with uncommon brilliancy: the great battle of Austerlitz was determined in favour of the French. Thus, "the Sun of Austerlitz" has become proverbial with the French soldiery as a sure omen of victory; and a similar dawn was long after hailed by them with exultation, as a presage of success. The indefatigable Napoleon, ever watchful of the enemy, slept for a short time by a watch-fire on the preceding evening: an hour after midnight he mounted his charger, and rode along the front, for the purpose of reconnoitring his own position. His wish was that he should not be recognized, but the troops quickly penetrated his secret. Great fires were kindled with straw along the whole line; the hero was received with shouts of most devoted enthusiasm from post to post as he proceeded. The greatest familiarity always existed between his soldiery and himself; he was ever accustomed to treat them with kindness, as humble but valuable friends;—to this feeling the troops cordially responded: they reminded him that it was the anniversary of his coronation, pledging themselves that they would celebrate it in a manner worthy of his glory. "Only promise us," cried a veteran grenadier, "that you will keep yourself out of the fire, and we will give you a good account of these Russians." The emperor promised to comply with their request, adding, "I shall be with the reserve until you need us, when you will not find me wanting." This pledge, so completely elucidating the mutual confidence subsisting between the commander and his troops, was reiterated in a proclamation issued by the emperor at daybreak: its electrical effect on the soldiery may be judged by the prodigies of exertion performed that day.

As had been foreseen by the keen-sighted Napoleon, the Russian commander-in chief, Kutusoff, was completely entangled in the snare spread for him: desirous to turn the right wing of the French army, he detached a large division of his troops; this detachment, which left a great opening in the enemy's line, according to the plan laid by the Gallic emperor, unexpectedly met resistance from Marshal Davoust, who held it in check at Raygern. This was an opportunity not to be neglected, Bonaparte immediately pounced upon it, and ordered Marshal Soult to pour in a force upon the vacant space, by which the communication between the Russian's centre and his left was entirely cut off: the Czar, alarmed for the fatal consequences that might attend this unlooked for movement, rushed forward with his guards to drive back the French marshal: a severe and sanguinary contest ensued, which was fought on an eminence called the Hill of Pratzen. On the first onset, the troops of the autocrat forced the French infantry to give way, but the constantly observant Napoleon instantly despatched the Imperial guards, under the direction of Marshal Bessières, to its rescue; this timely succour turned the tide, the Russians were thrown into disorder; after an obstinate conflict they were finally broken, and fled from the scene of action with such precipitation, that the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who commanded them, only escaped capture by the fleetness of his horse. Marshal Bernadotte now advanced with the cavalry under Prince Murat, who charged the enemy with such impetuosity, that he was unable to resist; the German and Russian emperors had the mortification to behold, from the heights of Austerlitz, the total ruin of their centre, as they had before seen that of their left wing. Hitherto, the right wing of the Czar had maintained itself steadily against the reiterated attacks of Marshal Lannes: but, left alone by the disastrous defeat of their comrades, they were no longer in a condition to keep their station, especially as Napoleon encompassed them on every side, severely galling them by a tremendous fire from his artillery; thus situated, they were driven into a hollow where the only chance of escape, from the murderous effect of the cannonade, was some frozen lakes; the ice of these was speedily broken by a storm of shot from the French ordnance, and nearly twenty thousand men perished on the spot, some swept away by the artillery, the greater part drowned. Never was the destruction of an army more complete: the discomfited emperors found the utmost difficulty to rally around them some fragments of their troops with which to effect their retreat in safety; leaving in the hands of the victorious Bonaparte twenty thousand prisoners, forty pieces of cannon, together with all the standards of the Russian Imperial guard.

Change of circumstances will not unfrequently enforce a change of measures: this was verified by the conduct of the Prussian envoy, who now returned to present to Napoleon his master's congratulations on the victory he had gained. Bonaparte, who saw the matter in its true light, whispered to Count Haugwitz, "Here is a message, the address of which has been materially altered by recent events:" as, however, it was not consistent with his views at this time to provoke the cabinet of Berlin, which might have induced it to adopt extremities, the French emperor entered into a treaty with the Prussian monarch, who, on consideration [illegible]ing Hanover, agreed to remain neuter, and not offer any obstacle to such other arrangements as Napoleon might find convenient. Thus the paternal inheritance of the royal family of England was unceremoniously handed over to the house of Brandenburg, as a bribe for its forbearance. When, therefore, the German emperor understood the disposition of his brother of Prussia, it was but too apparent that further resistance on his part was a hopeless task. Negotiations for amicable adjustment were immediately set on foot; in the prosecution of which the haughty Austrian was under the necessity to repair to the head quarters of his conqueror, by whom he was received at the door of a miserable hut, with the observation that "such are the palaces that you compelled me to occupy for these two months past." To this the humiliated Francis replied, "You surely ought not to complain of their accommodation, seeing you have made such advantageous use of them." After having obtained an armistice for himself, on very disadvantageous terms, the proud monarch negotiated also for the safety of his royal beaten coadjutor, the Czar. In consequence of stipulations agreed upon to that effect, the defeated Russians commenced their retreat towards their own country, 6th December, 1805; their vanity sadly mortified, and somewhat lowered in their opinion of the value of their own tactics, when brought into collision with those of the French emperor.

This armistice was followed by a treaty of peace between France and Austria, signed 15th December, 1805, at the fortified city of Presburg, capital of Upper Hungary, seated on the stream of the Danube, in 17° 9′ east longitude, 48° 9′ north latitude, distant thirty-eight miles east by south from Vienna, with a population of twenty-six thousand; and by another treaty signed at Vienna, 26th December, 1805, between France and the King of Prussia.

The revulsion occasioned in the Europeon body politic by this memorable conflict, emphatically styled by the French soldiery "the great Battle of the Emperors," is perhaps without parallel in the modern history of the western world: we cannot fail to be struck with the magnitude of the changes to which it gave rise; such cutting and carving of states do not often meet the eye. The alteration it made in the map is almost beyond credence: kings were superseded with as little ceremony as would occur in displacing one servant to give employ to another; fresh kingdoms sprung into existence; old monarchies were mutilated, to add strength and territory to the new; principalities were distributed with a liberal hand; the Bonaparte family, in nearly all its branches, were invested with sovereign power, and enrolled among the princes of the west.

Baden, or Baaden, formerly divided into Upper and Lower, or Baden-Baden and Baden Durlach, extending southerly to the ecclesiastical city of Spere, then running on the east bank of the Rhine to the canton of Basle, in Switzerland, was erected into a Grand Duchy, its margrave advanced to the dignity of Grand Duke; having his territorial domains enlarged by the addition of the Brisgau, in the circle of Swabia, containing about one thousand square miles, intersected by the line of the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and the eighth degree of east longitude, stretching eastward from the Rhine to the Black Forest; also by the fortified city of Constance, seated on the south side of that river; famous for the council of 1514, which caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague to be burnt. The whole now includes about five thousand six hundred square miles, with a population of nine hundred and twenty-five thousand souls.

Bavaria, a fertile territory, lying between 47 and 50 degrees of north latitude, and 11 and 14 degrees of east longitude, bounded on the north-east by Bohemia, on the south-east and south by Austria and the Tyrol, on the south-west by Swabia, and on the north-west by Franconia, watered by the streams of the Danube, the Iler, the Inn, the Iser, the Lech, the Maine, and the Nab, then an electorate, containing one million three hundred thousand inhabitants, as a reward to its elector for espousing the French cause, was erected into an hereditary kingdom, and the districts of the Tyrol and the seven lordships of the Voralberg, wrested from Austria, were added to his domains by an act of cession; at the same time, the Prussian monarch, in consideration of receiving Hanover, was induced to swell the limits of the new kingdom with the two margraviates of Anspach and Bayreuth. It now ranks first among the second class of European states; having increased its surface from sixteen thousand five hundred to thirty-two thousand square miles, with a population of four million one hundred thousand.

Berg, a fertile tract of Westphalia, lying along the Rhine River, to the south of the duchy of Cleves, about sixty miles in length, from ten to twenty-two miles in breadth, abounding with mines of copper, lead, iron, and coal, having a population of three hundred thousand, was ceded by the King of Bavaria, exalted into a grand duchy, and bestowed in sovereignty on Prince Murat, the gallant consort of Napoleon's sister, Caroline.

The Valley of Carfagnano, in the Modenese territory;

Lucca, lying on the east coast of the Gulf of Genoa;

Massa-Carrara, in the Tuscan dominions;

The sovereignty of these three principalities were invested in Napoleon's sister Eliza, who had married an Italian of the name of Bacchiochi.

Guastalla, a small duchy included in the duchy of Parma, was conferred in sovereignty on Napoleon's youngest sister, Pauline, who, after the decease of her first husband, General Le Clerc, wedded with the Italian, Prince Borghese.

Holland was converted into a kingdom, and the crown bestowed upon Napoleon's brother, Louis Bonaparte, who married the beautiful and accomplished Hortense Fanny De Beauharnois, daughter to the Empress Josephine. They began their reign in May, 1806.

Italy: this kingdom was enlarged at the expense of the house of Austria, by the addition of the Venetian states. The viceroy, Prince Eugene Beauharnois, son of the Empress Josephine, to whom, in the event of the French emperor's dying without male issue, the iron crown was to descend, became consort to the eldest daughter of the King of Bavaria.

Naples: the Neapolitan court, headed by the queen, was always inimical to the French revolution; ever ready to avail itself of any favourable opportunity to manifest its hostility. When, therefore, the French army was required to act in the north of Italy against the Archduke Charles, the troops under General St. Cyr, who upon the rupture of the peace of Amiens had occupied the sea-ports of that kingdom, were withdrawn to join the force under Marshal Massena. Soon after, an armanent landed a body of English and Russian soldiers, which was well received and cherished by the government. These, however, on learning the fate of Austerlitz, retired. Napoleon, incensed at this conduct, issued a proclamation, in which he declared, that "the royal house of Naples had ceased to reign for ever;" at the same time, he despatched an army, under the command of his brother Joseph Bonaparte, who entered that ancient, wealthy city, perhaps the finest in the world, and was declared King of Naples. The deposed king, with his queen and courtiers, passed over into the island of Sicily, an appendage to his crown, from which he derives the appellation of "King of the Two Sicilies."

Neuchatel, or Neufchatel, one of the Swiss cantons, a mountainous district, well watered by several rivers and lakes, containing a population of fifty-one thousand six hundred inhabitants, famous for its printed linens and cottons, as also for its wine, both white and red,—a territory lying between the lake of its own name and the borders of France, which, belonged to the King of Prussia, was erected into a principality, and ceded in full sovereignty by that monarch to Marshal Berthier, and who took with the possession the title of "Prince of Neufchatel."

Prussia had the then electorate of Hanover given in perpetuity, in return for Anspach and Bayreuth, ceded to the King of Bavaria, and Neufchatel ceded to Marshal Berthier. Hanover has since been erected into a kingdom.

Wirtemburg, or Wurtemburg, one of the most populous and fertile tracts of country in the circle of Swabia, in Germany, famous for its neckar wine, sixty-five miles in length, nearly as much in breadth, comprising an area of eight thousand square miles, with one million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand inhabitants, bounded on the east by Bavaria, on the west by Baden, was exalted into a kingdom, and its territory considerably enlarged at the expense of Austria by part of the Brisgaw, &c., as a reward for its adhesion to the French cause.

Wurtzburg, a Bavarian district, sixty-five miles in length, fifty in breadth, comprehending a great portion of Franconia, situated in the circle of the Lower Maine, bounded on the north by Henneberg, a county of Upper Saxony, on the east by the territory of Bamberg, on the south by Anspach, Hohenlohe, or Holach, in Franconia, and the town of Mergentheim, in Wirtemberg, on the west by Werthcim, a county in Baden, the ecclesiastical city of Mentz, or Mayence, and Fulda, a German bishopric, both in the grand duchy of Hesse; was ceded by the King of Bavaria to the Archduke Ferdinand, giving to its new master the title of Elector, as a compensation for Salzburg, incorporated with the dominions of Austria.

Availing himself adroitly of his commanding position, with which the result of this battle had clothed him, the great object of Napoleon Bonaparte in these arrangements was to break down the influence of both Austria and Prussia in the affairs of the German states, without leaving them a voice of negation in the various settlements. Thus, by raising up new potentates, who owed their existence to his diplomacy, exalting some, and extending the territories of others, he procured for himself a preponderance which enabled him to form the Rhenish Confederation, of which in consequence he added to his other functions the important rank of Protector, by which he rendered the imperial title of the German emperor a mere shadow This was so keenly felt by the Austrian, that he issued a proclamation, in which he stated the utter impossibility for him, after what had resulted from the treaty of Presburg, to perform those duties which, while he enjoyed the confidence of the princes of the empire, he considered imperative: that therefore, seeing the segregation of several considerable states, among which were the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemburg, the Grand Duke of Berg, and several other sovereigns of the west of Germany, now associated together in close alliance under "the Confederation of the Rhine," and who had bound themselves to place sixty thousand troops at the disposal of the French emperor; his principles, combining with his duty, compelled his abdication of a crown, which, having lost the support of a great portion of its adjuncts, would be henceforth valueless. In consequence, he fell into the views of Bonaparte, and quietly laid down the imperial title, retaining simply that of emperor or sovereign of his own hereditary dominions. Thus "the Holy Roman Empire," which had lasted full a thousand years, was brought to a close, and futurely its ancient influence was no longer to be exercised at Vienna, but at Paris.

On his triumphal return to the French metropolis, Bonaparte completely obliterated the last traces of the revolutionary organization to restore monarchical institutions; at the same time, his great aim was to sink in oblivion the Bourbon dynasty, by remodelling the whole features of the ancient monarchy. For this purpose he created a fresh order of nobility, which included princes, dukes, and counts of the empire; while the titles of his new peerage, so far from deriving their appellation from France, were designatory of the extensive estates taken from the domains of the conquered countries, with which he enriched his modern nobles.

Marshal Bernadotte was made	Prince of Ponte Corvo.
The Foreign Minister, Talleyrand,	Prince of Benevento.
Marshal Davoust,	Prince of Eckmuhl.
Marshal Massena,	Prince of Esslingen.
Marshal Ney,	Prince of Moskwa.
Marshal Augereau,	Duke of Castiglione.
The Police Minister, Fouché,	Duke of Otranto.
The Minister Champagny,	Duke of Cadore.
Marshal Duroc,	Duke of Feltre.
Marshal Moncey,	Duke of Cornegliano.
Marshal Victor,	Duke of Belluno.
Marshal Soult,	Duke of Dalmatia.

With a long string of others created upon the same principle.

Napoleon published an address to his soldiers, couched in the warmest terms of admiration for their brave and intrepid conduct during the late campaign. He was not, however, satisfied with the bare expression of his gratitude for their services; he prepared to give them a more substantial proof of his approbation.

The widows of those who had fallen in the contest were to have liberal pensions; their children also were to be clothed, educated, and provided for at the public expense; annuities were likewise to be granted to those who had been disabled in the service, either by wounds or hardships necessarily incident to their mode of life, as also to the relatives of those who died on the field of battle. Added to this, rewards were distributed among the individuals of the army, who had displayed either great skill or particular prowess.

To provide funds for all this, without calling upon the citizens of France, contributions to an enormous extent were levied upon the conquered countries; and a great proportion of the regular pay of the troops was raised in the same manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

BONAPARTE'S CONDUCT TOWARDS THE JEWS—CONVOKES THE GRAND SANHEDRIM—HIS UNWEARIED INDUSTRY—PALM THE BOOKSELLER ILLEGALLY SEIZED IN THE FREE CITY OF NAUMBURG, TRIED BY A COURT MARTIAL, AND SHOT FOR AN ALLEGED LIBEL—PRUSSIA PREPARES FOR WAR—BONAPARTE ANTICIPATES HER DESIGN—MARCHES INTO SAXONY—FLANKS THE PRUSSIAN ARMY, AND CAPTURES NAUMBURG—PRINCE EUGENE OF WIRTEMBURG, WITH SIXTEEN THOUSAND MEN, SURRENDER TO THE FRENCH AT HALLE—BATTLE OF JENA—BONAPARTE ENTERS BERLIN IN TRIUMPH—FALL OF MAGDEBURG—HIS GENEROSITY TO THE PRINCE OF HATZSFELD—ISSUES THE BERLIN DECREES.

It is perfectly refreshing to be able to lay aside, even for an instant, the details of sanguinary merciless war, to record the pursuit of a more healthy occupation,—an endeavour to increase the happiness, and advance the moral excellence, of our fellow-creatures: an avocation in which all good men will most cordially join both heart and hand.

At this period, the attention of the religious world was awakened by some events, which occurred in France, under the sanction of Napoleon, in relation to the Jews. The situation of this people has ever interested the philanthropist, who has adverted to their universal dispersion through barbarous and civilized nations, without melting in either case into the common mass, and sinking their national language, manners, or religion, to which they have adhered with inviolable fidelity; amidst that scorn and persecution, which through a long succession of ages has been their only inheritance, liberal religionists have thought they saw in it some corroboration of their faith, attended with certain inexplicable difficulties: speculative men of the world have found in it a moral problem, for which their utmost ingenuity has been unable to furnish a satisfactory solution, while the humane of all descriptions have viewed with sentiments of the most sincere commisseration, a race of people, who inheriting a tainted reputation, are, perhaps, precluded from the very strongest motive to upright and manly character, and despairing, like other men, to derive estimation from virtue, not unnaturally plunge into all the circumventions of fraud, and all the profligacy of dishonour. This people, according to an estimate ordered to be made by Bonaparte, comprise an aggregate of three millions, thus divided:

In the Turkish empire, one million.

In Persia, China, and India, three hundred thousand.

In the west of Europe, Africa, and America, one million seven hundred thousand.

Complaint had been repeatedly communicated to the Emperor, from various departments, of the fraudulent and usurious conduct of these people; deputations from the Jews scattered over the various parts of the empire, were ordered by Napoleon to appear at Paris in an assembly, which might hold conferences with the government for the correction of the evils complained of, and the consideration of other subjects, interesting to their body in particular, as well as to the nation at large. The assembly soon met in consequence of these instructions, and was opened by a commissioner appointed by Bonaparte. Their meeting was stated to be pregnant with very important consequences. They were now for the first time, to be judged by a Christian prince with fairness and impartiality. It would be their wisdom not to suspect the beneficial intentions of government, and, showing no desire to separate from other classes of society, to co-operate with the kind exertions of the emperor, whose ardent desire it was to see them become genuine Frenchmen, and who demanded their attention and deliberation on various questions, to which it was expected they would reply explicitly but with perfect freedom.

In answer to several questions presented to them, they, after several discussions, at length stated, that their law permitted polygamy, divorce and mixed marriages, which were, however, modified by usage. In reply to the questions relative to the duties of French citizens, their answers were highly satisfactory. The imperial commissioner attended at the assembly of the Jewish deputies, some time after the delivery of these answers, and expressed his majesty's approbation of them. In return for the free exercise of their religion, and the full enjoyment of their political rights, the emperor observed, through his deputy, that he exacted a religious guarantee for the observance of the principles announced in their answers. For this purpose it was requisite that these answers should be converted into decisions by an assembly of a more impressive and religious form, that they might be placed by the side of the Talmud, and acquire the greatest possible authority. It was, therefore, proposed to convoke the grand Sanhedrim; which, having fallen with the temple, would now re-appear to enlighten the people in the law, and to animate them to the love and defence of that country, which was the only one wherein they had been permitted to attain any respectable notice, since the ruin of their ancient polity. The Sanhedrim should consist of sixty-six members, and a committee of the present assembly be appointed to arrange the subjects of discussion for that grand council, whose convocation they were to announce to all the synagogues of Europe.

The anticipated consequences of these events, respecting a nation which, from its first bondage in Egypt, had been exposed to the perpetual abhorrence of the world, from the unsocial spirit and ferocious fanaticism of its manners and institutions, varied in different minds, according to their respective habits of speculation or prejudice. Judicious observers, however, were pleased with beholding evidences of that progressive reason, which, by slow, indeed, but certain influences, ameliorates the affairs of the world: and the removal or mitigation of sectarian hatred, the abandonment of inhuman ceremonies, and the elevation of a degraded race of men to usefulness, to estimation, and dignity, were conceived to be the tendency and object of these extraordinary measures of Napoleon.

It does not usually occur that sovereign princes are given to be very diligent; they generally delegate to others the superintendence of their concerns, whether private or national: not so the French Emperor,—his exertions while in Paris were without parallel; the unremitting industry with which he overlooked all the various departments of his government, the promptitude with which he introduced whatever he conceived might prove beneficial, and the vigilance with which he watched the execution of his orders, and corrected whatever he thought wrong, elicited not only the admiration of the country, but even extorted praise from his bitterest enemies; all concurred in bestowing praise upon the perseverance and ability with which he conducted his affairs. His vigorous mind embraced with the utmost ease whatever seemed the most complicated; not any thing appeared either too vast for his comprehension, or too minute for his observation; he laboured more incessantly than any official secretary; revised all his accounts himself; made his own calculations as to their correctness; inspected every thing with his own eye; while all the relaxation he enjoyed appeared to consist in the variety of his avocations, relieving the anxieties of one by sedulous attention to another. Favouritism formed no part of his system: for every employment he sought out the most efficient persons; to every station he appointed those, and those only, whose experience warranted his choice, or whose talents seemed to qualify them for the duties of the office over which they had to preside. He did not stop here; he watched them so narrowly, in the discharge of these duties, that inattention could not exist, while his vigilance prevented the approach of delinquency: this insured to the nation an active set of servants, with a faithful execution of their respective obligations. On one occasion, his own secretary complained of the hard task he had to perform, requesting that he might have an assistant; to this Napoleon replied, "I certainly shall not take a second secretary; I only regret being obliged to have one: I wish nothing so much as that it were possible to do all the business myself."

Although it would be impossible to withhold the need of approbation from such judicious distribution of time, such praiseworthy application of talent, it is still deeply to be regretted, that a man who frequently shone forth a most brilliant example, one who is allowed on numerous occasions to have deserved well of mankind, should be so little careful of his fame, as to commit an act directly at variance with all moral feeling, should pursue a course so thoroughly disgusting, as to discolour his character with the filthy indelible stain of infamy; that he should lend himself to measures so abhorrent in their nature, that all right-minded persons must blush for the depravity of their species thus wantonly displayed: yet so barbarous was his conduct on this occasion, so horribly flagitious, so atrociously wicked, so brutally ferocious, that not to record it would be to avow participation in the iniquity of those motives which brought about the melancholy catastrophe of this revolting tragedy.

James Philip Palm, a bookseller in the free city of Naumburg, published a pamphlet, intituled, "Germany in her Deepest Humiliation," in which were some severe strictures on the ambition of Napoleon: the unsuspecting citizen was seized by a party of gens d'armes, who had crossed the frontier of a neutral territory for that purpose; forcibly conveyed to Brannau, tried for a libel on Bonaparte before a French military commission, found guilty, condemned, and shot.

Humanity weeps over the sad fate of an unprotected being, thus savagely sacrificed to glut the revenge of a powerful individual, whose only charge against the unfortunate tradesman was,—that he put forth a book which contained some expressions concerning him, that did not sound harmoniously in the ears of the conqueror.

In the midst of all this exertion the tocsin of war sounded again. The subtle policy of Bonaparte, in his Rhenish arrangements, crushed every vestige of those visionary hopes so artfully held out to the Prussian monarch: hopes which led that infatuated sovereign to suppose that his ambitious views would be amply gratified at the next election to the Imperial crown: that the diadem of the Cæsars', so long worn by Austrian princes, would encircle his own brow. It was the indulgence of this chimera, that so effectually blinded the cabinet of Berlin to its own immediate interests, as to induce it to become a passive spectator of the humiliation of the house of Austria, and the declension of its power, dreaming that, in so acting, it was taking the most effectual means to fulfil its own inordinate wishes. This proved a fatal misconception. The King of Prussia perceived but too clearly, when it was too late, that the confederation, recently formed by the wily Napoleon, put the extinguisher upon his expectations: that it would, if not opposed by a counteracting league, most decidedly throw the weight of influence, as respected the Germanic empire, into the scale of the French emperor; that it would, in fact, not only consolidate the ascendancy of Bonaparte in Germany, but would, at the same time, essentially diminish his own: that the importance of the house of Brandenburg in German affairs would be still less than it even had been under the Imperial prerogative of the Austrian emperor. Thus baffled in his long-cherished expectancy, the monarch of Prussia became exceeding discontented: finding himself completely outwitted, he endeavoured to form another confederation, as an opposing power, to that already brought into existence by the crafty Napoleon: for this purpose, among others, he applied to the elector of Saxony, but as that sovereign felt convinced that Bonaparte was not likely to sanction this scheme, but on the contrary would meet it with all the resistance in his power, he instructed his representative at the court of Berlin steadily to decline giving his master's concurrence to the meditated northern alliance; the Prince of Hesse Cassel also, adopting that indecisive conduct which had entangled Prussia in so much mischief, kept aloof from both parties, and not only refused to join the projected league, but also that of the "confederation of the Rhine," waiting to take such measures as circumstances might warrant, although repeatedly pressed by Napoleon to become one of his adherents. Thus thwarted, the Prussian became irritated: his jealousy of Bonaparte displayed itself more prominently every day, while his ill humour was further increased by learning the particulars of a short-lived negotiation for peace between England and France, during the brief existence in office of Mr. Fox, who succeeded, on the demise of Mr. Pitt, 23rd January, 1806, to the British Administration, but whose life terminated in the September following: it was ascertained, to the extreme mortification of the king, that Napoleon had signified, that provided he should be permitted by the English ministry to conquer the Island of Sicily, the refuge of the Neapolitan princes, he would not offer the slightest opposition to the reoccupation of Hanover by the King of Great Britain: this negotiation was suddenly broken off, by the refusal of the cabinet of St. James's to either give up Malta, or accede to the other stipulations of the French Emperor.

The announcement of this duplicity on the part of Napoleon, was received by the Prussians with general indignation: their enthusiasm was aroused: the beautiful queen of that country, then perhaps the most lovely woman in Europe, publicly appeared in the uniform of the regiment which bore her name; Louis, the brother of the king, an officer of undaunted courage, accompanied his charming relative, and encouraged the army; in short, during the summer months of August and September, warlike preparations every where met the eye throughout the Prussian dominions; to add to the energies of the Brandenburg cabinet, the Czar of Russia once more visited Frederick William, at Berlin; while the English Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, was despatched to the Prussian capital, with offers of pecuniary aid on the part of the British government: in this arrangement some difficulties started up, arising from the unwillingness of Prussia to relinquish possession of Hanover; these, however, after some little negotiation, were overcome, and the King of Prussia resolved to resent the injurious treatment he had received from the uncandid conduct of Bonaparte. On the 1st October, 1806, the Prussian Ambassador, at the court of the Tuilleries, presented a note to Talleyrand, the French minister for foreign affairs, in which, among other things, the evacuation, by the French soldiery, of the Rhenish provinces, forming the league, was peremptorily demanded; it was further insisted that these troops should re-cross the Rhine river, and enter France by the 8th October, 1806; also that the French Emperor should desist from interference, neither take any measures to prevent the establishment of a confederacy in the North of Germany: the inutility of such a memorial must be apparent; Napoleon was not a man to be diverted from his purpose, so long as he conceived he had any chance to maintain it by force or otherwise.

As it was clear to Bonaparte that the Prussian monarch was determined upon hostilities, that, consequently, war could not, under any circumstances, be much longer avoided, he resolved to take time by the forelock; to anticipate the measures of Frederick William, and force him into the field, before his army could be augmented by that of Russia, then on its march towards Prussia: with his accustomed celerity, Napoleon was already with his troops, on the German side of the Rhine, on the road towards Saxony, two days before the demand of Prussia had reached the bureau of the French war minister at Paris.

Before Bonaparte quitted his capital to join the army, he assembled his ministers, and made an emphatic appeal to them, saying:—"I am innocent of this war; I have not done any thing to provoke it; it did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my making. One of the principal motives of the confidence I feel that my enemies will be destroyed, is, that I perceive in their conduct the finger of providence, who, willing that traitors should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils, that when they intended to attack me at the moment of weakness, they chose the very instant when I was stronger than ever." On his arrival at head-quarters Napoleon issued a manifesto to his troops, in which he said:—

"Soldiers! The order for your return to France was issued. You were already within a few days' march of your own homes: triumphal fetes awaited you, and the preparations for your reception had commenced in the capital; but while we thus too confidently resigned ourselves to security, new plots were hatching, under the mask of friendship and alliance. Cries of war have been raised at Berlin, and for two months, we have been provoked with a degree of audacity which calls for vengeance.

"The same faction, the same headlong spirit, which under favour of our internal dissentions, led the Prussians fourteen years ago into the plains of Champagne, still prevail in their councils; if they no longer wish to burn and destroy Paris, they now boast their intention to plant their colours in the capital of our allies. They would oblige Saxony, by a disgraceful transaction, to renounce her independence, by ranking her in the list of their provinces. They seek, in fine, to tear your laurels from your brows. They expect us to evacuate Germany at the sight of their army. What madness! Let them learn that it would be a thousand times easier to destroy the great capital, than to sully the honour of the children of the great people and their allies. In their former attempt, the plans of our enemies were frustrated. They found in the plains of Champagne only shame, defeat, and death; but the lessons of experience are forgotten, and there are men in whom the feelings of hatred and jealousy never become extinct.

"Soldiers! there is not one of you, who would wish to return to France by any other path than that of honour. We ought not to return except by passing beneath triumphal arches.

"What! have we braved the inclemency of the season, the ocean, and the desert; have we subdued Europe, often united against us; have we extended our glory from east to west, only to return now like deserters, after having abandoned our allies, and to be told that the French eagle has fled in dismay from the Prussian?

"But they have already arrived at our advanced posts. Let us then march upon them, since forbearance will not check their infatuation. Let the Prussian army experience the fate which it shared fourteen years ago. Let us teach them, that if it be easy to obtain an increase of territory and power by the friendship of the great nation, that its enmity, which can only be provoked by the neglect of prudence and reason, is more terrible than the storms of the ocean."

The Prussian sovereign, instead of concentrating his troops upon his own frontier, and waiting quietly the promised junction of the Russian force, which he might have done in perfect safety, rushed headlong into hostilities; thus placing himself, by his impetuosity, still further in the power of Napoleon, who viewed the ill-concerted movements of his opponent with evident satisfaction. Having made a rapid inroad into the Saxon territory, the Prussian took up a position behind the river Saale, and insisted upon the elector taking part with him in the approaching war. The latter, not being in a condition to resist the mandate of his more powerful neighbour, was obliged to yield to stern necessity, notwithstanding his avowed disinclination to embroil himself with France. The Saxon prince, however, had little reason to congratulate himself upon the visit of his ally, seeing that the conduct of the Prussian soldiery partook much more of the character of determined enemies than of fast friends.

No sooner had this ill-advised movement on the part of the King of Prussia occurred, than the French army moved forward in three great divisions, and entered Saxony:

One under Marshals Soult and Ney, in the direction of Hoff, a town in Bavaria, seated on the stream of the Saale, thirty-two miles north of Bayreuth.

Another, commanded by Marshals Lannes and Angereau, advanced upon Coburg, capital of Saxe-Coburg, seated on the banks of the Itsch, ninety-five miles south-south-west of Leipsic.

The third, under the orders of Prince Murat and Marshals Bernadotte and Davoust, approached towards Saalfeld, famous for its gold and silk stuffs, in the duchy of Saxe-Coburg, seated on the waters of the Saale, in 11° 32′ east longitude, 50° 41′ north latitude, thirty four miles north-north-east of Coburg, and forty-six south-west of Altenburg.

The advance of this division was opposed by Prince Louis of Prussia in person, who fell gallantly fighting: the Prussians fled, leaving the bridge unprotected, by means of which the Gallic troops obtained an easy access to the country beyond the river Saale.

The French emperor soon found means to convince his Prussian majesty of the error he had committed. He saw with great exultation that the Prussian army had deployed upon too extended a line—that, consequently, he should be able to destroy it piecemeal. The great body of the enemy was at Weimar, the capital of the duchy of Saxe-Weimar, seated in 11° 27′ east longitude, 51° 2′ north latitude, on the waters of the Ilm, twenty-six miles west-south-west of Naumburg, and twelve west of Erfurt; while all his magazines were at Naumburg, seated on the stream of the Saale, in 12° of east longitude, 51° 11′ of north latitude, a Saxon town, in the rear of his extreme right. Bonaparte's resolution was instantly taken—the plan of his campaign settled on the spot. With his usual celerity, he commenced a forced march, for the purpose of turning the Prussian's flank: in this attempt he was completely successful, having managed so adroitly as to place himself in the rear of his enemy before the latter was aware of his manœuvre; the first notice of which reached the Prussian camp in the explosion of their magazines, blown up by order of Napoleon, at Naumburg, of which town he had rendered himself master. From that moment the fate of the Prussian army was sealed; it was completely outflanked, and its communications interrupted. The King of Prussia, as well as his generalissimo, the Duke of Brunswick, were painfully alive to the imminence of their situation. An unsuccessful effort was made to concentrate their forces, and retrace their way back to the frontier, which had been so imprudently abandoned. Meantime, the wily Corsican, ever on the alert to embarrass his enemy, had caused all the chief passages of the river to be effectually watched; while his divisions were so judiciously posted, as to render the intentions of the Prussian commanders abortive.

Perfectly assured that he had caged his bird—equally confident that escape was not even within the range of probability—satisfied that the greater the struggle for liberation, the more disastrous would be the issue, Bonaparte coolly prepared to answer the note presented at Paris by the Prussian ambassador, which he condemned in no very measured terms, describing it as a silly pamphlet of twenty pages, written in very bad French, in which it was sought to dictate to the great nation by a power who could never expect to play the first fiddle in European politics; at the same time he sarcastically observed, that he would not do so much injustice to Frederick William as to suppose he had read the wretched performance, asserting that his most ardent wishes were to be enabled to live upon the most friendly footing with his good brother of Prussia, whom he was grieved to find had been hurried into this unprovoked as well as unequal war by the unwholesome advice of evil counsellors, which he would do well to dismiss;—then, calling around him his generals, he desired them to observe with what punctuality he had complied with a portion of the Prussian manifesto. "This," said he, "is the 8th of October: the French army has done as it was bidden—it has evacuated the territories of the Confederation of the Rhine."

Reduced to this dilemma, the Prussian troops concentrated in the best manner they could: divided into two columns, one under the king in person, the other commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, each sought to break the trammels which surrounded them, by cutting their way through the French lines, the only chance then remaining that they should ever again visit their native country except as prisoners of war.

The king's division moved toward Naumburg; its progress, however, was arrested, 14th October, 1806, by the French under Marshal Davoust, at the village of Auerstadt, in a province of Upper Saxony formerly called Thuringia. A severe and sanguinary engagement ensued, in which the Prussian monarch was worsted, and ultimately compelled to retreat with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The other portion, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, was encountered, with no better fortune, by Napoleon himself, in the vicinity of Jena, so memorable in history for the battle fought there on the same day as that fought at Auerstadt, 14th of October, 1806.

On the evening of October 13, 1806, the French emperor arrived at Jena, a strong German town in the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar, having a celebrated university, and defended by a castle, seated on the stream of the Saale, ten miles south-south-east of Weimar, in 11° 34′ east longitude, 50° 55′ north latitude. There he beheld the Prussians ready to attempt to move forward on the following morning, while his own heavy artillery was six and thirty hours in his rear. Notwithstanding this adverse circumstance, his indefatigable mind, never at a loss for an expedient, induced him to examine the ground, when he discovered an eminence in front of the town, upon which he at once determined to erect a battery. When he resolved upon any measure, no difficulty could divert him from pursuing his object: he laboured with his soldiers all night, and cut a road through the rocks, by means of which such light ordnance as he had at command were drawn up, and mounted on a position where no man would have supposed artillery of any kind could ever have been placed. He animated his men by assuring them that the Prussians, hemmed in on every side, must fight for safety, not for honour; and offered a large remuneration in gold for every cannon which should be dragged to the heights he had selected for his operations; so that the morning presented a small park so placed, as to prove much more effective than would a much larger, under different circumstances.

A dense mist which rose on the morning of this eventful day so obscured the two armies, that they were not sensible of their proximity until the distance between them did not exceed half a gun-shot. The onset was commenced by a furious charge from the Prussians, under General Mollendorf, the shock of which was most gallantly sustained by the French troops under Marshal Soult. The battle raged, valiantly contested on both sides: at length, after a long and sanguinary conflict, during which the Duke of Brunswick was carried off the ground, wounded in the face by a grape-shot, from which he never recovered, and numbers of brave men had bit the dust, the Prussians were compelled to retire, which they did for some time in good order; but unremittingly pressed as they were by Prince Murat with his cavalry, who assailed them with his usual impetuosity, their ranks were at last broken, and rout became inevitable. "Escape who can!" was the word: horse and foot, officers and privates, indiscriminately turned their backs on the enemy, crowding the Weimar-road, where they met and mingled pell-mell with their brother fugitives, flying after their defeat at Auerstadt. The discomfiture was complete—the French remained triumphant masters of the battle-field: its consequences displayed in brilliant colours the master-mind of Bonaparte, while it afforded additional testimony to the solidity of his tactics, as well as to his persevering industry and his almost unparalleled activity.

Eleven days subsequent, on the 25th of October, 1806, the victorious emperor entered Berlin, the Prussian capital, the largest, best built, and best governed city in Germany, with a population of one hundred and eighty-three thousand souls, seated on the stream of the Spree, from the waters of which, on the east, is a canal communication with the Oder, another on the west, which runs into the Elbe, by means of which it has water intercourse with both the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean; it is twelve miles in circumference, having sixteen gates, within which are a great number of gardens, a magnificent cathedral, with an arsenal and royal palace; is famous for its enamelled, inlaid, embroidered, and royal cloth works; has numerous manufactories of camels' hair, cotton, linen, porcelain, cutlery, and Prussian blue, together with silk and woollen, in which it carries on a flourishing trade; is distant one hundred miles north from Dresden, in Saxony, one hundred and eighty-five north-west from Breslau, in Silesia, in 13° 22′ east longitude, 52° 31′ north latitude.

It is not often that strategic annals record a battle fraught with such disastrous issue to the vanquished: its result laid the Prussian monarchy completely at the feet of the Emperor Napoleon; its power was annihilated, its army effectually destroyed. Of that army which, on the previous day, numbered in its ranks one hundred and fifty thousand combatants, efficiently officered, and commanded by able generals, what remained, save some straggling parties, which, from a sense of common danger, formed themselves into desultory detachments, that ultimately fell an easy prey to the victors, after wandering about the country separately, seeking how best they might avoid the evil destiny which hung over them? The military force of Prussia, brought into such a high state of discipline by the great Frederick, and once considered equal to contest victory even with France itself, was dissolved in a few brief hours—was no longer competent either to protect the fortresses, or to defend the territorial possessions of the House of Brandenburg. The king, himself a wanderer after his defeat, found refuge, with a few thousand of his troops, in the last sad relic of all his domains—Konigsberg, the capital of East Prussia, fortified and surrounded by a wall nine miles in circumference, the half of which comprises cornfields and gardens; the city, seated on the stream of the Pregel, includes a magnificent palace, a university, and public library, with a population stated at fifty-six thousand; is distant one hundred and seventy miles north of Warsaw, in Poland, in 20° 45′ east longitude, 54° 42′ north latitude.

A summary of the destruction and dispersion of the Prussian army will incontestibly show the importance of "the great battle of Jena," by its effect upon Prussian as well as European politics.

Twenty thousand Prussians were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners at Jena and Auerstadt, on the 14th of October, 1806.

Sixteen thousand, under the command of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, surrendered at Halle, a town in Lower Saxony, seated on both sides of the river Saale, eighteen miles north-north-west of Leipsic, forty-five south-south-east of Magdeburg.

General Mollendorff and the Prince of Orange-Fulda, after a vain attempt to force their way into Prussia, were compelled, together with their detachment, nearly twenty thousand strong, to lay down their arms at Erfurt, a city in Upper Saxony, seated in a fertile country on the stream of the Gerar, fifty-eight miles west-south-west of Leipsic.

General Kalkreuth's corps, consisting of about eight thousand men, were overtaken in their flight among the Haartz mountains, in the south of Hanover, surrounded, and obliged to surrender as prisoners of war.

Prince Hohenlohe, after the battle, collected together about fifty thousand of the fugitive Prussians, with whom he retreated towards the Oder, in the hope of making his escape across that river, suffering great loss in a variety of sanguinary conflicts in which he was always defeated; at length, finding himself destitute of provisions and his ammunition exhausted, he yielded to stern necessity, and with the remnant of his troops, amounting to twenty thousand men, he surrendered at Prenzlo, a town in the marquisate of Brandenburg, the capital of what was formerly called the Ucker Mark, seated on the waters of the Ucker river and lake, fifty eight miles north-north-east of Berlin, in 13° 56′ east longitude, 53° 19 north latitude.

The celebrated general Blucher, with twenty odd thousand men forming Prince Hohenlohe's rear, wandered about seeking safety, in which he was greatly harassed by the French Generals with whom he had frequent but unsuccessful skirmishes until the 6th November, 1806, when he lost five thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, in an obstinate action fought in the streets of Lubec, a German free city and seaport, the head of the famous Hanseatic league, adjoining the duchy of Holstein, seated on the stream of the Traave, eight miles south-west of the Baltic Sea, thirty-five miles north-east of Hamburg, in 10° 49′ east longitude, 53° 52′ north latitude. After this he retreated, and on the morning of the 7th November, 1806, with the remains of his detachment, laid down his arms.

Thus deprived of succour, nearly all the strongly fortified places belonging to Prussia, together with their garrisons, fell one after the other into the hands of the conqueror. Among these were—

Custrin, capital of the New Mark in Brandenburg, with a castle seated among morasses at the conflux of the river Warta, with that of the Oder, forty-six miles east by north from Berlin.

Hamelen, a strong town in Lower Saxony at the extremity of the Duchy of Brunswick, situate at the confluence of the waters of the Hamel, with the stream of the Weser, twenty-eight miles south-west of Hanover.

Magdeburg, a strongly fortified city, the capital of the government of its own name, considered impregnable, containing the superb mausoleum of Otho the Great, with thirty thousand inhabitants, seated on both sides of the waters of the Elbe, with the manufactories of cotton, gloves, hats, leather, linen, porcelain, silks, soap, stockings, tobacco, and woollen: distant seventy-five miles west-south-west of Berlin, one hundred and twenty miles south-east of Hamburg, in 11° 40′ east longitude, 52° 10′ north latitude.

Spandau, a Prussian town, with a fine fortress, in the middle mark of Brandenburg, seated on the stream of the Havel, opposite the influx of the waters of the Spree, eight miles west-north-west from Berlin, twelve miles north-east from Potzdam.

Stettin, a strongly fortified Prussian seaport, capital of Pomerania, containing twenty-one thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison of six thousand men, defended by one hundred and sixty pieces of cannon seated on the stream of the Oder, eighty miles north-north-east from Berlin, in 14° 14′ east longitude, 53° 30′ north latitude.

Added to the disastrous issue of "the Battle of Jena," which placed almost the entire of the German possessions of the House of Brandenburg in the hands of the French Emperor, the misfortunes of the Prussian monarch were still further augmented by the advance of Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, who, by orders from his brother Napoleon, marched an army into Westphalia, and obtained military occupation of Embden, the greater portion of Hanover, East Friesland, and the dominions of Hesse Cassel.

The victory of Jena having made him master of Saxony, Bonaparte proposed to take up his quarters in Weimar, at the palace of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, whither he despatched Prince Murat to prepare for his reception. The duchess, who was the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, together with some English ladies who were her visitors, determined to remain at the castle. In the evening the Emperor arrived: the duchess, placing herself at the head of the grand staircase, received him with all due ceremony—"Who are you?" inquired Napoleon, retreating a few paces; "I am the Duchess of Saxe-Wiemar," replied the lady, upon which Bonaparte drily observed; "I am sorry for you, I shall ruin your husband; let dinner be prepared in my own apartment." Having said this, he abruptly left her: yet notwithstanding the rudeness of this conduct, on the following morning the duchess despatched one of her chamberlains to make inquiry as to the state of his Majesty's health, and at the same time to request the favour of an audience; the Emperor, sensibly alive to the feelings that dictated the message, returned a gracious answer by the messenger, and invited himself to breakfast with his hostess. During the repast, Napoleon, with his accustomed vivacity, began to question the Duchess, asking, "How could your husband, madame, be such a madman as to dare to make war against me;" to which the lady, with dignified gravity, replied, 'My husband, sire, was in the service of the King of Prussia for nearly thirty years; consequently, it was not at the period when he had to contest with so formidable an enemy as your majesty, that the duke could with honour abandon him.' This noble reply impressed the mind of her auditor strongly in her favour, upon which, in a very softened tone, he inquired, "How came it that your husband was attached to the Prussian service?" The duchess immediately answered, 'Your majesty will ascertain, if you will so far condescend as to inquire, that the younger branches of the House of Saxony have uniformly followed the example of the elector: you will therefore perceive that in the actual state of things, motives of prudence, as well as of policy, combined to engage the elector to enter into an alliance with Prussia, rather than with Austria.' After some further conversation and explanations upon the same topic, the Emperor, with great good humour, exclaimed, "Madame, you are certainly one of the most respectable women I have ever known; you have saved your husband: I freely pardon him, but it is solely upon your account; for, as to him, he is good for nothing." Bonaparte frequently expressed the dislike he had to her family, at the same time he would observe that "the courage of the duchess both pleased and astonished him."

Soon after he entered Berlin, Bonaparte published an address to his army, that inspired it with new ardour, in which he said:—

"Soldiers! You have fulfilled my expectations, and fully justified the confidence of the French people. You have endured privation and fatigue with courage, equal to the intrepidity and presence of mind which you evinced on the field of battle. You are the worthy defenders of the honour of my crown, and the glory of the great French nation. So long as you continue to be animated by the spirit which you now display, nothing can oppress you. I know not how to distinguish any particular corps—you have all proved yourselves good soldiers. The following is the result of our exertions in this campaign.

"One of the first powers in Europe, which lately proposed to us a dishonourable capitulation, has been overthrown. The forests and defiles of Franconia, the Saale, and the Elbe, which our fathers would not have crossed in seven years, we have crossed in seven days; and in that short interval we have had four engagements, and one great battle. Our entrance into Potzdam and Berlin has preceded the fame of our victories. We have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken sixty-five standards, among which are the colours of the King of Prussia's guards; six hundred pieces of cannon, and three fortresses; among the prisoners there are twenty generals. But notwithstanding all this, more than half our troops regret not having fired a single musket. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the Oder, are in our power.

"Soldiers! The Russians boast of coming to meet us, but we will advance to meet them; we will save them half their march; they will meet with another Austerlitz in the midst of Prussia: a nation which can so soon forget our generous treatment of her, after that battle in which the emperor, his court, and the wrecks of his army, owed their safety only to the capitulation we granted them, is a nation that cannot successfully contend with us.

"While we march to meet the Russians, new corps, formed in the interior of our empire, will repair hither to occupy our present stations, and protect our conquests. My people all rose indignantly on hearing the disgraceful capitulation which the Prussian ministers, in their madness, proposed, to us:—Our frontier roads and towns are filled with conscripts, who are burning with eagerness to tread in your footsteps. We will not again be the dupes of a treacherous peace. We will not lay down our arms, until we compel the English, those eternal enemies of France, to renounce their plan of disturbing the continent, and to relinquish the tyranny they maintain on the seas.

"Soldiers! I cannot better express the sentiments I entertain for you, than by assuring you that I bear in my heart the love which you daily evince for me."

This address had an electrical effect upon the French soldiery; they rushed forward to pursue the wrecks of the forces, which had been engaged at Auerstadt, Jena, and Halle. The result has already been noticed. Hohenlohe never was able to break the net which surrounded him; although Blucher roamed about somewhat longer: respecting the last named General, Napoleon addressed Prince Murat, saying:—"Nothing is done so long as anything remains undone: we have not yet got Blucher, who is so clever at making extempore armistices; you have turned his cavalry, let me soon hear that his force has sustained the fate of Hohenlohe's. I cannot imagine that he will dare throw himself into Holstein, the territory of the King of Denmark, as when there he cannot except to find means of retreat. He cannot recross the Elbe; indeed, he can never think of making such an attempt, as he would be driven up, and his troops would be drowned." As before stated, he laid down his arms, when from twenty to twenty-two thousand men, with their standards, and the last artillery of the Prussians, defiled before the victor.

Taking into his serious consideration the compulsion under which the Elector of Saxony had been induced to join the Prussian monarch in hostilities against France, Napoleon consented to receive his excuses, freely forgave him, and, immediately after the victory at Jena, dismissed six thousand of his Saxons on their parole.

But Bonaparte refused to receive the Hessian envoy, as he conceived that his master, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, had acted treacherously, observing, "As to him, his reign is ended."

The Duke of Brunswick was deprived of his dominions "for encouraging a war, to prevent which," Napoleon insisted, "he ought to have used his whole influence with Frederick William." His son felt the harsh treatment experienced by his father, at the hands of the French Emperor, so keenly, that he vowed eternal revenge—a vow to which he had subsequently an opportunity to give substantive effect. The wounded duke, in consequence, retired from his own territory, and breathed his last, a few days after the sentence of his dethronement, at Altona, a Danish city and seaport of the duchy of Holstein, in Lower Saxony, seated on the waters of the Elbe, contiguous to Hamburg, in 9° 58′ east longitude, 53° 34 north latitude.

His conduct towards the Prince of Hatzsfeld was generous in the extreme, and displayed much of the milk of human kindness. The Prince of Hohenlohe or Holach, by marching and countermarching, was enabled to keep the field with his troops, after the battle of Jena, for some days, subsequent to Bonaparte's entrance into Berlin; previous, however, to his surrender, the Prince of Hatzsfeld, who was permitted to reside in the city, under the immediate protection of the Emperor, was detected in carrying on an illicit correspondence with the fugitive commander, by the interception of a letter, in which it was treacherously intended to convey intelligence to Hohenlohe of the movements of the French army. Hatzsfeld, in consequence of this discovery, was immediately arrested, and placed in confinement. The princess, his consort, ignorant of the prince's breach of confidence, sought an interview with Napoleon, which was readily granted: robed, as she thought, with the mantle of innocence, the wife made a powerful appeal to his feelings in behalf of her husband. The Emperor listened to her with great complacency, then handed to her the prince's letter. Confounded by such irrefragable evidence, the astonished princess fell on her knees, but without daring to further urge her suit. Bonaparte, softened by her manner, good-humouredly raised her from the ground, saying, "Put the paper in the fire, madam; there will then remain no proof"

The industrious habits of Napoleon suffered no relaxation during his brief sojourn in the capital of Prussia, which did not exceed a few days.—At the king's palace he held levees, which were attended by the ambassadors of the friendly powers, as well as by a deputation from the French senate, sent expressly from Paris to congratulate him on the signal success of the campaign; he also occupied himself with making arrangements for the future government of the conquered country: the Prussian dominions were divided into four departments—those of Berlin, Custrin, Stettin, and Magdeburg, under the superintendence of General Clarke: the guardianship of the city of Berlin, in which, on the entrance of the French troops, they found an immense quantity of military stores of every description, was placed in the hands of twelve hundred of the principal inhabitants; while the police was committed to the management of eight persons, selected for their consequence in the scale of society, and the high character with which they were clothed. Heavy contributions were levied upon the nobility and wealthy inhabitants. His next object was to establish what he called the "Continental System;" for which purpose the famous "Berlin Decrees" were issued. By these,

The British Islands were declared in a state of blockade.

All intercourse with Great Britain was interdicted to those who were under the power of France; and, if detected, it was to be treated criminally as a treasonable act.

Every article of English produce or manufacture was to be confiscated, wherever it might be found.

Englishmen found in any country in alliance with France were to be made prisoners.

The alleged reasons for passing these imbecile edicts was, that England had violated international law, in branding every individual belonging to a hostile state as an actual enemy, whether found on board merchant vessels, or engaged in the tranquil occupation of commercial agents, or as members of trading factories; moreover, that she had extended her right of blockade beyond all reasonable limits—to places where she had not a single ship of war, and even to whole coasts and kingdoms, where it was impossible she could substantively maintain it, even with all her naval superiority.

It has been very properly remarked, "that, in order that our actions may have the sanction of our own approbation, they should not only be just and laudable in themselves, but also that the principle from which they spring should be honest and immoveable; as otherwise, on the completion of any undertaking, the splendid ideas of honour which led us to perform it will vanish, just as the glutton is soon cloyed, and becomes disgusted with the luscious viands which he had devoured with too greedy an appetite." Bonaparte would appear to have been frequently visited with a cacoethes to do that which it can hardly be believed, upon more mature reflection, he could himself have approved. However humiliating it may prove, certain it is, the possession of a crown has not often been known to add to the wisdom of the wearer. Why this should be may be a question. Is it that the exhalations from royalty are of so morbid a character, as to weaken the faculties and impair the intellect? Be this as it may, the acquisition of the imperial diadem does not seem to have augmented the good sense of the French emperor, or to have placed him higher in the scale of reasoning beings: on the contrary, from the moment he placed the fascinating symbol of rule on his head, it would appear that his judgment was visibly deteriorated; since it must be allowed on all hands that few things can savour more of imbecility than to hold out threats, without the power to carry them into execution. Where were the means to give efficiency to these Berlin decrees? What power in the world could maintain a blockade of the British islands? The idea was preposterous: it was the emanation of intoxicated vanity—a fleeting dream, utterly unworthy of the great Napoleon, and derogatory to the dignity of his mind;—the malignity in which they were conceived was in an exact ratio with their impracticability.

The warlike spirit displayed by the lovely Queen of Prussia became highly fashionable, and infused itself into the minds of many of the female nobility. A letter was intercepted, written by the daughter of Count Von Neale, who, among others, had greatly distinguished herself by her martial propensity; in which she stated that Bonaparte "neither would nor could continue the war;" adding, "but let others carry on the war against him." On one of the court days at the palace, when her father was present, Napoleon, alluding to the intercepted letter, said, "Well, count, your ladies wished for war, and they have been gratified. It becomes you to manage your household better. But I will carry on no war; not that I doubt my own prowess, as your daughter suggested, but in order to spare the blood of my subjects, which is most dear to me. The good people of Berlin, however, have been made sacrifices to the war, while those who fomented it have deserted them, and become fugitives. I shall reduce these noble courtiers to such extremities, that they will be compelled to beg their bread; but, remember, I will not allow any windows to be broken. My brother, the King of Prussia, ceased to be a monarch from the day when Prince Louis Ferdinand was bold enough to break the windows of his majesty's ministers: the king should have ordered him to have been hanged." Then, turning to Prince Hatzsfeld, the Emperor said, "Do not, sir, appear in my presence; I have no need of your services; retire forthwith to your estates—you owe your present safety to the intercession of your wife."

Thus, a campaign of so short a duration as a week had prostrated the Prussian monarchy: the king was an exile at Konigsburgh; his nobles had fled, and their estates were heavily taxed with contributions by the conqueror—the season was far advanced, and, indeed, unfavourable to military operations; yet the indefatigable Napoleon was not to be diverted from seeking the Russians, notwithstanding the great fatigue his army had recently undergone not only in forced marches, but in almost superhuman exertions in the field. Quitting Berlin, the Emperor of the French prepared for an encounter with those to whom he had before vouchsafed safety and indulgence.

The elector of Saxony released, by the course of events, from the thraldom imposed upon him by the King of Prussia, made his submission to the victorious Napoleon, at the same time, gave in his adhesion to "the Confederation of the Rhine," he was, consequently, received into favour and became a faithful ally. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had not the same good fortune, although he was equally ready to court the smiles of the Corsican; to all his submissive applications, no other answer was returned than that "he had ceased to reign;" nevertheless, his troops, together with those of the Saxon electorate, were marched forward to swell the army, under the immediate command of Bonaparte, with which they were incorporated.

As it was now no longer to be doubted that the arrival of the Russian legions destined by the Muscovite autocrat to assist his ally, Frederick William of Prussia, would prove too late for the purpose intended, as the mischief it was their object to avert had already occurred; the unfortunate king, driven to despair, sought to alleviate his misfortunes, and open a negotiation with the conqueror who occupied both his capital and his palace; to this intent he despatched the Marquis Lucchesini to Berlin with a commission, if possible, to treat with the French Emperor. The Italian diplomatist, however, could make nothing of his mission; Bonaparte remained inexorable, and refused to grant even the shortest armistice, unless two more fortified towns were placed in his hands, together with Dantzic, a strongly fortified trading city, nearly surrounded by water, advantageously situated on the west bank of the current of the Vistula, five miles above where that river empties itself into the Baltic Sea, in 18° 38 east longitude, 54° 21′ north latitude, with a population of fifty thousand persons, distant from Berlin two hundred and fifty miles north-east, ninety miles west-south-west of Konigsburg, one hundred and ninety north-west of Warsaw. These terms were considered so harsh that the fugitive monarch could not entertain them; his only hope, therefore, rested upon the chance of what alteration the Russian troops might effect in his favour—this, however, turned out to be a very slender twig on which to place reliance.

Having made all the requisite dispositions for his future operations, the Emperor Napoleon prepared to meet the Russian troops, before they could reach the Prussian dominions. In contemplating the best means by which he could annoy the autocrat of all the Russias, it could not fail to present itself to his acute mind that nothing could so effectually involve his good brother of Russia, as at once to distinctly announce his determination to restore the independence of Poland, which had been so shamelessly overrode and partitioned by the monarchs of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, seeing that the oppressed but gallant natives of that ill-used country, so eminently conspicuous for their courageous and warlike spirit, only waited for a fitting opportunity to revenge themselves on their barbarous tyrants; consequently, that he had only to declare in their favour to cause the Polish nation to rise *en-masse*, and join his standards; several motives, however, operated with the wily Corsican to prevent him from making any specific declaration on this momentous subject: a subject which, had he honestly pursued to consummation, would have graced his brow with laurels of a more brilliant description, of a more durable as well as more refreshing verdure, and most decidedly of a more ennobling character, than any he had hitherto gathered.

In the first place, to have openly avowed such a truly beneficent project, would have been to embroil himself with Austria, who would thus have been provoked to once more commence hostilities for the protection and retention of a rich as well as a very important province, of which, in the general scramble, among the three great northern powers, for portions of unhappy Poland, she had, without even the shadow of justice, most disgracefully possessed herself. What exact nomenclature may be applied to such transactions in the vocabulary of princes, it may be difficult to ascertain, but in private life they would be stigmatized as barefaced robberies, which would subject the plunderers to the severe penalties of legal castigation.

Again, with respect to Russia, he was not to learn that that power would view with very different eyes, hostile attacks upon any of her provinces, carried on in the ordinary course of war, from premeditated instigation to insurrectionary movements, by fomenting and aiding revolt in the Polish provinces, which she had wrenched from their rightful possessors, with intention to bring about dismemberment of what she now considered her own empire, notwithstanding the iniquitous measures she had so savagely adopted for uniting them with her other domains. He was perfectly aware that, urged forward by such a stimulus, the court of St. Petersburg would carry on the contest, not only with more determined acrimony, but also with much greater energy than it was likely to display when fighting simply as the ally of Prussia.

Maugre the cogency of these reasons, which disinclined him to openly become their liberator, the artful Bonaparte was not unwilling to augment his own strength, and weaken that of his enemy, by turning to account the well-known disaffection of the Polish people to their Russian oppressors: therefore, in one of his proclamations, he contrived to introduce a series of questions, which ran thus:—"Shall the Polish throne be re established? Shall the great nation secure for it respect and independence; Shall she recal it to life from the grave? God only, who directs all human affairs, can solve this great mystery!" These queries, without saying any thing at all distinct, yet had their effect, as they bore immediately upon the object he had at heart—the discomfiture of the Muscovite sovereign, by effecting which he fully expected to induce him once more to join in a confederacy against the policy of the English cabinet. He also lent himself to another ruse, not less advantageous: two Polish officers, Dombrowski and Wibichi, then serving in the French army, under the immediate command of the Emperor himself, put forth a proclamation, calling on their countrymen in these terms:—"Poles! Napoleon the Great, the invincible, enters Poland with three hundred thousand men; without wishing to fathom his views, let us strive to merit his magnanimity. 'I will see,' he has said, 'whether you deserve to be a nation.' Poles! it depends, then, on yourselves to exert a national spirit, and possess a country; your avenger, your restorer is here; crowd from all quarters to his presence, as children in tears hasten to behold a succouring father: present to him your hearts, your arms. Rise to a man, and prove that you do not grudge your blood for your country." Another address was also circulated, bearing the signature of a name ever dear to Poland, and to liberty, that of the brave and noble Kosciusko, but which that gallant persecuted veteran in the cause of freedom, subsequently denied to be genuine. It ran thus:—"Dear countrymen and friends, arise! The great nation is before you. Napoleon expects, and Kosciusko calls on you. We are under the ægis of the monarch, who vanquishes difficulties as if by miracles; and the re-animation of Poland is too glorious an achievement, not to have been reserved for him by the eternal." These appeals had all the effect that could be wished, without committing the Emperor of the French: the Poles flocked to his standards, and swelled his ranks, with thousands of valiant men eager to fight for the liberation of the country of their birth. The Poles thought the moment of their resuscitation had arrived, and that their wishes were fulfilled; indeed, such was the enthusiasm of the Polish population, that numerous villages and towns, and even the city of Warsaw itself, while yet occupied by the Russians, sent deputations to the Emperor Napoleon, and entreated that he would issue a proclamation, stating the independence of Poland. To this the wary Bonaparte replied, "I would willingly consent to it; but if the match be once applied, and the fire kindled, who knows where the conflagration may end? My first duty is to attend to the interests of France; I must not sacrifice her for Poland. We must leave the fate of the latter to time—the Sovereign who rules all: He alone can show us what we ought to do."

CHAPTER XX.

BONAPARTE MARCHES AGAINST POLAND – ENTERS POSEN AND WARSAW—THE RUSSIAN GENERAL, BENNIGSEN, RETREATS BEHIND THE VISTULA, THEN BEHIND THE BUG—MAKES A STAND AT PULTOUSK, AND DEFEATS THE FRENCH—BATTLES OF MOHRUNGEN AND PREUSS-EYLAU—CAPTURE OF DANTZIC—BONAPARTE GAINS A VICTORY AT FRIEDLAND—ADVANCES TO TILSIT—HOLDS FRIENDLY PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—THE KING OF PRUSSIA INVITED TO JOIN THE TWO MONARCHS—DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA—A TREATY OF PEACE SIGNED AT TILSIT.

The expectancy of assistance from the conqueror of Prussia raised the drooping spirits of the ill-fated Poles, who had been so ruthlessly deprived of their nationality, and their government obliterated from among the nations of Europe. Looking forward to the success of the French arms, they were no longer desirous to conceal the hatred they bore towards their oppressors; on the contrary, their dislike was manifested in the most open manner. This expression of their ill-feeling gave so much alarm to the Russian cabinet, that its general, Bennigsen, who was in advance of his commander-in-chief, Field-Marshal Kaminskoy, thought it prudent to throw himself into Warsaw, in order to quell the rising storm, and overawe the dissatisfaction evinced by the inhabitants, in common with the great mass of the Polish people. It very rarely happened that Napoleon let slip any opportunity which offered itself to take his opponent at an advantage: he saw that the working of the proclamations to which he had been privy was likely to prove highly beneficial to his views, and was fully aware of the difficulties in which he should involve the Russian general by attacking him under present circumstances, surrounded as he was by an infuriated population, ready to act upon the first favourable opportunity with determined hostility, as his most inveterate enemies.

Bonaparte, therefore, no longer delayed to seek the Russian forces, but marched his army, greatly recruited by the brave Poles, toward the Polish frontier. On the 25th of November, 1806, after having worsted the Russians in several skirmishes, he entered Posen, the capital of Prussian Poland, an ecclesiastical city, in 17° east longitude, 52° 24′ north latitude, seated in a pleasant plain, having a magnificent cathedral, and defended by a strong castle, built on an ait in the river Warta, twenty-seven miles south-west of Gnesna. Here the Emperor of the French found himself in the midst of a populace full of enthusiasm and highly excited: the joy of the people at his arrival was extreme; they had resumed their ancient national dress, which had been suppressed by their tyrants; hope animated every countenance, and filled them with exultation;—the old nobles, who had long retired to their solitary castles, there to brood over the downfall of Poland, returned once more into the bosom of society, and crowded the levees of the victor, where he was addressed in such adulatory language, that it could not fail to recall to his mind the half-oriental character as well as manners of their nation. The Palatine of Gnesna, who is a functionary invested with royal privileges, after welcoming him as the saviour and deliverer of his beloved country, said, "We adore you, and with great confidence repose in you all our hopes, as we do upon Him who raises empires, destroys them, and humbles the proud: we look upon you as the regenerator of our country—as the legislator of the universe." He was

ALEXANDER Ist OF RUSSIA.

R. Scott Sculpt Edinr

Published by W. Lochhead Printer Berwick followed by the President of the Council of Justice, who expressed himself with great emphasis, saying, " Already our country is saved, for we adore in your person the most just and the most profound Solon: we commit our fate into your hands, and implore the protection of the most august Cæsar."

The van of the French army, under the command of Prince Murat, moved forward to attack Bennigsen in his quarters at Warsaw. After several unsuccessful rencontres on the part of the Russian general, he made good his retreat from Warsaw, to take up a position behind the current of the Vistula; and the French commander entered the Polish metropolis triumphantly, 28th November, 1806. The impetuous Murat gave his antagonist no respite, but pursued him with unabated ardour. This induced Bennigsen to make another retrograde movement, and shelter himself behind the stream of the Bug, from whence he felt it prudent to shift his quarters still further rearward, placing between himself and the pursuing French general the river Ukra, where the Russian generalissimo, Field-Marshal Kaminskoy, with three other divisions of the autocrat's army, had arrived, and pitched their tents. On the 23rd December, 1806, Bonaparte in person reached the river Ukra, which he crossed, when Kaminskoy ordered the whole of his army to fall back, and take up a position on the line of the river Niemen, in Lithuania. General Bennigsen suffered severely, being closely followed by his enemy, who harrassed him by hanging on his rear, and made a great number of prisoners, besides capturing upwards of thirty pieces of cannon, in the various skirmishes which occurred, on passing the Vistula and elsewhere, between the pursuers and the pursued.—Notwithstanding the imperative orders of the commander-in-chief, Kaminskoy, to his generals, to retreat at all hazards, Bennigsen ventured to disobey them, and made a most gallant stand at Pultusk, a town in the interior of Poland, seated on the stream of the Narew, thirty miles north of Warsaw. Here the contending armies met, when a long-contested and murderous battle ensued, 26th December, 1806. The field was strewed with the dead, the dying, and the wounded, amounting to sixteen thousand men; among the latter was the French Marshal Lannes, a most intrepid officer. Of these the Russians acknowledged five thousand to have belonged to their own ranks; while the French insisted, that out of the whole their loss did not exceed three thousand. Be this as it may, both parties claimed the victory, although the troops of Bonaparte remained masters of the ground on which they had fought; from whence, the next day, the French retired into winter cantonments, the Emperor Napoleon fixing his head-quarters in the city of Warsaw, containing a population of more than a hundred thousand souls, in 21° east longitude, 52° 14′ north latitude, built partly on a plain, and partly on a gentle rise from the stream of the Vistula, a river that rises in the Carpathian mountains, on the confines of Moravia and Hungary, then flows through Poland and Prussia by Cracow, Sandomir, Warsaw, Culm, Marienburg, and Dantzic, where it disembogues into the Baltic Sea from three mouths.

The Russian despot was too much alarmed for his own safety to allow his troops to remain idle, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, and the almost impracticability of the roads, perhaps the worst in Europe. His ally, the King of Prussia, was also shut up in Konigsburg, where the few troops he had been able to collect around him, were already suffering from want of food: therefore, to revictual the beleagured garrison, became an object of first-rate importance. General Bennigsen, who had now superseded Field-Marshal Kaminskov, as commander-in-chief, having mustered nearly a hundred thousand men, was resolved not only to disturb the French in their quarters, but also, if possible, to succour the Prussian monarch; for this purpose he moved forward to Mohrungen, a Prussian town, nearly surrounded by a lake of the same name, fifty-six miles south-south-west from Konigsburg, and equally distant in a south-easterly direction from Dantzic. Here he was bearded by Marshal Bernadotte, the prince of Porte Corvo, on the 25th January, 1807,—a sharp engagement was the result, carried on with varying success, during which, the Eagle, belonging to the ninth regiment of French infantry, fell into the hands of the enemy. This circumstance, in all probability, turned the fortune of the day, which at one time promised victory to the Russians. The French, enraged at their loss, became furious, and precipitated themselves upon their opponents with such overwhelming ardour, for the recovery of their standard, that they became irresistible: the Eagle was recovered, the Russian completely flanked, put to flight, and pursued until nightfall, covered the fugitives, who left behind them between three and four hundred prisoners, with several howitzers, while twelve hundred of their dead and wounded marked the spot where the battle had raged. Beningsen, however, contrived to throw provisions into Konigsburgh, during the absence of the besieging army, who had quitted their station to reinforce their comrades in the conflict.

At the end of January, 1807, Napoleon, who had not been unmindful of the restlessness with which the Russian kept the field, perceived the necessity for breaking up his quarters, concentrating his forces, and resuming the offensive. His design was to get into the rear of the Russian camp, thus to cut off the enemy's communication with his resources: by means, however, of an intercepted despatch, Bennigsen became acquainted with the intention of the French Emperor. He immediately countermarched his army with masterly skill, by which he frustrated the tactics of his opponent, who, in consequence, was under the necessity of executing a long series of manœuvres, which at that dreary season involved the extremity of hardship.

Accustomed as they were to the rigours of a northern climate, even the Russians themselves were unable to quietly endure the hardships imposed upon them by the lengthened marches they were compelled to make, during this inclement season, often destitute of any other food than such frozen roots as they could dig out of the encrusted earth. The troops of the Czar, bordering on phrensy from the severity of their privations, loudly demanded to be led to battle, instead of traversing to and fro almost impassable roads. General Bennigsen, unable to resist their importunity, selected a strong position, having in its front the town of Preuss-Eylau, in the province of Nantangen, belonging to Prussia, situated twenty-four miles south-east of Konigsburg, which he reached 7th February, 1807, and encamped with his whole army, ninety thousand strong. The French were not inactive spectators of the Russian's movements; they attacked the town, which was taken and retaken, with horrible carnage, several times in the course of that day; at last it remained in the hands of Napoleon's soldiers. The Emperor, who commanded in person, felt satisfied that the contest must of necessity be renewed the next morning, an event, for which, with his usual assiduity and foresight, he spent the whole night in making the necessary preparations. At dawn of day, on the 8th February, 1807 the great battle commenced, by an attack from the Russians, and raged with unabated violence, accompanied with terrible slaughter, for fourteen hours; throughout the whole success was doubtful, victory continually changed sides. Ten o'clock at night, alone, put an end to the conflict, when the Russians retired to the position they occupied in the morning, from whence they made a further retrograde movement towards Konigsberg, with a view to the safety of the King of Prussia, leaving the French in possession of the field of battle, over which were strewed more than fifty thousand human beings, either dead, wounded, or dreadfully mangled.

Five days after, on the 13th February, 1807, Bonaparte caused a communication to be made to Frederick William, the King of Prussia, in which he offered, provided he would consent to a separate peace, to restore to him a very large portion of his dominions. To this the king replied, that, circumstanced as he was, it was impossible for him to enter into any treaty in which the Emperor of Russia did not participate.

Frederick William having thus declined Napoleon's overtures for a separate peace, the latter was determined, ere he proceeded farther against the Russians, to make himself master of Dantzic, as well as of the few remaining fortresses belonging to Prussia, by which he would greatly augment his own army with the troops requisite to keep the siege of those places: for this purpose he quitted Preuss-Eylau, 19th February, 1807, and fell back with his whole army upon the stream of the Vistula. Dantzic, although defended with great skill, as well as with most undaunted courage, was, nevertheless, forced to yield to the superior tactics of the besiegers, and surrendered, 7th May, 1807. The beleaguring troops, twenty-five thousand in number, were consequently no longer wanted for that service, and joined the main army: this, together with the new levies from France, Switzerland, and the country of the Rhine, enabled Bonaparte to resume offensive operations against General Bennigsen, at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand men, while the latter, who had made every exertion to increase his force, could at most reckon in his ranks ninety thousand: yet, notwithstanding his great inferiority in numerical strength, the Russian was the first to appear in the field. At the commencement of June, 1807, he put his army in motion, and attacked a strong French division, under the orders of Marshal Ney, made him retreat, and pursued his advantage as far as the village of Deppen, where Napoleon in person arrived to support his troops, 8th June, 1807: a smart engagement, in which both parties suffered greatly in killed and wounded. Bennigsen was compelled to give way; but, rallying his troops, he halted at Heilsburg, a Prussian town, in the province of Ermeland, seated on the current of the Alla, forty-five miles south of Konigsburgh, where the Russian made a formidable stand, and another sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the Muscovite general maintained his ground for a whole day in the face of his superior enemy; the carnage was dreadful in both armies; at length Bennigsen continued his retreat and finally placed the waters of the Alla between himself and his pursuer, by occupying a strong position on the eastern bank of that river, opposite Friedland, a Prussian town, twenty-eight miles south-east of Konigsburg. The crafty Emperor, fully aware of the advantageous ground occupied by his enemy, left no stratagem unessayed to induce his opponent to recross the stream to its western bank, deeming it much too hazardous to attack him in his present quarters: to effect this, his manœuvres were so adroitly managed, his feints conducted with so much skill, that at length they succeeded to his utmost wish: the Russian, completely outwitted, fell into the snare spread for him by subdolous Bonaparte, left his well-chosen ground, came over the river, and engaged with his rival at a manifest disadvantage. At ten o'clock on the morning, 14th June, 1807, this great conclusive battle commenced, continued with murderous fury until five o'clock in the afternoon, when Bennigsen, unable longer to resist the overwhelming impetuosity of the French troops, and seeing the ground strewedwith full twelve thousand of his soldiers, was under the necessity to beat a retreat, cross the Alla again, and make the best of his way towards the stream of the Niemen, closely followed by the victors, leaving the all-conquering Napoleon master of the field where the "Battle of Friedland" was fought: in which sanguinary contest, twenty-five Russian generals, and forty thousand of their men, were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, together with eighty pieces of ordnance and numerous standards.

After this signal defeat of the autocrat's army, the King of Prussia, no longer felt himself safe in Konigsburg, which, consequently, was evacuated by the unfortunate monarch, who, now nearly bereft of all his dominions, sought a last and precarious shelter in Memel, a strongly fortified seaport town in east Prussia, in 21° 26′ east longitude, 55° 46′ north latitude, seventy miles north-north-east of Konigsburg, one hundred and thirty miles north-east of Dantzic.

The Emperor Alexander was by no means an indifferent spectator of passing events: the disastrous issue of the campaign filled him with dismay; he dreaded to continue the conflict. The fate of Prussia, the abject state of Austria, were not without influence on his mind: he trembled for the security of his Polish provinces, the inhabitants of which he well knew were only held in subjection by superior military force. Perfectly aware of their disaffection, he was not to learn they but waited a favourable moment to burst into open revolt, and emancipate themselves from his furtive grasp; neither was he slow to perceive that the supereminent qualifications of his warlike rival rendered him nearly invincible in the field, drenched as it had been to saturation with human gore, and thickly covered with the mangled carcasses of contending militants. He saw that generals of the first order had vainly contested for the blood-stained wreath, wet with the tears of the fatherless, bound with the curses of the widow: he certainly felt that, among these mighty sons of Mars, none had proved so formidable to the triumphant Corsican as his own commander-in-chief, Bennigsen, whose tactics had given him the fairest chance for success, because they more closely approximated those of Napoleon, than any who had hitherto disputed with that wily chief for pre-eminence in the work of slaughter. This, although somewhat gratifying to the national pride of the autocrat, was nevertheless insufficient to inspire him with confidence; because it was vain to deny that all the science, all the skill, great as it proved, displayed by the Russian leader, and supported as it was by troops who had not the slightest idea of turning their backs on an enemy, had quailed before the superior disciplined ability of the "petit caporal." A grave consideration of these circumstances induced him to seek a termination to hostilities. General Bennigsen received instructions to open, if possible, a negotiation for an armistice: a communication to that effect was made to Bonaparte, June 21, 1807, to which the victor of Friedland gave an amicable reply. Two days subsequent, a cessation of arms as between

France and Russia was ratified: in the intermediate space, Napoleon issued an address to his army, in which he said:

"Soldiers! on the 5th of June, we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy mistook the causes of our inactivity: he found, too late, that our repose was that of the lion—he regrets having disturbed it.

"In the affairs of Gutstadt, Heilsburg, and the ever-memorable one of Friedland—in ten days' campaign, in short, we took one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards; killed, wounded, or made prisoners, sixty thousand Russians; and carried off all the enemy's magazines and hospitals. Konigsberg, with the three hundred vessels that were there, laden with all sorts of ammunition, and one hundred and sixty thousand fusils, sent by England to arm our enemies, all fell into our hands.

"From the banks of the Vistula we have reached the borders of the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of the coronation: you celebrated this year, in an appropriate manner, the battle of Marengo, which put a period to the second coalition.

"Frenchmen! you have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, and after you shall have obtained a glorious peace, which shall carry with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time that our country should live at rest, secure from the malignant influence of England. My benefits shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love I bear you.—Tilsit, 22nd June, 1807."

Like the Muscovite ruler, Bonaparte saw more advantage in accepting the offer of Alexander, than in continuing hostilities: he also had many cogent reasons, which operated powerfully to render him desirous to facilitate the close of a war with Russia; he knew he was beset with enemies, who were ready upon any turn of fortune to harrass him, perhaps, with advantage. The Swedish monarch, in hourly expectation of large reinforcements from England, was in Pomerania, besieging Stralsund, a Prussian sea port town, in 13° 16′ east longitude, 54° 20′ north latitude, containing a population of eleven thousand persons, forty miles east-north-east of Rostock, eighty-five north-west of Stettin. Had the Swede succeeded, Napoleon felt it might have terminated in disaster, by giving birth to a formidable diversion in the rear of the French army; besides which, Prussia was by no means in a state of quietude; discontent generally prevailed through the States, in consequence of the severe exactions made by the conquerors. A national insurrection, therefore, needed nothing but opportunity for action: this opportunity was likely to be afforded, which the French emperor felt indisposed to give, if it could be avoided; as he was perfectly aware that the chances were against him, should he advance further toward the north; more especially as Schill, who was an able and determined partisan, was actually in arms in the Prussian territory.

Again, it was evident that even such a forward movement towards the Russian capital could not be executed, with any degree of safety, without involving the necessity to proclaim the independence of Poland, a measure altogether undesirable in Bonaparte's then situation, seeing that it might have roused even Austria from her lethargy, and induced her once more to take the field; while it would give a character of inveterate rancour to the war with Russia, would have precluded any arrangement, and which might eventually be attended with discomfiture in case of any interruption to his communication with France. Thus it would appear that prudential motives operated equally with Napoleon and Alexander to dispose them to amicable negotiation; the two emperors therefore agreed to meet on the 25th June, 1807, at Tilsit, a well fortified town, with a castle, which had been taken by the French in Prussian Lithuania, seated on the waters of the Memel, in 22° 8′ east longitude, 55° 8′ north latitude, fifty miles north-east of Konigsberg, and ninety-five miles south-south-west of Mittau, a Russian town in Courland; for this purpose it was declared neutral ground: a floating-raft, expressly contrived for the occasion, was moored in the river, upon which the two high contracting parties met and held a long conversation, under a splendid canopy erected for their accommodation: from that moment mutual confidence appeared to be restored, good humour irradiated their countenances, a fraternal kind of intimacy was established between two men who had so recently sought each other's destruction in the midst of hostile armies: they became inseparable, reviewed each other's troops, fed at the same board, and passed their evenings together, either in social converse, dancing with the ladies, or such other amusements as fancy might direct. Among other of his accomplishments the French Emperor was a consummate adept in the art of flattery, whenever it suited his purpose to exercise his talent that way; by the liberal exercise of this faculty he completely gained an ascendancy over the Autocrat of Russia, a youthful sovereign possessing no small amount of vanity, to which he sedulously contrived to administer copious doses of adulation, sweetening them with the most decoying pleasure-giving praise. Being also a finished diplomatist, he speedily brought his brother despot to consent to the basis of a treaty, in which, while he artfully appeared to consult, equally with his own, Russian interests, he took especial care not to forget to so set out the bargain as to turn the scale in favour of himself, and give the preponderance to the French government. Candour must own that Napoleon Bonoparte never missed an opportunity to advance the aggrandizement of France, whenever it could be coupled with his own immediate advantage, by contributing to his own ambitious schemes. The friendly intercouse established between these two arch jugglers, was no doubt seized upon with avidity by the well-experienced, dexterous Napoleon as a happy moment to forward his gigantic plan, that of dividing Europe into two great monarchies, one French, the other Russian. The Petersburgh potentate was unquestionably conciliated by an understanding that, provided he would allow his imperial brother in the west to lay violent hands upon Spain, Portugal, and England, without interference, the latter would be a passive spectator while the Russian eagle should fasten its talons on the Ottoman Porte, together with such a portion of Northern Europe as he might feel disposed to annex to his Muscovite throne. The feelings, or the happiness, of the various populations that would thus be sacrificed at the shrine of two ambitous men, never entered into the calculation of these wholesale depredators: with them, to rule with unlimited sway was everything, although the historical fact afforded by the death of Alexander, surnamed the Great, ought to have shown them the fallacy of supposing that their arrangements, however well dove-tailed in their formation, could ever be likely to survive them, if even they should remain during their own brief existence.

The Russian prince, sensibly alive to the miserable situation of his unfortunate ally the King of Prussia, pathetically interceded for him with his newly acquired friend and associate, the all-conquering Bonaparte: the intercession prevailed, and the required boon was readily complied with. Frederick William was invited to make one of the party assembled at Tilsit: thither the humbled monarch repaired, but it was only to experience a more humiliating mortification; on every occasion the conqueror marked, by his deportment, the difference with which he contemplated the two sovereigns, although one was his every-day companion, the other was never admitted to the least share of his intimacy: decided neglect stared him in the face, the crest-fallen Prussian was made to feel poignantly, that if even the shadow of royalty was conceded to the representative of the House of Brandenburg, it was solely owing to the esteem in which Napoleon held the young and powerful sovereign of Russia, who had taken a lively interest in his cause, under whose wing alone he was to be admitted as a party to the pending treaty. The fascinating and lovely Queen of Prussia added the graces of her person to mingle among the Tilsit revels; this lady, though gallantly treated as a charming woman by both the imperial rulers, was yet unable, with all her beauty, to dissipate the chilling coldness with which her husband was received whenever he encountered the haughty Napoleon, neither could it procure for her that which, perhaps, she prized above all other considerations, the homage which she expected to receive as a sovereign princess: the civilities paid to her appear rather to have oppressed than to have afforded her any consolation for the loss of her royal prerogatives Whether this were so or not cannot be well ascertained; from whatever cause it might occur, she sickened and died, universally regretted. The Prussians, who felt a deep interest in the fate of their queen, attributed her decease to unmerited laceration of her feelings, and ever after evinced a deadly hatred to the French, for what they deemed a most unjustifiable harshness shown to the fallen fortunes of a most deserving and most amiable princess: subsequently they acquired means, even in the French capital itself, to give efficiency to the rancour, generated in their bosoms by this melancholy occurrence: such was the virulence of their resentment, that but for the interference of the other powers then in possession of Paris, they would have demolished it, and not have left one stone standing upon another.

Preliminaries having been settled, treaties of peace were signed and ratified by the high contracting parties, at Tilsit, 7th July, 1807. By these instruments the future security of St. Petersburg was amply provided for in secret articles, by which the French Emperor agreed to permit the conquest of Swedish Finland, by the czar; in return the Russians consented to accept the mediation of France for a respite of hostilities with Turkey, at the same time engaging to become the mediator of peace between France and England, stipulating, in case of failure in the latter affair, not only to lay British commerce under the ban of the Berlin and Milan decrees, but also to place himself at the head of a general confederation of the northern maritime powers, against English naval supremacy; by which, in point of fact, his own fleet, as well as the navies of the other powers, would be at the disposal of the crafty Napoleon; the cabinet of St. James's, however, frustrated one part of this arrangement, by sending an armament to seize the Danish ships of war then riding at anchor in the harbour of Copenhagen, a service that was most effectually performed by the intrepid Nelson. To Frederick William was restored a part of his former dominion, comprising ancient Prussia, together with the French conquests in Upper

Saxony, the king pledging himself, at the same time, to adopt Bonaparte's continental system—in other words, agreeing from thenceforth to become a vassal to the conqueror. Dantzic was declared a free city, but was to receive a French garrison until the ratification of a maritime peace: the Prussian possessions in Lower Saxony, as well as those on the Rhine, together with the Electorate of Hanover, the territory of Hesse-Cassel, and various other small German States, were formed into a new government, called the Kingdom of Westphalia the throne of which was given to Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte, who had contrived to make his peace with the French Emperor, by repudiating his wife, an American lady, the child of a Mr. Patterson; at the same time consenting to form a new alliance, more in accordance with the taste of his imperial relative, and espouse a Princess of Wirtemburgh, daughter of the new-made King, recently elevated to a throne in that country, by that great bestower of royalty, Napoleon Bonaparte. The Electorate of Saxony afforded the French ruler another opportunity to exercise his talent for creating monarchies: the Polish provinces, lately occupied by Prussia, with the exception of some portion of the territory for which the czar expressed a fancy, were erected into a principality, styled the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and added to the dominions of the Saxon Chief, the undisturbed possession of which was not only guaranteed to him by this treaty, but, as a reward for his steady adherence to the fortunes of Napoleon, it was agreed that in future he should assume regal dignity, under the title of King of Saxony. Joseph Bonaparte was acknowledged as the accredited wearer of the Neapolitan diadem, and Louis Bonaparte as King of Holland. Although the full development of the ambitious designs of the French Emperor did not exactly meet the public eye, it was soon ascertained, that by the secret articles the Russian autocrat had adopted the alliance of Napoleon to an extent far beyond what appeared on the face of the treaty: it was this discovery that led the English Cabinet to demand and possess themselves of the Danish ships of war, which otherwise would only have served to swell the French naval force, in conjunction with that of Russia.

Shakspere, than whom no man ever more successfully fathomed the arcana of the human mind, makes Cardinal Wolsey, when in disgrace exclaim to Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, "I charge thee, fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels," and it has been truly said by La Bruyere, that "the ambitious are the slaves of every one who may contribute to their aggrandizement." This alluring but destructive phantasm, justly characterised by Hamlet as "the shadow of a dream—a shadow's shadow," but too frequently induces its unhappy votarists to set moral feeling at defiance—plunges its wretched adherents into the deep abyss of guilt, by leading them to the commission of the vilest actions: our immortal bard has warned mankind of the dangerous position in which it places him. "Vaulting ambition," he says, "o'erleaps itself—like a circle in the water, it never ceases to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperses to nought."

Napoleon Bonaparte would seem at this period to have reached the zenith of his power; from thenceforward the effect of his operarions sunk him by degrees until he touched the nadir: perhaps 'tis the natural course of things that depression should tread on the heels of elevation: be this as it may, his ill-directed aspiration connected him with worthless associates, familiarized him with crime, bloated him with arrogance, and finally worked his ruin: he, who could have made himself the rock of free. dom, have stood the firmest bulwark to liberty, who might, had he been governed by sincerity, have become the greatest of his species, fell the victim of his own inordinate desires; it was, however, his misfortune to adopt the sinuous path in preference to the straightforward course, to prefer treachery to honesty of purpose: thus, on his return to the gay metropolis of France, shortly after the peace of Tilsit, he put the extinguisher upon the last glimmering of popular rule among Frenchmen, by abolishing the Tribunate: the legislative Senate had already been degraded into an instrument for registering the imperial decrees; the Council of State was only permitted to enrol among its members such persons as he thought fit to invest with the privilege of being summoned to the palace. When it was his desire to collect the opinion of others upon any subject, either emanating from his own mind, or suggested by his ministers, it was one of his most subtle practices to permit these councillors, even when they chanced to differ from him, to deliver their sentiments with frankness; but then, as they were indebted to him for every lucrative appointment, which they could only hold during his pleasure, it will not be very difficult to imagine, that unless they were extremely cautious in their deliberations, and sedulously attentive to the expression of his countenance while they ventured to offer their counsel upon the moot-point, they were effectually caught in the toil spread for them; a single glance of his eye on such occasions sufficed to warn them of the dangerous ground on which they were treading, a look was enough to induce them to neutralize any unwelcome expression by some wily context: the consequence was, that when they spoke openly and delivered their sentiments honestly, it was only upon those subjects in which they knew that the feelings of the Dictator were either not at all, or but very slightly, interested: by this means, every thing was moulded according to his wish, while he enjoyed the fallacious reputation of seeking advice upon matters of importance. His usual mode of settling disputable measures, as well as silencing clamour, was by peremptorily asserting "I am the State."

The pages of history, although extremely prolific in recording schemes for the subjugation of mankind to the will of those tyrants, who have followed in uninterrupted succession from the remotest periods to the present time, perhaps hardly furnish an example of a despotism so thoroughly dovetailed as that erected over the soil of France by the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte; the most remarkable and important feature in which is that he should manage so adroitly as to obtain the willing assistance of the population in his labours. Clear-sighted to the errors of the Bourbon government, he sedulously avoided the rocks on which that had foundered. The principle, however objectionable, he had himself adopted; the details exercised his ingenuity; by clever arrangement he expected so to cover up the obnoxious tenet with popular baits, as to keep it completely out of sight; while the apparent advantages which he held forth should prevent too close a scrutiny into a subject, which he was well aware would not bear determined examination. Subdolous and persevering difficulties rather wetted his invention for their removal, than impeded his progress; he marched steadily forward, sometimes slow, sometimes at a brisk pace, suiting his motion to the actual circumstances by which he was surrounded. Accurately estimating the character of the people over whom he ruled, he dexterously contrived to identify his own ulterior views with the national vanity. To consolidate his designs, he felt that everything should emanate from himself: centralization, of which he was himself to be the focus, was, therefore, the great point to which all his measures tended.—With the most effectual means to accomplish this end, he seemed perfectly acquainted: he knew that upon the army rested the basis of that power he so much coveted; his whole energies consequently were brought into play to render the choice of a military life the prevalent feeling among the citizens of France. To this profession, then, he made every other institution of the state subservient; for those whose accomplishments rendered them likely to make good warriors, every avenue to wealth and to distinguished honours was widely opened. The schools set apart for military students were fraught with almost numberless attractions, of such inviting character, as scarcely to be resisted by the youthful imagination of the scholars. These establishments were regularly visited by Napoleon himself, who found time for everything; his affability to the Tyros delighted them, and he thus became familiarly acquainted with the pupils, who were one day to recruit the losses occasioned by the wars in which he almost constantly engaged. Even the common education of the rising generation was so arranged, as to give a bias towards a military career.—academies and colleges were placed under the immediate care of a minister expressly appointed for their superintendence. All prizes were bestowed by the government, while the masters owed their situations to the good opinion of the Emperor. It is, however, due to his memory to acknowledge that he made it an invariable rule, for every department of his administration, to select men whom he thought best fitted, by their talents to executs their functions with diligence and credit to themselves, Although it must be admitted that the columns of the army were filled by compulsion during the whole reign of Bonaparte, yet the conscriptions were carried on with so much impartiality, as to reconcile the people to its oppressive influence. Every male under twenty-five years was liable to be called on to serve in the ranks, while the difficulties artfully thrown in the way of procuring substitutes were so substantive and numerous that young men of the best families were under the necessity, personally, to comply with the stern requisition: the consequence was, that intelligence pervaded the army: that no former assemblage of private soldiers possessed such intellectual advantages: the great majority of the conscripts, whatever might have been the reluctance with which they joined their comrades, were speedily reconciled to their fate, their associaton with so many well-educated youths could not fail to render their situation less irksome than it would otherwise have been to each individual of the class to which they belonged; over and above which, it had a direct tendency to elevate the standard of manners, to infuse a spirit of emulation, and give a stimulus to valuable acquirements among the soldiers in general. There never was, perhaps, a body of Troops in which so much solid sense abounded, nor in which so many officers of the highest rank and reputation originally carried a musket.

The first conscription list for the year included all under the age of twenty-one; the ballot from this class usually furnished eighty thousand recruits. These were first called into actual service, but if the Emperor demanded further supplies, then the lists of those who had attained their twenty-second year, were resorted to, next those of twenty-three, then twenty-four, and, lastly, twenty-five were successively brought into use, as circumstances might warrant. With Napoleon, then, the army was all in all; over that he presided with a parent's care and the partiality of a mother; the people were accustomed to its details, and to look upon it as the source of their glory; thus, the evils of the conscription, with an enslaved press, heavy taxation, and an inquisitorial police, which had endured for so many years, were softened down and nearly obliterated, by the well-ordered tactics of one of the most extraordinary men of his age, who always boasted that "he knew how to play on the imagination." The public mind meantime was pleasantly employed with the splendour of his victories, the magnificence of the bridges which he caused to be constructed, the aqueducts by which the population was supplied with a wholesome fluid, the goodness of the roads over which it travelled, the monuments of art with which he was continually adorning the capital, and the general pre-eminence to which he appeared to have raised the nation;—nor were the people less gratified by the immense public works that he set on foot, many of great utility, which gave employment and subsistence to large bodies of the labouring poor, though at bottom meant for the gratification of his own vanity, of which he certainly possessed no very trifling quantity. His attempts to supply the wants, resulting from the operation of his impolitic "Berlin Decrees," particularly of colonial produce, which led to the formation of establishments for the manufacture of sugar from beet-root, were also well received, and considered beneficial to the country. Education he made a primary object and part of the business of the government, as it ought to be everywhere. The clergy were universally appointed under the direction of his ministers, and were the immediate stipendiaries of the state, by which means he completely subjected them to his will and pleasure. Nothing, however, could exceed the purity of the judgment-seat when the conduct of his government was not brought into question. Except in political cases, trial by jury was the right of every citizen; justice as between man and man was administered upon sound and fixed principles by unimpeachable tribunals: This was the result of a boon of inestimable value, for which most assuredly France can never prove too grateful to its author: a more elaborate system of jurisprudence than the "*Code Napoleon*" is not in existence; it was the first uniform collection of laws which the French nation had ever possessed, drawn up with great wisdom, and digested with consummate skill, in the formation of which Napoleon laboured personally with some of the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of that day. When in good humour, he was wont, speaking of this pandect, to say to those around him,—

"I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand."

To show with what mathematical precision he contrived to make all preferment originate with himself, the whole territory of France was divided into prefectures, to each of which a prefect was appointed by Bonaparte personally, who attached a heavy salary to the office. This magistrate was carefully selected for a province with which it was previously ascertained that he had no domestic relations;—so complete was the delegation of power with which he was entrusted, that, to use Napoleon's own language, each was in his own department "an emperor upon a small scale." Every one of these functionaries had under his control inferior magistrates, holding power from him as he himself did from the emperor. As the whole of them received their instructions from the Bureau at Paris, it was their direct interest to act faithfully, to serve to the utmost of their ability the government from which they derived all their authority—from which alone reward for good conduct was to be expected, and from which everything was to be dreaded in case of malversation, insubordination, or want of sufficient pliability. Thus it would appear that the most humble agent discharged his duty under a thorough conviction that he acted immediately under the superintendence of the Emperor. The public accounts also, by imperial command, were made out with all the accuracy and clearness of the best-disciplined merchant's accompting-house: this arose from Napoleon's having, with his own eyes, detected some important errors in a financial document. The fact is, he was in the constant habit of personally scrutinizing the receipt and expenditure in every department of the national affairs; indeed, such was his unwearied attention to business, that, even in the midst of his hottest campaigns, and at the greatest distance from his capital, he examined with searching scrupulosity the details of the administration at home, and looked more closely into state affairs than was perhaps done by any other sovereign during the profoundest peace, even though his dominions might not be of half the magnitude. So industrious were his habits —so little was he disposed to waste time, that it is said of him, that when he was not otherwise engaged in public concerns, he was wont to exercise his mind by solving difficult problems in either algebra or geometry.

CHAPTER XXI.

BONAPARTE CONTEMPLATES THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL — TREATY OF FONTAINEBLEAU FOR THE DIVISION OF PORTUGAL — THE FRENCH ARMY ENTER LISBON — THE PORTUGUESE MONARCH SAILS FOR BRAZIL — PRINCE MURAT OCCUPIES MADRID — THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SON FERDINAND ARE DECOYED TO BAYONNE, WHERE THEY ABDICATE THE SPANISH CROWN—JOSEPH BONAPARTE DECLARED KING OF SPAIN—THE BATTLE OF RIOSECCO—THE FRENCH DEFEATED AT BAYLEN.

The peace of Tilsit enabled Napoleon to return to Paris, where he found leisure to turn his thoughts toward an object he had long meditated—the annexation of Spain, with her Indian possessions, as also Portugal, to his already overgrown dominions. The degrading cabals of the two rival factions who divided the court of Madrid, in which the son was opposed to the father, each seeking the destruction of the other, presented scenes disgusting almost beyond the power of conception. Throwing the common interest of their country overboard in their eagerness to obtain ascendancy over their opponents, each resorted to the most dangerous expedient that could by possibility have been adopted—that of appealing to the palace of the Tuilleries for assistance and advice; than which nothing could have been more propitious to the views of the French emperor. This, therefore, was a golden opportunity for the accomplishment of his design, which Bonaparte was little likely to let slip through his fingers, without reaping advantage from the circumstance. His exultation at their folly was extreme, because his keen penetration clearly pointed out, that the means for ultimately reducing under his yoke the Spanish peninsula would naturally grow out of their common fears, coupled as they were with the abject baseness of their conduct. Under this impression, he quietly contemplated their scandalous proceedings, patiently watching, like the tiger, the proper moment to pounce upon his destined prey; and, although he regarded both with equal scorn, yet he lent a favourable ear to each in their turn, as, in the madness of their rage, they referred their case to him for decision.

A more unprincipled, shameless woman than the then Queen of Spain it would be difficult to find. Indulging rank and dangerous passions, this opprobrium to her sex completely ruled her husband, Charles the Fourth, an aged monarch, whose feebleness both of mind and body so exceeded credibility, that, while it rendered him contemptible, it could not fail to excite commiseration for that imbecility which made him an easy pander to his own dishonour, as well as the abject slave to a lustful harlot, who submitted herself entirely to the wishes and influence of one Manuel Godoy, whom, in defiance of all decency, she had selected for her paramour, and raised from the station of a private guardsman to the highest offices of state, enrolling him among nobility, and giving him precedence above all the grandees of Spain, under the title of "Prince of Peace." Not content with this, she invested him with supreme and absolute authority in the conduct of all the national affairs; not blushing even to insinuate in the face of her consort, that her son Ferdinand was not the child of the king, his reputed father, but the offspring of her illicit connexion with the ci-devant soldier. To this wretched trio and their adherents was opposed a powerful association of the Spanish noblesse, headed by Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, who, notwithstanding his mother's infamy, was treated as the king's son, and looked up to as the successor to the throne. With the Queen's, or rather Godoy's, party, Napoleon concluded a treaty, which was ratified 29th October, 1807, at the palace of Fontainebleau, a French town in the department of Seine and Marne, standing in the midst of an extensive forest, thirty-five miles south-south-east of Paris, with a population of seven thousand individuals.

By this convention, France, in conjunction with Spain, undertook to accomplish the conquest of Portugal, from the territories of which an independent sovereignty was to be carved out as a reward for the treacherous services of the infamous Godoy; the residue, according to the then understanding, to be partitioned between the two high contracting powers. But this was an illusion held forth by the French emperor for purposes which he did not think it expedient to open to his destined victims: in fact, he had already made up his mind not only to take the lion's share, but also to use victory over the Portuguese as a means to subjugate the Spaniard.—To carry out this nefarious scheme, twenty-seven thousand Spanish were to unite with twenty-eight thousand French troops; when the whole, under the command of General Junot, was to march through Spain, enter Portugal, and force its way to Lisbon, the capital, and a sea-port, built in the form of an amphitheatre on seven hills, occupying a space of six miles, the west portion of which forms the see of a patriarch, while the eastern part is under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of an archbishop; the city, placed in 9° 5′ west longitude, 38° 42′ north latitude, one hundred and seventy-eight miles north-west of Seville, two hundred and fifty-five miles south west of Madrid, contains two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, and is seated, ten miles from its mouth, on the north side of the stream of the Tagus, or Tajo, whose waters form the harbour, which is defended by two forts, and in which more than a thousand ships can ride at anchor in the greatest safety, from thence the river empties itself into the great Atlantic Ocean.

In the mean time, in order to guard against the contingencies of either a national insurrection to oppose French aggression, or the arrival of an English army for the defence of the invaded country, Napoleon agreed to assemble an army of reserve, to comprise forty thousand men, ready to take the field by the end of November, 1807, at Bayonne, a strongly-fortified French ecclesiastical city and sea-port, in 1° 29′ west longitude, 43° 29′ north latitude, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, five hundred and eighteen miles south-west of Paris: the waters of the river Nive mingle with the stream of the Adour in the middle of the town, and empty themselves into the ocean at the distance of a mile: that destructive weapon, the bayonet, derives its name from this place, where it was first made; it is also famous for its chocolate and hams.

Notwithstanding the subserviency of the Portuguese cabinet, which had degraded itself by having successively, at the dictation of France, not only shut its ports against all English vessels, but also confiscated British property, as well as expelled the English factory, and dismissed the ambassador, Lord Strangford, it was at length taught to know that no concession on its part could avert the doom to which Bonaparte had condemned that feeble government. News of the invasion reached Lisbon, also a French newspaper, "The Moniteur," in which it was proclaimed that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign." An application was instantly made on the part of the Prince Regent and his family to the English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, then lying off the Tagus, who having given an assurance of protection, they embarked, 27th November, 1807, only a few hours before the French army appeared at the gates of the city, with a determination, if possible, to seize the royal personages, who sailed two days afterwards for the Brazils, a vast territory in South America, of a triangular form, converging to a point southerly, comprising an area of two millions of square miles, lying between 35 and 72 degrees of west longitude, and 4 degrees of north and 34 degrees of south latitude.

Portugal thus placed at his mercy, Napoleon prepared to carry into execution his long-projected plans; to the furtherance of which, availing himself of its domestic broils, he contrived, by a variety of perfidious artifices, to render the court of Madrid accessary. It is scarcely credible that the reigning family should have been so blinded by their own unhappy but disgraceful dissensions, as not to penetrate the crafty designs of their deceitful ally, to whom they appeared to have become the almost willing dupes. Mutual recriminations inflamed them against each other; both parties appealed to him for support: the Prince of Asturias, afterwards King Ferdinand, by way of conciliating his favour, solicited the honour of his alliance, by asking for his consort a princess of the house of Bonaparte. The aged monarch, Charles, or rather his queen, influenced by the traitor Godoy, sought his assistance against what they stated to be the parricidal plots of the heir apparent. The wily Corsican gave attention to both, but no direct answer to either. Meanwhile his army of reserve, artfully augmented beyond the stipulated number, passed the Pyrencean mountains, in two divisions, under General Dupont and Field-Marshal Moncey, and advanced unmolested into the heart of the Spanish dominions; at the same time, another body of French troops, under General Duhesme, penetrated through the passes of the Eastern Pyrenees, and, being received by the unsuspecting garrisons as friends, treacherously made themselves masters of most of the fortified places in the north of Spain. By this means, the chief roads leading from the French frontiers to Madrid were en tirely in their possession, and their communication with France uninterrupted.

Twenty miles south of the city of Madrid, the capital of Spain, at the town of Aranjuez, there is a magnificent palace, adorned with beautiful gardens, seated on an island formed by the current of the Xarama, the stream of the Tajo, and the waters of a canal, which is justly considered one of the finest and most pleasant royal residences in Europe. At this period the king, who, with his court, was sojourning at this delightful retreat, began to see pretty clearly the danger of his own position, as well as the disastrous consequences likely to result from the intrusion of French troops incessantly spreading themselves over his country. The film, however, by which his vision had been obscured would appear to have been removed from his eyes somewhat too late, because Portugal, by means of his own rabid assistance, was already in the hands of Bonaparte, who had dexterously managed to introduce into the interior of the Spanish territory an army not only formidable from its numerical strength, but which had also military possession of several fortresses and strong places in the Peninsula: among others might be reckoned four, perhaps of the utmost importance as to their localities :—

Barcelona, a well-fortified ecclesiastical city, the capital of Catalonia, containing one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, two hundred and fifty miles east-north-east of Madrid, in 2° 12′ east longitude, 41° 23′ north latitude, with a dock-yard, extensive arsenal, and cannon foundry, also a good harbour, opening to the Mediterranean Sea, defended by a stupendous citadel built on a rocky mountain, a mile westward from the town.

Figueras, or San Fernando de Figueras, a fortified Spanish town in Catalonia, with a fortress of prodigious strength, ten miles south-west of Roses, a Spanish sea-port on the Mediterranean Sea, twenty-five miles due south of Perpignan, a French town, capital of the department of the Eastern Pyrenees.

Pamplona, or Pampeluna, a double-walled Spanish city, capital of Upper Navarre, seated on the waters of the Arga, forty-seven miles south of Bayonne, one hundred and ninety-seven miles north-east of Madrid, in 1° 42′ west longitude, 42° 49′ north latitude; the see of a bishop, with a university, and defended by a citadel of uncommon strength.

Saint Sebastian, a well-fortified double-walled Spanish city and seaport, seated at the foot of a mountain, on the summit of which is erected a strong castle, fifty miles east of Bilboa, the same distance north-west from Pamplona, in 1° 56′ west longitude, 43° 24′ north latitude, with a small harbour opening on the Bay of Biscay, the narrow entrance to which is rendered secure by two moles.

The plot now thickened apace: the imbecile monarch, panic-struck at the result of his own folly, began to tremble with dismay, and, dreading the fate impending over him, resolved, if possible, to follow the example of the Braganza family, to whose ruin himself and his minister Godoy had so amply as well as perfidiously contributed. Preparations for this purpose occupied the inmates of the palace, 18th March, 1808, who proposed to sail for and seek an asylum in America: their intentions, however, got wind; the servants of the Prince of Asturias began a tumult, in which they were readily joined by the populace of Aranjuez. This outbreak, however, was quieted for the moment by a royal declaration, that flight was not contemplated.

But matters did not end here : the Spaniards placed no faith in the king's assertion. On the following day the insurrection burst forth afresh with redoubled violence, spreading itself to the metropolis, where it raged with uncontrollable fury. The magnificent mansion of the detested Prince of Peace at Madrid, together with its splendid furniture, was completely destroyed; that unworthy favourite, the faithless minister Godoy himself, fell into the hands of an irritated populace, who threatened his life, which was with great difficulty saved by the timely intervention of the royal guards, who rescued from imminent peril of his existence the quivering, wretched minion, and then put him under arrest. Don Manuel Godoy was one of the prime movers of the mischievous measures now in operation in opposition to the priest Escoiquiz, preceptor to the Prince of Asturias, heir-apparent to the Spanish throne, another author of the calamities of Spain. These two men looked solely to their own aggrandizement ; to that object, and that alone, although actuated by irreconcileable hatred for each other, they were willing to sacrifice both their country and its princes. Unfortunately for Spain, they had almost unbounded influence over their respective masters, or rather over their degraded slaves, the king, queen, and prince. Invest with power an aspiring beggar and an ambitious priest, no country on earth would be able to shield itself from the withering effects of their mutual rancour : unite them, and the mischief would be increased a hundred fold. Nations, take warning by the fate of unhappy Spain, whose best interests were compromised after this fashion by two worthless charlatans.

The bewildered King Charles the Fourth, astounded by the furious passions exhibited under this popular effervescence, was visited with certain compunctuous feelings for his betrayed subjects, that gave him no little alarm for the much longer existence of his own personal safety : referring his uneasy thoughts to the consideration of his ill-omened counsellor, the ignominious Godoy, he easily persuaded him to seek security by abdicating the Spanish diadem, in favour of his son, who was proclaimed King Ferdinand the Seventh, 20th March, 1808, amidst the warmest applause of an agitated population ; against this, however, he protested, in despatches to both Napoleon and Prince Murat, describing it as an involuntary act forced upon him by the rebellion of his son, at the same time asking their assistance to replace him on the throne he had vacated.

When intelligence of the extremities, to which the two court factions had resorted, reached Prince Murat, now grand Duke of Berg, who had by this time assumed the command in-chief of all the divisions of the French army in Spain, with his usual impetuosity, but without sufficient discretion, he made a rapid movement upon the Spanish capital, of which he personally took possession, 23rd March, 1808, at the head of ten thousand French soldiers, over and above the thirty thousand with which he had previously caused it to be surrounded. On the next day, 24th March, 1808, Ferdinand entered Madrid as monarch of the Spanish dominions, and claimed to be so recognized by the French general, whom he found in occupation of his capital. The appeal was made in vain to whom, by way of propitiating his favourable decision, he was most lavish in high flown flattery, also presented him with the sword of Francis the First; this Murat readily accepted, but far from gratifying the expectations of his adulator, he pertinaciously kept him at bay, and refused to decide upon the claim, alleging that the question was of too much magnitude to be settled by any less authority than that of the French Emperor himself.

The rashness of Murat's proceedings, however, was subject of great alarm to the calculating Napoleon, who but too clearly foresaw the evils to which that ill-advised measure might by possibility give birth; the late proceedings at Aranjuez had convinced him that, tainted as the court was with disgraceful feelings, much as it had thrown proper dignity and respect for decorum to the winds and the waves, still the elements of that national honour which had anciently governed the Spanish people, were by no means eradicated, but still existed, only slumbering until called into action by warrantable circumstances; under this impression he indited the letter here subjoined.

"29th March, 1808.—Monsieur le Grand Duc de Berg—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th March, I find myself very much perplexed.

"Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed nation, and that you can, by a mere parade of your troops, effect the subjugation of the country. The revolution of the 20th March proves that the Spaniards possess energy. You have to contend with a new people; it has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm, shown by men who are not worn out by their political passions.

"The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If their privileges and existence be threatened, they will bring into the field against us levies *en masse*, that may perpetuate the war. I am not without my partizans; but if I show myself as a conqueror, they will abandon me.

"The Prince of Peace is detested, because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party.

"The Prince of Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero, in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family. It can never answer any purpose to excite hatred, and inflame animosity. Spain has a hundred thousand men under arms, more than are necessary to carry on an internal war with advantage. Scattered over several parts of the country, they may serve as rallying-points for a total insurrection of the monarchy.

"You will manage matters so as to prevent the Spaniards from entertaining any suspicions of the course I shall pursue. You will find no difficulty in this as I know nothing about it myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand, that if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities shall be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to place her in a relative state to that of civilized Europe, and to free her from the admininistration of favouritism. You will tell the magistrates and the inhabitants of the towns, and the enlightened classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government reorganized, of a system of laws calculated for the protection of the people against the tyranny and usurpations of feudality, and of establishments which may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and ease enjoyed by France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly involved; and the splendour of religion, which owes its existence to the concordat I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration; order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and of your writings. Do not hazard anything hastily. I can wait at Bayonne, I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthening myself towards Portugal, I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

"I shall take care of your particular interests, do not think of them yourself. Portugal will be at my disposal. Let no powerful object engage you and influence your conduct; that would be injurious to me, and still more hurtful to yourself.

"You are too hasty in your instructions of the 14th; the march you order General Duport to take is too rapid, on account of the event of the 20th March. They must be altered; you will make new arrangements; you will receive instructions from my minister for foreign affairs; I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline; the slightest fault must not go unpunished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, the churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army; a single flash in the pan must not take place on either side. Let Solano march beyond Badajos, but watch his movements. Do you yourself trace out the marches of my army, that it may be always kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. Should hostilities take place, all would be lost.

"The fate of Spain can alone be decided by political views, and by negotiation. I charge you to avoid all explanation with Solano, as well as with the other Spanish generals and governors. You will send me two expresses daily. In case of events of superior interest, you will despatch officers. Send back the bearer of this despatch, and give him a detailed report." "NAPOLEON."

Among the agents of Bonaparte, none were more crafty than General Savary, a man remarkable for the subtlety of his disposition; a perfect adept in the school of deceit: a fitter instrument to carry out Napoleon's policy, with regard to the Spanish monarchs, could not have been selected; because a more thorough-paced practised promoter of duplicity hardly existed. A great object with the French emperor was, if possible, to get into his own power the personages of the Spanish court, who either had, or might exercise, the regal functions of that kingdom: to bring this about, nothing appeared so feasible as to beguile them from their native soil into the French territory, where he could mould them to his will, and make use of them as means to effect the conquest of Spain, upon which he set his mind. Savary, then, of all men, was considered the best suited to such an employment, and was therefore commissioned to repair to Madrid, to assume the chief direction of French affairs; with strict injunctions to watch and, if possible, to guide the motions of Ferdinand the Seventh, who, like his predecessor, was a feeble-minded prince, full of bad, tumultuous, and almost ungovernable passions, which rendered him a fit subject whereon to exercise the deceptive and seductive powers of the delegated French officer, Savary.

This insidious deputy lost no time in commencing operations; but applied himself diligently to gain the friendship and confidence of his victim, in which he was but too successful. Ferdinand found himself in his own capital almost a stranger: the city and its environs were in the hands of the French commander-in-chief, who held them under the imposing control of some forty thousand troops, and who indirectly refused to recognize him as King of Spain: his preceptor, the Canon Escoiquiz, alarmed at the protest of Charles the Fourth, against the validity of his abdication, and in dread of the scaffold should his pupil not succeed in establishing his title, proved a powerful lever in forwarding the views of the cunning Savary, because, for his own security, he left no means unessayed, but exerted every nerve to influence the young king to adopt whatever measures might seem best calculated to confirm his pretensions to the throne of Spain. This was not lost upon the Frenchman, who perceived in it a clear road for the accomplishment of his fraudulent purpose: in consequence, he infused into Ferdinand's mind the advantages to be derived from a personal application to the French emperor, as well as the necessity to be beforehand with Godoy, who had dispatched a messenger to him, announcing that the abdication of Charles the Fourth was an involuntary act, forced upon him by the emissaries of his rebellious son, the Prince of Asturias: by continually urging these reasons, the infatuated monarch was induced, 10th April, 1808, to commence this fatal journey, in conjunction with General Savary himself, who, under the semblance of great friendship, offered to accompany him: Ferdinand was actually taught to believe that Bonaparte, in person, was then on his way to the Spanish metropolis, and that he would be found at Burgos, a Peninsular city, the capital of Old Castile, the see of an archbishop, seated partly upon a mountain and partly on the stream of the Aranzon, in 3° 39′ west longitude, 42° 28′ north latitude, ninety-five miles east by south of Leon, one hundred and seventeen miles north of Madrid: the cathedral is one of the most magnificent gothic structures in Europe.

Arrived at Burgos, the object of his search was not there—Bonaparte, it was said, had not yet reached that city. Ferdinand was easily persuaded to continue his route, with the expectation that Napoleon would certainly be found, thirty-eight miles further on, at Vittoria, a double-walled, well-fortified, Spanish town, capital of the province of Alava, in Biscay, seated on an eminence at the end of a plain, in 2° 38′ west longitude, 42° 45′ north latitude, thirty-two miles south-east of Bilboa, one hundred and fifty-five miles north of Madrid: the broad streets of this town are handsomely bordered with trees. Again disappointment visited the decoyed Ferdinand, who now approached the French frontier: his treacherous companion tempted him to pursue his journey onward, although in despite of the populace, who, unwilling to let their prince proceed out of their country, cut the traces of his carriage: thus wheedled, by his evil genius, to his own destruction, he travelled forward until he reached Bayonne, 20th April, 1808, where he found the arbiter of his fate, who lay anxiously waiting the consummation of his almost incredible folly.

The betrayed monarch was courteously received by Napoleon, who invited him to dinner at the imperial table: a circumstance from which he fallaciously augured a favourable result to his application: the same evening, however, blighted all his hopes: the trickish Savary gave him to understand, Bonaparte had resolved that the Bourbon dynasty should cease to reign in Spain; consequently, that his doom was sealed; further, that his personal safety would entirely depend upon the readiness with which he should resign into the emperor's hands all his own pretensions to the Spanish crown: from thenceforth it is easy to conceive that Ferdinand was, in fact, nothing more or less than a prisoner of state.

One bird was already caged; the crafty Napoleon was anxious to secure the remainder of the nest: having got the offspring, he desired also to have the parents: therefore, as soon as he had ascertained that Ferdinand had quitted Madrid in company with Savary, he transmitted orders to Prince Murat to pursue such a course as should induce the aged king, his queen, and the traitor Godoy, to follow the example of the son, and repair also to Bayonne. The commander-in-chief lost no time in giving effect to the wishes of the emperor; without much difficulty he succeeded to persuade them, that nothing could be more consonant with their interest, than to undertake the journey, and present themselves persoually to Napoleon: believing in the sophistry of the field-marshal, urged on by their own vicious dispositions towards the already enslaved Ferdinand, against whom their rancour still remained in its full force, they quitted the Spanish metropolis for the purpose of making their complaints to one who, so far from having the slightest intention to afford them redress, only waited their arrival to add them to his other victim. They reached their destination on the 4th May, 1808, in the fullest confidence, not only to receive a favourable reception, but also to find a friend disposed to serve them in the very man who was destined to crush their fortunes for ever.

The 2nd of May, 1808, gave a new turn to the fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte: a serious insurrection burst forth in Madrid, which spread itself with sanguinary violence over the whole city. The Spaniard, naturally of a jealous vindictive temper, began to harbour suspicions unfriendly to the French. An opinion generally prevailed that the destruction of the National Independence was meditated: this arose from an indiscreet exercise of the authority conferred upon the French commander-in-chief, Prince Murat, who had been appointed a member of the Council of Regency established by Ferdinand, previous to his departure from the Spanish capital, of which he constituted his uncle, Don Antonio, president: it somehow transpired, that it was his intention to send this last remaining branch of the royal family out of Spain, in the same manner as had been already done with the others: an immense crowd surrounded the carriage which it was supposed was about to be used for this purpose. The traces were cut by the indignant Spaniards, the most furious denunciations were fulminated against their invaders, while popular rage exhibited itself in a most hideous form; the whole capital was almost instantaneously in motion, vowing revenge against the oppressors and spoliators of their country. The French were assaulted wherever they could be found, even in their hospitals, and not less than seven hundred of them fell victims to the fury of the insurgents, before the French cavalry, with additional infantry troops, could be brought, from the suburbs, to their rescue: these no sooner entered the city, than they were opposed and fired on by the people, headed by some Spanish officers. An indescribable scene of horror ensued: the revolters were massacred without mercy; the French soldiers swept the streets with their artillery, released those of their comrades who had been captured, and, before evening set in, tranquillity appeared to have been restored: the calm, however, was deceptive; during the night the peasantry armed, flocked in from the rural districts; these were met by the irritated troops, when great numbers of them were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners. On the next day, Murat ordered the captives to be tried by a military commission, which doomed them to instant death; the bloody sentence was immediately carried into execution; and the 3rd of May, 1808, beheld a considerable number of Spaniards butchered in cold blood—the lowest number mentioned was ninety-five.

Were it possible, which assuredly it is not, that one crime could justify the commission of another; could the fiendish lusts and deadly hatreds of a degenerate race be pleaded in excuse for premeditated deliberate guilt, practised by perhaps the most powerful genius of the age, it might certainly be found in the meretricious conduct of the abject court of the Spanish monarch. Be this as it may, matters were soon brought to a crisis with the wretched individuals constituting the royal family of Spain, who, under the most delusive expectations, had been trepanned into the clutches of the insatiate Napoleon, whose ambition had been so insidiously gratified by the dexterity with which he had contrived to annex to his empire the Spanish possessions, both in Europe and the Indies, without the necessity of either shedding blood or dissipating treasure. A compromise was speedily effected, by which Charles the Fourth renounced, for himself and his heirs, the crown of Spain, receiving from Bonaparte, in return, a large pension, together with a safe retreat, in Italy. The treacherous Godoy, who had been the chief instigator of the treaty of Fontainebleau, so disastrous in its consequences to the Spanish cause, and for which that unfaithful minister expected to have been rewarded, out of the spoliation of the Portuguese dominions, with the independent sovereignty of Algarva, was fain to put up with a pension in lieu of a kingdom, and to obey an order, by which he was compelled to join in the Italian exile of the persons he had so cruelly deceived, and so deeply injured. When this was finished to the satisfaction of the French Emperor, Ferdinand was very unceremoniously desired to choose between compliance and death: being destitute of friends where he then was, and entirely at the mercy of the oppressor, choice was hardly within his compass; he followed the example of his reputed father, and, trembling for existence, executed a similar deed of renunciation, by which he surrendered all claim to the diadem which he was so everyway unworthy to wear. Things, however, did not run so smoothly as Bonaparte had imagined: the ink with which the Spanish Bourbons had signed away their birthright was hardly dry, when news reached Bayonne of events, that shook to the very centre his confidence in the stability of his achievement, and which he had imagined was settled past the power of interruption. He was now convinced that, however disposed and ready the Spanish monarchs might be to sign away their titles, their subjects were by no means of the same humour, and but little inclined to ratify the pusillanimity by which they had been actuated.

The aspect of things now began to assume a very awful character: the Spanish lion was effectually aroused from his slumber, and gave symptoms of dreadful revenge; throughout the whole peninsula, the flame of patriotic exertion shone forth almost simultaneously, nourished by feelings of deep resentment, spreading far and wide with fearful rapidity: every species of savage torture was ruthlessly inflicted on the French soldier whenever found separated from his companions: this was retaliated with similar barbarity. Assassination reared its hideous head, and became familiarized to the revengeful Spaniard. In nearly all the great towns the streets were crimsoned with human blood, which flowed like water. The French residents, together with all those suspected as partizans of either Napoleon or Godoy, were mercilessly slaughtered: the scenes presented during this state of the public mind were frightful beyond conception: popular bodies of citizens assembled as juntas for the conduct of affairs in most of the cities and provinces of the kingdom. Every thing French was discarded, and Ferdinand the Seventh was reproclaimed as Monarch of the Spanish Empire. Bonaparte, although much alarmed, proceeded to act precisely as if no insurrection had occurred, not distrusting that, after the first effervescence should have subsided, he possessed ample means to suppress the outbreak, and prevent a recurrence of the tumult. He was willing to persuade himself that no one took an active part in these transactions except the lower grade of the Spanish population, at the same time flattering himself that the nobility, now sadly degraded by corruption, as well as the priesthood would coincide with his views; in short, he would not allow himself to doubt that, with eighty thousand troops in Spain, and Field Marshal Junot's army in Portugal, he should ultimately succeed. After a time order was re-established in Madrid, when the French Emperor convoked the Council of Castile, and commanded it to proceed to the election of a new sovereign. The farce was performed with due solemnity: the choice fell upon his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, the King of Naples, as, of course, it had been so arranged beforehand, because, before the decision was announced, Joseph was already on the road to Bayonne, where he was met by ninety-five notables of Spain, who swore fealty to him and the new constitution, fresh from the manufactory of Napoleon.

It is somewhat unjust to call the Spaniards and Portuguese insurgents: they did not rise in rebellion against their country; on the contrary, they did nothing more than what must be conceded by all impartial persons to be the indubitable right of every people,—nay, it may be said, to be an imperative duty: the object of their opposition was to protect the land of their birth, and preserve it from subjection to the domination of an enemy. However this may be, the same spirit of resistance that actuated the Spanish population to take up arms against their treacherous invaders equally prevailed with the inhabitants throughout Portugal. The northern parts of that kingdom actually carried on a vigorous war against the French with considerable success. Casting aside that enmity against England, which had latterly ruled both the councils of Madrid and Lisbon, the patriots, who were daily increasing in strength, despatched envoys to solicit the aid of British troops, in furtherance of their scheme for driving out the intruders on their soil. The cabinet of St. James's, nothing loath, lent a favourable ear to the request, and quickly sent a force of thirty thousand men to their assistance. The raw levies of the Spaniards, as might reasonably have been expected, were unsuccessful in their first attempts; but although, at that time, these were unable to cope with the superior discipline and overpowering numbers of their enemy, yet they evinced their former gallantry, fought with most determined courage, in which unequal contests they undauntedly sustained many bloody defeats; especially on the 14th July, 1808, when the united Spanish army, commanded by Generals Blake and Cuesta, were utterly overthrown at the Castilian village of Riosecco by the French, under Field-marshal Bessieres: in that sanguinary conflict more than twenty thousand Spaniards died on the field of battle. It is more than probable that, but for the fatal result of this desperate action, the intrusive Joseph would never have been introduced into the Spanish metropolis as its monarch: as it was, however, it accelerated that event; the gates of that ancient city were opened to him in consequence, which he entered 20th July, 1808; four days subsequent, he was proclaimed, with all the solemnities usual upon such occasions, King of Spain, and the Indies, amidst the most chilling gloom of its inhabitants, as well as the scorn and hatred of a haughty people, who could but illy brook the degradation of having a constitution which he did not understand, thrust down his throat, much less could he patiently support the mortification of being addressed by a stranger, who spoke his language with a foreign accent, and assumed over him royal prerogative, from amidst a host of bristling bayonets, backed by the deafening roar from a large park of artillery. His stay, however, was not destined to be of long continuance; a few days saw him a fugitive from his newly acquired capital: on the first appearance of the outbreak, the French general, Dupont, at the head of a strong division, marched from Madrid to the south of Spain, with a view to crush, in the bud, the rising of the inhabitants; but in this he signally failed: after experiencing reiterated reverses in several affairs in which many of his soldiers fell, finding himself surrounded by irresistible numbers, which were daily swelled by fresh arrivals of the peasantry, he proposed to capitulate to the Spanish general, Castanos: when himself and twenty thousand men laid down their arms at Baylen, in Andalusia, on condition that they should be furnished with a safe conduct into France; to the disgrace of the Spaniard, however, they were detained as prisoners, in defiance of every moral feeling which ought to have been carefully preserved by a people struggling to emancipate himself from the thraldom of a malignant intruder, instead of falling into the very error against which he was fighting. It should never be forgotten, that it is only the possession and exercise of this quality that can give stability to empires; give them strength at home, render them respectable abroad; nothing short of it can make success truly valuable; nations who shall not think this the main-spring of prosperity will merely resemble a rope of sand; consist of atoms, but be destitute of the requisite union. When the news of this disaster reached Madrid, Joseph and his court thought it most advisable to consult their safety in flight;—indeed, no time was to be lost. Castanos, after his victory, was marching with unopposed rapid strides towards the capital, while Field-marshal Bessieres, alarmed for the safety of his troops, relinquished his intention of proceeding towards Portugal, and was measuring back his steps to the French frontier; this was the situation of affairs when the intrusive king, 27th July, 1808, quitted the palace of the escurial, and made his way with all imaginable speed to Burgos, carrying with him the emblems of royalty, the regalia and plate belonging to the Spanish crown.

In almost every direction, the troops of France met with discomfiture by the enraged Spaniards: Field-marshal Moncey, expecting to be strongly reinforced by a detachment under General Duhesme, had marched with a large division for the purpose of quelling the outbreak in Valencia, a Spanish city, capital of the province of the same name, the see of an archbishop with a university, as also a magnificent cathedral, the steeple of which has an elevation of one hundred and thirty feet: the town is seated on the stream of the Guadalavia, near the Mediterranean Sea, in 0° 24′ west longitude, 39° 27′ north latitude, distant one hundred and thirty miles east-south-east of Madrid. Duhesme, however, in his progress, had been so roughly handled by the Catalonian mountaineers, that he was glad to shut himself up in Barcelona for safety; consequently, was unable to afford the promised assistance to Moncey, who found the Valencians so resolute in their determination to rid themselves of their intrusive neighbours, the French, that the whole population, both male and female, had risen *en masse*, and, headed by their priests, defended the walls so effectually, that the marshal was compelled to fall back upon the main body, under the command of Field-marshal Bessieres; but before he could form the junction, his corps suffered most severely in his retreat through an extensive but unfriendly district, in which it was extremely difficult for him to procure provisions for his army, seeing that every inhabitant was a watchful enemy, who laid wait for any opportunity that might offer to attack him with advantage.

At the same period, General Lefebre Desnouettes, who had in the early stages of the conflict obtained some advantages over the natives in the province of Arragon, laid seige to Saragossa, the capital, divided into two parts by the waters of the Ebro, seated in 0° 48′ west longitude, 41° 45′ north latitude, on a large plain, one hundred and fifty miles, west by north, from Barcelona, one hundred and eighty miles north east of Madrid: its real name is Cæsaria Augusta, of which the present, generally written by the Spaniards with a Z, is a corruption: an image of the Virgin Mary, with a little Jesus in her arms, ornamented with a profusion of gold and jewels, illuminated by a multitude of lamps and wax lights, stands here on a handsome pillar of Jasper, said to have been given by her, while yet alive, to Saint James, to whom she appeared when he was preaching the Gospel at this place.

To the capture of this city Napoleon attached great importance; especially after the failure of Marshal Moncey, at Valencia, because it was clear to his comprehensive mind, that in the event of the Valencians forming a junction with the Arragonese, at Saragossa, it would most effectually strengthen the position of the Catalonian patriots, while it would enable those of Leon and Gallicia, whose line of coast offered them ready means, of which they availed themselves, to hold direct communication with the English government, as well as to carry on operations, and obstruct the only great road open between Madrid and Bayonne, by the route of Burgos: he therefore ordered the siege to be pressed with the utmost vigour, an order that was fully complied with. Its history, which ranks among the most memorable occurrences of its time, shows with what heroism it was defended as well as what may be effected by men once determined on their course of action. Like their brethren in Valencia, the inhabitants, one and all, resolved to protect the walls to the last extremity, and rather perish beneath the ruins than surrender. The command of this famous resistance was conferred on a young Spanish noble, called Don Jose Palafox, who had contrived to escape from among his degraded compeers, who attended Joseph Bonaparte at Bayonne: to the immortal glory of the citizens, they completely baffled, not only the acknowledged military science, but also rendered nugatory the unquestionable valour, of the French besieging army: week after week they kept the enemy at bay, who saw his ranks thinned daily by unsuccessful attacks: at length famine, with all its attendant horrors and disease, made its appearance to aggravate the situation of the brave defenders of the beleaguered town: still they would not listen to any suggestions that did not emanate from the same proud spirit in which they had hitherto conducted themselves. At last the French made a lodgement within the walls, by obtaining possession of the great convent of St. Engracia. Lefebre Desnouettes laconically summoned Palafox in these terms:—"Head-quarters, Santa Engracia—Capitulation." To this he briefly received for answer—"Head-quarters, Saragossa—War to the knife." After this the battle raged with almost indescribable fury, it was literally maintained from street to street, house to house, and even from chamber to chamber, amidst devouring flames, and dreadful carnage. Men and women fought side by side, wives and daughters pressed forward to protect husbands, fathers, and brothers, until intelligence of the disastrous termination of the conflict at Baylen reached the French commander. When fearing that, in the general retreat of the armies, he might find himself insulated, and thus be left exposed to the inexorable vengeance of an insulted, uncompromising people, he hastily abandoned the town, having fruitlessly wasted two months.

The energies thus displayed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula, furnished the cabinet of Great Britain with a favourable opportunity, which she did not neglect; that of making a full trial of the strength of her resources upon terra firma against those of her most inveterate enemy. Such was the extent and population of the French empire, that it enabled Napoleon to keep on foot an army embodying half a million of soldiers, well armed, and excellently disciplined: but then these were collected from different countries, speaking different languages, having different habits; comprising numbers certainly, but not united in common feelings like the troops of a purely national army. Added to this, it must be confessed, that, independent of his own masculine genius, he had in his service some of the best and most experienced generals in Europe: he had annexed to his dominions many states, it was true, which swelled out the surface over which he ruled, but experience proved that he could not rely upon their fidelity in the hour of need, seeing that, more or less, they all carried within themselves the seeds of disaffection and ultimate disjunction. However extensive his means, it was quite impossible for him to concentrate the entire of this gigantic force on the soil of Spain, where he could hardly indulge a hope to locate himself, but as an odious enemy, always at the risk of having his communications with France cut off. England, on the contrary, would be received with open arms, treated as a friend, and supported by the whole power of the Spaniard, while her superiority at sea would enable her to keep up an uninterrupted communication with the peninsula, and to augment the number of her warriors whenever fresh supplies might be required. Thus, according to Colonel Napier, "the two leading nations of the world were brought into contact at a moment when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and possessed of surprising power."

Perhaps strategic talents of a more splendid character were never brought into play than were exhibited on both sides during the conduct of this truly interesting contest. It is no small renown for the British soldier, during his memorable Spanish and Portuguese campaigns, to have practically convinced the world that, when commanded by able, experienced, and energetic officers, he has not his superior either for gallantry or perseverance. Throughout the peninsular war, the British army, although it never equalled its opponents in numerical strength, yet generally defeated its adversary: for determined valour or martial discipline, for patient endurance or generous forbearance, it had few equals; while its achievements in the field crowned it with glory, and rendered it the theme of admiration with the brave of all nations.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ENGLISH TROOPS LAND IN MONDEGO BAY—JUNOT, WITH THE FRENCH ARMY, EVACUATE PORTUGAL, UNDER THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA—NAPOLEON AND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA HAVE AN INTERVIEW AT ERFURTH WHENCE THEY ADDRESS A LETTER TO THE KING OF ENGLAND—BONAPARTE RESOLVES TO CONDUCT THE SPANISH WAR IN PERSON—CROSSES THE PYRENEES, AND ENTERS SPAIN—ARRIVES AT VITTORIA—FORCES THE PASSES OF THE SAMOSIERRA MOUNTAINS—ENTERS MADRID—DEFEATED AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA—LEAVES THE SPANISH TERRITORY.

THE British Ministry entered heartily into the protection of the Peninsula, but as its measures were not ably conducted at the commencement, success was not such as could have been wished; presently, however, they were more propitious under the command of the then honourable Arthur Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington, who landed, 8th August, 1808, with a reinforcement of ten thousand men, at Mondego Bay, on the coast of Portugal, opening on the great Atlantic Ocean. He immediately began to march upon Lisbon, in the course of which, he came up with the French troops, under General Laborde, on 17th August, and drove them at the point of the bayonet, from the strong position they occupied on an eminence, notwithstanding the Gallic soldiers fought with all their accustomed gallantry. The British general, who was deficient in cavalry, could not pursue his advantage so as to prevent their junction with the forces under the command of Field-marshal Junot, then recently created Duke of Abrantes.

Junot, whose army now consisted of twenty-four thousand men, 21st August, 1808, attacked the English force, greatly inferior in numbers, at the Portuguese village of Vimiero, in Estramadura, thirty miles north of Lisbon. To use Sir Arthur's own words, "a most desperate contest ensued, which ended in a signal defeat of the enemy." The French general, who lost two thousand men, together with thirteen pieces of cannon, fell back upon the strong defiles of Torres-Vedras, three miles nearer Lisbon: where he was secure from assault by the intrepid Wellesley, who drove him to this strong hold after gaining a most decisive victory, which was in some measure rendered less effective than it might otherwise have been, by the cautious movements of Sir Harry Burrard, followed as he was by the veteran, Sir Hew Dalrymple, who succeeded to the command, an officer, that whatever might have been his prudence, certainly never partook of the daring bravery of Sir Arthur. The French marshal, who had reoccupied Lisbon, finding his longer residence in Portugal untenable, sent General Kellerman to demand a truce, which was readily granted, when the famous "Convention of Cintra," a Portuguese town, twelve miles north-west of Lisbon, was signed, (22d August, 1808), by which it was stipulated that he should surrender his armed vessels, stores, and magazines, to the British commander, provided he was permitted to ship himself, his soldiers, with their arms, and private property, and disembark with them at any French port between Rochefort and L'Orient. Portugal was thus cleared of the intruding force, while England obtained a permanent footing within the peninsula. The Portuguese, however, were no sooner emancipated from the thraldom of the French than they unfortunately split into factions, under leaders who more consulted their own selfish views than the restoration of their country to peace and harmony: instead of giving all their attention to the organization of an efficient army, and strengthening the defences of their naturally strong frontier, they wasted their time in petty squabbles for political power, and neglected, or rather refused, to furnish their deliverers, the English troops, with such supplies as they had a most undoubted right to expect would have been given munificently.

No sooner did the details reach him of the disasters experienced by Generals Lefebre Desnouettes and Dupont in Spain, as also by Field-marshal Junot in Portugal, than Bonaparte, to whom such results were novelties, to which he had never been accustomed, was convinced that it required firmer hands and better tactics to give fruition to his wishes than he had hitherto employed in this perilous expedition. He felt keenly the necessity to infuse more nerve into the conduct of his emissaries for the accomplishment of the projected scheme of subjugating the Peninsula; it became evident, that to carry it forward with any chance of success, it was requisite to use more energy than had as yet been displayed by his lieutenants in this arduous undertaking: he therefore resolved to take the command of the expedition upon himself—to rely upon his own resources for its consummation; perfectly aware that he had now to contend with his most inveterate, most determined enemy—Great Britain—who would not neglect the opportunity thus offered her of annoying him; conscious that she would, without loss of time, send succours, both of men and money, to the patriots, at the same time he was equally sensible that, in the event of not succeeding in his plans, he had every thing to fear from the growing discontent in Germany, and the readiness of Austria to take advantage of any circumstance that might occur, either to shake his power or render his position less commanding: she had already sturdily refused to acknowledge Joseph Bonaparte as King of Spain, and was increasing her military strength upon a large scale, while patriotic clubs, wearing a threatening aspect, were established, not only throughout Prussia, but in nearly all the German States.

Having come to this resolve, his next object was to assemble an army, upon the discipline of which he could securely rely, then to pass the Pyrenees, and enter Spain with an overwhelming force; thus, if possible, to crush all reasonable chance of further resistance in the Peninsula. To effect this he demanded of his slavish senate two conscriptions of eighty thousand men each, which that servile body immediately granted. These new levies were sent to replace veterans drawn from Italy, and the frontiers bordering on Germany. This enabled him to draw from those encampments two hundred thousand choice troops, including a large body of the Imperial guards, together with a most splendid well-appointed cavalry: these he ordered to commence their march forthwith towards Paris, where he met and reviewed them, and explained to them the purpose for which he had withdrawn them from their respective positions. It has been generally allowed that hardly anything could exceed the enthusiasm to which the harangues of Bonaparte generally gave birth among his troops. As these warlike columns passed through the French metropolis on their route to the Spanish territory, he thus familiarly addressed them:—"Comrades! after triumphing on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers!

I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. Let your aspect terrify and drive him from thence. Let us bear our triumphant eagles to the pillars of Hercules: there also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious on the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus? A durable peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours. A real Frenchman could not, should not, rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! what you have done, and what you are about to do, for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart."

Napoleon well knew that his continental system was in general disfavour, besides which a variety of circumstances rendered Bonaparte desirous, previously to entering on his Spanish campaign, to personally ascertain the disposition of the Russian autrocrat, who had already acknowledged the legitimacy of Joseph Bonaparte to the crown of Spain: for this purpose, he invited the Czar to a friendly conference, to be held at Erfurt, a city of Upper Saxony, seated in a fertile country, on the stream of the Gerar, fifty-eight miles west-south-west of Leipsic: here the two sovereigns met with great cordiality early in October, 1808, attended by the confederate German princes dependant upon France. Napoleon, speaking of the intimacy which subsisted between them, said, "we were two young men of quality, who, in their common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." The views and policy of the two Emperors were here fully discussed, and appeared to be perfectly in unison, as will be seen by a proposition for negociating a peace, bearing both their signatures. This conference terminated 24th October, 1808, when Bonaparte returned to Paris.

On the 21st of October, 1808, a Russian officer, accompanied by a French messenger, arrived in England with the subjoined letter, addressed to the British monarch:—

"Sire,—The present circumstances of Europe have brought us together at Erfurt. Our first thought is to yield to the wish and wants of every people, and to seek in a speedy pacification with your Majesty the most efficacious remedy for the miseries which oppress all nations. We make known to your Majesty our sincere desire in this respect by the present letter.

"The long and bloody war which has torn the Continent is at an end, without the possibility of being renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe; many states have been overthrown. The cause is to be found in the state of agitation and misery in which the stagnation of maritime commerce has placed the greatest nations. Still greater changes may yet take place, and all of them contrary to the policy of the English nation. Peace, then, is at once the interest of the people of the Continent, as it is the interest of the people of Great Britain.

"We unite in intreating your Majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, silencing that of the passions; to seek with the intention of arriving at that object, to conciliate all interests, and by that means to preserve all the powers which exist, and to insure the happiness of Europe, and of the generation at the head of which Providence has placed us.

"Dated Erfurt, 12th October, 1808. "ALEXANDER.
"NAPOLEON."

The answer to this was, that equally desirous of peace with themselves, yet it would be impossible to open negociations for that purpose except the supreme Spanish Junta, acting for Ferdinand the Seventh, were admitted a party. The Russian replied, that he could by no means admit plenipotentiaries from the Spanish Insurgents, while Napoleon, who no doubt had tutored his brother Emperor, asked what the English Government would have said, "had it been proposed to admit the Catholic Insurgents of Ireland?" This terminated the affair.

During Bonaparte's absence at Erfurt, the march of troops into Spain had been incessant. After attending the opening of the legislative bodies, and arranging other state matters, he quitted his capital, and, with his accustomed celerity, reached Bayonne on the 3rd November, 1808, where he remained until the 8th, busily occupied with directing the movements of his army. On the evening of the 8th November he entered Vittoria at the head of twelve thousand men; on his arrival, he dismounted his charger, entered the first inn he came to, called for maps, as also detailed reports of the positions, both of the French and Spanish armies; in less space than two hours he had arranged his plans for the prosecution of the war; after which he set off for the head-quarters of Marshal Bessieres, at the village of Briviesca, which he reached by day-break on the 9th; transferred the command to Field-Marshal Soult, who had accompanied him from France: thus, in a few brief hours all his machinery was once more in motion. The three grand Spanish armies under Generals Blake, in the west, Castaños in the centre, and Palafox in the east, numbered in their ranks a hundred and ten thousand men, full of zeal in the cause for which they were assembled, confident in their own strength, determined to meet their enemy with a bold front, and resolved either to conquer or die in the attempt. Blake, who had imprudently extended his line from Burgos to Bilboa, was the first object of attack; after several sanguinary actions, he was completely defeated, driven into the mountains, his troops either slaughtered or dispersed: a column of French soldiers obliged the Spaniards to fly from Burgos, when Napoleon, with a rapidity almost unparalleled, directed his efforts against General Castaños, whose head-quarters were at Soria, near the source of the river Douero, in 2° 18′ west longitude, 41° 50′ north latitude, seventy-four miles east-south-east of Burgos: meanwhile, Palafox had effected a junction with Castaños, when the combined army was attacked, 22d November, 1808, by the Emperor in person, at Tudela, a Spanish town in Navarre, with a castle, seated on the stream of the Ebro, 1° 38′ west longitude, 41° 12′ north latitude, forty-four miles south of Pamplona, one hundred miles east of Burgos: a severe battle was fought, in which the Spaniards were defeated, with even greater loss than had attended Blake. In the moment of overthrow, the two generals, Castaños and Palafox, separated; the former with the wreck of his troops, making his escape to Calatayud, an Arragonese town, standing at the foot of a hill, with a castle on a rock, on the stream of the Xalon, at the influx of the river Xiloca, forty-two miles south-west of Saragossa, within the walls of which last-mentioned city, Palafox again sought refuge, where he was soon shut up by Marshal Lasnes. General Belvedere was also defeated by Marshal Soult, and the triumphant Bonaparte now saw the main road to Madrid effectually opened to his troops, except that some twelve thousand Spanish forces, under General St. Juan, occupied the strong defile of the Somosierra, a chain of mountains within ten miles of the capital: a stronger position can scarcely be imagined: the pass is both steep and narrow, the road swept by sixteen pieces of artillery.

The vanguard of the French army reached the foot of the Somosierra mountains 30 November, 1808. The next day at dawn, it made an attempt to turn the Spanish flanks: for this purpose three battalions spread themselves over the opposite sides of the defile; when Napoleon arrived, he rode at ot once into the gorge of the pass, surveyed the scene, and quickly perceived that his infantry were not making the desired impression; consequently, that ordinary tactics would be but of little avail: presence of mind never left him, while his aptitude for expedients was almost proverbial: in an instant he conceived the daring idea of causing his Polish lancers, under the brave Krazinski, to charge up the causeway in face of the batteries. The vapours of the morning caused a thick fog, under the veil of which this bold manœuvre was carried into effect with astonishing impetuosity. The Spanish infantry, thunderstruck at the circumstance, fired upon them as they passed, threw down their arms, abandoned their intrenchments, and fled in dismay. The Poles speared the gunners, and took possession of their cannon. The disorder of the panic-struck Spaniards was so great, and they were so closely followed by the enemy, that instead of falling back to strengthen Madrid, they quitted the main road and sought safety, some in the direction of Segovia, a city of old Castile, the see of a Bishop, built upon two hills, divided by a valley on the south-west side of the current of the Erasma, in 4° 12′ west longitude, 41° 3′ north latitude, forty-three miles north-west of Madrid—others, in a contrary direction, flew for shelter to Talaveyra, a city of new Castile, seated in a valley on the stream of the Tagus, in 4° 1′ west longitude, 39° 41′ north latitude, fifty-eight miles south-west of Madrid.

On the morning of the 2nd December, 1808, three divisions of cavalry, under the immediate command of Bonaparte in person, made their appearance on the heights which overlook the Spanish metropolis on the north-west side. The time, upwards of three months, which ought to have been actively employed in preparing for resistance, since the retreat of Joseph Bonaparte, had been wasted in disgraceful cabals and shameful jealousies, so much so, that the inhabitants had only attended to its defence eight days previous to the arrival of the French army before the city, the conduct of which was confided to a local and military junta: the most strenuous efforts, however, were now made to repel the invading foe: the pavement was taken up, the streets barricaded, the houses on the outskirts loop-holed for fire-arms: violence of the most terrific character prevailed among the populace; numbers, suspected of favouring the French cause, were ruthlessly assassinated; ferocious bands paraded the thoroughfares day and night; the most horrible scenes, equally disgraceful to the actors as appalling to humanity, were exhibited; the bells of churches and convents rung incessantly, interrupted only by the piercing cries of the populace, the roll of the drum, and the shrill clangour of the trumpet. The peasantry from the neighbouring districts came in crowds to join the citizens, who, together with six thousand regular troops, were continually under arms. When the enemy's cavalry was first descried, the whole city was in a state of agitation, popular convulsion was at its height, the uproar was universal, and would seem to have foreboded that the Franks were about to find in Madrid, and its hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, another and more powerful Saragossa: this, however, did not happen to be the case;

in addition to this, a supreme government had been installed at Aranjuez, 28th September, 1808; indeed, the whole Spanish people appeared filled with enthusiasm and confidence, but experience has generally shown that the enthusiasm of large, populous, and luxurious cities usually evaporates like unconfined steam; great things are threatened, but very little is performed; the expectation held forth of a continued obstinate resistance ended in smoke and disappointment, because Don Thomas Morla, the governor, proved himself both a traitor and a coward.

At noon, on the 2nd December, 1808, an aide-de-camp was sent to summon the town; but when it became known that he was the bearer of a proposal for the city to submit to the French, he narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the enraged inhabitants, and was indebted for his life to the protection afforded him by the Spanish troops of the line. In the evening the French infantry, as well as the artillery, arrived, when one side of the town was invested; at midnight the summons was repeated, the answer still breathed defiance. At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 3rd December, 1808, the batteries began to open their fire from thirty pieces of cannon, while, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the patriots, and thus obliging them to divide their forces, twenty other pieces of ordnance, with some light troops, made a false attack on another quarter of the city. In less than an hour, four thousand Spanish regulars who defended the gardens of the Retiro, were overthrown; at eleven o'clock the French soldiery had obtained possession of the important posts of the Observatory, the China Manufactory, the Great Barracks, and the immense Palace of the Dukes of Medina-Cœli. The cannonade then ceased; another envoy was despatched into the city to demand its surrender. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the governor, General Morla, left the capital, in company with the French herald, for the head-quarters of the Emperor, with whom he had an interview, under the tent of the Prince de Neufchatel, when he solicited a suspension of arms. Napoleon received him with great hauteur, appeared very angry, sternly rebuked him for the violation of the capitulation of Baylen: observing, that "Injustice and bad faith always recoil on those who are guilty of them." On his return, Morla strongly urged the necessity of instant capitulation. The inhabitants, however, refused to lay down their arms, continued to fire upon the French soldiers from the windows of the houses surrounding the public walk of the Prado, the tumult increased, and at last became unmanageable, while fifty thousand armed inhabitants, without discipline, ran wildly about the streets, vociferating for orders, and accusing their leaders of treason. The Captain general, the Marquis of Castellar, perceiving that the governor, together with most of the civil authorities, were averse to all further resistance, quitted Madrid in safety, during the night of the 3rd, accompanied by other military men of rank, together with the regular troops, and sixteen pieces of cannon. At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 4th December, 1808, the Spanish metropolis surrendered to the Emperor; at ten o'clock, Napoleon entered at the head of his army, the Spaniards were disarmed, and the town filled with French troops, who, to their honour be it spoken, conducted themselves with strict discipline. Bonaparte fixed his residence at Chamartin, a country villa, four miles distant from the city; the shops were re-opened, the theatres frequented as usual, and in a few days tranquillity and order appeared to be completely re-established.

Having consummated his victory over the defenders of the capital, Nepoleon lost no time in exercising the rights of a conqueror. Willing, however, to conciliate the haughty people whom he had subdued, he commenced his career with a proclamation, by which, with ten exceptions, he granted a general amnesty ; at the same time, to gain the goodwill of the parochial clergy, whom he found to be a very influential body, he augmented their stipends at the expense of the monastic establishments, availing himself of that opportunity to prescribe the number of monks, whom he looked upon with an unfavourable eye, considering them an idle as well as a mischievous fraternity. He then issued edicts, by which the Inquisition was abolished, as a barbarous institution established in the darker ages, altogether unsuited to the more liberal opinions of modern times ; feudal rights were annulled, as incompatible with a system of free government ; all particular jurisdictions were suppressed, as inconvenient clogs upon the executive power : these regulations were attended with happy results, and in some measure reconciled the population to its fate. Shortly after, he received a deputation of the principal inhabitants, who came to announce their desire to see his brother Joseph once more among them as their king, To this, his answer was rather pithy : he plainly told them, "Spain was his own by right of conquest, that he could easily rule their country by means of viceroys, at the same time observing, that if they were really sincere in their application, and would give substantial proof of it, by assembling priests and people in their respective churches, and there swear allegiance to King Joseph, he was by no means reluctant to listen to their request, which he should not entertain upon any other terms." This, however, was but a secondary consideration with the Emperor, who busily employed himself in making the necessary dispositions for completing his conquest of the whole Peninsula ; an event which his means fully warranted him to expect would speedily take place. These means were truly gigantic ; he had, on the Spanish territory, ready for immediate service, fifty thousand horses, one hundred pieces of field artillery, together with two hundred and fifty-five thousand men, a large proportion of them veteran troops, but all well disciplined : while his reserve on the south side of the Pyrenees consisted of eighty thousand men, with a park of artillery, embracing a hundred cannon.

While these important transactions were going on, the blundering imperfect intelligence from the Spanish generals, together with the unaccountable delay of the English Government in furnishing the requisite supplies to enable the British troops to act on the offensive, prevented the commencement of operations taking place at so early a period as they ought to have done ; thus rendered them useless for the purpose intended ; —the support of the armies under Generals Blake and Belvedere. In consequence of the recall of Sir Arthur Wellesley, to attend a parliamentary investigation and subsequent trial and acquittal of General Sir Hew Dalrymple, for having signed "the Convention of Cintra," the command of the English army in Portugal devolved upon General Sir John Moore, a right gallant but unfortunate officer, who had landed on the Portuguese coast with a re-inforcement of ten thousand men, during the progress of that famous Convention, which gave general disgust in England. At length, however, the British legions were put in motion : they advanced towards Salamanca, a Spanish fortified city, in the kingdom of Leon, seated partly on hills and partly in a plain, the walls of which are washed by the waters of the River Thormes, in 5° 48′ west longitude, 41° 24 north latitude, eighty-five miles south-by-west of Leon, one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Madrid, is a bishop's see, and famous for its university. General Sir David Baird, who had recently landed at Coruña, with a fresh division of thirteen thousand fighting men, had orders to form a junction with Moore, either at Salamanca or at Valladolid, another Spanish city in Leon, seated on the stream of the Escurva, near the current of the River Pisuerga, in 4° 47′ west longitude, 41° 42′ north latitude, seventy-four miles south-south-east of Leon, one hundred miles north-west of Madrid: the environs of this town are beautifully studded with gardens, orchards, and vineyards. While on his march, Sir John Moore received the unwelcome account of the total destruction of the Spanish forces, under General Castaños; the main object of his movement, therefore, was frustrated: as he had, however, by this time been joined by Sir David Baird, and was also most solemnly assured that the Spanish metropolis would make a desperate resistance, he resolved to attack the French division under Field-marshal Soult, which, if successful, would enable him not only to create a formidable diversion in favour of the south of Spain, if not of the capital itself, by affording the Spanish General Romaña time to reorganize an army in Gallicia, but also to turn the left flank of the Emperor, and thus intercept his communication; at all events, it was quite certain it would secure for himself a safe retreat upon Coruña, from whence his troops might be easily sent round to Seville, to assist in the defence of that portion of the peninsula which, while it was the seat of the junta who exercised the actual government, was as yet unscathed by the presence of the intruding forces. Seville is perhaps one of the most beautiful cities in the European Spanish dominions; it is seated on the stream of the Guadalquiver, on the west side of which river is a grove of olive-trees, thirty miles in length: the town contains one hundred and twenty hospitals, richly endowed, is double walled, flanked with high towers, and well fortified, the see of an archbishop, has a university, also a royal palace, a mile in extent, called the Alcazar: has a foundry, and is the largest depôt for artillery in the kingdom: That iniquitous institution, the Inquisition—now, for the honour of humanity, abolished—had its establishment in the suburb of Triano, which like our borough of Southwark, lies across the river, over which is a long bridge of boats; it once employed no less than sixteen thousand looms in weaving woollen and silk: at present it does not give activity to more than a fourth part of that number: its geographical situation is 5° 59 west longitude, 37° 14′ north latitude, its distance from the Atlantic ocean forty-five miles, and from Madrid two hundred and twelve miles south-south-west.

The great ambition of opposing himself to the British army, would appear to have been a predominant feeling with Bonaparte; no sooner did the news of the advance of Sir John Moore reach him, than all his other plans seemed to vanish before his desire to compete with his English antagonist: 20th December, 1808, Napoleon, at the head of some fifty thousand veterans, marched with incredible speed, with a view to cut off Sir John's communication with Portugal, and thus place the troops of the English commander between Marshal Soult and himself Moore, on the other hand, felt the necessity of making good his retreat, from the instant he was given to understand that the French Emperor was approaching with a determination to attack him. Under the influence of this, he commenced a most calamitous retrograde movement through the barren mountains of Gallicia, with Soult hanging on his rear; the very notion of retreat was sufficient to damp the spirits of an English soldier; yet, notwithstanding this, the miserable condition of the roads, and the inclemency of the weather, so tempestuous at this season of the year, the troops amply sustained their character for bravery, never failing to rally whenever threatened by the enemy. On his arrival at Coruña, Sir John Moore clearly perceived that it would be impossible to embark without either a convention or a battle; a truly English officer never permits himself to have a choice while a glimmering of hope may remain. Sir John nobly adopted the latter as the braver alternative; English courage carried him through: in a severe encounter, 16th January, 1809, the French were repelled with great loss: the troops embarked without further molestation: triumph, however, was purchased at a very dear rate; their valiant English commander, Sir John Moore, fell in the arms of victory, mortally wounded by a cannon-shot. There is a sympathy among the really brave that banishes for the moment all hostile feelings. The fate of Moore operated powerfully upon his French adversaries, they bore ample testimony to his undaunted gallantry; and as evidence of their admiration of the man as a trustworthy, accomplished general, they erected a monument over his remains, which had been consigned to their mother earth by his own soldiers, who buried him in his cloak, amidst the great regret of his intrepid troops.

It would almost seem that the spectacle of an English force, in full retreat, was sufficient to gratify the feelings of Napoleon, who had come up with the troops in pursuit of Sir John Moore, so early as 29th December, 1808; but wherefore he should abandon the desire he had so strongly manifested, of coming into contact with a British army, will quickly appear; certain it is, however, that he left the ground to the discretion of Marshal Soult, and traced back his steps, not to the Spanish, but to the French capital, with the utmost rapidity. So great was his haste in one part of his journey, that in five hours and a half, he rode on post-horses no less than seventy-five English miles.

To account for this proceedure, it may perhaps be proper to state, that the conduct of the Austrian Emperor began to betray unfriendly symptoms, to which the French Ministry had not been wanting in either reproaches or threats; the present conduct of the Austrian Cabinet was deemed by the Cabinet of the Thuilleries, a treacherous violation of solemn treaties; indeed, there remained but little doubt that, for the purpose of making a great effort to retrieve her ancient independence and power, which had been so degradingly compromised at Austerlitz, Austria meditated once more to take the field against Napoleon, whom she saw, with great satisfaction, had his hands full in the Peninsula. It was intelligence of this state of things in Germany, which was the real cause of the sudden change of purpose, as well as of the abrupt and hasty departure of the French Emperor from his Spanish enterprize. The complaints of the French Executive against the Austrian Government may be thus summed up:—

Opening to English commerce the spacious harbour of Trieste, a seaport town in Austrian Illyria, seated in 14° 3′ east longitude, 45° 51′ north latitude, on the north-east shore of the Gulf of Venice, seventy miles north-east of that ancient city.

Giving protection, by convoy of ships of war, to merchantmen, on their passage from Malta and the Levant, loaded either with British manufactures or the produce of English colonies.

Allowing an official messenger from the Spanish Patriots to land at Trieste.

A formal promise made by the Government of Vienna to assist the Spanish junta with a hundred thousand warriors: this, it was alleged, had reached the Tuilleries by mere accident.

Hostile intentions of the Emperor Francis against France, which is the actual reason of the recent augmentation of the Austrian armies. This intention, it was asserted, had providentially been made apparent by a declaration of the King of England, who had alluded to it in no very ambiguous language.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRIAL BY JURY ESTABLISHED IN FRANCE—STATE OF THE FRENCH NAVY—PRINCE MURAT ASCENDS THE NEAPOLITAN THRONE—DISPUTE BETWEEN THE POPE AND BONAPARTE—ROME AND THE SEAPORTS OF THE POPEDOM OCCUPIED BY FRENCH TROOPS—AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR AGAINST FRANCE—HOFER HEADS A SUCCESSFUL INSURRECTION IN THE TYROL—BONAPARTE DEFEATS THE IMPERIALISTS AT LANDSHUT—GAINS A COMPLETE VICTORY OVER THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES AT ECKMUHL—CAPTURES RATISBON—ENTERS VIENNA—DETHRONES POPE PIUS VII.—UNITES THE ROMAN STATES WITH THE KINGDOM OF ITALY—SETTLES THE SUCCESSION—THE PONTIFF EXCOMMUNICATES BONAPARTE—BATTLE OF WAGRAM—ARMISTICE WITH AUSTRIA—TREATY OF SCHOENBRUNN—BONAPARTE DIVORCES JOSEPHINE—MARRIES THE AUSTRIAN ARCHDUCHESS MARIA LOUISA—DEPOSES HIS BROTHER LOUIS—ANNEXES HOLLAND AND THE WHOLE GERMAN COAST TO THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

After the return of Napoleon Bonaparte to his metropolis, he caused an exposé of the then state of the French dominions to be presented to the Legislative Body; one that will ever remain memorable in the annals of France. Among other matters, after speaking of "the perfection which the military system had reached by its simplicity, and how admirably it was calculated to enhance the consequence of the empire," it proceeds to state "the great activity prevailing at Antwerp, and the other naval arsenals, from whence twelve sail of the line had been launched in the year, while twenty-five more, with as many frigates, were on the stocks." It then notices "the privations and distresses to which the population had been exposed in consequence of the operation of the British orders in Council," which are emphatically dwelt on with a view to extol "the resignation with which they had been endured," and to laud "the genius of invention to which they had given birth," observing, "an example had been held forth, by which the nation had been taught, that a country essentially agricultural, by possessing in abundance all the useful articles of life, can easily afford to forego those which only tend to its convenience or constitute its luxuries, especially when its glory as well as its independence are at stake." But the most valuable portion of this document, which must ever form its most distinguishing feature, and render it dear to the hearts of Frenchmen as well as flattering to the natives of England, was its announcing, in distinct terms, that "in future trial by jury should prevail in all the French Courts, on the exact principles of English law."

When Joseph Bonaparte was declared king of Spain, he vacated the sovereignty of Naples, the crown of which was bestowed on Napoleon's brother-in-law, Field-marshal Prince Murat, who mounted the Neapolitan throne as King Joachim I. A misunderstanding had long subsisted between Pope Pius UII. and Bonaparte. This was greatly aggravated by a suspicion that the Spanish patriots were secretly assisted by the Cabinet of the Vatican, while the Holy Father never felt contented with the arrangements made in the Concordat for the clerical settlement of France, and therefore viewed, with no unfriendly eye, the exertions of the priesthood in stimulating the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal to resist the intrusion of French troops in the Peninsula. Another source of discontent was the resolute refusal of the Sovereign Pontiff to declare war against England, to which he had been strongly urged by Napoleon: indeed, it was with extreme difficulty that the latter had prevailed upon his Holiness to enforce the Berlin and Milan decrees, by shutting the seaports of the Ecclesiastical States against English commerce—an act of concession to which he showed a manifest reluctance. These harbours were immediately occupied by French soldiers. General Miollis, also by command of Buonaparte, took military possession of the city of Rome, in February, 1809: the Pontiff, however, was allowed to remain in his capital, where he still exhibited the semblance of regal power, attended by his own guards, in the palace of the Vatican.

The opportunity so long coveted by the Austrian government would appear to have at last presented itself under somewhat favourable auspices. The insurrection in Spain and Tortugal, the occupation of the latter by British soldiers, the growing discontent in the Venetian States, the Tyrol, and in Germany, as well as in the Prussian dominions, the perturbed condition of Italy, the hostile attitude of Abruzzo, one of the four great provinces of Naples, the ill-feeling of the Pope, and disgust of the clergy—these, taken altogether, seemed, in the opinion of the Aulic Council of Vienna, to make up an amount of difficulties which, it flattered itself, would prove more than a match for the genius of Napoleon, gigantic as on all hands it was allowed to be. The general feeling in the Imperial Cabinet was, that Bonaparte would be obliged to succumb; that, consequently, Austria would recover all she had hitherto lost, emerge from the degradation in which she had been involved by the late treaty, and take her usual station among the powers of Europe. In consequence, preparations for hostilities were made on a very extensive scale, the magazines were filled with warlike stores, while the most strenuous exertions had been made throughout the Austrian dominions to collect and organize an imposing army, which, by the new levies, was augmented to nearly half a million of soldiers. Thus prepared, the Emperor declared war against France, 6th April, 1809, and opened the campaign with the invasion of the kingdom of Bavaria.

The Archduke Charles was appointed Generalissimo of the imperial forces, which were divided into nine corps, each embodying from thirty to forty thousand men; at the same time, he was relieved from the thraldom of the Aulic Council, and left to carry on the contest, according to his own discretion. His brother, the Archduke John, with two of these divisions, marched towards Italy, by way of Carinthia; himself, with other six of them, crossed the River Inn in person, and entered hostilely the Bavarian dominions, whose monarch was the ally of France. The Archduke Louis commanded two corps in advance; at the same time, with a view to keep the Russian in check should the Czar, which was not improbable, be induced to take part with Napoleon, the Archduke Ferdinand commanded the ninth division in Polish Galicia, lying between forty-eight and fifty-one degrees of north latitude, and between nineteen and twenty-six degrees of east longitude, comprising a surface of thirty-two thousand square miles, with a population of three million seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, having the stream of the Vistula on part of its northern and the waters of the river Bug on a portion of its eastern boundary, a province divided from Hungary by the Carpathian mountains, which was forcibly wrested from Poland in the shameful partition of that unhappy country in 1772, and most unjustly annexed to the Austrian dominions, under the appellation of the Kingdom of Galicia and Lodomeria.

The French Emperor, accompanied by his lovely Empress, the faithful and elegant Josephine, immediately on receipt of this intelligence, quitted the gay scenes of Paris, travelled with his accustomed celerity, and assumed the command of his Rhenish army, 13th April, 1809. As he was obliged to keep so large a force in Spain, he could not expect to bring into the field an army equally numerous with that of the Imperialists, but to compensate for this want of numerical strength, he had great reliance on the rapidity of his own movements, by which he looked forward to outmanœuvre the Austrian princes, and secure success by the practice of his old tactics,—that of bearing with his whole force upon the advance under the Archduke. To this end, on the 17th April, 1809, he ordered his Field-marshals, Davoust and Massena, who commanded his two wings, simultaneously to approximate each other's corps, while he pushed forward, personally, with his centre to the same point. The Austrian Prince, thus unexpectedly invested by three bodies of the enemy moving at one and the same time from three different positions, was so placed that he must either have accepted battle, retreat, or surrender. Choosing the former alternative, a sanguinary engagement was fought with decided courage on both sides. The Archduke was defeated on the 20th April, 1809, at the Bavarian town of Abensperg, or Abensburg, seated on the stream of the Abens, near the River Danube, in the circle of Regen, fifteen miles south-west of Ratisbon. The next day, the contest was renewed at the Bavarian town of Landshut, famous for its breweries and distilleries, seated on an island in the river Iser, in 12° 6′ east longitude, 48° 30′ north latitude, thirty-two miles north-east of Munich. Here the battle raged with indescribable fury, when the Imperialist was utterly routed, leaving behind him thirty pieces of cannon, all his magazines and munitions of war, together with nine thousand men, either killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Bonaparte, whether successful or otherwise, was not a man to slacken in his measures against the enemy. The very next day, 22d April, 1809, at two o'clock, by a variety of well-concerted simultaneous movements skilfully managed, he brought his whole force, by separate routes, to act conjunctively upon the well-chosen position of his old antagonist, the Archduke Charles, the Imperial Generalissimo, who, with full a hundred thousand men under his command, advantageously occupied a strong post at the little Bavarian town of Eckmühl, south of the River Danube, thirteen miles south-east of Ratisbon. The conflict was commenced by a charge from Napoleon, and lasted with unabated destruction until night-fall, when the Imperialist was completely overthrown, and victory declared for the French: the carnage was dreadful; the ground was covered with the wounded, the dying, and the slain. Besides his loss on the field of battle, the Austrian left fifteen stand of colours, the greater portion of his artillery, an immense quantity of baggage, together with some twenty thousand prisoners, in the hands of the conqueror, and retreated in the utmost disorder to Ratisbon, a strongly fortified city of Bavaria, seated on the south side of the stream of the Danube, at the influx of the waters of the Regen, in 42° 6′ east longitude, 48° 58′ north latitude, sixty-two miles north-east of Munich, one hundred and ninety-five west by north of the City of Vienna. He was closely followed by the active French Emperor: on the 23rd April, 1809, the discomfited Archduke made an attempt to rally the fugitives and defend the city, but Bonaparte, who allowed him no rest, immediately stormed the place, made good his lodgment, and drove the Austrian through the streets of the town, who was thus compelled to abandon all chance of protecting Vienna from the grasp of the victor, and with the wreck of the army made good his retreat into Bohemia. During this, Napoleon was wounded in the foot, to the evident alarm of his troops, who crowded around him when they heard of the accident. He, however, quickly restored confidence, by mounting his charger and riding along the lines, having hardly allowed the surgeon time to dress his wound. The main force of his opponent was thus completely broken, and five days had sufficed, by the indomitable courage and acknowledged strategy of the great commander, known by the soubriquet of the Petit Caporal, to enable an inferior force to triumph over one greatly superior. Bonaparte commenced his march upon Vienna 24th April, 1809, having first bestowed the title of Duke of Eckmuhl upon Field-marshal Davoust, for the gallantry displayed by that general during the action. On the 9th of May, 1809, the conqueror appeared once more before the walls of the Austrian capital, whither the ill-tidings of his recent victory had travelled before him; in consequence of this disastrous news, the Emperor, with all his family, except his daughter the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who was confined by sickness to her chamber, had already quitted Vienna; upon understanding the cause of the Archduchess remaining, Napoleon gave strict orders that no shots should be fired against that part of the city which held the invalid princess. The garrison, consisting of ten thousand regulars, under the command of the Archduke Maximilian, evacuated it on the approach of the French troops, but the inhabitants had determined on offering a vigorous resistance, and made preparations accordingly: the bombardment, in consequence, commenced, when the citizens, seeing the hopelessness of their condition, abandoned as they were by the garrison, sent a flag of truce to Bonaparte, with an offer of capitulation, the articles of which were signed the 10th of May, 1809. The French took immediate possession, and Napoleon once more established his head quarters at the Imperial Palace of Schoenbrunn, where he led the same course of life to which he had been accustomed at the Tuilleries; incessantly occupied either with his generals, writing despatches, or digesting plans, but seldom appearing in public.

While this was going forward, the Archduke Ferdinand had not only gained some advantage over the Russians in Poland, but absolutely obtained possession of the city of Warsaw; when, however, intelligence reached him of the fatal battle of Eckmuhl, he quitted his conquest, and marched with his division to support the main army in Bohemia, under his brother the Archduke Charles. In consequence, the troops of the Czar not only repossessed themselves of Warsaw, but spread themselves as conquerors over the whole of the Austro-Polish provinces, he did not, however, seem disposed to advance into Germany to unite with the troops of his friend and ally, the Emperor Napoleon.

The conflict at Eckmühl, by its unfortunate result, was destined to frustrate the good fortune of all the Imperial commanders. In Italy, the two Austrian divisions, under the Archduke John, had made some progress ere the news of that fatal affair reached them. They had defeated Bonaparte's viceroy, Prince Eugene Beauharnois, in a pitched battle, after which they had also reduced

The fortified ecclesiastical city of PADUA, seven miles in circumference, seated in a fine plain, on the waters of the Brenta and the stream of the rivulet Bachioglione, in 11° 53′ east longitude, 45° 14′ north latitude, twenty miles west by south of Venice; as also

The unwalled city of VICENZA, seated between two hills, in a fertile plain, at the junction of the waters of the rivulets Bachioglione and Rerone, in 11° 40′ east longitude, 45° 28′ north latitude, twenty-two miles east of Verona, thirty-two miles west of Venice.

Like his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, he was under the necessity to abandon the advantages he had gained, and forthwith march with his legions to strengthen the main army under the generalissimo in Bohemia. Prince Eugene pursued him, hung upon the rear of the retreating Archduke, and brougnt him to action in Hungary, where they fought another great battle at Raab, a strong fortified Hungarian town, the see of a bishop, seated at the conflux of the river Raab, with the waters of the Rabnitz, not far from the stream of the Danube, in 17° 7′ east longitude, 47° 38′ north latitude, thirty-eight miles south-south-east of Presburg. In this conflict, however, fortune changed sides, and the Austrian Prince was worsted.

Notwithstanding his almost unparalleled successes, Napoleon was not free from alarm at the general aspect of the times. He began to find plenty of work carved out for him. The example of the Peninsula he saw, with no little dismay, was not entirely without its effect in other quarters: popular commotions against his authority were evidently on the increase, whenever opportunity fairly offered. To these things, therefore, he was by no means an indifferent spectator. To prevent a general flame bursting forth, from the Rhine to the Elbe, he felt the necessity of bringing the great contest with Austria to a speedy conclusion; seeing that, when the mountaineers who inhabited the Tyrol heard the Emperor, to whose house, previous to the treaty of Presburg, their country had belonged, had again resorted to arms, they openly manifested the hatred they bore to the Bavarian sway, to which they had been consigned, much against their own will, as well as to the French, who had caused the transfer; and their native zeal evinced itself in favour of their former sovereign. Headed by an intrepid, gallant peasant, named Hofer, they seized on the strong passes of their mountainous district, conducted their revolt with so much firmness, that in four days, every French and Bavarian soldier quartered among them was a prisoner, with the exception of the garrison of Kufstein, a strong fortified Tyrolese town on the frontier of Bavaria, seated on the stream of the Iser, in 12 °15′ east longitude, 47° 30′ north latitude, forty-six miles south-south-east of Munich. Such, however, was the crippled state of Austria, that she could not afford to send any succour to these hardy persevering sons of toil, who had so nobly risen in her favour. Bonaparte, however, found the suppression of this insurrection a much more difficult task than he imagined; experience convinced him that it was easier to cope with the Archduke Charles, than to quell the insubordination of these mountain peasants. He ordered General Lefebvre to march against the revolters. Hofer defended his strongholds with unconquerable obstinacy. The Tyrolese generally are good marksmen, accustomed to the use of fire-arms. The peasant-general posted his followers along the edge of the precipices, between which his assailants were compelled to make their approach; these opened a galling fire upon the advancing French columns, and did great execution by rolling down enormous stones with continued rapidity; this proved so destructive, that the French General, finding he could not make any favourable impression, was glad to make good his retreat from so murderous an enemy. War, however, by whomever carried on, always a severe scourge, a decided drawback on the comforts of the people, never fails to inflict a serious amount of misery upon all those who are so unfortunate as to come within its devouring vortex. No sooner had General Lefebvre retired with his troops, than these warlike peasants became assailants in their turn; they issued from their fastnesses, and laid waste the neighbouring territory of Bavaria. After the termination of hostilities with the Austrian, Napoleon sent an overwhelming force against the Tyrolese highlanders, when revenge was glutted to satiety, by butchering Hofer and all those who had taken a prominent part with the courageous rustic. Thus fell a valorous, noble-minded individual, who, had he succeeded, would have been eulogized as a hero; failing, he was branded as a rebel, and executed as such.

Hofer's revolt, however, was not the only vexatious circumstance of the kind with which Bonaparte had to contend. When the prosecution of the Austrian campaign rendered it imperative on him to concentrate his forces spread over Germany, the Prussian partizan, Colonel Schill, availed himself of the opportunity, and flew to arms in the expectation that the strength of national resentment for the treatment of their Queen would induce a general insurrection; in this he was seconded by the Duke of Brunswick, the son of him who was mortally wounded at the memorable battle of Jena; this nobleman, with his adherents, made an hostile appearance in the margraviate of Lusatia, and invited all true Germans to imitate the heroic conduct of the Spaniards. These movements might have materially altered the face of affairs, if it had not been for the disastrous event at Eckmühl: the issue of that famous battle palsied the exertions of the malcontents. The Duke was kept in check by the Saxon troops, and the brave Schill, after a variety of fortune, was at length, together with his patriotic band, shut up in Stralsund, a Pomeranian harbour, nearly surrounded by the Baltic Sea, and the waters of the lake Francen, in 13° 16′ east longitude, 54° 20 north latitude, forty miles east north-east of Rostock, eighty-five miles north-west of Stettin. This resolute officer lost his life in a sortie, and thus escaped the certain doom which awaited him for the intrepid but unsuccessful attempt he had made for the deliverance of his native soil from the oppressive grasp of foreign domination.

The inimical feelings of the Court of the Vatican to the French cause had long been a subject of suspicion with the Emperor Napoleon. The conduct of his Holiness during the recent progress of the Archduke John, in Italy, had rather augmented than diminished this suspicion; therefore, Bonaparte, although surrounded, as he appeared to be, with difficulties, resolved to take decisive measures with the Sovereign Pontiff, and at any rate remove whatever of evil might result from any defection of Pope Pius VII., while he still retained the reins of power. For this purpose he determined to dethrone the Holy Father as a secular prince; this determination he carried into immediate effect, settled a pension on the venerable patriarch in his spiritual capacity as vicar of Christ, declared the Papal States from thenceforth an integral portion of his empire; and organized a scheme of administration for the civil government of Rome, which he made to take rank as his second city. The manifesto for this change was issued by Napoleon, 17th May, 1809, from the palace of Schoenbrunn: it ran thus:—"Whereas, the temporal Sovereign of Rome has refused to make war against England, and the interests of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples ought not to be intercepted by a hostile power; and whereas the donation of Charlemagne, our illustrious predecessor, of the countries which form the Holy See, was for the good of Christianity, and not for that of the enemies of our holy religion: we therefore decree that the duchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Camarino, be for ever united to the kingdom of Italy."

This arrangement was not carried out so quietly as Bonaparte had contemplated; in fact, it was the fruitful source of fresh disorders. No sooner had the Senatus Consultum, confirming the imperial rescript, arrived at Rome from Paris, than the Pope fulminated the thunders of the church against Napoleon, who was formally excommunicated by an ecclesiastical bull. The expectations of the friends to the restoration of the Popedom revived. Some news from Germany, which, however, turned out to be delusive, had given birth to new hopes among the adherents to the ancient regime; disturbances of a serious nature broke out in the Holy City. The French general Miollis, taking advantage of this state of things, arrested the Holy Father in his palace at midnight, and, under pretence that a life, sacred in the eyes of all Christians, might been dangered, instantly despatched him with a strong escort to Savona, a strongly fortified town, with a citadel built upon a rock, in the Genoese territory, seated on the Mediterranean Sea, in 8° 20 east longitude, 44° 18′ north latitude, twenty-four miles west-south-west of Genoa. He was subsequently removed, by order of Napoleon, to the French fortified city of Grenoble, seated on the stream of the Isere, the see of a bishop, with a fort erected on the summit of a mountain, in 5° 54′ east longitude, 45° 12′ north latitude, three hundred miles south-south-east of Paris, sixty from Lyons, and one hundred due-west of Turin. His reception here was by far too flattering to satisfy the mind of the French Emperor, who had, in the first instance, blamed the conduct of General Miollis as too precipitate. The population treated the fallen sovereign with marked respect, and seemed to take a deep interest in his fate; while the clergy, considering him a martyr, suffering in the cause of the true Romish faith, flocked around him, paying him homage with all the appearance of truly reverential feelings. In consequence, he was very shortly reconducted to his original destination at Savona.

Events of daily occurrence made the French Emperor feel the deep and growing importance to himself, that he should bring the war with Austria to a speedy issue; consequently, Bonaparte was extremely desirous to have another trial of strength with the Archduke Charles, who had succeeded, almost beyond his expectation, to re-establish the discipline, and augment the number of his troops. It was the first wish of Napoleon that the Austrian Generalissimo might quit the Bohemian strongholds. This happened just as the commander of the French forces could have wished; the Archduke advanced towards the Danube, so near, that the waters of that river alone divided the two armies. The stream, however, had been greatly swollen, while all the bridges across it were destroyed; this current, therefore, seemed to present an almost insuperable barrier between the equally expecting combatants. Bonaparte, however, with his usual determination, was resolved to surmount the impediment, and bring the enemy to action on the opposite bank; to accomplish this object, he made an unsuccessful attempt at the village of Nussdorff; resolved upon his course, he was not to be diverted from it by this failure; he sought a spot more favourable to his views; at the village of Ebersdorff the river is broader, and intersected with a cluster of low woody islands, the largest of which bears the name of Lobau; on these he succeeded, 19th of May, 1809, to establish the greater portion of his army, by means of a bridge of boats, which on the following day he transported to the left bank of the river, leaving his reserve, under Field-marshal Davoust, on the right bank; and made himself master of the villages of Asperne and Essling, in effecting which, he experienced so little opposition on the part of his antagonist, that it was evident the Archduke coincided in opinion with him, and wished to place the river between the French army and Vienna previous to the battle now inevitably about to take place. At daybreak, 21st May, 1809, the Imperial Generalissimo, who had divided his whole force into five columns, which were protected by more than two hundred pieces of artillery, made a demonstration on an eminence, separated from the French camp by an extensive plain. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he made an assault on the village of Asperne, when the battle commenced: both parties were prepared to contest the disputed ground with determined valour. The village was taken and retaken, at an immense sacrifice of human life, several times during the day, night alone separated the combatants, each occupying a portion of the disputed ground: the church, together with the churchyard, remained in the hands of the Archduke, while the residue was in possession of the French Emperor. The next morning the contest was renewed with equal perseverance; Bonaparte drove the Austrians and regained the church, but so determined was the Imperial chief to dislodge his enemy, and make himself master of Asperne at all hazards, that each successive repulse, although attended with great slaughter, only strengthened his resolution to accomplish his object, and induced him to renew the assault more vigorously with fresh troops, by which his left wing as well as his centre was materially weakened. The keen-sighted Napoleon did not suffer this circumstance to escape his notice; he clearly perceived the advantage he was likely to derive from it, and immediately poured his divisions, one after the other, or, to use a military term, *en echellon*, with such impetuosity upon the thinned ranks of the Imperialists, that, had not an unexpected occurrence taken place, which placed the French army in imminent danger, by cutting off all communication with the reserve, victory must, beyond all doubt, have declared in favour of the French. The rapidity of its current had been considerably increased by the swelling of the waters of the Danube; this was a favourable circumstance for the Austrian, who availed himself of the opportunity, at this critical moment, to despatch some fire-ships down the stream, by the velocity of which the bridge that connected the Island of Lobau with the right bank of the river, was swept away; communication was thus entirely destroyed as between the French Emperor and his reserve under the command of Field-marshal Davoust. This untoward event compelled Napoleon, for his own preservation, to call off his troops, relinquish offensive operations, and fall back upon Lobau. The village of Essling, as well as that of Asperne, which had been furiously attacked by the Austrians, but obstinately defended by Field-marshal Massena, was still in the hands of the French. Under cover of this, and the numerous batteries constructed in the vicinity, Bonaparte contrived, during the night, to withdraw his whole force, leaving the villages of Essling and Asperne, together with the left bank of the Danube, in possession of the Archduke; on the morning of the 23rd May, 1809, the French Emperor found himself cooped up in Lobau and the neighbouring islands, a situation of extreme hazard, from which to have extricated himself, had the enemy been in a condition to have attacked him, must have brought into play all the known skill of the "*Petit Caporal.*" The fact was otherwise: the losses of the Imperialists as well as of the French had been immense; the two days of conflict had been of the most sanguinary description—humanity shudders at the recollection—the carnage had been frightful, the pathways of the contested villages were literally covered with human carcasses, the mangled bodies of those who had fallen in this murderous contest. Both parties had so severely suffered by its devastating effects, that if one felt too much weakened to resume the offensive, the other felt equal want of ability to continue the combat. If Napoleon had received a check, which most unquestionably he had, the Austrian general had, in his turn, been so roughly handled that prudence forbid him to follow up his success: both, therefore, resembled the hare and the hounds, where one was too tired to pursue, the other too fatigued to run away; each, in consequence, kept their station to make the necessary preparations to enable them to resume operations.

During the two days of hard fighting at Essling and Asperne, Napoleon hazarded his person like any subaltern in his army; offering consolation to the wounded and animating the troops. At one period, General Walter, perceiving that the enemies' bullets did great execution near the spot where the Emperor stood, became alarmed at the imminent danger to which he was exposed: in consequence, he thus addressed him: "Sire, if your Majesty does not think fit to move off this instant, I will, at the risk of your displeasure, cause you to be forcibly borne away by my own grenadiers." This fiercely contested engagement was highly destructive of officers; the Austrians lost eighty-seven of superior rank, while the French had four generals killed. Among the latter was the intrepid Field-marshal Lasnés, Duke of Montebello, whom, for his enterprising valour, the Gallic soldiery delighted to designate as "the Roland of the Camp." He was certainly a man of most undaunted courage, with great experience in war, having been in fifty-four pitched battles and three hundred combats of various kinds. At Ratisbon, he headed in person the storming party, exclaiming, "Soldiers! your General has not forgotten that he was once a grenadier." At Asperne, towards the close of the second day, he was mortally wounded by a cannon-shot that deprived him of both his legs. Bonaparte, who saw them bearing him off on a litter, instantly darted forward, burst into tears, and took him in his arms, mournfully exclaiming, "Montebello, dost thou recollect me?" The dying marshal faintly replied, "Yes, Sire; and you have lost your best friend." The Emperor vehemently responded, "No! no! thou shalt live." Addressing himself to M. Larrey, his own surgeon, he asked him, "Is it not true? do you not answer for his recovery?" A shake of the head told the sad tale. Napoleon, turning to the surrounding group, observed—"My heart required only such a painful stroke as this to make me occupy myself on this day with any other care than that of my army." The duke, somewhat recovering himself from a state of insensibility, cast an affectionate look on his sorrowing companion, embraced him, then, making an energetic effort to speak, said, "Adieu, Sire,—within an hour you will have lost him who dies with the glory as well as the consolation of being your best friend." Thus fell a gallant warrior, who never disguised his thoughts, but was remarkable for the frankness with which he delivered his opinions; possessed of a clear penetrating eye, cool in the midst of slaughter, he was ever ready to reap the advantage of any opportunity that might present itself. The old nobility, and the emigrants in particular, were objects of his sovereign contempt. Under such distressing circumstances, it was melancholy to witness the final separation of two brave men, who for so many years had fought side by side as comrades and friends. Such, however, are the severe penalties to which the accursed thirst for war subjects its deluded votaries: unjust to themselves, cruel to others, they stagger blindly onward, not only seeking their own destruction, but also striving to inflict the greatest possible amount of misery on those who have never offered them any offence.

Some weeks elapsed before the belligerent commanders found themselves sufficiently recruited to come again into contact: this period was employed by Bonaparte with his usual industry. On the 4th July, 1809, he had not only re-established his communication with the right bank, but had also planned his measures for passing to the left bank of the Danube, not, however, at the same point which he formerly selected, but at another, where his opponent, having calculated that Essling and Asperne would have still been his object, had not made any preparation for his reception: the Archduke was thus taken by surprise, but immediately changed his position, and occupied a small place called Wagram, where, on the 6th July, 1809, was fought the last decisive battle between Austria and France in that campaign. The Imperialist committed his old error, that of too widely extending his line. Napoleon, with his usual address, availed himself of the indiscretion, and poured down with his whole strength upon the Austrian centre. The action, long and obstinately contested, was attended with immense slaughter; the Archduke Charles at last gave way, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of his enemy. The overthrow was complete: twenty thousand prisoners, together with all the artillery and baggage, remained as spoil to the victorious Bonaparte. That the Austrian Generalissimo in person did not serve to swell the trophies of the victor, was entirely owing to the fleetness of his horse. He fled in the utmost confusion as far as the strong town of Znaim, in Austrian Moravia, seated in 16° 0 east longitude, 48° 40′ north latitude, on the stream of the Teya, with a castle, in which are collected numerous Pagan antiquities, thirty-five miles south-west of Brinn, forty-two miles north-north-west of Vienna.

As further resistance appeared to the Imperial Cabinet to be unavailing, an armistice was concluded at Znaim, when Napoleon returned to the palace of Schoenbrunn, where he remained until the 28th of October, 1809, not, as will hereafter appear, entirely occupied with arranging the conditions of peace, but in laying the foundation for a connexion which, however it might gratify his vanity, tended but little to his honor, still less to a favourable display of his moral feelings :—a connection which, coupled with two or three other injudicious measures, such as his treacherous invasion of Spain, imprisonment of the Pope, his unconquerable rage for creating princes, kings, &c., ultimately worked his down fall. Of this he himself at last felt the truth. In his exile at St. Helena he was wont to say, "The Spanish ulcer, and the Austrian match, were the two main causes of his ruin." His opinion, however, was, that the error lay not in his seeking a bride of imperial birth, but in choosing her at Vienna : his conviction was, that had he persisted in his demand, the Czar would have given him his sister ; in that case, the proud dreams of Tilsit would have been realized ; then Paris and St. Petersburg would have become the only two capitals of Europe.

A few days after his return from Moravia to the Palace of Schoenbrunn, Napoleon, at a grand review of the Imperial Guard, narrowly escaped assassination by the dagger of an enthusiastic young man, the son of a clergyman, of Erfurt, who suddenly rushed upon him in the midst of all his staff. He was however, instantly disarmed by Marshals Rapp and Berthier, who threw themselves upon him at the very moment when his weapon was about to penetrate the body of the Emperor. Napoleon coolly inquired, "what motive could possibly have actuated him to attempt the commission of so attrocious a deed ?" at the same time asking, "What injury have I ever done you ?" the lad replied, "To me personally none, but you are the tyrant of the world, the oppressor of my country ; to have put you to death would have constituted the highest glory of a man of honour."—He exhibited all the calmness of a martyr : was of course condemned, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, 27 October, 1809, with heroic fortitude : the two days previous to his execution, he refused to take food of any sort : his last expressions were, "Liberty for ever! Germany for ever ! Death to the tyrant !"

After a protracted wearisome negotiation, a treaty of peace was signed between the French Emperor, and the Emperor Francis of Austria, at the palace of Schoenbrunn, on the 14th October, 1809 ; by this instrument the imperialist was despoiled of his last seaport ; and was reluctantly compelled to submit to the degrading humiliation of a great dismemberment of his empire ; the loss of territory on this occasion included a surface of forty-five thousand square miles, holding a population of four millions of human beings ; the terms, however unpalatable to the house of Hapsburg, were, nevertheless, generally considered, under all the circumstances, to have displayed great moderation on the part of Napoleon, who on this occasion made his court to the Russian autocrat by insisting that he spared the Austrian in deference to his own personal respect for the Czar, who was, however, made partaker of the spoil by a cession to him of a large portion of Eastern Galicia.

Part of Bohemia, as also Cracow and Western Galicia, were transferred to the King of Saxony, the two latter he acquired in his capacity of Grand Duke of Warsaw.

Salzburg together with a portion of Upper Austria, were added to the confederation of the Rhine.

France acquired for herself the whole coast of the Adriatic Sea, together with Carniola, some portion of Croatia and Dalmatia ; Friuli, Trieste, and Villach, a town in Austrian Illyria.

During these occurrences in Germany, war raged in the Peninsula, with determined ill-fortune to the Spanish cause; Saragossa was compelled to surrender to the French forces in February 1809, after having sustained a second siege with equal gallantry and fortitude as the first. April 22nd, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon, resumed the command of the English forces; and marched against Field-marshal Soult, who then occupied Oporto or Porto, an almost impregnable Portuguese city and seaport, seated on the side of a mountain in 8° 22′ west longitude, 41° 10′ north latitude, near the River Douero, one hundred and twenty-two miles north by east of Lisbon, with a population of seventy thousand souls. A severe action ensued; Soult was defeated under the walls of the town, and retreated to Galicia, whither the English general did not deem it prudent to follow him, as in that case it would have enabled Field-marshal Victor, who was then laying waste Audalusia, to reoccupy Portugal. The British commander, however, on the 20th July, 1809, effected a junction with the Spanish General Cuesta, when he no longer hesitated as to his course, but marched along by the Tagus, towards the strong position occupied by the French under Victor, whose number was twice that of the allies. General Wellesley was attacked, 28th July, 1809, by the French marshal, Victor, at Talaveyra, a fortified Spanish town in New Castile, seated in a valley on the stream of the Tagus, in 4° 1′ west longitude, 39° 41′ north latitude, thirty-eight miles south-west of Madrid, where the latter was totally defeated; for this victory the English general was created Lord Wellington. Further advance into Spain, however, was considered unadvisable by the English commander, who retired to Badajoz, a well-fortified episcopal town in Spain, seated on the stream of the Guadiana, in 6° 40′ west longitude, 38° 45′ north latitude, fourteen miles east of Elvas, one hundred and seventy-two miles south-west of Madrid, thence to the Portuguese frontier, seeing that Marshals Ney, Soult, and Mortier, were assembling their divisions with a view to place themselves between the allied army and Portugal, which would have endangered the safety of the allied troops. The Spanish general, Blake, while advancing on the eastern side of the Peninsula, with the intention to recover Saragossa, was totally routed, 19th June, 1809, by Field-marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufera. The central Spanish army, under the command of General Ariezaga, on its way to attempt the relief of Madrid, was met, 9th November, 1808, at Ocana, an ancient Spanish town in Salamanca, thirty miles south-south-east of Madrid, by King Joseph, with the French troops, under Marshals Soult, Victor, and Mortier, and utterly broken, after a most sanguinary conflict. Gerona, a fortified town of Spain, a bishop's see in Catalonia, seated on the stream of the Ter, seventy miles from where that river falls into the Mediterranian Sea; forty-seven miles north-east of Barcelona, surrendered, in December 1809, to a division of the French army, under Field-marshal Augereau.

Notwithstanding these successes on the part of the French troops, which gave the intrusive king an appearance that he was in possession of the greater portion of the Spanish Peninsula, the situation both of himself and the soldiery became every hour more critical: in fact his authority was very limited, and did not extend beyond the localities absolutely occupied by his brother's legions; where those had no-footing, he had no control. Provisions for the army could only be obtained by force, seeing that, beyond the French lines, the country, from one end to the other, was in a state of determined resistance to his pretensions. The fugitive soldiers of the defeated Spanish armies dispersed themselves in small bands, and assisted by the inhabitants, watched every favourable opportunity to surprise detachments from the French army, and cut off its supplies.

On the 14th November 1809, the French Emperor returned to his capital, where he was received with an enthusiasm bordering on idolatry. He boasted that, throughout Europe, no enemy was opposed to him, save some few fugitive bands of Spanish rebels, and the English Leopard in Portugal. These, therefore, he considered two insignificant to need his own presence. His obsequious Senate paid him the most fulsome adulation; lauded him as "the greatest hero who had ever lived; as one who never failed to prove victorious—who never conquered but for the happiness of the world." If it be asked, wherefore Napoleon so constantly indulged in designating her the Leopard in Portugal, when speaking of England? it arose from the circumstance, that Leopards were formerly the arms of British dominion, and, some centuries back, occupied those places in the English shield at present appropriated to Lions.

To be the founder of a fourth dynasty in France, had long occupied the attention, as well as stimulated the ambition, of Napoleon Bonaparte. It not unfrequently occurs that circumstances, trivial in themselves, are so interwoven with others of higher character, as to give impulse to, and determine the course of great events. On his return from Vienna, Napoleon had directed Josephine to meet him at Fontainbleau. Long accustomed to these rendezvous, she had hitherto always been the first to reach the appointed place. On this occasion, however, he arrived full six hours before her. Not any preparation had been made for the Emperor's reception; there was not even a guard on duty. This seeming neglect on the part of the Empress gave rise to some angry expressions: unpleasant observations escaped from both. From that moment the dissolution of his marriage was decided in his own mind.

It would seem, that Bonaparte had no sooner clothed himself with the imperial purple, than his ambition led him to contemplate a matrimonial alliance with the family of some European crowned head. This determination was, perhaps, the most disastrous resolve he had ever made, a resolve that ultimately brought about his ruin: like oil and water, it was never likely to form an homogeneous union. As he was never at a loss for an excuse to execute whatever he might have in view, his want of children by his empress was set forth as the ostensible reason. Of this disposition in her royal consort, the amiable and devoted Josephine appears to have been aware, long before her imperial lord thought it prudent to make it public. His own authority warrants the assertion, that a proposition of this kind was made by him, in the interview at Tilsit, for a marriage between himself and the sister of the Russian Autocrat. This, however, failed, in consequence of the inveterate hatred for Napoleon, entertained by the Czar's mother. Although foiled in this attempt to mingle his blood with the royal houses of Europe, he never gave up his project, but, while at the palace of Schoenbrunn, renewed his essay to accomplish the wished-for connection, and turned his thoughts, with more success, to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, the sick princess, Maria Louisa, whose father was not in a situation to refuse his assent to the solicitation of the conqueror Germany: indeed, such were the fallen fortunes of that Imperial House that, after some negotiation, policy dictated a favourable reception to the suit of the French Emperor.

This momentous affair, however, was not so quietly adjusted as Napoleon could have wished. The Empress still loved her husband with unabated fondness: her devotion to his interests had been unlimited; she had generally accompanied him in his most dangerous campaigns; in short, she had shared his fortunes almost from their commencement; was a main spring, by her extensive connections, in his elevation to the throne, and, by the elegance of her accomplishments, had rendered his court, perhaps, the most splendid as well as the most fascinating in Europe. Her influence over him had been great; she had frequently been the only person who could sooth the turbulence of his fierce and passionate temper; always inducing him to lean to the side of mercy; moreover, she had been led to believe that her son Prince Eugene Beauharnois, the Viceroy of Italy, would be adopted as his heir and successor to the Imperial diadem of France: consequently, her feelings as a woman were deeply wounded, added to which she felt herself grossly insulted by the Police Minister, Fouché, who, having penetrated the Emperor's secret, had the audacity to draw her aside, and to propose the desired arrangement as a measure of state policy, in which the welfare of the empire was materially involved. On the instant she made an appeal to Bonaparte, to ascertain whether he had been privy to the communication: he denied having given any authority for such conduct. She then asked him to dismiss the insolent minister; to this, however, Napoleon, who was not perhaps displeased to have the ice thus broken, gave a decided negative. Many distressing scenes between this hitherto happy pair, ensued in the emperor's study, in one of which Josephine had swooned, and her consort carried her fainting in his arms to the chamber of her ladies.

To witness the proceedings in this extraordinary case, most of the relatives, as well of the Emperor as of the Empress, were summoned to Paris: thus there were assembled the King and Queen of Holland, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the King of Naples, the Viceroy of Italy, the Queen of Spain, Madame *Mere*, the mother of Napoleon, and the Princess Pauline. The requisite arrangements having been completed, Bonaparte, 16th December, 1809, desired his senate to direct attention to an object which he said materially concerned the general welfare of the empire, namely, "the situation of the imperial family," and announced his design to dissolve his marriage, observing:—

"The politics of my monarchy, the interests and wants of my people, which have constantly guided all my actions, require that after me I should leave to children, inheritors of my love to my people, that throne on which Providence has placed me; but, for several years past, I have lost the hope of having children by my marriage with my well-beloved consort, the Empress Josephine. This it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to attend to nothing but the good of the state, and wish the dissolution of my marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the hope to live long enough to educate in my views and sentiments the children which it may please Providence to give me. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice that my courage will not surmount, when it be proved to me to be requisite for the welfare of France. I shall add that, far from ever having had reason to complain, on the contrary, I have been fully satisfied with the attachment and affection of my well-beloved consort. She has adorned fifteen years of my life, the remembrance of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. I wish her to preserve the rank and title of Empress; but, above all, that she should never doubt my sentiments, and that she should ever regard me as her best and dearest friend."

After which, he submitted the project of a decree, authorizing a divorce, which was immediately adopted. Josephine, bathed in tears, then made her appearance, to express her acquiescence in the measure; and thus addressed the assembly:—

"By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare that, not preserving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to give the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that have ever been given on earth: I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me; and from the height of his throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful. I consent to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore has been an obstacle to the welfare of France, which deprived it of the happiness to be one day governed by the descendant of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart—the Emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy, and by so great an interest, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."

The arch-chancellor was ordered to attend: a process verbal was drawn up, which pronounced the marriage contract between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine to be dissolved. This instrument was signed by the Emperor and Empress, as well as by all the relatives present. Josephine then retired from the palace of the Tuilleries to the villa of Malmaison, where from thenceforth she fixed her residence, retaining the title of Empress, with a pension of two millions of francs, to which Bonaparte added a third million from his privy purse, making in the whole an annual income of somewhere about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling.

On the 8th February, 1810, Field marshal Berthier, Prince of Neufchafel, by order of Napoleon, left Paris for Vienna, to demand the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa. On the 15th of the same month, the convention of marriage was ratified by the Emperor of Austria, her father. Some few days after, the French emperor communicated his determination to the senate in a message which ran thus:—

"Senators,—We have sent to Vienna, as our Ambassador Extraordinary, our cousin the Prince of Neufchatel, to demand the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. We shall direct our Minister of Foreign Affairs to communicate to you the articles of the convention of marriage between us and the Archduchess Maria Lonisa, which has been concluded, signed, and ratified.

"We have been desirous to contribute eminently to the happiness of the present generation. The enemies of the continent have founded their prosperity on its dissensions, and tearing itself to pieces. They can no longer feed the flame of war, by feigning for us schemes incompatible with the ties and duties of relationship that we have just contracted with the Imperial reigning house of Austria.

"The shining qualities that distinguish the Archduchess Maria Lonisa have gained her the affections of the people of Austria: they have fixed our regard. Our subjects will love this princess out of love to us, but after they shall have witnessed all those virtues that have placed her so high in our esteem, they will love her for herself.

"Given at our Palace of the Tuilleries, 27 February, 1810."

The marriage of the Austrian Archduchess Maria Louisa with the Emperor Napoleon, was celebrated in the Church of the Augustines, at Vienna, 11 March, 1810; the Prince of Neufchatel acted as proxy for his master. Two days after, the newly-wedded Empress, with her suite, left her father's capital, on her way to her husband's gay metropolis. In her progress through the German States, she was entertained in the most sumptuous manner: at Munich, by the King of Bavaria; at Augsburg, by the Elector of Treves; at Stutgard, by the King and Queen of Wirtemburg. To join and accompany her, the Queen of Naples travelled as far as Branau, seated on the east bank of the Inn, on the frontier of Upper Austria. She first set her foot on French ground, the 22d March, 1810, in the city of Strasburg, defended by one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, capital of the department of Lower Rhine, watered by the river Ill, which runs through it in 7° 45′ east longitude, 48° 35′ north latitude, three hundred and five miles east of Paris. Here she was welcomed by the constituted authorities, who paid their homage to her with the most profound respect.

It had been arranged that Napoleon should receive his new empress at the Royal Palace of Compiegne, the see of a bishop, department of Oise, seated near an extensive forest on the east bank of the stream of the Oise, forty-five miles north-east of Paris. His brother Louis was requested to meet her on the road, who immediately set out for that purpose: suddenly, however, Bonaparte changed his mind, mounted his horse in a plain dress, and, altogether unattended, set off full speed, passed the King of Holland, rode up unceremoniously to the side of the Empress, and breaking through the etiquette usual on such occasions, introduced himself to his bride, as her carriage was proceeding to the city of Soissons, the see of a bishop, seated in a fertile valley, on the stream of the river Aisne, in 3° 19′ east longitude, 49° 23′ north latitude, sixty miles north-east of Paris. Here they found his brother Louis, who had not yet advanced further on his mission. Maria Louisa had never seen the person of Napoleon until this meeting, and as she had been much prejudiced against him, both for his looks and his conduct, she evidently felt excessively pleased to perceive in her consort a handsome, robust man, about forty years of age, with a placid countenance, and calmness of expression, one with which the world is now so familiar, and that will always cause him to be recognized by posterity: her first agreeable surprise having somewhat subsided, she good humouredly observed, "Your majesty's pictures have not done you justice!"

They passed the evening at the chateau of Compiegne. Triumphal arches had been erected wherever they were to pass. The road to Paris was strewed with flowers: there they were re-married, with great splendour, in the chapel of the Louvre, 20th April, 1810; the civil ceremony had taken place the day before, in the hall of Mars, at the palace of Saint Cloud.

To give eclat to this union, to mark the epoch with acts of benevolence, that should make an indelible impression on the minds of the people,

A free pardon was granted to all who had deserted from the French armies previous to the year 1806—this amnesty was extended to all other deserters who should immediately join their respective corps.

All unpaid fines imposed by the police were remitted.

Six thousand girls were to be married to as many retired soldiers of their respective communes, each to have a portion of from six to twelve thousand francs, or from about two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds sterling, to be paid out of the public treasury.

Twelve thousand dishes of meat, as many loaves of bread, together with one hundred and forty-four pipes of wine were distributed among the poor by lottery.

After the religious part of the nuptial ceremony had been performed by the grand almoner, Napoleon and his new Empress received the felicitations of the senate, together with those of the great public functionaries. "Sire!" said the President, addressing himself to the Emperor, "Europe contemplates with rapture the august daughter of the sovereign of Austria on the glorious throne of Napoleon. Providence, in reserving for you this illustrious princess, has been pleased to manifest more and more that you were born for the happiness of nations, and to secure the repose of the world." Then turning towards the Empress, he continued, "Madame! the shouts of joy which have everywhere accompanied your Majesty's steps—that concert of benedictions which still echoes from Vienna to Paris—are the faithful expressions of the sentiments of the people. The senate approaches your Majesty to offer testimonies of homage not less ardent—not less sincere. The imperial crown which sparkles on your brow, together with that other crown of graces and virtues which temper as well as soften the lustre of its rays, attract towards you the hearts of thirty millions of Frenchmen, who make it their joy, as also their pride, to salute you by the name of Sovereign. You will find the French, whom you have adopted, to whom you have avowed the sentiments of a tender mother, by the most sacred of promises, every way worthy of your kind regard. You will cherish more and more this good and tender-hearted people, who always feel anxious to place affection and honour by the side of zeal and obedience, who wish ever to love those who govern them. The sentiments that we have the happiness to express to your Majesties are, under the guarantee of heaven, like that sacred oath which has for ever united the great and splendid destinies of Napoleon with those of Maria Louisa."

This alliance certainly wore a smiling aspect; the French Emperor appeared very happy in his new connection. For a time he devoted himself, with all the assiduity as well as all the ardour of a lover, to the society of his new partner—consulted her wishes in everything; indeed, he had been so mindful to please her, so anxious to prevent her regret for any comfort she might have left, that, in the apartments provided for her at the Tuilleries, he had taken especial care to have them fitted up, upon the exact model of those she had occupied in her father's palace at Schoenbrunn—not even the minutest article of furniture was wanting—so that when she cast her eyes around, it would be difficult to say whether she was at Vienna or Paris, except by the exterior prospect. His gallantry would appear to have met its reward, as he ever after spoke with an equal degree of praise of the uniform attachment and affectionate conduct of both his consorts. The youthful manners and simplicity of character in Maria Louisa formed an agreeable contrast with the more refined elegance and finished graces of Josephine. He made many ineffectual efforts to bring about a personal acquaintance between them. Finding himself foiled in this, he at length gave up his visits to the fair occupant of Malmaison.

There would almost seem to be a fate hanging over the festivities accorded to the Princesses of Austria, when they form a matrimonial alliance with French monarchs. At the rejoicings, 1770, for the marriage of Maria Antoinette with Louis XVI., two thousand persons perished by an accident in the ditches of the Champs Elysées, at Paris. On this occasion, also, many lost their lives by another unlooked-for occurrence. Among the splendid fêtes given in honour of these nuptials, was that by the Prince of Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador. He caused a magnificent room to be erected for the express purpose in the garden of his hotel. In the midst of the ball, to the great terror of the guests, some gauze draperies caught fire. Almost instantly the apartment was one continued blaze ; all was flight and confusion ; Napoleon, with his accustomed presence of mind, retired leisurely, holding the Empress by the arm, and having seen her safely off for St. Cloud, returned to the scene of devastation, where he remained actively employed until the next day. Nothing, however, could arrest the progress of the conflagration. The wife of the ambassador's brother, a princess of the house of Aremberg, had already made her escape from impending danger ; but, alarmed for the safety of one of her children, she returned, and was stifled in an attempt to pass through a door which led into the interior of the mansion. In the morning, the remains of this unfortunate lady were found almost consumed to ashes. Prince Kurakin, the Russian ambassador, was also dreadfully burnt.

Napoleon's great object, that upon which he appears to have set the most value, and in which at best he but very partially succeeded, was the rigid enforcement of what he called the "Continental System ;" in other words, to strictly carry out the "Berlin and Milan decrees." To accomplish this almost impossibility, he would appear not to have thought any sacrifice, either of friend, foe, or kindred, too much. It was a rock upon which he finally split. All Europe was dissatisfied with their existence ; every one sought how best he could evade them ; none willingly lent them efficiency

When Napoleon, after having subverted the ancient government, seated his brother Louis on the Dutch throne, he strictly enjoined him always to make the success of that country a secondary consideration, as compared with the welfare of France. Above all, he counselled him to make adherence to the "Berlin and Milan" decrees his ruling principle. Louis, although weak, was nevertheless benevolent. His ministers were enlightened men, highly talented, with great experience ; and, above all, enthusiastic lovers of their native soil. Thus surrounded, he began to consider the Hollanders as his actual subjects, whose prosperity it was his duty to cultivate ; consequently, in spite of his brother's injunctions, he was inclined to overlook their infractions of the "Continental System," which he plainly saw was extremely injurious to their commerce. His Queen, the daughter of Josephine, and a great favourite with Bonaparte, a very beautiful, at the same time an intriguing woman, thwarted him in his sympathies for the Dutch population, and only countenanced that party who made all things subserve to the will of France. In proportion, therefore, as Louis, by his leniency, gained the affections of the Dutch, he incurred the implacable anger of Napoleon, who so far debased himself as to vent his displeasure by offering the grossest insult to his own relative—the meek-spirited subaltern monarch at the Hague—who at last received a haughty summons to attend his imperial brother at Paris, which he obeyed without a moment's hesitation. On his arrival, he went to his mother's house, but the very next morning he found himself a prisoner. Unable to combat the tide of his brother's fury—unwilling to act treacherously to his people—he abdicated his throne, or rather, was compelled to yield it up by stern necessity,—retired into private life, and fixed his residence at Gratz, a strongly fortified German town, with a castle built on a rock, the see of a bishop, and the capital of Lower Styria, seated on the west side of the river Muer, in 15° 26′ east longitude, 47° 4′ north latitude, peopled with thirty-five thousand inhabitants, eighty-eight miles south-south-west of Vienna. Its king thus summarily deposed, the kingdom of Holland was, by an imperial edict, formally annexed to France, 9th July, 1810, Amsterdam taking rank as the third city of the empire. Subsequently, for the same reason, that of substantively establishing the "continental system," Oldenburg, the Hanse Towns, together with the whole coast of Germany, from Holland to Denmark, were declared integral portions of the French territory. Opposition to this rapacious proceeding was not to be expected from Prussia, weakened as she had been by her contests with the French Emperor—from any other German state it was entirely out of the question: their only course was to submit in silence. In point of fact, for several years there had existed in the north of Europe but one independent power that was decidedly adverse to French aggression—that power was Sweden. The inimical feeling of this state towards France was, in all probability, by the course of coming events, about to disappear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARSHAL BERNADOTTE DECLARED CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN—AFFAIRS IN SPAIN—BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME—FOUCHÉ DISGRACED—DISCONCONTENTS IN FRANCE—LICENSE SYSTEM ADOPTED—BONAPARTE ANTICIPATES WAR WITH RUSSIA—MARSHAL MASSENA RETREATS FROM BEFORE TORRES VEDRAS—THE FRENCH ARMY DEFEATED AT FUENTES D'ONOR—JOSEPH BUONAPARTE SOLICITS TO ABDICATE THE CROWN OF SPAIN—BONAPARTE AGAIN OFFERS TO NEGOTIATE PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

It had long been foreseen by observing statesmen, that a revolution in the Swedish government was not far distant. The conduct of the king, Gustavus IV. was such as to render his sanity doubtful. The Pomeranian provinces, as well as Finland, had been lost entirely by the obstinacy with which he continued his personal hatred of Napoleon Bonaparte. His detestation of the French revolution he had avowed from its commencement. Although he was aware that a powerful party existed in his dominions, who were favourable to that event, he could not be induced to relax in his hostility. The result was, that in December, 1809, he was arrested in his palace, and compelled to sign an act of abdication for himself and his children. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, under the title of Charles XIII., was called to the throne; amicable relations were established with the French cabinet; the "Berlin and Milan decrees" were adopted by the court of Stockholm; English commerce was prohibited in all the Swedish ports; and Pomerania was restored.

In consequence of the sudden death of the Prince of Augstenburg, the adopted heir to the crown of Sweden, which happened in May, 1810, the royal house, except the immediate line of the deposed king, was without a representative; in such cases, it is provided by the Swedish constitution, that the choice of a successor shall rest with the Diet. A congregation of the estates was accordingly summoned; the 15th August following they assembled at Orebro, capital of the government of the same name, seated near the west extremity of the Lake of Hielmar, in 15° 12′ east longitude, 59° 30′ north latitude, one hundred miles west by south of Stockholm. In the middle of the town, on a small island, formed by the waters of the river Swart, stands the castle, formerly a royal residence.

Among the candidates, were the King of Denmark and the Prince of Oldenburg; all eyes, notwithstanding, were turned towards Bonaparte—the general desire was to ascertain his inclination. He, however, addressed a letter to the Diet, in which he declared his determination not to interfere in the election. Nevertheless, Charles XIII., thinking he should thereby secure the friendship and protection of the French Emperor, in his speech delivered to the Diet, 18th August, 1810, said, "the duty he owed to his country induced him to propose to them, as Crown Prince of Sweden, and successor to the Swedish throne, his Serene Highness Jean Baptiste Julian Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo." After a short deliberation, the Diet, who firmly believed that Bernadotte stood high in Napoleon's favour, unanimously adopted the recommendation. Thus Field-marshal Bernadotte, who had at the age of fifteen entered the ranks of the French army, nearly thirty years previous to the French Revolution, became, in his forty-eighth year, presumptive heir to the Swedish crown, which he now wears, and has worn for a great length of time.

Notwithstanding a desire to consult Napoleon's wishes had influenced the decision of the Swedish Diet, in the election of Marshal Bernadotte, who was the brother-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, having married that same Mademoiselle Clery to whom, in his early days, Bonaparte himself had paid his addresses (see page 28,) yet, in point of fact, it had done any but give him pleasure. The feeling between the two warriors was not of the most amicable kind. Bernadotte was not among those who were solely indebted for their elevation to Napoleon; he had acquired a military reputation, even before Bonaparte had appeared on the scene of action: his renown as a general stood high; he enjoyed the esteem of a great portion of the French army; had gained universal good-will during the time he was governor of Swedish Pomerania and Hanover; was looked up to by the old Republicans, still a numerous body; added to which, his private character was spotless. He had also refused to act in favour of Napoleon on the memorable 18th Brumaire; indeed, for his want of devotion, on that day, Bonaparte had never forgiven him. Many reasons, therefore, existed why he should appear to accept willingly the proffered dignity for Bernadotte, seeing that it would come with an ill grace from him, who boasted that he held the imperial sceptre by the free will of the French people, to oppose himself to the expressed free will of the Swedish nation, which, moreover, was still an independent state. Previous to his quitting Paris, Bernadotte was desired to sign a declaration that "he would never bear arms against France." This condition he indignantly rejected as incompatible with the connection he had lately formed with another state, which the Emperor himself had just sanctioned, observing, that "the proposition must have been suggested by some lawyer, seeing it could never have originated with Bonaparte, since none knew better what were the imperative duties of a sovereign." Napoleon, evidently embarrassed by the observation, frowned, then said, "Go! our destinies are about to be fulfilled." The marshal said he had not distinctly heard the words of the Emperor, upon which Bonaparte repeated them, when they parted mutually dissatisfied; the French alliance, however, was still cultivated, while it became the prevalent opinion in Europe that Sweden, with Bernadotte, for her Crown Prince, was little more than a dependance upon the French monarchy, with the delusive appearance of being a separate government.

The Spanish cause still wore an unpromising aspect; the patriots experienced defeat after defeat. The battle of Ocana left the central part of the Peninsula wholly at the mercy of the invaders. Early in 1810 Field-marshals Soult, Victor, and Mortier, forced the passes of the Sierra Morena, a range of mountains that separate Andalusia from Estremadura and New Castile, rendered famous as being the scene where Cervantes has placed the most entertaining adventures of his hero, Don Quixote, as well as for the sanguinary wars formerly carried on there between the Christians and Mahomedans. Having passed these natural barriers, they made themselves masters of Cordova, one of the finest cities in Spain, a bishop's see, seated on the north bank of the beautiful stream of the Guadalquiver. From this place, distant one hundred and thirty miles north-east of Cadiz, one hundred and ninety miles south by west of Madrid, the leather called Cordovan, the peculiar process for dressing which was first introduced by its then inhabitants, the Moors, derives its name.—Seville immediately submitted, together with many other towns; among them was Malaga, a seaport in the province of Grenada, with a good harbour, capable of containing four hundred merchant vessels, together with twenty sail of the line. The city is seated on the Mediterranean Ocean, surrounded by hills, with about fifty thousand inhabitants, in 4° 10′ west longitude, 36° 35′ north latitude, fifty-five miles west-south-west of Grenada. Field-marshal Soult regularly invested Cadiz, and opened his batteries. The city was garrisoned by a large Spanish force, including the army of Estremadura, together with a considerable detachment of English troops from Gibraltar. This timely interference of the English cabinet ultimately saved the peninsula from the grasp of the French Emperor. The central junta had retired hither to hold their deliberations. Had it fallen into the hands of the enemy, there would not have remained in the possession of the patriots any fortress of consequence in the south of Spain. The utmost efforts, however, of the besiegers were frustrated by the natural strength of its situation, united to its ready access to the sea, and the proximity of Gibraltar, from whence succour could be obtained in case of need.

On the eastern side of the peninsula, the Spaniard was equally unsuccessful. Thirty thousand natives, under General O'Donnell, were utterly defeated by thirteen thousand French troops, under the walls of Ostalric, in Catalonia, seated on the stream of the Tordera, twenty-eight miles north-east of Barcelona, after which the town fell into their hands, as did Mequinenza, a Spanish town in Catalonia, seated at the conflux of the waters of the Segra, with the stream of the Ebro, fifty-eight miles east-south-east of Saragossa, one hundred and eight miles east-north-east of Madrid, as did also the town of Tortosa, in Catalonia, seated on the current of the Ebro, ninety-six miles south-east of Saragossa. Valencia, however, once more held forth a bright example of resistance, hurled defiance to the invaders, and repelled their attack: the inhabitants made a desperate sally in which they carried so much slaughter into the French ranks that they obliged Marshal Suchet to raise the siege.

In Portugal, however, the French had no reason to boast of their success; the affairs of Vimiero and Talaveyra still covered them with disgrace, which Napoleon was extremely anxious to wipe out: "it must be avenged," he said, and accordingly directed his chief force to act in that direction: a body of troops, full one hundred thousand strong, called the "army of Portugal," was mustered, the command of which was confided to Field-marshal Massena, Prince of Essling, second only in military reputation to Bonaparte himself: his orders were, to drive into the sea the English leopards and the Seapoy General, as Napoleon, at that time, was wont to call Lord Wellington. To meet this immense force, there were little more than thirty thousand British, and about as many Portuguese troops. The latter had been well trained under the immediate inspection of the English Field-marshal Beresford; this disparity of force necessarily confined Lord Wellington to the defensive; he had the mortification almost to witness, without any means to prevent, the French Marshal taking the Spanish town of Oviedo, a bishop's see, seated at the conflux of the stream of the Ove, with the current of the Deva, which, when united, form the river Asta, in 5° 53′ west longitude, 43° 20′ north latitude, distant from Leon fifty-five miles, west north-west; as also the town of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Leon, the see of a bishop, seated on the river Aguada, on the frontier of Portugal, distant fifty miles south-west from Salamanca. After the fall of these places, Lord Wellington retreated before Marshal Massena, but conducted his retrograde movement with such precision, as well as so much coolness, as to disconcert the manœuvres of the pursuing army. On the 27th September, 1813, the French, in five columns, charged the British on the heights of Busaco: however, the assailants were so roughly handled by the "Seapoy General," and driven back with such immense slaughter, that all further assault was abandoned: Massena, concluding that the English Commander would embark his troops as soon as he reached Lisbon, was content to advance, step by step, as his opponent retreated. This, however, was by no means the intention of Lord Wellington, who surprised the enemy by halting on the almost impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, which extend for about twelve leagues between the sea and the river Tagus, placing the Port of Lisbon and the adjacent territory in perfect security. Moreover, they had been greatly strengthened by his direction. Marshal Massena, after having made a most desperate but abortive attempt to force the position, and remaining for about six weeks in front of the allied army, withdrew to the Portuguese town of Santarem, in Estremadura, seated in a fertile country on the waters of the Tajo, with a citadel, built on a mountain, in 8° 20′ west longitude, 39° 18′ north latitude. The French army had, during its stay before Torres Vedras, suffered the greatest inconvenience, as well as endured the most severe privations. It found a deadly foe in every Portuguese peasant, besides which, the country around it had been laid waste. The English General remained near Lisbon for the rest of the year.

It is certainly an anomaly in the history of mankind, that a nation like France, who had so freely shed her blood, as well as made such heavy sacrifices, to root out the scourge of hereditary succession, should have so readily consented to adopt the very evil to get rid of which she had so long and so courageously exerted herself. Be this as it may, the advent of a dauphin, under the ancient regime, was never more joyously or more enthusiastically hailed than was the birth of a son and heir to the fortunes of the ambitious Napoleon, who had, to all intents and purposes, resurrected an hereditary monarchy in France, with all its concomitant appendages, including state prisons, arbitrary imprisonment, with the whole catalogue of miseries, usually attendant upon the government of the grand monarchs. This long coveted event, so gratifying to the feelings of the French Emperor, occurred 20th April, 1811, and was announced to the gaping Parisians by the thunder of one hundred and one cannons. It having been previously arranged, that if a female, twenty-one only should be discharged, at the sound of the twenty-second, therefore, which denoted the new-born infant to be a male, these giddy arbiters of fashion rent the skies with their exclamations of delight. Almost all the powers of Europe sent special ambassadors to offer congratulations on the occasion. The Emperor of Austria, not content with being his grandfather, became also his godfather, and was represented, at the baptismal ceremony, by his brother, the Duke of Wurtsburg: among the rest, the Emperor Alexander of Russia Despatched his home minister to Paris to compliment Bonaparte on the happy fulfilment of his expectations.

Maria Louisa's accouchement was attended with very painful circumstances that endangered her life: the birth proved difficult; the medical attendant became alarmed for the result; on his appeal to Napoleon, who was present, he said, "She is but a woman, treat as her as you would a *bourgeoise* of the Rue St. Denis." The case began to wear a more serious aspect; a second appeal was made to the Emperor to learn, provided one must be sacrificed, whether he would prefer the mother or the child? his ready answer was, "the mother! It is her right." The case took a favourable turn—the child appeared, but without any sign of life. After the lapse of some few moments, to the great joy of the father, it issued a faint cry: upon which, the excited monarch rushed into the ante-chamber, where the ministers and other great functionaries of the state were assembled, rapturously exclaiming, "It is a King of Rome." This title, by which Napoleon had thought fit to designate his infant son, was not, however, the most satisfactory to many parties that he could have selected: even the Austrian court did not relish the appellation, the heir apparent to that emperor, under the old German empire, had been commonly addressed as "King of the Romans," in the humbled situation of that family; the present, however, was not exactly the time either to murmur or express its displeasure. It cruelly disappointed the views of the Italians—who pleased themselves with the expectation, that after the decease of Bonaparte, their country would become an independent state, and possess a government separate from the French: in this they had been led to repose confidence by Napoleon himself. Both the birth and the title were far from being consolatory to the old republicans—on the contrary, they felt disgusted to be thus placed under a dynasty more likely to make common cause with hereditary sovereigns, than to range on the side of the French people, seeing it would naturally feel proud of partaking in the blood of one of the most haughty of the royal houses of Europe; one which, notwithstanding its present connection, had been too severely handled by the republican party to join in its views, besides which, it was too much addicted to arbitrary maxims ever to treat the more liberal ideas of French citizens with deference, while it enraged the royalists, by crushing the last hopes of restoration to the Bourbons.

This period is rendered remarkable by a most singular occurrence, that however ended in the disgrace of the French police minister; to whose intermeddling disposition Bonaparte attributed the entire failure of a serious proposition he was about to make to the British government. The impunity that attended Fouché in his unauthorized conversation with the Empress Josephine, on the subject of the divorce, had given him confidence to attempt matters of much higher import, in which, should he succeed, he expected both to surprise and please his master, especially as, according to his own calculation, the mode which he adopted would not in any way compromise the dignity of the imperial cabinet, even if it should not produce the expected result. Napoleon, notwithstanding the sneering manner in which he was accustomed to speak of the English in his public addresses, was still extremely anxious to bring hostilities between the two powers to a close. Fouché's penetration had detected the ardent wishes of the Emperor upon this subject: this determined him as to the course he should pursue unknown to Bonaparte. It so happened that Napoleon, desirous to keep the secret to himself, until it should be ripe for disclosure, had, without the privity of his ministers, despatched a confidential agent to London with instructions to seek a private audience of the English minister for foreign affairs, and if possible to learn upon what basis the British government would feel inclined to open a negociation for a treaty of peace. Fouché had also selected one of his own dependants, whom he sent to London with a similar commission. Thus two confidential agents, but entirely unknown to each other, arrived simultaneously in the British metropolis, both charged with the same errand. The seals of the English foreign office were at that time held by the Marquis Wellesley, who thought it strange that he should be applied to upon so delicate a subject at one and the same time, by two persons, unprovided with the usual credentials, and who strenuously denied all knowledge of each other's mission. Suspecting that they were little better than spies, he at once broke off all communication with either. When the Emperor's agent returned, he related the extraordinary circumstance that had rendered his diplomacy abortive, upon which Bonaparte summoned Fouché into his presence. "So, sir," said he, when the delinquent minister made his appearance, "I find you can make peace and war without consulting me—I dismiss you from the bureau of the police." He was afterwards sent as governor of Rome, a kind of honourable banishment. The cause of the disgrace of the police minister was not then publicly known: it was the general opinion that he had incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, in consequence of his reiterated remonstrances against the continuance of the war in Spain. This invasion from the first had been in opposition to the councils both of Fouché and Talleyrand—they were equally inimical to the continental system. Bonaparte resented the warnings of growing mischief with which his ministers were every day assailing his ears. His haughty spirit could illy brook that any person in his administration should presume to see clearer than himself the damage he was doing to his government by bad judged measures. The people at last began to murmur at the great waste of blood and treasure occasioned by the apparently interminable war in the peninsula. Taxes multiplied. as discontent reared its unwelcome head Napoleon began to exercise the reins of power with a severer discipline. In addition to the castle of Vincennes, nine new state prisons were established in France. In these receptacles the number of persons confined under the authority of warrants signed by himself and his privy council exceeded that of those who had in any recent period of the old regime been so secluded from society, under *lettres de cachet*. The press was under strict control, spies were abroad every where to gather the private conversation of the citizens,—in short, every thing wore the features of a confirmed despotism, while his power over the affections of the people was diminishing hourly. Napoleon, nevertheless, was fond of walking about the streets of Paris incognito, frequently with no other attendant than an aid-de-camp. One morning, at a little past eight o'clock, he entered a small shop to ask the price of a piece of porcelain that represented a little antique figure. The woman of the shop was still in bed; the Emperor patiently waited a full half-hour until she made her appearance; she named her price for the article required, which he said was too much. "Indeed," said the shopkeeper, "that may very well be, but what with the excessive taxes and the distress produced by the war, we must get as much as we can at present, for by and by the Emperor will not leave us anything." The following day Bonaparte sent to desire the woman would come to him, and bring the little figure he had priced the day before. The terrified *bourgeoise* attended the summons, when Napoleon said, "I shall give you your price for this, but I would recommend you to get up earlier, and not to meddle with politics."

Notwithstanding the assertion of Bonaparte's ministers, that "*impossible*" was not a French word, he had wit enough to perceive that, whether French or not, it applied most substantially to his project of carrying out fully "the Berlin and Milan decrees." The Emperor of Russia also was compelled to acknowledge that it was a word of that imperative import with which he could not successfully combat, as regarded restrictions on the continuance of English commerce; he soon found that his subjects were generally dissatisfied with his adoption of the prohibition, because it materially interfered with the operating principle of all nations, that it was inimical to their interests, consequently that either with or without his assent, these famous edicts would, one way or other, not only continue to be violated, but also to nourish a bad feeling between the governed and the governor; the Czar, therefore, made some serious reclamations against the rigid continuance of this system; certain ports in his dominions were partially opened for the admission of British Colonial produce, as well as the export of the native productions of Russia to Britain. Against this breach of the stipulations entered into at Tilsit, Napoleon haughtily remonstrated in his turn: the Czar as haughtily made evasive replies. Ill humour was apparent on both sides. Bonaparte, with his acknowledged clear-sighted sagacity, saw the storm was brewing, and with his accustomed promptitude prepared to meet the coming burst, by gradually increasing his military force in the north of Germany, as also in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Considerable bodies of French troops made continual advances nearer and nearer to the frontier of the Autocrat's Polish dominions. The Russian cabinet was not unmindful of these movements, neither was it backward in preparing means to repel them whenever hostilities might ensue, which now appeared more than probable. Nevertheless, many months, during the summer of 1811, elapsed, during which hope existed that the differences between the two governments might be amicably adjusted by negociation.

The French Emperor was, perhaps, the most prolific in expedients of any man of his day; his genius was never at a loss; foiled in his original intentions, he would still turn the disappointment to his immediate advantage. Thus, seeing the disposition to cultivate the forbidden traffic, he conceived the idea that he might engross to his own exchequer the greater portion of the profits that should result from its prosecution. In accordance with this scheme, there occurred a considerable relaxation of the obnoxious decrees by the establishment of an entire new code of custom-house regulations, under which those desirous to import English produce into France might purchase the imperial license granting them authority for that purpose. Commercial transactions became animated, while the revenue was enriched to a considerable degree. By admitting the Czar to participate in the pecuniary advantage resulting from this licensing system, Napoleon expected to have accommodated his dispute with the Russian autocrat; the animosity, however, was much deeper seated; Muscovite pride had been wounded; therefore no arrangement short of an appeal to arms, was at all likely to take place. Indeed, the Russian had never beheld with friendly eyes the connection of Bonaparte with the House of Austria. Notwithstanding the gratulations he had outwardly shown on that memorable occasion, he viewed with jealousy the consolidation of a power which he felt might one day be destructive to his own. When he was first informed of the approaching nuptials, his unsophisticated exclamation was, "Then the next operation of Napoleon will be to drive us back into our native forests." Such is often the duplicity of crowned heads towards each other, that faithless, as well as destitute of high moral courage, they not unfrequently treacherously endeavour to delude, with the appearance of friendship, those to whose downfall they would not only gladly contribute, but to effect which they rarely leave any means unessayed. The fact is, it had reached the ears of Alexander that Bonaparte had ridiculed him both at Erfurth and at Tilsit—circumstances which had never been forgotten, but still rankled in the breast of the despot of Russia. This ill feeling was fed with fresh fuel by a rescript of the Austrian Emperor, which granted a free passage through his territory to his son-in-law. From thenceforward reconciliation was chimerical. Preparations for war resounded from one end of Europe to the other; armies, of no common magnitude, were in motion; every thing foretold that an immense sacrifice of human life was about to take place; that the labours of the husbandman, as well as the unlimited bounty of the Almighty Creator, were to be blasted to gratify the boundless ambition of the one, and to cool the angry passions of the other. Such powerless puppets are men, generally speaking, in the hands of their insatiate rulers. For this violation of the great principle of christianity, are nations, professing christian doctrines, commanded by ruthless tyrants to offer up hymns of thanksgiving to the supreme being. Who then are the barbarians?

Besides these the cabinet of St. Petersburg put forth other causes for their justification in pursuing belligerent measures with the French emperor.

In the first place, the extension of the territories of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under the treaty of Schoenbrunn, together with large masses of French troops spread over Pomerania and Poland, filled the imperial court with alarm for the security of its own Polish provinces. It had, consequently, demanded of Napoleon his public guarantee that a national government should not be re-established in that unhappy dismembered kingdom. This was peremptorily refused.

Secondly, Oldenburg was the hereditary domain of Alexander's brother-in-law. This had been expressly guaranteed to that prince by the treaty of Tilsit. In defiance of that treaty, this principality, together with the whole sea-coast of Germany, between Holland and the Baltic, had been recently annexed to the French empire. Against this the Czar remonstrated, and required that the expelled Duke should be indemnified by the cession of Dantzic, or some other territory in the neighbourhood of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Bonaparte, while he expressed his readiness to give compensation elsewhere, would not listen to the proposition of the court of St. Petersburg as to its locality. This conduct gave great offence; it also engendered suspicions of an unfriendly character.

If, therefore, war could not be avoided, Alexander felt it to be most decidedly the wisest policy to bring on the contest while yet the Peninsula found occupation for two hundred thousand of Napoleon's best troops, as also before Austria should have entirely recovered herself from her late defeat at Wagram. On the other hand, Bonaparte, although determined to attack the Czar, would have preferred to delay it until a more favourable opportunity.

Meantime war in the Peninsula lingered on with a turn of fortune not over-flattering to the ambition of the French Emperor. Field-marshal Massena, during several months, in vain exhausted his utmost skill, employed every stratagem, to induce Lord Wellington to quit his almost impregnable position at the lines of Torres Vedras, and take the open field. Failing in this, he began to look to the importance of keeping open his communication with Spain, which became more precarious daily. At length he felt the necessity to commence his retreat, which he conducted with masterly ability. His reputation, however, was sullied by the degrading excesses perpetrated by the soldiery under his command. Perhaps humanity was never more grossly outraged.

As they were not in a condition to retain possession of the Portuguese territory, they appeared determined to mark the course of their retrograde movement by the most appalling devastation; their atrocity was of the most disgusting kind; the coarsest appetites were wantonly indulged, the most horrible murders hourly committed; every thing was laid waste. Obliged to quit a country, the population of which they could neither conciliate nor subdue, their ferocity was of the most brutal description; extermination was the word; thus, to the extent of their power, neither age, rank, sex, or character were respected.

However slightingly Napoleon might speak of England in his public documents, he felt that she was by far the most formidable, as well as the most impracticable, of his external enemies. He perfectly understood the value of a good understanding with our nation, also the present advantage could he terminate his dispute with the British cabinet; those who possessed sufficient meanness to chime in with his vituperation of the English, became objects of his most sovereign contempt. After the great victory at Wagram, it was intended to strike a medal in commemoration of that most important event. Denon waited upon Bonaparte with a design for that purpose. The artist, who thought to flatter the Emperor's expressed opinions on the subject of his hostility against Great Britain, had represented "an eagle in the act of strangling a leopard." Napoleon no sooner fixed his eyes on the fulsome flattery, than casting a disdainful smile upon the supple minion, he sternly rebuked him. "What," said he, "strangling the leopard! when there is not a spot on the ocean where the eagle dare to show himself. Begone, sir. This is base adulation. It would have been more in accordance with truth to represent the eagle as choked by the leopard." An important crisis was now at hand; it appeared good policy to endeavour to arrange one quarrel previous to the commencement of another. Thus wisely actuated, Bonaparte directed his minister Marshal Maret, Duke of Bassano, to make overtures for peace to the British cabinet, to be negotiated upon the basis:

1. "That the integrity of Spain shall be guaranteed.

2. France shall renounce all idea of extending her dominions beyond the Pyrenees.

3. The present dynasty shall be declared independent, and Spain be governed by a National Constitution of her Cortes.

4. The Independence and Integrity of Portugal shall be also guaranteed, and the House of Braganza shall exercise the Sovereign Authority.

5. The Kingdom of Naples shall remain in possession of the present monarch.

6. The Kingdom of Sicily shall remain a separate government, and be guaranteed to the present family of Sicily.

7. As a consequence of these stipulations, the French and English Forces, both land and naval, shall evacuate Spain, Portugal, and Sicily.

8. With respect to other objects of discussion, they may be negotiated upon the basis, that each power shall retain that of which the other could not deprive him by War."

This pacific overture reached the English Foreign Office, 17 April, 1812, and was replied to by Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that " negotiations could not be entertained, except the legitimate Sovereign of Spain, Ferdinand VII., should be previously acknowledged King. The correspondence broke off abruptly, and things remained as they were.

The retreat of Marshal Massena cleared the Portuguese territory of French troops, save only the garrison of Almeida, a fortified town in the province of Biera, bordering on Spain, seated on the stream of the Coa, one hundred and fifty-six miles north-east of Lisbon. No sooner had the French general commenced to retrograde, than Lord Wellington prepared to harass him, by hanging on his rear until he had passed the Portuguese frontier, when the English commander commenced the siege, not only of Almeida, but also of the strongly fortified Spanish city of Ciudad Rodrigo. Massena, however, formed a junction with the French forces in Castile, by which he so augmented his army, that he resumed the offensive with such numbers, as to induce the British general to abandon the sieges he had undertaken; the French Field-Marshal, encouraged by this, challenged Lord Wellington to battle, which his Lordship was not slow to accept. On the 5th of May, 1811, the two armies met in hostile array at the village of Fuentes d'Onor; a conflict ensued, victory again deserted the French eagles, Massena was defeated, gave up the command, and was replaced by Field-Marshal Marmont; in the meantime, the French garrison in Almeida contrived to escape into Spain.

In the peninsula, the French standards were still triumphant as against the Spanish troops; Field-Marshal Soult advanced from Estremadura, made himself master of Badajoz, to the disgrace of the Spanish garrison; as against the English, however, the case was altogether different. The victories in Portugal were not without effect in Spain. These advantages infused new energies into the rural population, gave a fresh impetus to the Spaniard, who became almost irresistible, while he carried on a guerilla warfare, that proved more destructive to the French than any similar period of a regular campaign; this disposition was well supported by a most brilliant affair on the heights of Barossa, in front of Cadiz, which terminated in favour of the British general Graham, who made a vigorous and successful sally from that beleagured city; the struggle now became so incessant, so sanguinary, and was attended with such a waste of human life, that Joseph Bonaparte, weary of being the mere phantom of a monarch, entreated his Imperial brother Napoleon to decorate the head of some other person with the Spanish crown.

The English Commander-in-chief, now in complete possession of Portugal, began to menace Spain, and effectually paralized the French. On the 8th of January, 1812, he re-appeared before Ciudad Rodrigo, which he carried by storm four days after. On the 16th of March, 1812, he invested Badajoz, which he carried after a siege of twenty days; on the 22nd of July, 1812, he fought the great battle of Salamanca, in which, Field-Marshal Marmont experienced a signal defeat. Lord Wellington pursued his flying enemy, then entered Madrid, from whence, King Joseph once more took his flight. On the 19th of September, 1812, he invested Burgos, when the French armies having effected a junction in his rear, he was compelled to retreat in his turn, but retired leisurely, in extreme good order, to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he finished the peninsular campaign for that year.

The year 1812 was perhaps the most eventful in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, as also the most calamitous in its results, both to his army and to himself. Victory, which hitherto seemed as if linked to his chariot-wheels, would appear at this period to have loosened the chains. The laurels with which she had graced his brow began to part with some of their exhilarating verdure, while she wove fresh chaplets to adorn the features of his enemies. The ascendant power, however, which he had so long derived from the magic of his name, was evanescent; its imposing influence was on the wane, in short,—the "*petit caporal*" was about to descend from his commanding position: destined to present a living exemplification of the fable of "the sick lion," he was at last submitted to the degradation to receive even the ass's kick; to become the sport of fortune, doomed to find in those creatures his injudicious bounty had reared and fed, the most formidable of opponents, as well as the most treacherous of friends. 'Tis true, some great errors had mingled with the noble exploits of his astonishing career; these, it will be seen, were of a most fatal character: boundless ambition had but too frequently crossed his path, enveloped him with its bewitching mantle, bewildered his imagination, biassed his better judgment, and obscured his intellectual faculties, which, certainly, were of the giant race. Among the almost unpardonable blunders to which he seemed wedded with most unaccountable infatuation, and which assuredly told heavily to his disadvantage, were the "Berlin and Milan decrees:" these anti-commercial edicts raised up against him, in mischievous array, a host of adversaries deeply interested in thwarting this ill-judged measure.

His conduct to Marshal Barnadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, was not marked with the most consummate wisdom: instead of cordially cultivating the good-will of that prince, whose military talents were first-rate—who, in point of fact, stood very little lower in the scale of excellence, as respected the art of war, than the French Emperor himself—instead of cementing with him a solid friendship, he caused him to be insulted by the resident minister of France at Stockholm, who threatened him with vengeance unless he gave full efficacy to the continental system.

Bernadotte, to avoid a rupture, certainly complied, but never forgot the outrage: speaking of which, he said "the French minister demeaned himself on every occasion, as if he had been a Roman pro-consul, dictating absolutely in a province." The geographical situation of the Swedish dominions also rendered her friendship, thus imprudently spurned, of the greatest importance in Napoleon's struggle with Russia.

Notwithstanding the self-evident advantage to his own interests that would naturally result from keeping alive the feuds, and nourishing the hostile feelings existing between the two courts of Alexander and the Grand Seignor, yet Napoleon, flushed with the splendour of his continued triumphs, had neglected, for several years, to place his amicable relations with the Turkish Divan on a favourable footing. At this juncture conviction of the mischief that might ensue from his inattention on this point, flashed on his mind. He awakened, as it were, from his slumbers. Therefore, without further loss of time he despatched agents to Constantinople, for the express purpose to stimulate the Sultan to take the field in person at the head of one hundred thousand men, and simultaneously cooperate with himself in a general invasion of the Russian territory. In this, however, he was counteracted by the English cabinet, whose ambassador succeeded to convince the Sublime Porte, that her own safety ought to induce her to reject the insidious overtures of France: that her existence, as an independent nation, was involved in the issue of the approaching contest; that, Russia once subdued, there would not remain any power in Europe sufficiently strong to shield her from being swallowed up in the vortex of Bonaparte's spreading ambition. The Turkish Emperor, who fully appreciated the cogency of these reasons, had penetration enough to perceive that even the humiliation of his old rival would in no way compensate the prospective danger, seized the critical moment, immediately commenced a pacific negotiation with the Czar. The result of all this was, that England was able to enter into treaties of peace with Russia, Sweden, and Turkey.

Before he left Paris on his Russian expedition, Bonaparte had resolved, if possible, to organize Poland, and erect it into an independent kingdom. In this it is more than probable he would have succeeded, had not his obstinacy in retaining whatever he could obtain either by dexterity or force, intervened to mar his intentions. By the treaty of Schoenbrunn, Austria bound herself to furnish thirty thousand soldiers whenever Napoleon might think fit to demand their assistance; but it also contained a clause by which Bonaparte guaranteed to the Austrian emperor the Polish provinces, which he had wrested from that ill-fated country at the period of its dismemberment. This article, which now stood so untowardly in his way, Napoleon would gladly have dispensed with; that, however, was impossible, without forfeiting his ally at a time when he could not afford the sacrifice. To carry into effect his meditated resurrection of Polish independence, the French emperor made great offers both to the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, by way of indemnity for the required cessions of territory, in the re-establishment of that power. To gain the acquiescence of the first was hardly contemplated even by the artful Napoleon himself, although he felt the advantage of arraying, on his own side, the whole body of a gallant people in his conflict with the Muscovite. He, however, calculated upon his influence with his imperial father-in-law, by means of which he should be able to obtain the consent of that monarch to his project. The latter, however, insisted upon the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty; at the same time he offered to acquiesce, provided Bonaparte would yield back the Illyrian territory which had been ceded to him at Schoenbrunn. To this Napoleon demurred. The negotiation broke off: thus, Bonaparte lost the best chance he could have had to secure a triumph over the Russian, that of placing the Polish population in a state of insurrection between himself and the Emperor Alexander. This was another of those blunders which he seems at this time to have been frequently in the habit of committing.

Whatever might be the errors of his policy, it is impossible not to admire the diligence as well as foresight with which he made the necessary preparations wherewith to support the contest, in which, in all probability, he was about to be engaged. Every thing passed under his own inspection: his commissariat was placed on the most respectable footing; he demanded from the senate, and obtained, two new conscriptions; he also established a law which enabled him to call out at any one time, for service at home, a hundred thousand men from those whom the conscriptions had spared. These he called the Ban. This limitation, however, was soon disregarded, and they were drafted off to fill up the ranks whenever occasion required. By these means he had an army which, for numerical strength, far exceeded any that had ever before followed an European standard—a gigantic force, the numbers of which the Czar could never think of equalling by troops of his own. It embraced one million one hundred and eighty-seven thousand men, over whom he had the entire control, thus composed:—

The French army, exclusive of the Ban	850,000
Army of the Italian kingdom	50,000
Neapolitan troops	30,000
Those of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw	60,000
Bavarians	40,000
Furnished by the King of Westphalia	30,000
Contingent from the King of Saxony	30,000
That from the King of Wurtemberg	15,000
Auxiliaries furnished by Austria	30,000
Those by the King of Prussia	20,000
From the minor powers of the Rhenish League	23,000
Furnished by the Grand Duke of Baden	9,000

Allowing the war in Spain to occupy one hundred and fifty thousand men, also deducting for incomplete regiments, hospitals, furloughs, and other contingencies, the large amount of three hundred and eighty-seven thousand, Napoleon could still bring into the field against the Russian an effective body of six hundred and fifty thousand men, in a high state of discipline, well officered, accompanied by immense parks of artillery, and commanded by some of the most skilful and best experienced generals in the world.

Astounding as this enormous mass of fighting men appeared, much as the disparity between the forces of the two emperors seemed to incline the scale in favour of Bonaparte, still the statesmen of France viewed with unfavourable eyes, deprecated the war for which such immense numbers were congregated, and prophesied a disastrous termination of the expedition. Among others who remonstrated with Napoleon on the subject of his contemplated rupture, was his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, who had always deplored the harsh treatment to which the Pope had been subjected. The prelate had an interview with his nephew, whom he pathetically entreated to abandon his scheme, and earnestly besought him "not to provoke the wrath of man, the fury of the elements, nor brave the vengeance of heaven, whose vicegerent he had already trampled under his feet in the person of the holy father," emphatically adding, "that he would some day surely sink under the weight of that universal hatred with which his actions were surrounding his throne." Bonaparte listened attentively to the old man, then led him to the window, opened it, and pointing upwards, asked, "Do you see yonder star?" to which the churchman replied, "No, sire." Napoleon answered, "but I see it;" then abruptly dismissed his reverend mitred relative.

Talleyrand, also, exhausted his utmost efforts to dissuade Napoleon from this undertaking, pointed out to him the numerous chances which might occur to defeat him, as well as the unsuitableness of the climate to the major portion of his troops; but all in vain—the French Emperor was immovable, his resolution was fixed.

The disgraced Fouché, who, under pretence of ill health, had thrown up his Roman government, and retired to his country-seat near Paris, drew up a memorial in which the probable consequences of a march into Russia were most energetically, as well as most eloquently, detailed; and that he might have the opportunity to present it in person, he requested an audience of Bonaparte, which was granted. So complete, however, was Napoleon's system of espionage, that he obtained early information of the intention of the ex-minister of police. Thus prepared, he received Fouché with an air of cool indifference, observing "I am no stranger to your errand. War with Russia, it would seem, pleases you as little as that in Spain." Fouché replied that he hoped to be pardoned for having thrown together some reflections upon so important a crisis. Bonaparte resumed, "It is no crisis at all, sir, but a mere war of politics. Spain falls whenever I have destroyed English influence at St. Petersburg. I have eight hundred thousand soldiers in readiness; with such an army I consider Europe as an old prostitute, who must obey my pleasure. Did not you yourself once tell me that the word *impossible* is not French? You grandees are now grown too rich; and though you pretend to be anxious about my interests, you are only thinking of what might happen to yourselves in case of my death, and the dismemberment of my empire. I regulate my conduct much more by the sentiments of my army, than by yours. Is it my fault that the height of power which I have attained compels me to ascend to the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished. The picture exists hitherto only in outline. There must be one code, one court of appeal, and one coinage for all Europe. The European states must be melted into one nation, and Paris be its capital."

Taking facts naked as they present themselves, it would seem conclusive that political ethics are the very converse of social, inasmuch as actions that would be scouted by all possessed of high moral courage, may be carried forward with impunity by statesmen and government functionaries. Thus, iniquity, dissimulation, mendacity, plunder, even murder itself, with the whole category of degrading vices, become estimable virtues when passed through the political crucible. Christianity blushes at the recital. True religion weeps over the wretched sophistry with which rulers attempt to impose upon their fellow men, although, would they but confess the truth, they find it impossible to impose upon themselves. In all these remonstrances respecting the projected war, the question of its justice or injustice was never once mooted; its probable danger, with its advantages and disadvantages, alone engrossed the attention of the remonstrants.

CHAPTER XXV.

BONAPARTE QUITS PARIS FOR DRESDEN—MAKES AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO TREAT WITH THE CZAR, WHO REFUSES TO GIVE AN AUDIENCE TO HIS ENVOY—SENDS DE PRADT ON A MISSION TO POLAND—COMMENCES WAR AGAINST RUSSIA—DISPOSITION OF HIS ARMY—CROSSES THE NIEMEN—ENTERS WILNA—REPULSED ON THE DWINA—ENTERS VITEPSK—CROSSES THE DNIEPER—BATTLES OF SMOLENSK AND BORODINO—ENTERS MOSCOW—TAKES UP HIS RESIDENCE AT THE KREMLIN, THE PALACE AND CITADEL OF THE OLD CZARS—THAT ANCIENT CITY BURNT BY ROSTOPHCHIN.

Determined on his course, and having made the necessary arrangements with his ministry, the French Emperor, accompanied by his Empress, quitted Paris 9th May, 1812. On the 16th of the same month he arrived at Dresden, the capital of Saxony, a strongly fortified city, reckoned the handsomest in Germany, situated in 51° 2′ 50″ north latitude, 13° 43′ west longtitude, divided by the waters of the river Elbe into the old and new towns, has a castle, an academy of painting, and a noble picture gallery; two hundred and thirty miles north-north-west of Vienna, two hundred and forty miles north-north-east of Munich, fifty-five miles from Leipsic. Here he was received by the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Naples, Wurtemburg, Saxony, and Westphalia, together with all the other princes who formed the Confederation of the Rhine. In this congregation of royal rulers, Napoleon appeared to be the undisputed master. Without the least hesitation he claimed and obtained for himself, and his consort precedence even over the Austrian Emperor and Empress. Bonaparte was perfectly aware of the extreme hazard that would attend the invasion of such a semi-barbarous but extensive empire as Russia, he, therefore, was extremely desirous, at least for the present, to avoid extremities; on his part, Alexander also felt alarmed for the result, therefore had no great propensity for the contest, but hurried away by the clamours of his nobility, who were eager for war, he was obliged to yield. "We were," said Napoleon, "like two bullies, noisy, but unwilling to meet." Having seen Maria Louisa off on her return to Paris, also prescribed to his vassal monarchs the course they were respectively to pursue in case hostilities should commence, he made another unsuccessful attempt to reconcile matters with the Muscovite autocrat. For this purpose he despatched Count Lauriston to the Russian head-quarters, with fresh proposals for peace; but the Czar, to the great mortification of Napoleon, refused him an audience. When the Count, on his return, reported the manner in which his mission had been treated, Bonaparte drily observed, "The conquered assume the tone of conquerors; fate drags them on, let their destinies be fulfilled." The time had now arrived to forward his grand plan. Napoleon summoned a diet to be held at Warsaw, to whom he proposed to leave a large army in Poland for the defence of the kingdom, then sent the Abbé De Pradt to prepare for his reception among the Poles, to whom, according to the version of that subtle churchman, he thus opened his designs. "I will try your talents. You will reasonably suppose that I want you for some other purpose than to say mass. You must go to Poland, where you must keep a good table, and have a suitable retinue. These things are of weight in that country. You ought to know something of Poland. You have read Rhulieres. I shall beat the Russians. The candle is burning. By the end of September every thing must be finished. I am losing time here. I am going to Moscow. One or two battles will settle the business. The Emperor Alexander will be brought upon his knees. I will burn Thoula—behold Russia disarmed! They expect me at Moscow; it is the heart of the empire. I will carry on the war with Polish blood. I will leave fifty thousand French in Poland. I will make Dantzic a second Gibraltar of the north. I will subsidize Poland with fifty millions a-year. I am rich enough for that. The continental system is a folly without Russia. I should have been master of Europe but for this Spanish war. My son, without any great talents, will then only have to keep what I have acquired." This proceeding on the part of Bonaparte completely electrified the Poles; all ranks, both male and female, were animated with enthusiasm; troops were forthwith organized, administrations instantly formed, resources collected. The whole population, as far as French influence extended, were determined to drive oppression from the land of their fathers, to make it kees shelter behind the waters of the Borysthenes. The enthusiasm of this ill-fated people, however, was not destined to be of long continuance; it speedily gave way to chagrin and cruel disappointment; their fondest hopes were prematurely crushed; the cheering visions in which they had indulged, were succeeded by lugubrious anticipations of the future, unfortunately but too substantively realized. The Diet of Warsaw sent a deputation to the French Emperor, to announce their resolution to avail themselves of this opportunity to overthrow the yoke of their oppressors, re-unite their dismembered country, resurrect its independence, and restore it to its former rank among the nations of the earth. This was an embarrassing position for the wily Napoleon; dissimulation would no longer serve his turn; the truth must be told; the very disposition of the Austrian auxiliaries, under Prince Schwartzenberg, would have disclosed the secret; he was, therefore, compelled to avow the guarantee by which he had secured to the House of Austria a portion of their country. In consequence, he gave the Deputies rather a cool reception; acknowledged that "the present posture of his affairs did not warrant him to take an open part in the re-establishment of ancient Poland;" adding significantly, "I admire your efforts, they even have my approbation; if you persist, it is to be hoped your wishes will be crowned with success." The ardour of the Poles was thus effectually damped. Nevertheless, had it been so arranged that French soldiers should have appeared in the dismembered Polish provinces, instead of the white uniform of Austria, equally detestable, in the eye of the inhabitants, as the green jackets of the Russians, there cannot exist a doubt but the national enthusiasm of the people, in the cause of freedom, would have induced a general rising. The disposition, however, of the army precluded any operation of the kind, seeing that the Austrians were destined to traverse their country. This rising, had it taken place, would have been highly advantageous to the Emperor's subsequent movements, as well as decidedly honourable to his feelings in behalf of a much injured and cruelly insulted nation. His conduct, on the contrary, evinced a desire to repress all chance of insurrection in the extensive provinces of Austrian Poland.

As the Russian autocrat, Alexander, had refused to admit the envoy sent to him by his brother Emperor Napoleon, the die was cast, nothing remained but the fatal sanguinary negotiation that results from the bristling of bayonets, accompanied by the thunder of cannon. In consequence, Bonaparte issued a proclamation, 22nd June, 1812, in which he said:—

"Soldiers.—The second Polish war is begun, the first terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia vowed an eternal alliance with France and war to England. She now breaks her vows, and refuses to give any explication of her strange conduct; let not the French eagles repass the Rhine, to leave our allies at her discretion.

"Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled! Does she think us degenerated? Are we no longer the same soldiers who fought at Austerlitz? She places us between dishonour and war. Our choice cannot be difficult. Let us march across the Niemen, and carry the war into her country. This second Polish war will be as glorious for the French arms, as the first has been; but the peace we shall conclude will carry along with it its own guarantee, and shall put an end for ever to the haughty influence which Russia has exercised for fifty years in the affairs of Europe."

This was followed by a counter address, in which the Czar announced the termination of his negotiations with France: he recapitulated the innumerable efforts he had made to preserve peace, without compromising the independence of his country. He invoked the aid of Divine Providence, as the witness and defender of the true cause, concluding with—"Soldiers! you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native land. Your Emperor is amongst you; and God is the enemy of the aggressor." To meet the coming storm, Russian preparations for war had been carried on upon an extensive scale, as well as with almost unexampled activity, early in the preceding year. Two hundred thousand troops had been concentrated on her western frontier; her founderies had been constantly at work to produce two thousand pieces of ordnance, while five hundred thousand muskets had been hastily manufactured.

The preparations on both sides were upon a scale commensurate with the importance of the coming contest. At the opening of the campaign, the two wings of the vast allied army, each embodied thirty thousand men. The right, under Prince Schwartzenberg, chiefly composed of Austrian auxiliaries, was to march through Volhynia, a Russian government, two hundred and twenty miles long, one hundred and thirty broad, bounded by Poland on the west. The left, commanded by Field-Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, with a view to outflank the Russian right, and gain possession of the sea-coast in the direction of Riga, was to march through the duchy of Courland, bounded on the north and on the west by the Baltic Sea, on the east by Livonia, on the south by Poland. Its capital is Mittaw, seated on the stream of the Aa, in 23° 50′ east longitude, 56° 40′ north latitude, two hundred and seventy miles north-north-east of Warsaw. The grand army of the centre, consisting of not less than two hundred and fifty thousand men, was composed of the cavalry, under the chief command of Joachim Murat, King of Naples; the divisions of Field-Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl; of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy; of Field-Marshal Ney, afterwards Prince of Moskwa; of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia; of Field-Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes; of Field-Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno; and of the Polish General Poniatowski, the whole under the supreme command of the French Emperor in person. To keep open the communication of the centre with the extreme right, was entrusted to the corps under the orders of General Regnier; that with the extreme left, to the division of Field-Marshal Oudinot, Duke of Reggio; while that with France devolved upon Field-

Marshal Augereau, Duke of Castiglione, who was stationed in the north of Germany, to overawe the Prussian capital, Berlin. The army of Napoleon, was so placed as to render it doubtful whether Moscow or St. Petersburg was his object. The General in Chief of the main Russian army, consisting of one hundred and twenty thousand men, was Field-Marshal Barclay de Tolly, who had his head-quarters at Wilna, where immense magazines had been formed; to the left of him lay the second army, comprising eighty thousand soldiers, under the command of General Bagrathion, having with him the veteran Hetman of the Cossacks, and twelve thousand of his troops; the extreme left wing "the army of Volhynia," under the command of General Tormazoff, watched Prince Schwartzenberg and his Imperialists; General Witgenstein, with thirty thousand men, occupied the right wing; between these and the sea-coast, was the corps of General Essen, comprising ten thousand men. Behind the whole line, two armies of reserve, each to contain twenty thousand fighting men, were rapidly forming: one at Novogorod, a town seated on both sides of the rapid stream of the Volkoff, near the north end of the lake Ilmen, in 31° 44′ east longitude, 52° 25′ north latitude, one hundred and twenty miles south-south-east of the city of St. Petersburg; the other at Smolensk, a Russian city extending over two mountains and the valley between them, surrounded with walls thirty feet in height and fifteen feet thick, seated on the waters of the Dnieper, in 32° 14′ east longitude, 54° 50′ north latitude, two hundred and thirty-five miles west-south-west of Moscow. The Russian plan for carrying on the war was settled to be entirely defensive: whenever they retired, the country was laid desolate, whatever could not be removed was destroyed; every village was burned; the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army, swelled its ranks, and frequently fought desperately. The great object with Alexander was to husband his strength until the polar winter should set in, and bring the miseries of the invaders to a crisis.

On the 24th June, 1812, Napoleon issued orders to his troops to advance, the soldiery, delighted, rent the air with their shouts of joy; pontoons were laid at midnight across the river Niemen, and before daybreak the army had passed over to the opposite side of that stream. The Russians retired in good order; the first party of the allies was challenged by a single Cossack, who demanded, "For what purpose do you enter the Russian territory?" The reply to this was, "To beat you, and take Wilna." The solitary sentinel stuck spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost in the forest; in his flight he was accompanied by a tremendous thunder storm, which many of the men considered as an unfavourable omen; the force of this opinion was augmented by the stumbling of Napoleon's horse, which brought the Emperor, who rode in front of the troops, to the ground. The French marched forward with uncommon rapidity, and on the 28th June, 1812, entered Wilna, a Russian fortified town, the capital of Lithuania, with a university, an ancient castle, also a royal palace, seated on the current of the Vilia, in 25° 38′ east longitude, 54° 41′ north latitude, one hundred and eighty miles east of Konigsberg, two hundred and forty miles north east of Warsaw stands on several eminences, has two considerable suburbs, Antokollo and Rudaiska, from which the Russians had withdrawn two days before, having previously destroyed all the magazines, upon the seizure of which Bonaparte had placed some reliance. The Russian fell back upon his strongly intrenched camp at Drissa, a town in the government of Polotsk, seated at the confluence of the waters of the Drissa with the stream of the

Dwina, two hundred and seventy-two miles south of St. Petersburg. The bulletin that announced this forward movement said, "Ten days after the opening of the campaign, our advanced posts are on the banks of the Dwina! Almost all Lithuania, a country containing four millions of inhabitants, is conquered. The Russians are engaged in concentrating their forces at Drissa. They now talk of fighting, after having abandoned, without a stroke, their Polish possessions. Perhaps they adopt this peaceful mode of evacuation as an act of justice, to make some restitution to a country which they had acquired neither by treaty nor the right of conquest."

In his former wars Bonaparte had subsisted his troops principally by plunder in the conquered countries; for the first time he had experienced, in Spain and Portugal, how difficult it is to find food where the population is decidedly hostile; this, together with the natural poverty of the Russian provinces, had induced him to alter his plan: he had wisely foreseen that it would be next to impossible to feed his advancing host, unless he carried with him the greater portion of the provisions that would be required. He had not, however, calculated upon the entire desolation of the country through which he had to pass, and the destruction of the enemy's magazines. Before he quitted his capital, he had entered into large contracts for provisions of all kinds, to be conveyed with his army. The progress of such enormous trains of cattle and waggons would, however, necessarily prove tedious and somewhat uncertain, under the most able and best conducted Commissariat. Thus, when he entered Wilna, before he could venture to proceed, he had to await the arrival of the commissaries with the requisite supply; and when they did arrive, he found his commissariat full two-thirds less effective than he had imagined. He was thus beset with difficulties, unless he would consent to postpone his invasion for another year. This detained him in the Lithuanian capital full three weeks, a very unexpected pause in the movements of the French emperor. Alexander employed this interval to the very best advantage. The peace he had effected with England, Turkey, and Sweden, enabled him to augment his main army with the troops which he had been under the necessity to maintain on the two flanks of his European dominions. While Admiral Tchichagoff, with his fifty thousand soldiers, who had been opposed to the Turks, on the side of Moldavia, were set at liberty, and marched to strengthen the left wing of General Barclay de Tolly; at the same time, the Russian right, which had gradually retired upon the intrenched camp on the river Dwina, was reinforced with other troops employed in Finland, though not so numerous. So great was the enthusiasm of the Russians in favour of their Czar, that supplies of all kinds poured in spontaneously in every direction. Such was the enmity borne to Napoleon, that Hetman Platoff absolutely put forth a proclamation, stating that the man who should bring him the head of Bonaparte, he would reward with the hand of his only daughter, together with a dowry of two hundred thousand rubles, a Russian coin, worth about two shillings and sevenpence each.

During Napoleon's stay at Wilna, he had taken into his consideration which would offer the greatest advantage, the possession of St. Petersburg or Moscow. At Cronstadt, a Russian seaport and fortress, on the island of Retusari, in the gulf of Finland, in 29° 26′ east longitude, 59° 56′ north latitude, twenty-two miles west of St. Petersburg, of which it is the outport, there was a Russian fleet, the capture of which, in his estimation, would be a most brilliant exploit, and materially tend to give importance to his measures: besides which, he speculated that a triumphal entry into the Czar's capital would produce a feeling throughout the country that would greatly assist his future operations. Having for these reasons made St. Petersburg his pursuit, he directed all his efforts towards the stream of the Dwina upon the extensive intrenchments of which the Russian Commander-in-Chief had fallen back. On this river, five miles from its mouth, in a gulf of the Baltic Sea, called Riga or Livonia, in 24° 16′ east longitude, 56° 50′ north latitude, at the distance of three hundred and ten miles west of St. Petersburg, two hundred and twenty miles north-east of Konigsberg, is seated the strong Russian town of Riga; it was then defended by the corps under General Essen, also by the English sailors of Admiral Martin's fleet, who effectually resisted every attempt of the French Emperor to carry the place. On the approach of the French to form the siege, the governor of the town set fire to the suburbs, by which upwards of two thousand houses were consumed. Bonaparte could not make any impression, and was thrice repelled in his attempts to force the camp of General Barclay de Tolly, at Dunaburg. Thus resisted, he gave up the idea of going to St. Petersburg, and made preparations to pursue his route to the city of Moscow, the ancient capital of Muscovy, which, before the entry of the French, was the largest city in Europe, the circumference within the ramparts that enclosed the suburbs was twenty miles. The current of the Moskwa winds through it, forming a channel which, except in the spring, is only navigable for rafts. Several small lakes in the suburbs give rise to the stream of the Neglina. The navigation to this city is formed by the waters of the Moskwa, which flow into the river Occa, near Kalomna—that river communicates with the stream of the Volga; also by a canal with the river Don, by that means with the sea of Asoph. The principal manufactures are silk, linen, cotton, paper, leather, and sugar. Moscow—seated in 37° 33′ east longitude, 55° 46′ north latitude, distant four hundred and twenty-five miles south-east of St. Petersburg; is the centre of the inland commerce of Russia: the city exhibited an astonishing degree of extent and variety, irregularity and contrast; some parts had the appearance of a sequestered desert, others of a populous town; some of a contemptible village, others of a great capital.

The intention to invest St. Petersburgh having been relinquished, preparations were in activity to attack the Russians in their intrenchments at Drissa: on the approach of the Allied troops, they again fled, while Napoleon pursued with alacrity through a dreary country, made up of woods and steppes: the poverty of the landscape was the most disheartening; the desolation seemed boundless, everything useful had either been removed or submitted to the flames. The rain continued to fall in torrents, the roads broken up were thus rendered almost impassable; the men advanced with difficulty; exhausted with fruitless exertion, they were either unable to keep a firm footing on the wet clayey soil, or continually losing themselves in the mire: the amount of those who could not keep up with the line of march, visibly increased every hour, and encumbered the rear: thousands perished from fatigue and hunger; never, perhaps, had such a dreadful mortality signalized the commencement of a campaign: the Allied soldiers, suffered even more than the French: within two days ten thousand horses lay lifeless on the ground the army had passed over: the scene was altogether frightful. Nevertheless, the patient endurance and courage of the troops was beyond expectation: the agility of Bonaparte under these disastrous circumstances was truly surprising. The movements, the management, the precaution, as well as measures of security he adopted, are inconceivable: he embraced every object of consequence, applied himself to all that could by possibility ameliorate the condition of his army. In short, he embraced every thing, was equal to every thing, and was careful personally to see that every thing was faithfully executed. All the vigilance of the Emperor, however, could not remedy the evil, the horrors of the situation rather increased than diminished. In the midst of all this suffering, a dispute between the King of Westphalia and General Vandamme, which prevented them executing the orders of Napoleon, allowed a corps of Russians under General Bagrathion, to escape, although it was placed in great jeopardy, and but for this wrangle, must have fallen an easy prey: there was also great reason to doubt the sincerity of Prince Schwartzenberg, who commanded the Austrians, notwithstanding his seeming eagerness to engage the Russians.

On the line of march, two hundred and ninety-seven miles west of Moscow, and three hundred and twenty miles south of St. Petersberg, stands the Russian city of Vitepsk. surrounded by a wall, and divided into two parts by the stream of the Dwina. During three days, the 25th, 26th, 27th July, 1812, the French and Russians were engaged at this place in a most sanguinary contest; the result was, that the Russian general found himself under the necessity to alter his line of retreat, as well as to abandon Vitepsk, but retired from the field of battle in admirable order: in the mean time the right wing, under General Regnier, also the left wing, under Field-marshal Oudinot, were defeated with severe loss, the first by the Russian general, Tormazoff, the other by General Witgenstein.

Bonaparte halted for several days to refresh his troops, as well as to allow time for his reserves to advance. On the 8th August, 1812, Napoleon again moved forward, crossed the stream of the Dnieper and six days subsequent, on the 14th August, 1812, his army came in sight of Smolensk. On the 16th of the same month, the two armies of the Czar, under Generals Barclay de Tolly and Bagrathion effected a junction behind the river which flows at the back of the town: a battle ensued, which was obstinately disputed, the cannonade was violent, and the effect murderous. Three times did the French Emperor renew the attack, and was as often repulsed. At length the Russians, both enfiladed and taken in flank, gave way and were defeated: those walls which had so often witnessed the triumph of the Russian eagle could no longer be defended. During the night the garrison withdrew; before they quitted, however, they committed the city to the flames, the buildings, being chiefly of wood, were quickly a prey to the devouring element; the churches in particular, enveloped in smoke, poured out torrents of fire. The domes, the spires, together with the multitude of small towers, that arose above the conflagration, added to the terrific picture, and resembled in its fury an eruption of Vesuvius. When the French entered the place, it was half consumed; encumbered with the bodies of the dead, and of the wounded, it exhibited a shocking spectacle, disgusting to humanity. Napoleon exclaimed when he beheld the terrific sight, "Never was there war prosecuted with such ferocity; never did defence put on so hostile a shape against the common feelings of self preservation. These people treat their own country as if they were its enemies." The Russian, however, was determined that the enemy should not find comfortable winter quarters in Smolensk. Every where was the demon of destruction in full activity. The whole country around was burned, laid waste, and ruined. Yet Bonaparte continued to advance, while the Russian began to tremble lest he should be driven into his Siberian wilds. In fact, the Czar's troops were flying as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit: the cavalry under Murat, rushed forward in pursuit, soon came up with the Russian rear. Their general, Korff attempted to make a stand; he was quickly overwhelmed. General Barclay de Tolly then came up with his masses, the French at the same time received reinforcements: the action became terrible, both parties fought with incredible fury. The French Field-marshal Ney attacked in front, Field-marshal Junot was to have taken the Russian in flank; had he pressed forward, the enemy's army must have been cut off: alarmed at not seeing him advance, Murat ran to him, exclaiming, "What are you about? your mashal's staff is half lost already." To this he replied, "My Wesphalians are wavering," upon which the King of Naples, who said, "I will give them an impetus," put himself at the head of a few squadrons, charged, and overthrew everything that opposed him. "There," exclaimed he, "the work is half done, complete it, and the Russians are lost." Junot did not complete it: the Russians escaped: whether lfrom fatigue or distrust, the bravest of the brave slumbered amidst the roar of cannon. The field-marshal was disgraced, his marshal's staff taken from him, and the command of the Wesphalian corps given to General Rapp: Bonaparte at the same time observing, "You speak their language, you will show them an example, you will make them fight." After a time, however, Napoleon pardoned Junot, who afterwards died, bravely fighting on the field of battle.

A great question was about to be decided; no less than whether the French or the Tartars were to give law to the world. The Czar, not satisfied with the operations of Field-Marshal Barclay de Tolly, resolved to appoint a new generalissimo for his army, which he had now reinforced from every quarter: his choice fell upon General Kutusoff, a slavish flatterer of the nobility, also a bigotted fawner of the priesthood; who fasted, prayed, drew military inspirations from the feet of his images, which always accompanied him. Joachim Murat, King of Naples, who had a soldier's contempt for amulets, with his usual impetuosity, attacked the newly-appointed commander, who wished to make a stand at the village of Chevarino. The charge was sounded, the cavalry were in motion, Kutusoff, in spite of his immaculate images, was discomfited, his troops overthrown, and driven back on his intrenchments. When the French Emperor was informed of the processions of General Kutusoff with his images, they were objects of his mirth: his observation was, "Good! they are now busy with pasquinades, they shall not escape us again!" He reconnoitered the enemy's situation, gave orders for his army to move forward, and prepared himself for the engagement of the morrow. The King of Naples, who had, on the 5th September, 1812, made himself master of their principal redoubt, as well as turned the left of their position, did not believe the Russian would accept battle, but, as he had done formerly, would withdraw during the night; in this he was mistaken: Napoleon judged more correctly, the next day witnessed them at work, digging, throwing up the earth and strengthening their works. General Rapp was despatched towards the enemy, with instructions to approach the enemy's camp as near as possible. When he made his report, Bonaparte called for his charger, and made another reconnaisance in person. Near the village of Borodino, which is about ninety miles west of Moscow, he was fired at with grapeshot that obliged him to withdraw. He had, however, seen enough to convince him an action was at hand, as well as to govern his future measures; on his return he issued his orders accordingly. All the 6th September, 1812, the two armies lay in the presence of each other, evidently preparing for a contest. The Russian, one hundred and twenty thousand strong, was posted on an elevated plain, having a wood on his right flank, on his left the village, also a deep ravine; his front was covered by the bed of a small stream, while extensive fieldworks protected every accessible point of this naturally very strong ground; in the centre of the whole, an enormous battery crowned a gentle eminence, serving as a species of citadel. The force of the allied army, in readiness for action, was about the same, while the artillery of both combatants was pretty nearly equal; each having at his command about five hundred guns. Napoleon addressed the troops in his usual style of language—"Soldiers! Here is the battle for which you have so long wished, it is of necessity; for it will bring us plenty. Henceforth victory will depend on yourselves; we want her, she will furnish us with good winter quarters, as also a safe return to our country. Behave yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitepsk, at Smolensk, thus enable the remotest posterity to quote your conduct on this day and say of each of you, he was in the great battle under the walls of Moscow."

Meanwhile the clergy appeared in the Russian camp clothed in their richest vestments, displaying their most consecrated images, exhorting the soldiers to merit Paradise by devoting themselves to the cause of their country. The men responded to this exhortation with shouts that rent the air, and which were distinctly audible throughout the French lines. These acclamations were answered by similar vociferations on the part of the allied army—both seemed actuated by an uncontrollable enthusiasm: the shouts redoubled, the troops were eager for action. Bonaparte pleased with the animation of his soldiers exclaimed, to his staff, "It is the enthusiasm of Austerlitz, we shall be triumphant; forwards, we shall to day have an affair with this famous General Kutusoff—you must recollect that it was he who commanded at Brannau, in the campaign of Austerlitz; the same who remained three weeks in that place without leaving his chamber once; that did not even get on horseback to examine the fortifications. General Benningsen, although old, is still a more vigorous commander, I do not know why Alexander did not send the Hanoverian to replace Field Marshal Barclay de Tolly," adding, after a pause, "Fortune is a liberal mistress, I have frequently said so, and now begin to experience it; however, there is no time to lose, the army well knows its own situation, it also knows it can only find provisions in Moscow; to reach that city it has not more than thirty leagues to march. It is true, this poor army is sadly reduced, but what remains is good; besides, my guard remains untouched." Having thus spoken, and made up his mind for action, at four o'clock on the morning of the 7th September, 1812, trumpets sounded the charge, drums beat to arms, the troops in high spirits eagerly pressed forward to the attack with deafening acclamations; under cover of a thick fog the French advanced and simultaneously assaulted the centre, the right, as also the left of General Kutusoff's position with such irresistible impetuosity, that the Russian, unable to withstand the shock, was driven from his redoubts and compelled to give way: this success, however, was but momentary; the Russian rallied even under the galling fire of his enemy's cannon, re-advanced and continued the combat with determined valour : indeed the contest was maintained with such unremitting ardour that, one division of Russians which in the morning numbered thirty thousand soldiers in its ranks, although exposed to the destructive operation of eighty pieces of artillery, fought unshaken through the day in close order, with such negligence of life, that, at the conclusion of the battle, not more than eight thousand of these brave fellows survived : perhaps not anything could more forcibly evince their resolution to defend their native soil against aggression, than that peasants who until that hour had never seen war, and who were still clad in their usual rustic dress, simply distinguished by a cross sewed upon it in the front, should rush into the thickest of the combat, their places when they fell being supplied by others who eagerly pressed forward to fill up the vacancy.

In this terrible engagement it has been stated the dead bodies of not less than one hundred thousand warriors strewed the field of battle; at any rate, all accounts agree that on this sanguinary day, the slain on each side amounted to full forty thousand. Evening alone put an end to the slaughter, when both armies occupied the same ground they respectively covered at daybreak. This was, perhaps, the most desperately contested struggle, by many degrees, in which Napoleon had hitherto been engaged; so much so, that when he drew off his soldiers he abandoned all hope of being able to force his way through the Russian columns. On the other hand, it would appear that General Kutusoff was extremely unwilling to discontinue the fight, seeing that during the night he several times ordered his cavalry to make an attempt to penetrate the French lines, but certainly without success : when, however, the next morning he read the reports of his regimental officers, which brought him acquainted with the full extent of his loss, prudence dictated the necessity of retreating for the purpose of recruiting. Thus ended the memorable "Battle of Borodino," for which, in honour of the victory, Bonaparte created Field-Marshal Ney "Prince of Moskwa." Towards the close of the day, his generals advised Napoleon to bring forward his guard, and, at their head, to hazard one final attack against his antagonist, General Kutusoff; to this he replied by asking, "And if my guard fail, what means should I have to renew the battle to-morrow ?"

A great number of generals fell, either killed or wounded, in this tremendous battle; the French had no fewer than forty disabled. The Russian withdrew leisurely from his intrenchments, and was actively followed by Napoleon, whose loss at Borodino was replaced, at this juncture, by the opportune arrival of two divisions from Smolensk. After two days' pursuit, on the 9th September, 1812, the van of the French, under the command of the King of Naples, came up with the Russian rear, when Bonaparte expected to bring the enemy once more to action. General Kutusoff, however, managed so adroitly as to avoid a conflict, and also masked his movements so completely, by spreading his Cossacks, as to leave it uncertain whether his intentions were to retreat on the capital, or on Kaluga, a Russian town, seated on the stream of the Occa, one hundred and seven miles south-south-west of Moscow. The former proved to be his object. On the 14th September, 1812, the allied troops reached the eminence which the Russians call "The Hill of Salvation," from whence, for the first time, they obtained a view of the ancient metropolis of Muscovy, a city which the natives hold nearly as sacred as Jerusalem, and which is by them affectionately called

"Mother Moscow." The soldiers, almost frantic with joy, rent the air with cries of "Moscow! Moscow!" which were resounded throughout the ranks with the most enthusiastic ardour; Napoleon himself no sooner caught sight of its oriental domes, its Gothic steeples, and its huge towers, than he exclaimed, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" emphatically adding, after a short pause, "it was indeed time!" He could not, however, help noticing, as something out of the common order of things, that no smoke appeared to issue from the chimneys, neither did the battlements display any appearance of military preparation; what was still more remarkable, no herald appeared to announce either defiance or submission; none of the citizens approached to deliver up the keys of the city, or, as is usual on such occasions, to solicit for the inhabitants his favour and protection. While pondering on these strange circumstances, Murat, who had pushed on to the gates, returned to say, that he had held a parley with General Milarodowitch, who commanded the rear-guard, of the retreating Russians, but who threatened to set fire to the city, unless two hours were granted for the purpose of withdrawing the troops in safety. Napoleon immediately acceded to the request, but felt much surprised that the time had elapsed without any procession, either of nobles or of magistrates. The fact is that Moscow was abandoned to its fate by the constituted authorities, as well as by the principal and wealthy inhabitants. The Governor, General Rostophchin, together with the garrison, consisting of fourteen thousand men, had marched out before the arrival of the French; many of the nobilty had, however, left their servants to wait upon the conquerors; many ladies also remained. The city abounded with provisions. The French Emperor entered Moscow, at the head of his triumphant army, without striking a blow. The troops quickly dispersed themselves in search of plunder; the magnificent palaces of the Boyards, embosomed in trees, the public edifices, the bazaars, churches, and convents, were pillaged without mercy; the soldiers clothed themselves in the most costly furs, and the richest silks; also indulged themselves with the choicest wines from the stores of the citizens and nobles; in short, everything was made subservient to their unruly appetites. Bonaparte located himself at first in a suburban palace, but during the night he was roused from his slumbers by the cry of "Fire!" the chief market-place was in flames!

In a few hours, by dint of great exertion on the part of the soldiers, the fire was extinguished: Napoleon meanwhile shifted his quarters to the Kremlin, an extensive building, the ancient palace of the Czars, surrounded by lofty walls of brick and stone, in which Peter the Great was born: here he wrote a letter to Alexander, offering proposals for peace; this missive was confided to a prisoner of rank, but no answer was ever returned, at least none ever reached the French Emperor. Next day, as night set in, flames burst out again; this was attributed to the soldiers, who it was supposed, had kindled their fires too near to the houses which were built chiefly of wood: Bonaparte expressed great anger, and issued very strict orders on the subject, to the commandants of regiments, as well as to others, threatening serious punishment in case of detection. To his great astonishment, the conflagration increased on the following day; a violent wind arose, which spread the fire with great rapidity in every direction; the city was one blaze, east, west, north, and south; to extinguish it became impossible; it raged without intermission for four days, during which four-fifths of the capital was destroyed; but the still more afflicting circumstance was that thirty thousand sick and wounded lying in the hospitals perished in the flames.

Karamsin, a Russian author, when speaking of this terrible devastation, observes, "Palaces and temples, monuments of art, memorials of luxury, the sacred remains of ages long since past, the creations of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors, the cradles of children were indiscriminately swallowed up in the deflagration; nothing was left of the ancient city of Moscow, save the memory of her people, and their rooted determination to avenge her fall." As Napoleon surveyed from the enormous towers of the Kremlin the vast ocean of fire which rose majestically before him, for the first time suspicion of the fact crossed his mind; namely, that it was the result of a premeditated plan: in this he was soon confirmed by the narrative of a Fenchman, who had long resided in the city: this person, who had been committed to prison for some seditious expressions in favour of his countrymen, detailed Rostophchin's conduct previous to his leaving the city committed to his care. "The day antecedent to the entry of the allied troops," said the informant, "the Governor held a court of justice: I was brought before him in company with a disaffected Russian. The guilt of the latter, whose father was in the court, was amply proved. Rostophchin, turning to the aged parent, said he should grant the culprit some minutes, that he might converse with him and receive his blessing. 'What,' said the old man indignantly, 'shall I bestow my benediction on a rebel? No! I hereby give him my curse!' The Russian was instantly ordered for execution: the Judge then addressed me, observing, 'Your preference of your own people was natural: you are at liberty, but bear in remembrance there was but one traitor to his Czar and you have witnessed his disgraceful end!' The numerous Gaols were then emptied, the city left to their mercy, while Rostophchin with his soldiers quitted it, at the head of the inhabitants, who, at his suggestion, had been for some time making arrangements for their retreat."—It subsequently turned out that these miscreants had been hired for the purpose of burning the city, to effect which they had distributed themselves in various quarters, with matches and other combustibles, which they contrived to conceal under their cloaks. So fixed was the determination of Rostophchin to render it impossiple for the enemy to remain in Russia, that his splendid country residence was reduced to a heap of ruins, ere the French could reach it: upon the gates of this once superb mansion, was affixed a notice which said:—"For eight years I have embellished this habitation and lived happily in it, enjoying the company of my family. The tenantry on the estate in number one thousand seven hundred and twenty left it when they heard of your approach; I then set fire to my house that its chambers may not be polluted with your presence." Nothing could exceed the devotion of the natives: no sacrifice appeared too great for them to endure, provided it embarrassed Bonaparte, and impeded his movements. On one occasion some peasants, brought in from the neighbouring districts, were branded on the arm with the letter N, one of them being given to understand that this marked him as the property of Napoleon, he unhesitatingly seized an axe, and chopped off the limb. Twelve slaves belonging to Count Woronzow, who had fallen into the hands of the troops, were commanded either to enlist into the French service, or to suffer death, four of them instantly folded their arms on their breasts, according to the custom of the country, and so died The officer who commanded, appalled at their undaunted constancy, spared the lives of the rest, but could not persuade them to become adherents to the French cause.

Whenever any of the wretched incendiaries fell into the hands of the French, they were instantly massacred. But every effort to arrest the progress of the destructive element proved ineffectual: the water-pipes had been cut, the pumps rendered useless. In short, nothing had been left undone that could facilitate the reduction of the city to a heap of ashes: Napoleon was continually on the alert, giving an encouraging example of intrepidity to his followers: he exposed himself in the streets, in many of which the flames appeared to form terrific arches, while others were wrapped up in a dense mantle of smoke: his hair, as well as his eyebrows, were singed, his clothes burned: he exhorted his men, stimulated their industry by promises of reward, but all in vain. "These are indeed Scythians," he exclaimed. "Who would have thought that a nation would set its capital on fire: this terrible conflagration has ruined every thing; I was prepared for all but this: had it not been for this unforeseen calamity, I possessed every thing that my army wanted; excellent winter quarters, stores of all kind in plenty, and the next year would have decided the contest in my favour." On the third night the Kremlin itself took fire, the equinoctial gales whistled over the ignited pile, and it became doubtful if the Emperor would be able to escape safely. The fire advanced; the Chinese and India warehouses were burning; several stores of oil and spirits added to the violence of the flames. Bonaparte remained amidst the crackling of the timbers, until the intensity of the heat was no longer bearable: he then mounted his horse, and halted at one of the Czar's country palaces, at Petrowsk, about a league distant, where he fixed his head-quarters: as he rode along, he could not withdraw his eyes from the rueful spectacle of the burning city, which appeared like an undulating ocean, raging with rolling billows of fire, with a sky darkened by clouds of smoke, ever and anon illuminated by rising volumes of flame. All who witnessed the scene concur in saying, that it was at once the most terrific and most sublime sight they every beheld. Napoleon frequently ejaculated, "This bodes great misfortune."

At length the fire subsided, the flames were subdued, and Bonaparte returned to the Palace of the Kremlin, 20th September, 1812. Here he had to encounter another misfortune; the store of provisions, which at first appeared so amply provided within the city, began to fail. Had the citizens remained within its walls, the means of subsistence would have continued to arrive from the provinces by the usual course, but after it was generally known that Moscow contained only a French population, neither boat nor sledge had been put in motion for that purpose. This was a dreadful state for the army. Men and horses were alike exhausted; there was neither food nor forage; while the determined hostility of the peasantry precluded the introduction of even the smallest supplies, either of nutriment or provender, into the doomed city. The common soldiers, it is true, had excellent wine and rich liqueurs in abundance, but were destitute of bread, and had no meat except horseflesh: added to this, the season was far advanced, and the surly winter of the north was fast approaching.

It has been truly said, nothing can effectually damp the vivacity of Frenchmen; this was fully verified by their conduct amidst all the horrors by which they were surrounded at Moscow. A theatre was fitted up, performers brought from France; plays were acted, and large audiences collected. The Emperor himself was anxious to show the world that even under the most distressing circumstances, during the hottest campaigns, his mind was occupied with his domestic administration; that the welfare of his subjects was the first wish of his heart, and formed the ruling principle of his actions; from the ruins of Moscow he dated a decree by which the Theatre Français at Paris was to be regulated. Notwithstanding his assumed nonchalance, the situation of Napoleon daily assumed a more serious aspect; no answer had been received from the Czar to his letter: the unwelcome news of the disastrous result of the "Battle of Salamanca," found its way to the capital of Muscovy; and, what was of more consequence, the fact spread among the soldiery. The Russian Generals Tormazoff and Tchichagoff on the south, as well as Witgenstein on the north, threatened to place themselves between his central columns, and his magazines in Poland, while General Kutusoff occupied a very strong position to the south-west of Moscow, with an army increasing hourly in numbers, by the arrival of bands of enthusiastic recruits.

In short the whole forces of the Russian empire, seemed to be gathering around him and rendered his position dangerous on every side: 'tis true the poor remains of the enormous City of Moscow still afforded tolerable quarters for his troops, but that was all; food there was none. Thus circumstanced, Napoleon resolved to make fresh efforts to negotiate a peace with Alexander: he dispatched Count Lauriston to the head quarters of General Kutusoff, with another letter for the Czar, which he was instructed to deliver to the Russian autocrat in person. Kutusoff received the envoy in the midst of all his generals, with a friendly civility that gave the Count great hopes of success: the result disappointed him. The Russian declared, that by the express orders of his Prince, he was precluded the opportunity to entertain any negotiation, or even to furnish passports to any French messenger; however, he offered to send on the Emperor Napoleon's letter to St. Petersburg, by one of his own aides-de-camp, and these were the best terms that Lauriston could obtain: this occurred early in October, 1812. An answer could not be expected to reach Moscow in less than twenty days, which would not expire before the 26th of the month: this would have prolonged the stay of the army in an inhospitable climate too far into the winter, the severity of which would prove ruinous; therefore, turn whichever way he might, difficulties seemed to multiply. The perils of his situation increased with fearful rapidity; every hour rendered his danger more imminent. There had already been one fall of snow. On the other hand, to retreat after a second application to the Czar, would indicate inability to to remain. For the first time he became indecisive; his mind, as compared with what it had been in former campaigns, appeared in a state of lethargy. In this state of inactivity he lingered on until the 19th October, 1812.

During this perplexity, General Daru gave Napoleon what the latter called "a lion's counsel." This was, "to draw in all his detachments, to give up all idea of keeping open his communications with either France, Germany, or even with Poland, to kill and salt away every horse he could get, and trust to foraging-parties for the rest: in short, his advice was, to convert the ruins of Moscow into an intrenched camp, and to issue forth in the coming spring with his army entire and refreshed. This was advice to which he might have lent a favourable ear, could he have relied upon the fidelity of his Prussian, Austrian, and Rhenish auxiliaries: this, however, he had good reason to doubt; cooped up in Moscow for six months, and cut off from all communication from France for that period, he suspected but too truly his allies would not only throw off his yoke but join themselves to the Russians, who, during the winter, to which they were accustomed, would assuredly not remain inactive, but would avail themselves of the occasion to augment their force, and thereby assemble such formidable numbers of fighting men, that when he should reissue from his winter-quarters, with his isolated army, it would, as compared with that of his enemy be a mere shadow, totally incompetent to struggle with the accumulated force with which the Czar would be able to take the field: the proposition was of course rejected; and to retreat appeared the only alternative.

A council was held as to the best road by which to retreat. Murat, the King of Naples, proposed to march to Kaluga, destroy the Russian magazines collected there, then to take up cantonments on the borders of the river Borysthenes. Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, was for pushing on to St. Petersburg, then to march to Riga, with a view to join the division under the command of Field-marshal Macdonald; many other plans were suggested: each in its turn was rejected by Bonaparte. The only thing in which all agreed was, that Moscow having been destroyed, the occupation of its ruins was neither secure nor desirable: Napoleon knew to a man what troops he had in eschelon from thence to the Rhine river. He was, however, far from being easy; he made his calculations, thought them accurate as well as practicable, no longer slumbered, but despatched the most judicious instructions to his generals, observing, "I have again offered to negotiate with the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh, but from the manner in which that proposition has been received by General Kutusoff, I cannot help thinking that the Russians are amusing us, in order to take their revenge during the inclemency of the winter, which will offer them a fairer prospect of success. We must therefore tarry no longer, but commence our retrograde movement." This was on the 18th October, 1812; the departure was fixed for the next day, the 19th, and General Rapp, who was not yet entirely recovered from his wounds, was ordered to attend at the Kremlin in the morning. When they met, the Emperor thus addressed him:—"Well, Rapp, we have settled to retreat to the frontier of Poland, by the road of Kaluga, I yet hope that Alexander will make peace." To which the general replied, "You have waited a long time sire, and the inhabitants foretel that it will prove a winter of more than common severity." Napoleon treated the information lightly, exclaiming, "Poh! poh! with your inhabitants. This is the 19th October, you see how fine it is. Do you not in that recognize my star? Besides, I could not think to leave without sending on all the sick and wounded. I was not willing to give them up to the fury of the Russians: I would not, if possible, leave a man among them: I would give all the treasures of Russia, not to leave a single wounded soldier behind: we must take horses, waggons, carriages—everything to carry them on; send me a secretary." When the scribe arrived, it was to write to Field-marshal Mortier. The despatch ran thus:—"The Romans gave civic crowns to those who saved citizens: the Duke de Treviso will deserve as many as he may save soldiers. He must mount them on his horses and those of all his people." Notwithstanding, great numbers of sick and wounded were left to the mercy of the Russians, while thousands of waggons, laden with the spoil of Moscow, attended, and encumbered the march of the retreating army.

Had Napoleon possessed the means to command a supply of provisions for his troops, it is not improbable that he would have taken up his winter quarters in Moscow, notwithstanding the ruinous state to which it had been reduced by its governor, Rostophchin: in that case he might possibly have escaped those cruel disasters which subsequently visited his troops in their retreat; disasters the horrors of which set description at defiance, and are hardly to be matched in the records of history. As it was, however, he had no choice. To quit the Kremlin had become imperative, seeing that every effort to victual the army had been made without success. Foraging parties had been despatched in various directions, but wherever they appeared they had the misery to find that the Russian's system of defence against his invader had been adopted—a wasted, depopulated country, from whence every thing necessary for human sustenance had been driven.

The Russian Commander-in-chief would seem to have been perfectly aware that Bonaparte could not long maintain his position in the Muscovite capital: he had, therefore, been sedulous not only to augment his force, but also to bring his recruits into such a state of discipline as would best enable him to oppose an effective resistance to the retreat of the allied army: during the time the latter occupied Moscow he had not been inactive in making preparations for offensive measures. At all events, he had determined that Napoleon should not make good his retreat by the way of Kaluga; while Bonaparte was equally desirous to reach Poland by that route, as offering the most advantages, having, as he supposed, been less devastated than that by way of Smolensk. For this purpose he despatched Murat with instructions to open a passage in that direction. Kutusoff ordered General Bennigsen to attack the King of Naples; when an affair took place at Vincovo, on the 18th October, 1812; which terminated in favour of the Russians, who made three thousand prisoners together with forty pieces of artillery.

General Kutusoff kept a sharp watch upon the movemeuts of Napoleon: the latter commenced his retreat from Moscow on the 19th October, 1812, and by the morning of the 22nd of the same month, that city was wholly evacuated: this had no sooner occurred, than Russian troops occupied the place, time enough to prevent the destruction of the Kremlin, which the French, previous to quitting it, had undermined with an intention to blow it up: with the return of native troops came also a plentiful supply of provisions; in the course of a few hours, the town began to swarm with people, while all the market-places were crowded with every kind of food requisite for human subsistence. The bulletin of the French put the best possible face on the necessity for this retreat: it announced that "Moscow had not been found to be a good military position; that the army required to breathe on a wider space."

Three public highways, running nearly parallel, lead from Moscow to Kaluga, a distance of one hundred and seven miles: that called the Old Road, is flanked by one on the west, by another on the east: on the centre route by which Napoleon was desirous to march, General Kutusoff, in furtherance of his plan to harrass and cut off the retreat of the French Emperor, occupied ground at the village of Taroutino, a position rendered so strong by nature, as well as so much improved by art, that Bonaparte did not deem it prudent to attack him there: to avoid the necessity for this measure, which he considered hopeless in his present condition, as well as to secure his retreat from molestation, Napoleon moved laterally into the western road, with the intention, after he should have passed Taroutino to strike again into the old road; thus place himself between Kutusoff and Kaluga: in this manœuvre, however, he was completely baffled by the wary Russian, who penetrated his design, and circumvented him by making a similar detour into the eastern road, from whence he again wound into that of the centre, still intervening his troops between the French and Kaluga.

CHAPTER XXVI

BONAPARTE RETREATS FROM MOSCOW—BATTLE OF MALO-YARASLOVETZ—HIS ESCAPE FROM THE COSSACKS—SUFFERINGS OF HIS ARMY—CROSSES THE DNIEPER—ENTERS SMOLENSK—BATTLE OF KRASNOI—IS JOINED BY FIELD MARSHAL NEY AT ORSZA—PASSAGE OF THE BEREZINA—HIS PRESENCE OF MIND—ARRIVES AT SMOROONI—QUITS HIS ARMY—REACHES WARSAW—ARRIVES AT DRESDEN—ENTERS PARIS AND MEETS THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

Bonaparte having regained the old road in the rear of Taroutino, advanced without opposition to the hamlet of Malo-Yaraslovetz, where he had his head quarters at a dirty, miserable hut, occupied by a poor weaver. At midnight the allies were furiously assaulted by a detachment of Russians, when, after some hard fighting, they were compelled to give way, and driven across the stream of the Louja; early in the morning the French rallied; retook Malo-Yaraslovetz at the point of the bayonet, which, after a series of murderous engagements, changed masters five times in the course of the day, but in the evening, when Napoleon's main body arrived, remained in the hands of the French. This, however, afforded but little relief to the perplexities of his situation, seeing that beyond this hamlet, on the road to Kaluga, General Kutusoff was posted with his whole army; where the position he then occupied was quite as strong as that he previously had maintained at Taroutino, and which the French Emperor had himself considered so advantageously chosen as to be unassailable. An occurrence now took place that might very materially have changed the face of affairs. At daybreak, on the following morning, Bonaparte, with a few officers, passed the waters of the Louja, for the purpose of reconnoitring the disposition of General Kutusoff's army; he had scarcely cleared the bridge, when a party of Platoff's Cossacks rushed furiously forward, and came in direct contact with the Emperor and his suite: his attendants urged Napoleon to seek safety in flight; this he peremptorily refused, but immediately drew his sword, and stood on the defensive, on a bank by the wayside. Fortunately for himself, Napoleon escaped the observation of these wild spearmen, who, on the seek for booty, were attracted by some covered waggons and artillery at a small distance: their attention was immediately absorbed by these, which they forthwith captured; but before they could remove the spoil of which they had possessed themselves, Field-Marshal Bessieres, Duke of Istria, brought up his horse grenadiers, and obliged them to relinquish their prize. Meanwhile Bonaparte continued his reconnaissance, which convinced him of the correctness of Field-Marshal Davoust's judgment; who, in a dispute with Murat, the evening before, had designated the King of Naples' advice, to immediately attack the Russian columns, as an attempt only worthy of a madman.

Napoleon, thus foiled in his first plan, had no alternative: he, however, made another effort to force a passage southwards, at Medyn; but in this he was repelled with considerable loss. At the same time, he was followed by the Cossacks attached to the division of Russian troops that occupied Moscow, who harrassed his rear, doing him great mischief. Finding himself outflanked, he was compelled to abandon all hope of reaching the Polish frontier by way of Kaluga.

Retreat, therefore, if continued with any chance of success, must be in the direction of Verreia and Smolensk; through provinces that had been completely wasted in the early part of the campaign; the hideous aspect of which, according to General Rapp, added to the wild demeanour of the slaves, was revolting in the extreme, to eyes accustomed to other climates.

The most vivid conception would assuredly be at fault in an attempt to portray the reality of the sufferings endured by the troops of Bonaparte in this disastrous retreat: the misery that accumulated around them beggars description; the utmost stretch of imagination would prove unequal to the task. It presented a picture of the most frightful kind; one that would harrow up the feelings of the most stoical. Cold, hunger, and the Cossacks, simultaneously assailed them. At almost every step they were obliged to halt and fight; and that with troops living in abundance, and animated by the hope of plunder. The road was strewed with the bodies of the dead: the wounded were of necessity left to their fate, no means existed to carry them forward. In short, every scourge seemed let loose upon these unhappy sons of Mars, and the army was gradually sinking under the weight of its misfortunes. Added to all this, the Russians, eighteen thousand strong, under General Milarodowitch, had pushed on to Viazma, a Russian town built on an eminence, eighty miles north east of Smolensk, there to intercept Napoleon's march; while the main Russian army, under the Commander-in-chief, Kutusoff, had taken a parallel, shorter, though less practicable, route, for the purpose of watching his retreat on Smolensk; and Platoff, with his Cossacks, received orders to hang close on the French rear, and harrass it to the extent of his power; orders which, whenever an opportunity occurred for executing them with severity, highly gratified the vindictive hetman, who bore an inveterate hatred for Bonaparte.

A somewhat strange incident occurred just as Napoleon was about to quit the village of Verreia. The disappointment to his plans which he experienced, had soured his temper; General Witzingerode was brought into his presence, a prisoner; Bonaparte received him haughtily, accused him with being a leader of the Cossacks, and threatened to have him shot as a brigand. To which Witzingerode coolly replied that "He did not command Cossacks, but formed part of the regular army;" adding, "that in the character of a Russian soldier, he was at all times prepared for a French bullet." Napoleon, who had by this time ascertained the name, rank, and country of his prisoner, angrily inquired, "Who are you? a man without a country—one who has ever been my enemy. You were in the Austrian ranks at Austerlitz—I now find you in the Russian. Nevertheless, you are a native of the Confederation of the Rhine—as such, you are my subject, consequently, a rebel. Seize him, gens d'armes! Let the traitor be brought to trial." The Emperor's attendants interposed, and the general was sent on, as a prisoner of war, to Smolensk. What rendered this more outrageous was, that Witzingerode, who had been despatched to the Kremlin with a flag of truce, just as the French were about to quit it, had been put under arrest, and hurried off with the troops: the object of his mission was to enter into some arrangement respecting the wounded soldiery. It subsequently happened, singularly enough, that he was rescued in Poland, by a party of Cossacks.

On the 28th October, 1812, Napoleon in person, at the head of six thousand picked cavalry, began his march for Smolensk; where, he assured his followers their miseries would terminate; in that town they were told they would find both repose and abundance, to compensate for their present privations and fatigue. The care of bringing up the main body was entrusted to Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy: while the rear was placed under the command of Field-Marshal Ney, Prince of Moskwa. When he had crossed the waters of the Dnieper, the Emperor fixed his head-quarters in a country-house that had been laid watse; in this part the banks of the river, on the waterside, are very steep; they were covered with a hoar frost; this induced Bonaparte to doubt whether the artillery could be got over; he therefore despatched General Rapp to Field-Marshal Ney, upon whose skill and perseverance he knew he might safely rely, with orders to remain with that officer until he saw every thing out of danger. Arrangements were consequently made to execute the Emperor's commands; part of the infantry, which brought up the rear, passed the stream; the remainder bivouacked in a little wood on the opposite bank. The night was consumed in removing the cannon across the water; the last piece was on the ascent, when the enemy appeared in force. The Russian immediately commenced an attack with his masses: his charges were sustained, by the brave field marshal, with unshaken firmness, and so skilfully repelled, that the end was obtained—to cover the transit of the artillery. This having been courageously effected, in the face of much superior numbers, the troops continued to retreat. The Russian pursued with unabated ardour. The undaunted Ney, however, received his enemy with that determined valour which usually characterized his conduct in the field; instead of giving way, he became assailant in his turn, attacked the Russian with such irresistible impetuosity that he was repulsed. The bridge was burned, the firing ceased, and the Prince of Moskwa withdrew his men in tolerable order. Unfortunately, some few hundred soldiers, whom wounds and exhaustion had rendered incapable to follow, were of necessity left behind. Poor creatures! it was a most heart-rending sight; they complained, they groaned, they called for death to end their misery. But what could be done? The drooping courage of the troops had been re-animated, for the moment, by the imminence of their danger, as well as by the brilliant example of their leader; that over, every one was bending under the burden of his own sufferings; life was supported with difficulty; no one had sufficient strength left to share it with his comrade. Besides, a cloud of Cossacks still hovered around them, with whom they had continually to contend. When the heroic conduct of the Field-Marshal was reported to the Emperor, he appeared at a loss for words sufficiently strong to express his admiration; ever and anon, he would exclaim, "Noble, gallant Ney! What a man! What a soldier! What a vigorous officer! Where shall I seek his fellow?"

From its commencement, this retreat had been one continued series of disasters: scarcely a day elapsed in which some new calamity did not befall these hitherto invincible legions: but as every day brought them

Smolensk, in which place they were to lose sight of their miseries, their march, calamitous as it was made by circumstances, was still sustained by the prospect of better fare: hope, that last refuge for the wretched, however, now began to appear as if about to desert them: their misfortunes multiplied with fearful rapidity, and were, it would seem, destined to be as unprecedented in their operation as had ever been their numerous and astounding victories: the fourth corps lost its cannon; Field-marshal Augereau's brigade was destroyed; the city of Vitepsk fell into the hands of the enemy; the ammunition was completely exhausted, the troops were destitute of sustenance; their situation was indeed terrific; yet it was absolutely necessary, if possible, to bear it with fortitude, seeing that nothing else was at all likely to ameliorate the rigours of their dreadful condition. On the 1st November, 1812, Platoff's cossacks came suddenly upon one division near Borodino, gave battle, and totally defeated it; the next day witnessed the discomfiture of another division, by the irregular troops of Count Orloff Denizoff. On the 3rd of the same month, General Milarodowitch reached the main road near Viazma, and after putting to the route the divisions of Field-marshals Ney and Davoust, as well as that under Prince Eugene Beauharnois, drove these generals through the town, which he entered with drums beating, colours flying, making a passage for the rest of his army, over the dead bodies of the flying allies.

The severe sufferings of the troops for want of food, coupled with the extreme difficulty in procuring it, induced Prince Eugene Beauharnois, after the affair at Viazma, to separate his division from those of Field-Marshals Ney and Davoust. His intention was to march upon Vitepsk, by way of Douchoutchina; the Viceroy, however, soon discovered that General Witgenstein, who had successively defeated the divisions under General St. Cyr and Field-Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno, on the banks of the river Dwina, was already in possession of that city. This unlooked-for circumstance rendered it necessary for him to turn back into the Smolensk road. Both in his march and countermarch, Platoff, with his Cossacks, followed him like his shadow, and brought him again to action, according to the hetman's despatch, "killing many, but making few prisoners." This so reduced the muster-roll of the army of Italy, if such a skeleton could still claim that name, that the remains of that once imposing force, before it reached Smolensk, was mingled with the small number of soldiers who still retained some appearance of military discipline under the Prince of Moskwa.

Aggravated as had hitherto been the misery inflicted on these ill-fated retreating legions, it was now about to be almost immeasurably augmented by the arrival of a more fearful enemy than any they had yet encountered. On the 6th November, 1812, the rough ungenial Russian winter set in, a season which even the natives, although accustomed to its operation, frequently view with dismay: from that juncture, the wretchedness of the allied army appeared hourly hastening to its climax: the ground became one sheet of slippery ice; multitudes, frozen to death, marked the line of march, their bodies strewed on the high-ways—by far the happiest these: not a night passed that did not witness the loss of several hundred horses: these animals, illy fed for months past, sank under fatigue, and stiffened by thousands, unable to resist the intensity of the frost. The unhappy soldiery, whose unsatisfied but craving appetites rendered them almost delirious, slew numbers of chargers, to enable them to drink the warm blood, as well as to shield themselves from the keenness of the piercing blast, by wrapping their benumbed limbs in the yet reeking hides: means for transport thus failed: in consequence, the roads were blocked up with the immense spoils of Moscow, while the enormous train of artillery brought away from that city, was diminishing daily from the same cause. To swell this dreadful catalogue of ills, clouds of Cossacks, day and night, hovered round the disheartened troops, breaking up bridges over which these miserable warriors had to pass, rushing on every detached party, disturbing every bivouac, and pitilessly destroying every straggler they met.

At length Bonaparte, with the scanty remains of his army, entered Smolensk, that land of promise, where the troops had been led to believe they should be well victualled, clothed, recruited, and mustered under the eye of the Emperor, thus once more show a commanding front that none of the northern barbarians would dare to brave. These fairy visions had, however, vanished, giving place to realities of a less alluring kind. In fact, Smolensk, like other places, had experienced the effect of Russian defence; its ruined walls afforded but an indifferent shelter to the shivering, famished fugitives, whose hopes had been nourished by expectances now so cruelly disappointed: the provisions collected were sadly inadequate to the wants of the hungry sufferers. All that had enabled them to support the terrors of the march, they now found to be little better than a dream. Napoleon, after a few days, was obliged to acknowledge the necessity to continue the disastrous retreat, from want of means to remain in the town; the very name of which had hitherto acted like a spell to urge the troops forward: the charm, however, was unpleasantly dissolved.

The extent as well as the depth of the calamities into which the retreating army was plunged, was such as had seriously diminished its ranks: notwithstanding that it mustered one hundred and twenty thousand men at arms when it quitted Moscow, yet on its arrival at Smolensk, where it was joined by the skeletons of various other unsuccessful divisions, the Emperor, with great difficulty, embodied from the whole forty thousand in a condition to face the enemy, whose unceasing attacks Napoleon felt assured would greatly embarrass his march. This miserable remnant of the grand army which had so lately struck terror into the Russian commanders, he divided into four columns containing nearly equal numbers.

The first, under his own immediate command, included six thousand of the imperial guard, with which he marched towards Krasnoi, the first place on the road to Minsk.

The second, he placed under Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy.

The third, was under the guidance of Field-marshal Davoust.

The fourth, destined for the perilous service of the rear, strengthened with three thousand of the imperial guard, was entrusted to the gallant Field-marshal Ney, Prince of Moskwa.

The Emperor left Smolensk on the 12th November, 1812, leaving orders for the other three corps to follow on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of the same month: thus interposing a day's march between every two divisions.

On the stream of the Swislocz, in 27° 58′ east longitude, 53° 40′ north latitude, at the distance of eighty miles south-east from Wilna, in Polish Lithuania, three hundred, and three hundred and ten miles east-north-east from Warsaw, stands Minsk, with two citadels, the capital of a Russian province, bearing the same name. At this city was Napoleon's depôt: it was by this route that he was desirous to find his way into Poland, when he quitted Smolensk: in this, however, he was disappointed: the place had been captured by the Russian "army of Volhynia" before he reached the devastated town of Smolensk, by which he lost his magazines, as well as the road he had intended to pursue: he consequently, felt the necessity to alter his line of march. The fall of Minsk enabled the Russian armies under General Witgenstein and Admiral Tchichagoff to communicate with each other, and gain possession of those points at which Bonaparte was most likely to attempt his escape from Smolensk into Poland, while the main army of the Russian Commander-in-chief, which had advanced in a parallel line with the French, was stationed to the south-west of Smolensk, in readiness to break Napoleon's march, whenever General Kutusoff should deem the opportunity favourable to such an operation. The extent of these misfortunes was not known to any of the French generals, not even the Emperor himself, when the Viceroy of Italy and the Prince of Moskwa joined Bonaparte at Smolensk.

There would appear to have been a magic in the name of Napoleon that frequently paralysed the actions of his opponents: upon no other principle can the timid conduct of the Russian general, Kutusoff, be accounted for. Had the latter pursued vigorous measures, there can hardly exist a doubt that the ruin of the French Emperor must have followed; seeing that the division of his force was so complete, and the condition of the fragments of his army so enfeebled, he never could have resisted the overwhelming force which the Russian had it in his power to bring against him: 'tis true the climate wasted the Emperor's numbers daily, and the Cossacks were hourly thinning his ranks, until those united evils had all the effect of the most successful battle.

Notwithstanding the observation of the whole Russian army, which moved on a road running parallel with that of the French, Bonaparte reached Krasnoi without interruption, where General Kutusoff, who was bearing down upon him with all his strength, had already an advanced guard! Upon the appearance of the French, this retired, and took up a post a league farther on to the left, on the border of a forest. Bonaparte summoned General Rapp into his presence, to whom he said, "We have the Russian infantry quite close to us; it is the first time they evinced so much confidence; hitherto they have never been so daring: I therefore command you to charge them with the bayonet about midnight—take them by surprise, and teach them not to be so desirous to approach so near to my head-quarters; for this service I place at your disposal all that remains, my young guard." Preparations were accordingly made to carry the Emperor's orders into execution, but before the attack was commenced, General Rapp received a communication, through General Narbonne, to desire that "he would give up the command of the troops destined for the assault, to Field-marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso," adding, "His Majesty does not wish you to be killed in this affair—he reserves you for another destiny." The plan was carried into operation; the Russian was driven back, and General Kutusoff became more timid. At this time Napoleon had not received any news respecting either the Viceroy, Davoust, or Ney, who were in the rear.

The Viceroy of Italy, Prince Eugene Beauharnois, who followed the Emperor, was attacked on his way by General Milarodowitch, with a very superior force; the viceroy, however, maintained the conflict with great gallantry, although his troops were sorely galled by a tremendous cannonade; night alone put an end to the murderous contest: under the veil of the darkness prevalent at this season of the year, Beauharnois executed a long and hazardous detour, by which he evaded his enemy; but even in this night-march he incurred imminent danger, from which he was extricated by a Polish soldier, whose presence of mind suggested an answer in Russian when challenged by the videttes of another division of General Kutusoff's army. On the 17th November, 1812, he succeeded in joining the Emperor; his loss during the three days had been very severe, as the two leading divisions when in Krasnoi could scarcely muster fifteen thousand men. It was Napoleon's wish to make the passage over the waters of the Dnieper at a certain point, to effect which, he transferred the command of the van, consisting of about four thousand troops, to Prince Eugene, with orders to march to the spot appointed: the loss which that commander had suffered, pointed out the prudence of waiting at Krasnoi until the divisions under Field-marshal Davoust and the Prince of Moskwa should arrive; he retained with himself his own guard of six thousand, as also another corps of five thousand men, determined with that number to make a stand against whatever force General Kutusoff might bring down upon him. Having determined on his course, he drew his sword, observing, "I have long enough played the emperor —I must be a general once more." In the face of the whole Russian host, who had at his command a hundred pieces of well-placed artillery, which swept the Emperor's lines, thinning his ranks, Bonaparte maintained his ground, until Field-marshal Davoust's division, literally surrounded by a multitude of Cossacks, once more rallied around his head-quarters at nightfall. He had, however, the mortification to learn that Field-marshal Ney was still in Smolensk; also, that a Russian detachment had marched towards the Dnieper, with a design to intercept Prince Eugene. The Emperor instantly resolved to support Beauharnois, and secure Liady, the spot at which he was anxious to pass the river: for this purpose he once more divided his troops, and pushed on in person to succour the viceroy, leaving Field-marshal Davoust and Mortier to hold out as long as possible at Krasnoi, in the hope that they would be soon joined by the division under Field-marshal Ney.

Bonaparte intent on this left the village, marching on foot at the head of his guard, accompanied by General Rapp, with whom he discoursed on the great merits of Field-marshal Ney: among other things, he called to mind "the accuracy of his *coup-d'œil*, the truth of his observations, when giving his opinion on any proposed manœuvre;" spoke of "his indomitable courage as proof against every reverse:" in short, enumerated all those qualities which "made him so distinguishingly brilliant on the field of battle." "But," added he with a sigh, "he is lost. Well, Rapp, I have three hundred millions at the Tuilleries: I would willingly give the whole if he were restored." He then turned the conversation upon some of his generals, with whose conduct he did not seem satisfied, ejaculating, "What a set of tragedy kings, without either energy, courage, or moral force! Have I been able to deceive myself to such a degree? To what men have I trusted myself! Poor Ney! with whom have I associated thee?" In the evening he fixed his head-quarters in the hamlet of Dombrowna, at the residence of a Russian lady, who had the courage not to abandon her house. Towards one o'clock in the morning he sent for General Rapp, who says he appeared very much dejected; indeed, it would have been difficult for him to have kept up his spirits with such a horrible scene before his eyes as now presented itself to his view. He observed, "My affairs are going very badly; these poor soldiers rend my heart; I cannot, however, give them relief." At this moment firing was heard, together with a cry "To arms," accompanied by great uproar. Napoleon, with great *sang froid,* desired the general "to see what occasioned the bustle," observing, "I am certain they are some rogues of Cossacks, who want to hinder us from sleeping:" this, however, was not the case; it turned out to be a false alarm.

No sooner was it known to the enemy that the Emperor Napoleon had quitted Krasnoi, than the Russian rushed down and forced Davoust and Mortier to battle. It proved a fatal day to the French, who left on the field forty-five cannons, together with six thousand prisoners, besides a great number of killed and wounded: the rest effected their escape with great difficulty, then marched to Liady, where they joined the Emperor, and with him crossed the stream of the Dnieper, at the part originally intended.

Meantime, in execution of orders strictly enjoined by Bonaparte, Field-marshal Ney, previous to leaving it, blew up whatever remained of the walls and towers of Smolensk, then put his troops in motion, and reached Krasnoi unmolested, except by Platoff, whose Cossacks entered Smolensk before he could wholly evacuate it: here the many thousand corpses sufficiently indicated the fresh disaster which had overtaken his ill-fated comrades. Notwithstanding, he ceased not to advance, nor did he meet with any interruption until he reached the ravine in which runs the channel of the rivulet Losmina: a dense mist prevented him from seeing clearly; he was almost on the brink of the deep hollow, before he perceived that it was completely occupied by Russians, while the opposite bank displayed a long range of batteries, and the hills behind them covered with troops: this was a fearful situation; the intrepidity of Ney, however, rendered him equal to any emergency. A Russian officer made his appearance, and summoned him to capitulate: to this he replied, with great coolness, "A Marshal of France never surrenders!" A tremendous storm of grapeshot followed this answer: nothing daunted, he plunged into the ravine, cleared a passage over the stream, and charged the Russian at his guns. His small, but intrepid band were repulsed with horrible slaughter. The attack was renewed from time to time during the day, and at night he still occupied his original position, in the face of a numerous army interposed between himself and Napoleon, though with fearfully diminished numbers. At midnight he broke up his bivouac, retraced his steps from the waters of the Losmina, until he came to another stream, which, he concluded, must also flow into the current of the Dnieper: following this, he at last reached the great river, at a place where it was frozen over. The ice was so thin that it bent and crackled beneath the feet of the soldiers, who passed over it in single files. When, however, the waggons containing the sick, and what few guns he had left, came upon it, it was unequal to support their weight; several places were tried in succession, but one after another gave way; the carriages went down amidst the shrieks of the dying, and the groans of the spectators. The Cossacks by this time swarmed close behind, and swept off numerous stragglers besides the sick. The Field-Marshal, however, had achieved his object; on the 20th November, 1812, joined the Emperor, at Orsza, with his small but devoted band.

Napoleon, who despaired of ever again seeing his rear-guard, set off for Orsza, a Russian town, with a castle, seated on the stream of the

Dnieper. The Russian infantry was no longer visible. Two days after, at a wretched village, Bonaparte was greeted with the gratifying intelligence of the arrival of Field-Marshal Ney at Orsza; the feeling with which he received his favourite general may be easily conceived. It was, indeed, a joyful meeting; he hailed him as "the bravest of the brave:" his condition was also considerably strengthened by unexpectedly falling in with the advanced guard of Field-marshals Victor and Oudinot, while winding through the woods. These generals, notwithstanding the defeat they had sustained by General Witgenstein, still mustered fifty thousand men, completely equipped, in good discipline. This was a seasonable relief to the broken ranks of the Emperor, who melted the poor relics of his Moscow army into these battalions, and once more found himself at the head of a tolerable numerous force; this so far seemed to augur favourably of the future. When, however, Bonaparte reached Borrisow, a town seated on the banks of the river Berezina, his situation became frightful in the extreme; so perilous, indeed, that no Frenchman, not even the Emperor himself, could expect to escape. The fugitives from the Russian General Lambert's detachment which had been worsted by Field-marshal Oudinot, had joined Admiral Tchichagoff's division. These now covered the right bank of the Berezina. The main Russian army was rapidly advancing; while the Czar's troops from Moldavia blockaded the passage. In fact, the French were surrounded on every side, destitute of provisions, without even a bridge train. Napoleon, aware of his position, was uneasy, yet resolved to make an effort to delude the enemy; nothing short of his great decision and presence of mind, united to his extraordinary talents, could have saved his army. Such was the opinion of the Prince of Moskwa, himself no mean resource upon a trying emergency; he, together with all the other generals, gave the whole up for lost: speaking to his brother officers upon the subject, he observed—"Our situation is unparalleled. If Napoleon extricate himself to-day, he must have the Devil in him." The King of Naples said, "I have proposed to the Emperor to save himself, and cross the river at a few leagues distant from hence. I have with me some Poles, who would answer for his safety, and conduct him to Wilna. But he rejects the proposal, and will not even hear it mentioned. As for me, although I deem escape impossible, at any rate, we must not think of surrendering, but strive, if possible, to get over separately." Bonaparte pondered; surveyed the thickening clouds of the enemy—the opposite bank, the woods, the marshes were full of them—he gave orders to make a false attack further down the stream, then marched towards Oudinot's head-quarters, which were at some distance. This feint answered the purpose; the Russian, fully determined to foil his enemy, whose escape he deemed utterly impossible, filed off in pursuit; his masses disappeared, his columns were lost in the woods: the camp was raised, and the Emperor's army, by this well-timed stratagem, rescued from its impending danger. When General Rapp made his report, to say "the enemy had left his position," Napoleon was incredulous, and observed, "That is impossible:" however, when the King of Naples and Field-Marshal Ney came forward to confirm the news, the Emperor quitted his barrack, cast a glance across the river, his eyes sparkled with joy; then rubbing his hands, as was his wont, he exclaimed, "I have outwitted the admiral! he believes me to be at the point where I ordered the false attack; he is running to the spot. Let the bridges be instantly constructed, and defended with cannon." He made sixty men swim across the river to reconnoitre, these imprudently ventured in pursuit of some Cossacks; one of them was taken, and questioned. The Russian, who found he had been deceived, hastily retraced his steps; it was, however, too late: Bonaparte, his guard, and Field-Marshal Oudinot, with a portion of the troops, had passed, but not without heavy loss, leaving Field-Marshals Ney and Victor to bring up the rear, the baggage, and the artillery.

The passage of the Berezina was, perhaps, the most fearfully calamitous of any event that occurred during this disastrous war. On his return from the feint by which he had been deceived, the enemy opened a destructive cannonade, which swept the French lines, doing great execution. Thus sorely galled, the urgency of self-preservation would seem to have banished all kindly feeling. In their eagerness to gain the opposite shore, they lost all consideration for the condition of their comrades: the wounded, with numbers of the irregular retainers to a camp, unable to resist the pressure of those on their rear, were prostrated, then ruthlessly trampled upon: discipline was at an end: humanity slept. Two narrow bridges had been hastily thrown across the river; the wider of these had barely sufficient breadth to admit a gun-carriage. This frail structure, crowded to excess with fugitives seeking to avoid the murderous vomiting of the Russian artillery, also heavily laden with ordnance and ammunition-waggons, at last gave way, sinking with a tremendous crash. The air was rent with the hideous yells of those crushed by the falling cannon, the piercing shrieks of women, the dismal groans of invalids, thus suddenly precipitated into the half-frozen subterfluent current, where, buried with the ruins, they met an untimely grave. So loud was the distracted cries of these miserable victims, that the roar of the great guns was almost drowned by their frantic importunity for that help which it was utterly impossible for them to obtain. The remaining bridge presented, if possible, a more aggravated scene of horror. In the struggle to obtain a footing on this, now the only, path, thousands were thrust into the stream, as well as mowed down by the incessant showers of grapeshot poured upon them by the Russian. Amidst all this carnage, the divisions of Field–Marshals Ney and Victor, comprising eight thousand men, stationed to protect the passing of the troops, fought bravely against a much superior force, and steadily maintained their ground on the eastern side, until late in the evening; when, their ranks having been dreadfully thinned in the contest, those gallant commanders made good their retreat over the bridge, which, to prevent pursuit, they immediately committed to the flames. Shocking, however, to relate, numbers of the camp attendants, together with many wounded soldiers, still remained on the left bank, who were of necessity abandoned to their fate, together with a great quantity of baggage and field-pieces. These wretched beings, in reckless despair, still flocked towards the burning timbers, simultaneously scorched and frozen: choking up the footway amidst the raging element, they thronged the bridge until the whole sank into the bosom of the waters, filling the atmosphere with their soul-harrowing screams and useless supplication. Shall we never witness the day, when mankind, recovering from his delirium, shall deem such frightful abhorrent scenes rather too great a price for the purchase of that phantasm, which he, in his present rabidness, miscalls—glory? Can beings calling themselves rational, much longer be found to sanction such revolting spectacles? If so, where is the march of intellect?

According to the Russian accounts, when the river was cleared from the ice, in the following spring, not less than thirty-six thousand dead bodies were taken from its bed.

Vexed at being so duped, the Russian general, in his confusion, entirely forgot the Marshes of Lemblin: the wooden causeway over this swampy ground extends for a full league and a quarter; by this the French gave the Russian the slip. Had the latter used the precaution to have destroyed it, which he might easily have done in its then rotten state, he would have still held in his own hand the fate of the Emperor, and the skeleton of "the Grand Army of the North." As it was, pursued by a Russian force, continually harrassed by flying Cossacks, who hung on his rear, cutting off the stragglers, and hovering on both his flanks, Napoleon ran imminent hazard of capture: indeed, nothing could have saved him had he not been very opportunely reinforced with a division of fresh troops sent from Poland to his assistance, by Field-Marshal Maret, Duke of Bassano. By this junction he was enabled to baffle the attempts of the enemy, and to reach, in safety, the village of Malodeczno, on the 3rd December, 1812. There he received a large volume of despatches, the contents of which somewhat ruffled his mind, at the same time determined him to quit the army, and return to Paris, where he considered his personal appearance essentially necessary, if he meant longer to hold the reins of power. These documents contained the details of an insurrectionary movement in the French metropolis, headed by one of the old noblesse, General Mallet. In 1808, this officer had been imprisoned as one of the members of a community who adopted the name of "*Philadelphes*, or Loving Brothers;" an association which had grown up in the French army, upon the assumption of supreme power by Bonaparte; the members, however, differed in their object,—one party was for restoring the Republic in a pure form; the other, to which Mallet attached himself, was for deposing Napoleon, and recalling the Bourbons. For some weeks not any official intelligence from the Russian expedition had reached the capital. Rumours of very serious disasters were spread abroad. Mallet availed himself of this paucity of news from the north of Europe, to issue a forged *Senatus consultum*, in which was announced the fall of the French Emperor, in a great battle said to have been fought in Russia, and the appointment of a provisional government. This counterfeit proclamation no sooner made its appearance, than the General contrived to escape from his confinement, dressed in full uniform; when, accompanied by a corporal habited as an aid-de camp, he presented himself, 22nd October, 1812, at midnight, before the portals of the Minims Barracks, then occupied by some newly raised recruits, who, overawed by the senatorial decree, admitted his pretensions to their obedience. He instantly assumed the command, caused them to arrest the police minister, Savary, and several other public functionaries. When, however, he summoned the Military-Governor of Paris, General Hullin, that officer hesitated. During the conference, Mallet was recognized by the goaler from whose custody he had escaped, who had him immediately arrested, disarmed, and reconducted to his former place of confinement. The whole business, from its commencement to its termination, occupied only a few hours, but what rendered the circumstance alarming was the indisputable fact, that a scheme so incongruous in its conception should have been so nearly carried into successful operation: that a considerable body of armed men should be found in the heart of France to so readily transfer their service to a new authority, proclaimed by a stranger, was wormwood to Bonaparte; he keenly felt the actual instability of his own power—this, added to the suspicious nature of his relations with some of his allies, together with the sad reverses he had lately experienced, made him resolve to lose no time in repairing to his capital for the purpose of examining the extent of the conspiracy, and ascertaining who were the parties actually involved in the outbreak. His information gave him to understand that twenty-four persons, including Mallet, had been put upon their trials for the insurrection, found guilty, and executed. It was, however, with very unpleasant feelings that he learned the extreme indifference with which the Parisians had contemplated both the plot and the punishment inflicted on the conspirators. His apprehensions were not without foundation, that the shedding so much blood might weaken his influence, and cause an unfavourable impression in the public mind that it might prove very difficult to eradicate; at the same time he was willing to flatter himself that many of those who had fallen a sacrifice, were merely the infatuated dupes of a designing royalist. Be this as it may, he had taken his resolution, which he forthwith communicated to his general officers, stating, that "the news he had received from his capital was of that pressing nature as to require his immediate presence; that consequently it became an imperative duty for him to quit the army without delay," observing, "that it would devolve upon himself to make arrangements at home for the opening of the next campaign in a manner worthy the great nation. They were now," he said, "almost within sight of Poland, and that they would find all their wants amply supplied at Wilna; for many reasons my return is indispensable; it is absolutely requisite to narrowly watch over Austria, and to keep Prussia within proper bounds. When they come to know I am in Paris, and to see me at the head of twelve hundred thousand men, which I shall organize, they will look twice before they plunge into war. Duroc, Caulincourt, and Mouton will set off with me; Lauriston will go to Warsaw, and Rapp will return to Dantzic; you will see Field-Marshal Ney at Wilna where the magazines are full; with him you will stop at least four days to rest the soldiery; Murat shall join you; you must try to rally the army in the best manner you are able; you will arrest the progress of the Russians. In conjunction with Ney, you will, if it be necessary, strike a blow; he will have the Loyson division, comprising eighteen thousand fresh troops; General Wrede is advancing to him with ten thousand Bavarians; other reinforcements are on their march. You will go into cantonments and pass the winter." He continued his retreat to Smorgoni, where he was recruited by the garrison of Wilna, which had marched out to meet him. Here he finally quitted the skeleton of that fine army he had conducted to Moscow, having entrusted the chief command to Murat, King of Naples. At midnight he set off in a traineau, accompanied by Field-Marshal Caulaincourt, under whose name he performed his journey, and two other carriages of the same description, in which were Field-Marshals Duroc and Mouton, together with Rustan, his favourite mameluke, and another domestic. On the 10th December, 1812, at nightfall, he again entered Warsaw, after a narrow escape from a party of irregular Russian troops. Napoleon despatched Caulaincourt to the Abbé de Pradt, his ambassador in that city, to request his attendance at an obscure inn, where he found the French emperor in profound meditation, briskly traversing the apartment in which he sojourned.

During their short interview, the Abbé had been abruptly informed by Caulaincourt, that "the Grand Army" was no more. He therefore felt somewhat startled at the air of gaiety with which he was received by his Imperial master, especially as he had unpleasant tidings to communicate respecting the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, who began to betray symptoms of disaffection; indeed, to openly express a desire to reconcile themselves to the Prussian monarch, under whose yoke they feared it would be their destiny to return, in consequence of the disastrous issue of the French invasion of the Russian dominions. The priest having recovered his self-possession, complimented the Emperor, expressing the satisfaction he felt at the dangers he had escaped. Napoleon, fired at the word dangers, exclaiming—"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step, Monsieur L'Ambassadeur.—Dangers there were none; I have beat the Russians in every battle—I live but in dangers—it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease: my army is in a superb condition still—it will be recruited, at leisure, at Wilna; and I go to bring up three hundred thousand men more from France. It is with regret that I quit my soldiers, but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I shall have more weight seated on my throne than at head-quarters. The Russian will be rendered fool-hardy by his successes.—I shall beat him in a battle or two on the Oder, and be on the Niemen again within a month," concluding his contradictory harangue as he began it, with his favourite maxim—"Monsieur L'Ambassdeur, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Having discussed whatever he thought important with the Abbé, Napoleon resumed his incognito as well as his journey, and reached the city of Dresden on the evening of the 14th December, 1812. Here the King of Saxony paid him a secret visit at his *auberge*, where he renewed his assurances of fidelity to his cause, assurances which he kept inviolate until it was impossible longer to preserve his faith without ruin to himself, or any advantage to his ally, the French emperor. The latter, travelling with his accustomed rapidity, reached the palace of the Tuilleries late at night, after the Empress had retired to repose, on the 18th December, 1812. His sudden and unexpected entrance into the ante-chamber alarmed the ladies in attendance; they however quickly recollected him, uttering a scream that effectually roused the sleeping Maria Louisa, who welcomed the return of her consort with that affectionate warmth she was in the constant habit of evincing whenever they met.

Previous to the arrival in his capital of the Emperor Napoleon, the overwhelming disasters that had befallen the allied army in Russia, were made known to the good people of Paris, by the publication of the twenty-ninth bulletin. According to this, the reverses it had experienced were to be ascribed to the unfavourable state of the elements during a Russian winter, which had set in earlier than usual: this, and this only, it was understood, had been able to triumph over his exalted genius, aided by the unconquerable valour of Frenchmen. Notwithstanding that almost every family had lost some near relation in this perilous undertaking, yet his very name still retained such a commanding influence with them, that domestic afflictions were absorbed in rejoicings for his return: that the Emperor was safe appeared to be sufficient to obliterate sorrow—to compensate the loss of companions—to gratify their most ardent wishes. He was every thing to them, and every where received with deafening applause; congratulations poured in from every quarter; the whole city thronged to view the hero of an hundred battles; confidence was reanimated; the senate, the national functionaries, the magistrates, the public bodies, all eagerly vied with each other in their desire to approach his throne; to present addresses replete with adulation as well as expressive of their unshaken loyalty, together with their determination to support his measures for the glory of France, with every means afforded by the country. Nothing could exceed the warmth of the feelings displayed by this gallant but fickle nation; in short, had his campaign been as successful as it was unfortunate, it could neither have called forth more enthusiasm nor greater eulogy. Of this kindly disposition Bonaparte failed not to avail himself: he asked for new conscriptions, which were readily granted; troops were called in from the Peninsula, and from Italy; throughout the provinces horses were put in requisition, by which some thousands were obtained: the founderies were in full activity, to replace, by new artillery, that which had been abandoned or taken in the territory of the Czar; the commissariat which had hitherto proved so inadequate was reorganized, improved, and rendered efficient: provisions and military stores were collected in profusion! nothing was either withheld or neglected that could repair the ravages of the Russian war, and enable the Emperor Napoleon once more to resume the offensive, and resurrect the grandeur of the French empire. Such was the alacrity used in every department, that in a few weeks Bonaparte found himself once more at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand well-disciplined troops, ready to take the field.

In recurring to the devastation produced by this ill-fated Russian campaign, humanity shudders at the recital of the miseries it inflicted. At the period when the King of Naples assumed the chief command after the departure of the Emperor Napoleon, the army, including the garrison of Wilna, those who survived the passage of the Berezina, as also the division by which they were joined after that terrible affair, mustered somewhere about eighty thousand men: the one half of these never reached Wilna, full forty thousand of them either fell by the hands of the enemy, were made prisoners, or remained dead on the road, frozen by the severity of the weather, or want of sufficient nourishment. The sufferings of the surviving troops were so extreme that discipline could no longer be maintained, except by those under the orders of the intrepid Field-marshal Ney, who so idolized their gallant general, that to the last they supported an appearance of orderly martial conduct. It was truly affecting to witness the eagerness with which the half-famished men rushed into Wilna, in the hope to rest their weary limbs even for a day, and to obtain that food of which they had so long been in want. The magazines in this city were still in sufficient abundance to supply their craving appetites: such, however, had been the extremity to which they had been reduced, that robust veteran soldiers, men who would unhesitatingly march up to the cannon's mouth, were seen to weep like children with joy at the sight of a loaf of bread. Here again this wretched army was destined to experience fresh disasters. After devouring their rations they fell asleep, when thousands perished from the intensity of the frost; a little blood was discharged from the nostrils, and they died in their slumbers: they had scarcely rested themselves when the place was attacked—Murat attempted a defence without success. The hospitals were so crowded, that Field-marshal Ney could scarcely raise five thousand men fit for action: thus situated retreat became indispensable. Sir Robert Wilson, speaking of this, says, "The French left in the hospitals about seventeen thousand dead and dying, frozen and freezing, the bodies of the former, broken up, served to stop cavities in windows, floors, and walls; that in one of the corridors of the great convent more than fifteen hundred bodies were piled up transversely like pigs of lead or iron. When these were finally removed on the sledges to be burned, the most extraordinary figures were presented by the variety of their attitudes, for none seemed to have been frozen in a composed state; each was fixed in the last action of his, in the last direction given to his limbs, even the eyes retaining the last expression, either of anger, pain, or entreaty. In the roads men were collected round the burning ruins of the cottages, which a mad spirit of destruction had fired; picking and eating the burnt bodies of their fellow men, while thousands of horses were moaning in agony, with their flesh mangled and hacked to satisfy the cravings of a hunger that knew no pity. In many of the sheds, men, scarcely alive, had heaped on their frozen bodies human carcases, which, festering by the communication of animal heat, had mingled the dying and the dead in one mass of putrefaction!!!"

The King of Naples found himself unable to defend the city of Wilna against the Russian commander—it was abandoned. The miserable remains of the allied army, together with such of the baggage as could conveniently be removed, was once more in retreat, literally hunted by Platoff with his Cossacks, whose spears did fearful execution on the dispirited, ill-fed soldiery, who were often found straggling from mere exhaustion; as they were also threatened by the regular Russian troops, they were harrassed beyond their strength, while every day saw their ranks lessened in number. This, however, was not the only evil they had to endure: the treachery of their Livonian hosts was to be added to the dreadful category of ills; these were the very Polish Jews whose former shameful conduct in not fulfilling their contracts for provisions, had inflicted such irreparable mischief upon the whole allied army, after it had entered the territories of the Czar, on its march towards Moscow; these wretches, 'tis said, taking advantage of the perplexities in which the retreating troops were involved, deliberately butchered numbers of them in cold blood. The muster-roll of this once invincible army, which, when it crossed the river Niemen, for the purpose of invading the dominions of the Russian autocrat, Alexander, counted in its ranks upwards of three hundred thousand fighting men, well disciplined, under the guidance of excellent officers, with an immense park of artillery, had been so reduced by fatigue, famine, frost, perfidy, and Cossack lances, added to continual skirmishes with the enemy, that on reaching the confines of Poland on its retreat it could reckon little more than a thousand men in arms, with, perhaps, some twenty thousand others scattered over the enemy's country, wandering without discipline, and effectually demoralized. Bonaparte thus described the position of these unhappy fugitives, once the terror, now the scorn of their opponents:—"The dispersion of the French army," said he, "was now complete. They recrossed the Niemen in straggling parties. The extreme cold produced the most horrific effects. The soldiers lost their spirits and their senses, and fell into confusion; four or five men were sufficient to terrify a whole battalion. They wandered about helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Thousands, when they went to sleep, never awoke again. Out of forty thousand cavalry not three thousand were saved; and five hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned. The cold was so intense, that even the Russians, who had plenty of food, died like flies." Respecting the Austrian auxiliaries under Prince Schwartzenberg, it was no sooner ascertained that Napoleon had left Poland, than he entered into an armistice with the Russian general, and leisurely retired into the Austrian territory. These allies, if they be worthy the name, had not displayed any great zeal during the campaign, and after the French Emperor had found it necessary to retreat, they became wholly inactive, conduct which, there cannot be a doubt, was highly favourable to the Russian cause, and appreciated by Alexander accordingly. Field-Marshal Macdonald, who was still in Courland, on the left flank of the retreating army, having with him about twenty thousand Prussians, with ten thousand Bavarians, no sooner heard of the utter ruin of the main army, under Bonaparte in person, than he made a forced and rapid march into East Prussia. When, however, he arrived at Tilsit, he found his force very considerably weakened by the secession of the Prussian general, D'Yorck, together with his men, who refused to remain any longer under the command of the French Field-Marshal.

The insignificant fragments of Napoleon's grand army entered the Prussian territory, and took up their quarters quietly at Konigsberg, by passing the river at Kowno, a town in Russian Lithuania, seated at the conflux of the stream of the Wilna with the waters of the Niemen, sixty-six miles west-north-west of the city of Wilna, when the Russians gave up further pursuit. Notwithstanding the defection of the Prussian troops from Field-marshal Macdonald, these wearied relics were kindly received by the Prussian people, if not with friendship, certainly with feelings of compassion that do them honour.

During the retreat of the allied army from Wilna, an incident occurred which serves to place in strong light the powerful influence of money over human passions, as well as to show its conciliatory qualities for reconciling the most inveterate enemies: a waggon laden with coin was overturned on the high road, at sight of which, in spite of military discipline, the soldiers laid aside all attention to their officers in a scramble for the cash. While engaged in grasping the most of the spoil, the Cossacks made their appearance, but there was enough for all—thus for once the strife that usually subsisted between the French troops and the irregular force of the Hetman gave way to the lust for plunder: friend and foe joined company for the purpose of pillaging the Imperial treasury. However, to the credit of the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, they restored the money which had fallen to their share on this occasion, as soon as the weary march of about fourteen hundred miles through the Russian provinces, amidst the most disheartening circumstances, had reached its termination.

In this barbarous contest, the losses sustained by the allied troops under the guidance of Napoleon Bonaparte, were seventy-five eagles and standards, a thousand pieces of cannon, besides men to the enormous amount of four hundred and fifty thousand, thus distributed :—

Slain in the various battles with the Russians............	125,000
Destroyed by inclemency of weather, fatigue, and hunger....	132,000
Taken prisoners by the enemy, including forty-eight generals and three thousand regimental officers..................	193,000

The French Emperor always contended that the loss of Frenchmen was greatly over-rated; according to his version, "About four hundred thousand men passed the stream of the Vistula; but of these, not more than one hundred and sixty thousand went beyond Smolensk. The other two hundred and forty thousand remained in reserve. Of the whole army, one half were allies; not more than one hundred and forty thousand spoke the French language."

The Russian states his loss at two hundred and thirty thousand souls; viz:—

One hundred and thirty thousand soldiers killed in battle.

One hundred thousand inhabitants who perished in the woods, either by frost or famine, in consequence of burning Moscow and other places.

If it be conceded as an axiom, that "a nation is powerful in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, wealthy in a ratio with its industry," how does such a lavish effusion of human blood quadrate with wisdom? What can possibly reconcile to common sense such a wasteful expenditure of human life as occurred during this Russian campaign, the summing up of which affords a frightful picture of "vaulting ambition?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

27

THE KING OF PRUSSIA ESCAPES TO BRESLAW—DECLARES WAR AGAINST BONAPARTE—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON QUITS PARIS—ARRIVES ON THE BANKS OF THE SAALE—GAINS THE BATTLE OF LUTSEN—ENTERS DRESDEN—NEGOTIATES WITH AUSTRIA—CONQUERS AT BAUTZEN—CONGRESS OF PRAGUE—BONAPARTE'S INTERVIEW WITH METTERNICH—BATTLE OF VITTORIA—BONAPARTE REFUSES TO MAKE PEACE—AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR AGAINST HIM—DISTRIBUTION OF HIS ARMY—BERNADOTTE JOINS THE LEAGUE AGAINST HIM—MOREAU ENTERS THE RUSSIAN SERVICE—BONAPARTE VICTORIOUS AT THE BATTLE OF DRESDEN—LIES SICK AT DRESDEN—THE TIDE TURNS AGAINST BONAPARTE—BLUCHER DEFEATS THE FRENCH AT WAHLSTADT—BERNADOTTE OVERTHROWS NEY AT DENNEWITZ—THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC—BONAPARTE RETREATS—GAINS THE BATTLE OF HANAU.

PERHAPS, of all ephemeral things, that most entitled to the appellation is the friendship of sovereigns. Few objects, if any, are more evanescent than the promises of monarchs; scarcely any thing so frail: the moral courage of cabinets is but too frequently somewhat below zero on the thermometric scale, while the most solemn treaties are often found to be little better than waste paper whenever it suit the interest of either party to break through the conditions upon which they were based. If it be a truism, it is at least a melancholy fact, that faithful adherence to the tenor of the contract is but rarely known to form the most brilliant jewel in the diadem of royalty.

The year 1813 is remarkable for a declension in the fortunes of, perhaps, the most extraordinary man that ever figured on the great theatre of the world, as well as for the dissolution of the alliances subsisting between the Emperor Napoleon, and the greater portion of the crowned heads of the west: a dissolution that very materially altered the relative position of the belligerents. It is said, perhaps, truly,—Time changes all things: certain it is, that Austria, Bavaria, Denmark, Naples, Prussia, Rome, Saxony, and Sweden changed sides, seriatim; leaving Bonaparte to his fate, they took part with the Russian autocrat; from being his coadjutors and adherents, they became his active enemies: thus, in the short period of one revolution round the glorious sun, he who lately had the support of much the greater portion of Europe, had to encounter the determined hostility of all the European powers. Having ceased to be a conqueror, he ceased to have friends. When the lion was sick, even the ass gave him a kick.

Between the Prussians and the French the most irreconcileable enmity subsisted: the former never forgave what they termed the harsh treatment of their lovely queen: they had never quietly submitted to the domination of the latter: the authority of their king had frequently been exerted to protect from popular violence the soldiers of the French emperor. It was therefore no small gratification when they received the news of the discomfiture of Napoleon: the total failure of the invasion of Russia was a circumstance much too favourable to their views to be passed by in silence: it was eagerly seized, while it gave a fresh impulse to that hatred which rankled in their mind, and had never been more than partially smothered: the French garrisons dispersed over the Prussian territory were found wholly inadequate to overawe their settled dislike and long-deferred hope of vengeance. On the 31st January, 1813, Frederick William, King of Prussia, eluded the watchfulness of Napoleon's spies, and reached Breslau, the capital of Silesia, seated on the banks of the river Oder, one hundred and twelve miles north-east of Prague, one hundred and sixty-five miles north of Vienna. In the neighbourhood of this city, in which there were not any French garrisons, he raised his standard, and declared war against France. This was no sooner known to the Emperor of Russia, than he marched with his main army into Silesia, to support his Prussian brother, and the two monarchs met at Breslau, 15th March, 1813, when they concerted measures for the conduct of the war, and concentrated their armies. The chief command of the Prussians was conferred upon Field-Marshal Blucher, that of the Russians given to General Witgenstein. While these arrangements were in progress, Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, landed at Stralsund with thirty-five thousand men; advanced through Mecklenburg, and joined the league against Bonaparte. Lord Wellington also was about to lead his victorious veterans once more into Spain. The situation of the French, in Prussia, became extremely critical; so much so, that the Viceroy of Italy, Prince Eugene Beauharnois, collected what troops he could assemble to the west of the river Elbe, and with them shut himself up in the great fortress of Magdeburg.

During the absence of Napoleon in Russia, the Pope had been once more removed to Fontainbleau, where he resided in the palace under strict *surveillance* of the police. The Emperor was perfectly aware that a very considerable portion of his subjects were dissatisfied with his harsh treatment of the Head of the Catholic Church; he therefore, under present circumstances, deemed it good policy to conciliate their affection by relaxing the severity used towards the venerable prelate. For this purpose, Napoleon, in person, visited the Holy Father, the 13th January, 1813, when he made such good use of his diplomatic talents, that preliminary articles for a new concordat were arranged: these Bonaparte prematurely published as if they formed a definite treaty, fully ratified: the negotiation in consequence was broken off by Pius, who resented this conduct as both false and irreverent.

Notwithstanding three great armies were in the field against him, two of which could easily place themselves in communication, nothing could induce Napoleon to recede from his determination not to entertain any overtures for a general peace, which should not recognize his brother, Joseph, as King of Spain. He was equally deaf to the proposal of Austria, who asked as the price of her assistance the cession either of Illyria, or the Tyrol: his answer was, that he would not consent to make any sacrifice. The King of Naples, who had been invested as Generalissimo of the Northern army, did not live upon the best terms with his generals, and threw up his command. Eugene Beauharnois was appointed his successor by Bonaparte, who announced the change in general orders, stating the reason to be "the superior military skill of the Viceroy, as well as possessing the full confidence of the Emperor." Murat felt this insult keenly.

Having completed his preparations for renewing hostilities, and named his Empress, Maria Louisa, Regent, during his absence, Napoleon quitted his metropolis, in the middle of April, 1813, and arrived on the 18th of the same month on the banks of the river Saale, where the troops he had organized in France were assembled, and augmented by the arrival of Prince Eugene, together with the garrison of Magdeburg. Such had been the Emperor's activity, so worthy of himself, that a host, comprising nearly two hundred thousand men, was already in the heart of Saxony, ready for action: while reserves of almost equal amount were gradually forming in his rear on the banks of the Rhine. Leipsic, a large Saxon city, seated in a plain on the stream of the Pleysse, sixty-four miles west-north-west of Dresden, ninety miles south by west from Berlin, one hundred and eighty miles north-east of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, appeared to be the object of both: to obtain possession of this, Bonaparte intended to move eastward, while for the same purpose the intention of the allies was to march westward. The opposing armies met on the 1st May, 1813, near the Saxon town of Lutzen, seated on the river Elster, eleven miles west-south-west of Leipsic, celebrated as the place where Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, in 1632, was killed in a battle at the moment of victory. Under cover of a heavy morning fog, the allies suddenly crossed the waters of the Elster, and attacked the left flank of the French, who, having advanced in column, commenced the battle under evident disadvantages. Napoleon, however, fully sustained the high reputation he had acquired by the skilful manner in which he, on the instant, altered the arrangement of his troops: that part of his force which their charge had somewhat weakened, had now become his centre, while the allies no longer indulging the hope of cutting their way through, were afraid they should meet their ruin by being enclosed within his two wings. Night put an end to the conflict. The next morning they retreated, leaving Bonaparte in possession of the field of battle, but no further advantage accrued. The loss on either side was pretty nearly balanced; among the French slain was Field Marshal Bessières: prisoners there were none. The allies retired in good order leisurely on Leipsic, thence to Dresden, and finally crossed the stream of the Elbe at Bautzen or Budissen, the capital of Upper Lasatia, defended by a citadel built on a rock, called Ortenburg, seated on the current of the Spree, in 14° 30′ east longitude, 51° 10′ north latitude, thirty miles east by north of Dresden.

The French Emperor entered the Saxon capital on the 6th May, 1813. The Saxon troops had already began to waver during the stay of the Czar; and the King of Prussia, who had been recently in Dresden, but on the appearance of their own sovereign who still maintained his faith in opposition to the urgent importunities of the allies, they once more sucmitted to act in concert with the French. Thus Hamburg, that had been foremost to join in the movement of Prussia, together with all the county lying to the left of the Elbe river, was for the moment restored to the domination of Napoleon. The defection of Hamburgh, however, was cruelly visited on the inhabitants by Field-Marshal Davoust. Whatever atrocities were committed by Field-Marshals Junot and Massena, in Portugal, 1808, were more than equalled on the banks of the Elbe.

Bonaparte was extremely desirous to withdraw the armies of the Allies from their intrenchments at Bautzen. perfectly aware of the great strength of the position that had been chosen by their generals. For this purpose, he directed Field-Marshal Ney to make demonstrations in the direction of Berlin, in the expectation that to afford succour to that city would induce them to quit it and advance. In this, however, he was mistaken, for these, after having been reiterated proved of no avail: they were immoveable: adopting the Russian system of defence, which had already proved so efficient, it was therefore clear, that rather than forego the advantageous ground they then occupied, they would even sacrifice the Prussian capital itself, because they foresaw that adherence to their plan must ultimately compel the French Emperor to carry his operations into a difficult and mountainous country, instead of manœuvring in the open plains of Saxony and Bradenburg. Another reason that held out a powerful motive for them to remain in the vicinity of Bohemia, was the well-known fact, that the Austrian Emperor, conceiving himself so situated as to be able as well as entitled to turn the scale on whichever side best suited his own views, had again renewed his negotiation with his son-in-law Napoleon, in which he offered to become mediator for the conclusion of a general peace, on the understanding that the French Emperor should be content with the frontier of the Rhine River, and consent effectually to restore the independence of Germany; at the same time, assuring him, that those were the only terms upon which he would interfere with the belligerent powers, or which he would even venture to propose, urging him strongly to accept his proposition before his affairs should become more embarrassed, when he could not expect to treat upon such favourable stipulations. In order to gain time, and be in a condition to attack the Allies, before his father-in-law the Emperor Francis, whom he well knew was increasing his military establishment upon an extensive scale, as also that he had already concentrated a large body of Imperialists behind the mountainous frontiers of Bohemia, should feel it prudent to join the Allied Monarchs, Bonaparte entered into long and frequent conferences with Count Bubna, the Austrian Envoy, commissioned to carry them on. After numerous discussions, in which Napoleon showed no signs of any intention to relinquish his former pretensions, the negotiation, as might be expected, ended just where it began; both parties retired, holding precisely the same opinions they had entertained previous to meeting.

Stratagem having failed to allure the Allies to leave their well-selected station, Napoleon turned his thoughts to how he could most advantageously assault them in their fastness. To this end he personally reconnoitred their position, which he found well defended on all sides by nature, and considerably strengthened by art. On their front flowed the waters of the Spree, forming a natural barrier between them and their assailants; their two flanks were admirably protected; on the left were numerous eminences covered with cannon; on the right were wooded hills: this unquestionably rendered their means for resistance obviously great. Notwithstanding this formidable array, Bonaparte, when he had terminated his observation, unhesitatingly declared himself certain of victory. Nor was his prediction at variance with the result. On the 20th May, 1813, he made a furious attack upon the enemy, drove him from his first position, and carried Bautzen, where he took up his quarters for the night; when his whole army bivouacked in presence of the Allied forces. The following morning at day-break, the battle was renewed with increased vigour. Field-Marshals Oudinot and Ney made simultaneous movements, with a view to turn the enemy's flanks, the first on the left, the latter on the right, while Field-Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in conjunction with Napoleon himself, impetuously bore down upon the centre of the allies, making charge after charge, until, unable longer to sustain the pressure, they were compelled to give way and make good their retreat, which they did in tolerable order. This sanguinary struggle was obstinately maintained with heroic bravery on both sides for upwards of four hours. The wooded heights, where the veteran Field-Marshal Blucher commanded, were several times taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet. At length the superior tactics of the French Emperor prevailed: the enemy's works were gallantly carried, and the allies driven from all their entrenchments: the triumph, however, was not achieved but at the expense of an enormous effusion of human blood; the slaughter was terrible on both sides. Of the allies full twenty thousand were either killed or wounded: the loss of the French was very nearly as many, but neither cannon nor prisoners fell to the lot of either. During the action on the second day, an old associate of Bonaparte, in his Italian wars, General Bruyères, was killed in his presence, upon seeing which Field-Marshal Duroc, the grand master of his palace, whispered the Emperor, saying, "Fortune has a spite at us this day." A very few minutes after, Duroc himself, Napoleon's dearest friend and companion, was mortally wounded by almost the last ball discharged from the enemy's artillery. This was a blow that smote Napoleon to the heart; the parting with an old and valued adherent; overwhelmed his feelings; his sorrow was extreme; he instantly ordered the troops to halt; during the remainder of the day he would neither listen to reports nor suggestions. His invariable answer was, "everything to-morrow;" soon as the posts were placed, the Emperor went to see his dying friend, the Duke of Friuli. He found the Field-Marshal perfectly master of himself, and exhibiting the most imperturbable indifference, surrounded by his brother officers, When Bonaparte entered the tent, the Duke stretched forth his hand, which Napoleon affectionately grasped, and enthusiastically pressed to his lips. "My whole life," observed the marshal, "has been consecrated to your service, nor do I regret its loss, but for the use it might have been to you." 'Duroc,' cried the Emperor, 'there is a life to come, it is thither you are going to wait for me, and where we shall one day meet again:' to which the Duke replied, "Yes, sire, but that will not be these thirty years, after you shall have triumphed over your enemies, when you will have realized all the hopes of your country. I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have lived an honest man—I leave a daughter behind me, your Majesty will fill up the place of a father to her." The Emperor again pressed the hand of his dying friend with fervency to his bosom; then resting his head on his right hand, maintained a profound silence for at least a quarter of an hour. The Field-Marshal was the first to interrupt the stillness of the scene, "Ah, sire," said he, "pray leave me, this sight gives me pain;" these were almost his last words. Napoleon stood by Duroc until life had quitted its frail tenement, then drew up with his own hand an epitaph to be placed over his remains by the pastor of the parish, to whom he gave two hundred napoleons to defray the expense of a monument befitting the high merits of the departed soldier; the next day he issued a decree, by which the child of his friend was amply provided for. It was truly melancholy to witness the separation—such sights, however, tend to elevate the mind, to remind us of our duties, and in spite of laws and customs, to forcibly point out the positive equality of the human race.

When the report of the engagement met his eye, Napoleon exclaimed, "What, no results! not a gun! not a prisoner! these people will not leave me so much as a nail." The allies continued their retreat into Upper Silesia; the French advanced to Breslau, and released the garrison of Glogau, a well-fortified Silesian town in 16° 14′ east longitude, 51° 38 north latitude, sixty miles north-west of Breslau, within about a mile of the stream of the Oder, which formerly flowed close under its walls, but has since changed its course.

The affairs of the allies having thus taken rather an unexpected turn, the Austrian, who had narrowly watched their progress, not deeming his preparations sufficiently advanced, to enable him to join the hostile league, once more came forward with a renewal of his offers of mediation. The Russian and Prussian sovereigns, who were equally interested in affording time to the Imperalist, expressed their willingness to treat, at the same time they were perfectly aware that no negotiation could meet a favourable termination, so long as England refused to become a party to the discussion. That she would not adopt such a course, they were equally assured, as long as the French Emperor should maintain his pretensions to the Spanish throne, in behalf of his brother Joseph; these pretensions, it was equally evident, Napoleon was not in a humour to relinquish; consequently, in the proposed armistice, the allies saw nothing but advantage to themselves, as it would afford them time to organize a more extensive confederacy against France, or rather against Bonaparte, who could not be said to be a dupe to the *finesse*, seeing that he clearly penetrated the warlike intentions of Austria; but, like his father-in-law, he himself was not unwilling to gain time, and therefore, in an evil hour, he consented to a cessation of hostilities, and agreed to fall back out of Silesia, thus affording the allied monarchs opportunity to reopen their communication with the Prussian capital. This was perhaps the most fatal step he had ever taken, if the Russian expedition be excepted; and so it proved, for although it was settled that a general congress of the Belligerents should be assembled, yet the English government steadily refused to send a representative, for the reason already stated; the place selected for the meeting of the various ministers, was the city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia, built upon seven hills, the see of an archbishop. The stream of the Muldau runs through the town, dividing the old from the new; the whole having a circumference of fifteen miles, containing ninety thousand inhabitants; it lies in 14° 50′ east longitude, 50° 5′ north latitude, seventy four miles south-east of Dresden, and may be said to comprise four towns; the old, the new, the little town, and Hradschin. A bridge of eighteen arches is thrown across the river, with a strong tower at each end. There is also a university, frequented by a great number of students, a magnificent college that formerly belonged to the Jesuits, as well as nine synagogues for the Jews. In the Hradschin is a royal palace, which has a hall one hundred paces long by forty in breadth, without any pillar to support the roof.

After a most vexatious delay, evidently contrived by the allies to give time for the arrival of reinforcements from Russia, also to enable the Prussian Government to complete its military organization, as well to cover the advance of Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, but more especially to await the decision of the cabinet of Vienna, as to the policy it would adopt, diplomatic ministers from the various powers, with the exception of England, made their appearance at Prague, and commenced their deliberations, 29th July, 1813. The whole, however, was little more than a solemn farce; insincerity evidently pervaded their deliberations: seeing that, as soon as it was known that Austria had made all the necessary arrangements for war, the representatives, both Russia and Prussia, haughtily withdrew from the conference: while the diplomatists were wasting their time in useless discussions, the Austrian minister, Metternich, repaired to Dresden, where he sought a personal audience of Napoleon, who had retired to the Saxon capital during the armistice which was signed 1 June 1813. This interview, although not carried on with much courtesy, proved decisive: Metternich, without much circumlocution, stated the ultimatum of the Court he represented, to be the breaking-up of the Rhenish confederacy, that the French Emperor should be contented with the boundary of the Rhine river, and no longer pretend to maintain a usurped, as well as an unnatural influence in Germany," observing, "that events had established the impossibility of a permanent peace unless the Sovereigns of the European continent were restored to their rank and former independence. Bonaparte, who conjectured, perhaps truly, that Austria only desired to drive a good bargain for herself, unceremoniously said, "What is your price? Will Illyria satisfy you? I only wish you to be neutral—I can deal with these Russians and Prussians single-handed.' broadly hinting, "that he should like to dismember Prussia, and give half her territories to the father of his empress." To this Metternich replied, "that his government were resolved not to be propitiated by sharing the spoils of others; that the situation of Europe at large must be considered," and concluded with assuring his auditor "that the time in which Austria could be neutral, was past." "Come, come, Metternich," rejoined Napoleon, "tell me honestly how much the English have given you to take their part against me." The minister felt the insult, and took his departure without offering another sentence: shortly after which the Imperial Cabinet sent a formal document, containing its ultimatum, which was in exact accordance with the terms proposed by Metternich, terms which both Talleyrand and Fouché, who had by this time arrived from Paris, strongly urged him to accept, representing to him that the progress of discontent in France itself was rapidly gaining ground, that consequently it would be little short of madness to rouse all Europe against himself, and thus induce its rulers to conspire for his destruction. They might as well have harangued the winds—he had made up his mind, and was determined to abide the issue.

About this time, most unwelcome intelligence was received from Spain. In the preparation for his Saxon campaign, Bonaparte had somewhat weakened his army in the peninsula. The Marquis of Wellington, ever on the alert, was not slow to take advantage of the circumstance; he once more advanced from the frontier of Portugal, and entered Spain in greater force than ever, being invested by the Cortes with authority over the Spanish equal to that he exercised over the Portuguese and English troops. The French lines on the borders of the river Douro had been turned and abandoned. The French determined, if possible, to oppose his progress, concentrated themselves at Vittoria, the capital of the province of Alaba in Biscay, seated on an eminence at the extremity of a fertile plain surrounded by double walls, in 2° 38′ west longitude, 42° 45′ north latitude, thirty-two miles south-east of Bilboa, one hundred and fifty-five miles north of Madrid. Here, 21 June, 1813, a great battle was fought, in which the Emperor's brother Joseph, and Field-Marshal Jourdan, were totally defeated, with immense loss: the despatches further stated that the "intrusive king" was in full retreat towards the Pyrenees, chased from post to post by an enemy, who, from all appearance, bade fair to terminate his campaign, by an invasion of the south-western provinces of France. Under the pressure of these disastrous circumstances, Field-Marshal Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel, with nearly all his other generals, upon whose judgment Napoleon had been accustomed to rely, concurred with his political advisers, in showing "how absolutely requisite it was for him to seriously consider the crisis at which his affairs had arrived, and counselled him either to close with the proffered terms of peace, or draw in his garrisons distributed on the rivers Oder and Elbe. By adopting the latter course, and falling back on the Rhine, he would increase his strength by the addition of fifty thousand veterans: with such a force assembled on such a river, and the resources of France in his rear, he might bid defiance to the united armies of Europe: thus, supposing he could not do better, he would be in a condition to command a peace that would leave him the undisputed monarch of much more extensive dominions than any of the kings, his predecessors, had ever hoped to possess." To this reasonable advice he listened with impatience: complained "that it was the result of selfish motives, utterly unworthy what he considered the essence of his personal glory:' exclaiming—"Ten lost battles could not sink me lower than you would have me to place myself by my own voluntary act; but one battle gained will enable me to seize Berlin and Breslau, and make peace on terms compatible with my glory:" concluding by saying, "he did not wish for any plans of theirs, but only their service in the execution of his." In this humour he steadily refused to abate an iota of his pretensions until it was too late.

Pending the negotiation at Prague, neither party had slackened in warlike preparation: on the contrary, the utmost diligence had been exerted to render their position as formidable as possible. On the night of the 10th August, 1813, rockets announced to the allied armies the accession of Austria, who had that day signed a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Russia, Prussia, and Sweden: the armistice was at an end, and hostilities immediately recommenced. The allies now presented themselves with a force numbering five hundred thousand men, one hundred thousand of which were well-mounted cavalry. Napoleon had, with himself, hardly three hundred thousand, including forty thousand horse soldiers: with these he boldly resumed the offensive, and ordered his troops to advance, in four masses, in different directions; the disposition of his force is allowed on all hands to have been masterly. Dresden, where he commanded in person, formed the centre of comparatively a small circle, from which, like the spider in his web, he could emerge as circumstances should require, either to attack the enemy or render assistance to whatever portion of his army might be pressed by the allies. This arrangement had evidently been made upon his former principles, with a view to provoke the enemy to make isolated assaults, thus to beat him in detail; but the allies had now with them two generals well skilled in his system of tactics. Bernadotte and Moreau, the latter having returned from his American exile, and accepted the invitation of the Russian autocrat to join his army. These two practised warriors drew up a counter scheme, by which the plan on which he had reckoned was completely baffled; in consequence of this it was an agreement between the commanders of the forces of the allies, that "which ever of them should be first assailed or pressed by the French, should on no account accept battle, but retreat: thus tempt Bonaparte to follow, which would leave Dresden open to assault from some other great branch of the confederacy; enable them to sieze all his magazines, as well as to break the communications between the remaining divisions of his army, thereby to interpose an hostile force in the rear of the whole,—between the Elbe and the Rhine." Whatever motives might have actuated Moreau to take part with the allies—it must be conceded that hardly any provocation can justify a man to fight against his native country—it is unquestionable that he brought into their counsels an immense accession of military skill; that it was principally owing to his judicious advice that the combined monarchs were indebted for the success which ultimately attended their operations. Be this as it may, Moreau did not long survive to reap advantage from his defection, for he fell, mortally wounded, in the first battle, that of Dresden: both his legs were shot off by a cannon ball, and he died under the hands of the surgeon.

Napoleon himself, 13th August, 1813, in support of his lieutenant, made, a rapid march against Blucher, who commanded the second army of the allies, called "the army of Silesia," consisting of eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, who lay in advance at Breslau. The old Field Marshal had made the first movement, which was directed against Field-Marshal Macdonald, who, with a hundred thousand men occupied Buntzlau, a Silesian town, seated on the stream of the Bober, sixty two miles west by north of Breslau. Bonaparte had hardly brought the veteran to action, when he received information that one hundred and eighty thousand of the allied troops, who had rushed down from the Bohemian mountains, under Prince Schwartzenberg, threatened Dresden, for the defence of which there were only sixty-five thousand men: with the celerity of lightning the French emperor retraced his steps, covering one hundred and twenty miles of road, during the most tempestuous weather, in which the rain poured down in floods: such, however had been his perseverance, that he concentrated one hundred thousand men in the Saxon capital a few hours before the allies made their appearance on the 25th August, 1813. The combined army covered all the hills in the neighbourhood of that city: the battle soon commenced, and continued with unabated fury during two days, amidst torrents of rain: few actions have proved more sanguinary; the slaughter was immense: the ground was covered with the dying and the slain. In spite of every exertion on the part of the allied troops, who were stimulated by the actual presence of both Alexander of Russia, and Frederick-William of Prussia, the commanding genius of Napoleon prevailed over every obstacle. Prince Schwartzenberg was completely discomfited: the vanquished Austrian retreated in disorder, closely followed by the French emperor, leaving in the hands of the victor forty thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners; together with forty pair of colours, and sixty pieces of cannon. However, this triumph, splendid as it certainly was, proved to be the termination of his successes; thence forward, misfortune pursued him like his shadow; calamity clung to him with irremovable tenacity; every thing turned out unpropitious; sickness and treachery rendered his preeminent abilities useless; the radiant sun of his brilliant fortune had passed meridian; ever after its beams were obscured by the heavy clouds of adversity, until finally extinguished by murky night.

Blessed with an excellent constitution, the firmness of Napoleon's structure was equal to the lustre of his talents: both were of the superior order: he might almost be said to have had a frame of brass: few persons could be found to support that unremitting toil, it was his daily habit to undergo; efforts that would speedily have broken the health of most other men, for years had little or no effect upon him; at last, however, he was obliged to yield to the pressure of unabated exertion, both of body and mind. At a most critical moment his strength gave way, he became unable to remain with the columns of his army, then in pursuit of the fugitive Austrian generalissimo: necessity compelled him to return to Dresden weary and ill. At first it was currently reported that he had been poisoned: it turned out, however, that the only food he had taken on the 26th—a mess of mutton with garlick—had deranged his stomach; this, added to the excessive fatigue he had endured from the 15th to the 28th August 1813, fatigue that would have entirely worn out any other than himself, threw him on a bed of sickness. In this helpless condition, so uncongenial with his accustomed activity, he was doomed to have his rest disturbed and his mind vexed, by the continual arrival of evil tidings from the various divisions of his army: an almost unexampled series of disasters was the consequence of his indisposition. When his presence no longer excited the ardour of his troops, the spirits of the soldiers became depressed, while those of the enemy were proportionably elevated; when the soul which gave animation to the body of his warriors was seperated from it, the trunk fell into decay. General Vandamme, who was despatched with a division of thirty thousand men to cut off the retreat of the Imperialists into Bohemia, was attacked by the Prussians in the defiles of the mountains; a sanguinary action ensued, the field was covered with the slain; Vandamme, and nearly eight thousand men laid down their arms, the rest of the army dispersed among the hills. When the veteran Blucher understood that Bonaparte had left Silesia, he unexpectedly descended from his position, and fell upon the corps under the command of Field Marshal Macdonald, who was by no means prepared for such an event, when, after a long contested, hard fought battle on the Silesian plains, between the hamlet of Wahlstadt and the stream of the Katsbach, the French were totally defeated, with the loss of one hundred pieces of artillery, together with twenty-five thousand men. Field Marshals Oudinot and Ney were not more succesful: with a view to prevent a junction between the Swedish army, under Bernadotte, with the Russians under Field Marshal Blucher, the French General Oudinot advanced from Leipsic towards Berlin, while Ney with another division was ordered to support him, and force his way to the Prussian capital, thus to place the Swedes between the two armies and

Dresden: the Crown Prince, however, thwarted their intention, and brought them to a general action, which was fought at the Village of Dennewitz, in Brandenburgh, 2nd September, 1813, and terminated in a total defeat of the French, who left forty-six pieces of cannon, together with ten thousand prisoners, in possession of the enemy, besides great numbers who fell on the field of battle. Ney retreated in confusion upon Torgau, a Strong Saxon town, seated among groves and lakes on the river Elbe, in 13° 3′ east longitude, 51° 32′ north latitude, forty-six miles north-west of Dresden: Bernadotte and Blucher effected a junction to the west of the Elbe. The news of these defeats reached Napoleon while he yet remained sick. "Such," said he, on reading the reports, "is the fortune of war—high in the morning—low ere night. Between triumph and ruin there intervenes but a step."

In this state of things new overtures of peace were made by the Allies to the French Emperor, but he rejected them under a conviction that they were merely held out as a snare: he had already experienced the impolicy of having consented to the armistice of Prague. "It would be a thousand times better," said Napoleon, "to perish in battle, amidst the fury of the enemy's triumph, for even defeats leave behind them the respect due to adversity, when they are attended by magnanimous perseverance. I therefore prefer to give battle; for if I should be conquered, we still have with us the true political interests of the majority of our enemies. But if I should be victorious, I may save all. I have still chances in my favour—I am far from despairing." Bonaparte became convalecent at the beginning of September, 1813, renewed his exertions, which, for activity and resolute perseverance, were never surpassed, even by himself. Putting himself at the head of his troops, he immediately went in quest of Field-Marshal Blucher: but the wary Prussian true to the plan laid down at the commencement of the campaign, retired, and baffled him as he had done before. On his return to the Saxon capital, he received information that General Witgenstein had again descended from the heights of Pirna, a Saxon town, seated on the stream of the Elbe, twelve miles south-east of Dresden; thither he flew with the rapidity of the eagle, the Russian strictly following the plan, gave way in his turn, and Napoleon once more returned to Dresden on the 12th September, 1813; again he was given to understand, that availing themselves of his absence, the Russian and Prussian commanders were advancing, Witgenstein on one side, Blucher on the other; he therefore returned without delay to Pirna: the allies still pursued the Fabian system and retired for the third time; Napoleon followed them to the village of Peterswald, where, he contemplated the scene of General Vandamme's defeat: harrassed by these continual but ineffective marches, he retraced his steps to his centre-point, from whence he ordered Generals Regnier and Bertrand to march suddenly by different routs on Berlin, in the hope of thereby recalling Field Marshal Blucher; but the veteran was not to be caught, he persisted in avoiding action: meantime Prince Schwartzenberg kept skirting round the hills to the westward, for the manifest purpose of placing himself in communication with the armies of Blucher and Bernadotte, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic: this was subsequently effected, when it became evident that Dresden could no longer be considered as the key of his defence; nevertheless, with the same fatality, as he had previously done at the Kremlin, he lingered on the Elbe, even after all rational hope of holding that river had vanished.

It was at this period that Napoleon determined to attempt a great movement, which, had it succeeded, would have been considered as the emanation of unrivalled genius; or, in case of failure, would have been censured as an unpardonable fault. This movement he had long contemplated: it certainly strongly indicated the great resources of his enterprising mind: pressed upon the Elbe river, the right bank of which was already lined by great masses of the allied force, with his rear nearly turned, he conceived the bold project of changing positions with the allies, place for place: for this purpose, he resolved to penetrate the enemies' line, and forming himself on his rear, compel him, in his turn, to transfer his whole force to the left bank of the stream: thus, if by taking up this situation he abandoned his communications with France, he would still have a tract of the enemy's territory not yet ravaged by war on his rear, that would enable him to maintain his troops, and also to recover the cities of Berlin, Brandenburg, and Mecklenburg, together with their immense magazines and garrisons: he now looked forward to a new series of combinations, with a fresh prospect of future success: he beheld nothing save the errors, the astonishment, as well as the stupor of the allies, and the brilliancy of his own enterprize!

What might have been the result of this daring manœuvre, had he carried it into full execution, it is impossible to say; but he had hardly commenced the necessary operations when intelligence reached him which rendered it imperative to abandon his project: the Bavarian army under General Wrede, which was to have marched upon Vienna, had gone over to the Austrians: the Wirtemberg troops had also deserted his standard: the allied army thus augmented, was, he understood, in full march to intercept his retreat: these unexpected, but treacherous events, compelled him to fall back and concentrate his force on the plains of Leipsic, now become a focus to which, not only Napoleon, but also his enemies were converging. The army of the French emperor comprised one hundred and fifty-seven thousand men, with a park of artillery amounting to six hundred pieces: while the allies had a thousand pieces of cannon, with three hundred and fifty thousand men. Bonaparte reached Leipsic on the 15th October, 1813; almost at the same moment the heads of Prince Schwartzenberg's columns were seen towards the south: under these circumstances two things became requisite on the part of Napoleon:—

First, To prepare means of defence on the northern side, in case the armies of Bernadotte and Field-Marshal Blucher should come up before the grand army under Prince Schwartzenberg should have been disposed of.

Second, To effectually secure the ground to the west of Leipsic, through which lies the only road into France, comprising a series of marshy meadows, interfused with numerous branches of the rivers Pleysse and Elster.

When Napoleon had completed his preparations, he visited every outpost in person; he then presented some new regiments which had recently joined him with their eagles: the ceremonial was impressive; the soldiers knelt down before the Emperor in front of the whole line; military mass was performed by the chaplains of the newly-raised regiments, after which the young warriors swore "fidelity to their sovereign, and to die rather than witness the dishonour of France." When the sun went down upon this ceremony, the star of Napoleon, to which he had so often called the attention of others, might be said to have vanished for ever from his sight. On the

15th October, 1813, all the French positions round Leipsic were simultaneously attacked by Field-Marshal Blucher and Prince Schwartzenberg, the latter having, at the time, in his camp, the Czar of Russia, and Frederick-William, King of Prussia; added to which, Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, was hourly expected to unite in the general attack with the troops under his command. So admirable were the plans of Napoleon, who commanded in person on the south; so skilful were his movements, that the allies could not make any impression on that side. His men fought like lions, not any thing could exceed their valour—every soldier might be called a hero. Six successive vigorous assaults were as vigorously repelled: Bonaparte became assailant in his turn with such effect, that the enemy gave way. On the northern side, the Duke of Ragusa, Field-Marshal Marmont, was not so successful: he had to contend against vastly superior numbers, led on by the veteran Field-Marshal Blucher; notwithstanding his gallant resistance he could not maintain his original position: he lost many prisoners, besides cannon, and was at last compelled to take up a new line of defence, much nearer the walls of the city. The battle raged with unremitting fury during the whole day; at nightfall both armies bivouacked upon the same ground each had occupied in the morning. Napoleon, however, felt convinced he should not be able to keep possession of Leipsic, seeing that his enemy had so much greater a number of combatants: as also that the King of Bavaria had acceded to the alliance, by which a new enemy was interposed between himself and the French frontier. He employed the next day, therefore, in an endeavour to make peace, in which he was now actually sincere. During the engagement there had been brought in as a prisoner, the same officer, who, after the battle of Austerlitz, had been commissioned by the Austrian Emperor to wait upon Bonaparte to solicit the armistice which was then granted. The French Emperor fixed upon this officer for the purpose of conveying his wishes to the allied monarchs: desiring that he would request for him the personal intercession of his master, the Emperor Francis. "Tell him," said Napoleon, "I will renounce Poland and Illyria, Holland, the Hans Towns, and Spain. I will consent to lose the sovereignty of the kingdom of Italy, provided that state remain independent. Further, I will evacuate all Germany. Adieu! Count Mehrfeldt, when on my part you name the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not the sound will awaken many recollections." Elated by the arrival of immense reinforcements, the allies refused to listen to his proposal: no answer was returned to his message: in fact, they had bound each other by oath, not to entertain any proposition for peace while a single French soldier should remain on the eastern side of the Rhine. The perplexities in which Bonaparte found himself involved in consequence of the adverse circumstances by which he was surrounded were very great—to conduct the retreat of one hundred thousand men, through a crowded city, in face of an enemy twice as numerous, and in hourly expectation of increasing his numerical strength, by the arrival of a third great and victorious army, would have been a task of some difficulty at any time: the difficulty in the present instance was considerably augmented by the defection of his late ally, the King of Bavaria, who could greatly impede him on his line of march towards France. Be this as it may, it was his only resource should he not prove victorious in the expected battle on the ensuing day.

On the 18th October, 1813, Napoleon was on the field as early as two o'clock, making arrangements for that engagement which was destined to be decisive of his fate—himself a fatalist. At eight in the morning the contest was renewed; the allies had been joined by Bernadotte, to whose genius they were mainly indebted for success, although victory would not have crowned their standards, had it not been that at three o'clock in the afternoon, twelve battalions of Saxon infantry, a whole brigade of cavalry, together with three complete batteries of heavy artillery, treacherously went over to the confederates, and immediately turned their cannon upon the French lines; never did the French Emperor exhibit more substantive proofs of consummate generalship, never was the gallantry of his troops more brilliantly displayed than on this memorable day; his army consisted chiefly of young men drawn from recent conscriptions, indeed many of them were merely boys, yet they fought as bravely as if they had been tried veterans; it was impossible to exceed the courage they evinced. Notwithstanding the immense superiority of the enemy's numbers, added to the shameful conduct of the Saxons, wherever Bonaparte appeared they could not shake the firmness of the French; they steadily maintained their ground to the last. As on the 16th, the French Emperor, with all that calmness and presence of mind which he was well known to possess in the field, commanded in person on the southern side, where he kept the allies completely at bay; night alone put an end to, perhaps, one of the longest, most sanguinary battles ever witnessed; then he had the mortification to learn from the artillery officers, that the ammunition in reserve was exhausted; two hundred and twenty thousand charges having been fired during the two days the army had been engaged; retreat therefore was inevitable; at midnight, orders were given for its commencement; while darkness continued the troops continued to file through the town, and across the two bridges over the waters of the Pleysse, beyond its walls. The main body of Napoleon's guards were stationed near Leipsic; an offer was made to capitulate the city, which was rejected by the allies, who immediately commenced a furious assault; the French resisted with great bravery; when the gates were forced they defended every street, almost every house. Bonaparte, who remained in Leipsic with the rear, ordered a mine to be formed under the great bridge, which was to be sprung when all the troops should have passed. The officer entrusted with the execution of this order, was, by mistake, informed that the Emperor wanted him; he immediately obeyed the summons. During his absence, a corporal of sappers, at the sight of some detached Russian corps, fired the train, and blew up the bridge; this was a most unfortunate circumstance, fraught with fatal consequences, and had very nearly prevented the escape of Napoleon himself, who would have been taken prisoner, but for the heroism of Field-Marshal Macdonald, and the Polish general, Prince Poniatowski. A cry of dismay soon spread through the ranks of the rear guard, the whole of which, amounting to thirty thousand men, including stragglers, sick, and wounded, together with two hundred pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the allies. Field-Marshal Macdonald swam across the river, but Prince Poniatowski was drowned in the attempt; the horrors of the Berezina, although on a more confined scale, were here unhappily renewed: soldiers and horses, cannons and wains, in their eagerness to escape, rolled headlong into the deep but narrow stream, where, for the most part, they perished.

It would be impossible not to admire the magnanimity of the French Emperor, in his conduct in the affair of the Saxons and Bavarians, who had so basely deserted him in his hour of need. A corps of Saxons had been added to his Imperial Guard: when their countrymen so shamelessly wheeled over to the allies on the field of battle, he ranged them round their own sovereign, whom he left at Leipsic, and released him from all his engagements. Some Bavarians still remained in his army after the defection of the Bavarian troops under General Wrede; he wrote to their chief, in which he said, "that Bavaria having disloyally declared war against him, he would be warranted to disarm and detain, as prisoners, every Bavarian in his service; but he did not feel inclined to adopt so harsh a course, as such a measure would tend to destroy that confidence which it was his most ardent desire that the troops under his orders should always feel in him; he should, therefore, order them to be supplied with provisions, and dismissed," which was immediately done.

To march through an enemy's country where the population is also hostile, cannot fail, under any circumstances whatever, to prove calamitous. The French army, in this instance at least, did not form an exception; its retreat through Saxony was a continual source of annoyance. Deficient in a supply of food, the foraging parties, through whom alone the means of existence were to be obtained, every where met with determined resistance. Harrassed by a horde of Cossacks continually hanging on their rear, disheartened by recent events, fugitives instead of conquerors, as they had wont to be, the troops marched towards the Rhine river in sullen silence; when not immediately under the eye of Napoleon, they set discipline at defiance, and committed the grossest outrages upon the inhabitants of the districts through which they passed. The Emperor conducted himself as became a great mind under great misfortunes. Calm and collected, his self-possession never left him. Whatever could be done to mitigate the sufferings of his soldiers knew of no neglect on his part; he saw to every thing. His daily despatches brought with them nothing but unwelcome news, and details of fresh misfortunes; yet the equanimity of his mind was fully equal to the pressure by which he was assailed. His sole object for the moment appeared to be to render the condition of his army as comfortable as the peculiar circumstances under which it was placed would admit. He cheerfully shared whatever fatigue or privation it had to undergo. At Erfurt, in Upper Saxony, where extensive magazines had been formed, he halted, 23rd November, 1813, for two days: there, in an endeavour to restore discipline, he brought his whole energies into play. It is more than probable he would have rested his soldiers longer in this town, had he not understood that the allies were advancing with rapid steps on both his flanks; fortunately, intelligence reached him that Field-Marshal Blucher had taken a wrong direction; this determined him, before the veteran should have time to rectify his error, to make a march upon Hanau, a strong German town in the principality of Hesse Cassel, seated on the stream of the Kintzig, near its conflux with the waters of the Maine, thirteen miles east-north-east of Frankfort on the Maine, where General Wrede was stationed with fifty-two thousand Bavarians, for the purpose of intercepting his return to France.

His late allies, now the Austro-Bavarians, had taken up a position among the woods in the vicinity of the town, before the French Emperor's troops reached the current of the Maine; the two armies met on the 30th October, 1813, when Napoleon made a furious charge upon General Wrede, and cut his way through before night set in. Field-Marshal Marmont, who brought up the rear, had equal success on the following day; in these actions six thousand French were slain: the enemy suffered more severely; ten thousand were either killed or wounded, and four thousand were made prisoners. Had it not been for the ready wit of a miller, who suddenly let the water into his mill stream, and thus interposed a barrier between the French cavalry and a body of Bavarian infantry, the loss of the latter would have been much greater. After this, Bonaparte experienced no further annoyance from his pursuers, who, being Austrians, perhaps, followed with much less vigour than the Prussians would have done under the guidance of Blucher, who entertained a strong antipathy to the Legions of France. The miserable relics of Napoleon's great army, at length crossed the stream of the Rhine, at Mentz, or Mayence, a German city, opposite the town of Cassel, in the Duchy of Hesse, seated just below the influx of the waters of the Maine, twenty-two miles west south-west of Frankfort, in 8° 10′ east longitude: 49° 58′ north latitude: having conducted them thus far, the French Emperor left his troops, and reached his capital, 9th November, 1813.

At this time, Bonaparte often declared his conviction that the allied monarchs had determined to be governed neither by faith nor law in their conduct towards him: he arrived at this conclusion from several strong circumstances, which seemed fully to justify the view he had taken. On the 11th November, 1813, the French garrison of Dresden, consisting of forty-five thousand men, under the command of Field-Marshal St. Cyr, capitulated; when, however, the last column had evacuated the fortress, the Austrian general, Prince Schwartzenberg, refused to ratify the convention, and insultingly proposed, that the French marshal, with his soldiers, should re-enter the fortress: they were afterwards marched into the interior of Russia. In like manner, the Russian Emperor refused to ratify the capitulation of Dantzic, but proposed to permit the garrison to march back into the ruined fortifications. These proceedings can only be contemplated as adding insult to adversity, a course totally unworthy the wearer of a crown; subsequently, Napoleon offered to evacuate all the fortresses he held in Germany, the garrisons of which contained one hundred and seventy-seven thousand men: this, however, was disdainfully rejected.

When Napoleon reached Paris, he found to his vexation, that the allied monarchs were not the only enemies with whom he had to contend; the weight of the taxes, which were greatly increased soon after his arrival, were found insupportably oppressive throughout the country; the continual drain of her youth for military service, to which it was now proposed to add three hundred thousand fresh conscripts to fill up the chasms of his wasted army, had soured the temper of nearly the whole population of France, so much so, that the people had absolutely grown weary not only of war, but also of the insatiable ambition of their ruler. These measures were so extremely unpopular, that his reception in the metropolis had considerably altered its complexion since the last time he visited it. In fact, two considerable parties had made great progress towards the completion of their immediate common object,—the dethronement of Bonaparte—although they were by no means united in their ulterior views; neither did they act in concert with each, being as little likely to cordially unite, as oil is to mingle with water into one uniform fluid, without the intervention of a medium

1. The Republicans, whose cause was supported by all those enthusiasts of the revolution who had commenced upon the principles of a commonwealth, had latterly greatly augmented their numbers by the effect of the growing discontent; these men from the beginning had viewed Napoleon's consulate as a dictatorship forced upon the country by the necessities of the times, which was to be got rid of as soon as circumstances should prove favourable and opportunity serve: when, however, he assumed the imperial dignity, created an order of nobles, and made alliance with the Austrian emperor, they alienated themselves from him; provoked by the absolute despotism of his internal government, they were still further estranged: they had not, therefore, contemplated the reverses of the two last campaigns otherwise than as events that would tend to accelerate their great object,—namely, the deposition of the man whom they considered as an enemy to national freedom.

2. The Royalists, whose faction had never been effectually extinguished, had at this period nearly recovered their former influence in the saloons of Paris, where aristocratic feelings for the most part obviously prevail; since the return of the emigrant noblesse, unremitting exertions had greatly augmented the number of their adherents: after the disastrous termination of the Russian expedition, which led to the doubling of the taxes, became publicly known, this party received a considerable accession of waverers: they now felt themselves sufficiently strong to throw off disguise, and openly avow their intention. The Bourbon inundated the country with proclamations; these were more favourably received by an irritated population than the expatriated family had reason to expect: in the provinces his agents were indefatigable in promoting his cause, which now began to show evident symptoms of virility. In support of his pretensions, military preparations were actively pursued, and great bodies of men were publicly in training in various parts of the empire, namely,—in the north-west, having communication with the great Atlantic Ocean, the former province of Bretagne or Britany, comprising a territory of one hundred and fifty miles in length, with a breadth of one hundred and twelve, divided at the revolution into the five departments of Côte-du-nord, Finisterre, Isle and Vilaine, Lower Loire, and Morbihan; at Vannes, the capital of the latter, Cadoudal, brother to Georges, mentioned in page 260, was exciting the peasantry to rise for the restoration of Louis XVIII. The same feeling pervaded the province of Touraine now the department of Indre-et-Loire, of which Tours is the capital, where a thousand gentlemen, under the Duke de Duras, were embodied in the royal cause. Nantes, capital of the Lower Loire; Angers, a large city in the department of Maine and Loire; Orleans, the capital of the department of Loiret, were filled with his partizans, while La Vendée was also once more ready to take the field under leaders well known for their skill and insurrectionary propensities.

In the south-west, at the large, ancient, and beautiful city of Bourdeaux, in the department of the Gironde, a loyal association was established, comprising the most wealthy inhabitants of that important place, at the head of which was the mayor, Lynch, who attempted to open a negotiation for its surrender with the English commander, Lord Wellington.

The course of these events was narrowly watched by the princes of the House of Bourbon, whose hopes were elevated by the prospect of success now held out to them; that they might be ready to avail themselves of circumstances, Monsieur, afterwards Charles the Tenth, was in the Netherlands, the Duke d'Angouleme was in the province of Bearn, now the department of the lower Pyrenees, the cradle of his race, then the head-quarters of Lord Wellington; while the Duke de Berri was located at the English island of Jersey.

To this disheartening catalogue may be added enemies of a still more fearful, as well as of a more mischievous character, including many of Napoleon's own ministers and generals; indeed, there cannot exist a doubt but that arch traitor Talleyrand, Duke of Benevento, was in communication with the Bourbons for some time before the allied sovereigns crossed the Rhine river, and that with him were associated several of little less influence in the public councils; the market was opened, and these men seemed determined to make the most of the opportunity. The evil did not even stop here: the legislative senate, that last feeble shadow of French popular representation, which had hitherto been little more than his quiescent submissive slave, the mere register of his imperial mandates, dared to beard him in support of those whom they were supposed to represent, but who, as other similar assemblies have sometimes done, betrayed their trust. These venal senators, when they found that, to use Bonaparte's own expression, "the reins were slipping from his hands," as if by enchantment, suddenly recollected their duty and the objects for which they were appointed; strange to say, they began to manifest some sympathy for the sufferings of the people; this, however, if fairly translated, should have been construed into a strong feeling for themselves and their own immediate interests. Be that as it may, it was a novelty to which Napoleon had not been accustomed, and he consequently received it with extreme ill-humour: the plot, however, was fast thickening, the *denouement* was not far distant; the theatre was about to close, and the actors, perhaps prudently, began to look forward for employment under the new management: France, however, is not the only country where these things occur.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DECLARATION OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS—BONAPARTE CONVENES THE LEGISLATIVE BODIES—DISSOLVES THE LEGISLATIVE SENATE—RELEASES FERDINAND VII., AND THE POPE—OBTAINS THE MONEY SECRETED BY HIS MOTHER—ANNOUNCES THE INVASION OF FRANCE BY THE ALLIES—HEADS HIS ARMY—HIS VIGOROUS EXERTIONS, AND NUMEROUS BATTLES—HIS STRATAGEMS TO SAVE THE CAPITAL—NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE BROKEN OFF—CAPITULATION OF PARIS—BONAPARTE ABDICATES—DEPARTS FOR ELBA.

Like harlequin in a pantomine, the battle of Leipsig would appear to have changed the whole system of European affairs; to have entirely altered the relative position of the belligerents: the fate of Napoleon was sealed. Having reached the acme of his fortune, his declension was about to resemble the velocity of a body moving upon an inclined plane; his colossal empire was doomed to dissolve with a rapidity far, very far, exceeding that with which it had been formed. The number of his enemies increased in proportion as his power to resist became less; even Prince Murat, his brother-in-law, at last joined the allies. The confederacy of the Rhine was at an end; the protector of the league was a fugitive: the kingdom of Westphalia was broken up, its fragments restored to their former governors; Jerome Bonaparte no longer exercised the functions of royalty: Eugene Beauharnois, the viceroy of Italy, was unable to maintain his position: Holland underwent a bloodless revolution—it ceased to acknowledge the authority of the French emperor; the Prince of Orange, who had long sojourned in England as an exile, returned triumphantly to the Hague to resume the Stradtholdership: the Croats, the Tyrolese, the Illyrians, were rising, *en masse*, to destroy French influence: Hanover once more owned the sway of the British monarch: Trieste was captured by the English: the Adriatic was restored to freedom: Field-Marshal Soult was beaten in the Peninsula; the Pyrenees no longer opposed a barrier to the enemies of France,—they passed its boundaries. It is true French garrisons still occupied some of the strongest fortresses in Germany, such as Dantzic, Wirtemberg, and Hamburg: these, however, fell one after the other before the Swedish army, under the command of the Crown-Prince, Bernadotte, who subsequently invaded Denmark, and compelled the Danish government to join its troops to those of the allied sovereigns. The only place garrisoned by the French that was able to make any lengthened resistance was that of Bergen-op-Zoom, in Dutch Brabant, seated partly on a hill, partly on the stream of the Zoom, in 4° 22′ east longitude, 51° 30′ north latitude, fifteen miles north of the city of Antwerp, twenty-two miles south-west of Breda. The English, under Sir Thomas Graham, attempted to carry the place by storm; but after they had forced a passage into the town their retreat was cut off, when they were defeated with great slaughter, the whole being either killed or made prisoners. Turn whichever way he might, Bonaparte could see nothing save disaster and emancipation from his control.

It is said to be the essence of good diplomacy so to mask the object to be obtained, as to shield it from an opposition that might prove fatal to its establishment. To pursue to fruition a purpose that dare not be openly avowed, must at all times be a task of extreme difficulty; it will generally require mendacious qualities of the first order to be expertly brought into action. The allied sovereigns, when they issued their manifesto at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, would appear to have been in this difficulty: it was quite clear they were about to restore the Bourbon dynasty upon the throne of France; that their whole energies had from the first been exerted to accomplish this end, which had only been thwarted by the superior talents of Bonaparte; they were equally aware that to frankly acknowledge such to be their design would only tend to materially damage their views; perhaps to frustrate that which they had so much at heart; seeing that it most probably would disgust a very large portion of the people, more especially the Republicans, certainly neither a small nor uninfluential body; consequently, that such a course would raise up hostility against them numbers whom it was their direct interest to conciliate: they were not to learn the disadvantages in traversing a country where every peasant was a determined foe, supported by the wealthier classes; their policy most decidedly was, if possible, to enter France without rousing her population to acts of aggression: they felt that by appearing to separate the country from the present ruler was the most likely means to carry this scheme into execution. The declaration, therefore, although said to be drawn up in firm and temperate language, was not, however, endited so much under a strict adherence to veracity, as it was dictated by that very comprehensive term, which is at the same time the most convenient as well as the most useful of any in the vocabulary of statesmen—Expediency! Among other things, it said:—

"That it was the right of the French nation to arrange their internal government according to their own wishes; consequently, they disclaimed all intention to interfere in that particular.

"That as they considered it to be for the general interest of Europe that France should remain a powerful state, they were willing to concede to her, even now, a greater extent of territory than the Bourbon kings had ever possessed: namely, the boundaries on the German side to be the Rhine river—the Alps on the Italian, and the Pyrenean mountains on the Spanish.

"That, in invading France, their sole object was to put an end to the authority which the Emperor Napoleon usurped over other nations.

"That their hostility was not directed against the integrity of France, but against Napoleon; and not even so much against him as against his system."

The same terms were offered to Bonaparte through Monsieur de St. Aignan, one of his own ministers, who had been made prisoner by the allies, at Weimar; to this his answer was such as led to an assemblage of diplomatic negotiators from all the belligerents, even from England herself, in the person of Lord Aberdeen, at Manheim, a spacious city of Baden, capital of the Circle of the Neckar, containing twenty-four thousand inhabitants, with a magnificent palace, a gallery of fine paintings by the old masters, and a superb cabinet of natural curiosities, situate in 8° 31′ east longitude, 48° 29′ north latitude, forty-two miles south of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. To this diet, Napoleon, who was not so easily deceived, sent as his representative, Field-Marshal Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza; but, it evidently appeared, only with a view to gain time to enable him to increase his military preparations, which were pursued in the arsenals with unremitted industry, and swelled by new conscriptions. The Parisian press, under the complete control of the government, reminded the allies of the fatal effects produced in 1793, by the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation. Special agents were despatched into all the departments, calling upon Frenchmen, of all classes, to rise in arms for the protection of the sacred soil of their native land: the appeal, however, was in vain; the enthusiasm of the revolutionary period had subsided; the people had been grievously disappointed in their expectation of liberty and a free constitution. The population, it was evident, had grown equally tired of war, of taxes, of bloodshed, and of the ambition of their ruler. Desertion among the new conscripts became an every day occurrence, while numbers of them were enrolled in the ranks of the royalists, who, in all places remote from the great military establishments of the Emperor, were mustering, in great strength, for the purpose of overthrowing what they now conceived to be his despotism, and to establish their own.

In the midst of these perplexities, undismayed by his misfortunes, the Emperor assembled the legislative senate, the council of state, together with the great dignitaries of the empire, 19th December, 1813, when he thus addressed them from the throne:—

"Every thing is against us: France itself would be in danger were it not for the energy and union of her people. I have never been seduced by prosperity—adversity will find me superior to its attacks. I have several times given peace to nations when they had lost every thing. Fr n a portion of my conquests I have raised thrones for kings who have forsaken me. Negotiations have been entered into with the allied powers; I have adhered to the preliminary bases which they have presented. I had then the hope, that before the opening of the session, the Congress of Manheim would be assembled; but new delays which are not to be ascribed to France, have deferred this, which the wishes of the world so eagerly demand. I have ordered to be laid before you the original documents that are in the *porte-feuille* of my department for foreign affairs; you will make yourselves acquainted with them by means of a committee. On my side there is no obstacle to the re-establishment of peace."

The legislative body chose a commission, of which M. Laisne was appointed president; this questioned the propriety of the policy pursued by the Emperor. Among other observations, M. Laisne ventured broadly to hint, that even "if he accepted the proposals of the allies, ancient France would still remain to him," concluding, that "when, in a moment of somewhat similar disaster, Louis XIV. was desirous to rouse the French people in his behalf, he had not disdained to detail openly the sincere efforts which he had made to obtain an honourable peace." The bluntness of this advice enraged Napoleon, who commented upon it with considerable asperity.

"Shame on you!" cried the Emperor. "Wellington has entered the south; the Russian menaces the northern frontier; the Prussian, Austrian, and Bavarian, the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen *en masse* to drive him back! All my allies have deserted—Bavaria has betrayed me. No peace until we have burned Munich! I demand a levy of three hundred thousand men; with these, and those I already have, I shall see a million in arms; I will form a camp of one hundred thousand men at Bordeaux; another of similar amount at Mentz; a third at Lyons; but I must have grown men—these boys only serve to encumber the hospitals and the road sides. Abandon Holland! sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given—all must march—you are fathers of families—the heads of the nation—you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war!"

This harangue would seem to have produced but little effect on his former ductile slaves: a new light—that is, a new and more prominent interest, had infused itself among the individuals who composed the majority of the legislative senate. A report not very favourable to Bonaparte was drawn up: this renewed his ill temper, which he vented upon them in no very measured terms. "Is it then, at the moment when you ought to unite to chase the enemy from your frontiers, that you exact from me the change of the constitution? You are not the representatives of the nation, but of the departments: I was elected by four millions of Frenchmen to mount this throne: I alone am the representative of the nation: why do you wish to charge yourself with such a burden? I am the state: what is the throne?—a bit of wood gilded, and covered with velvet. If I listen to you, I shall cede more to the enemy than he demands; you shall have peace in three months, or I will perish: I go to seek the enemy, and I will overthrow him. I am at the head of this nation, because the constitution of this government pleases me. If France exacts another constitution I shall say to her—choose another king. Even if I had done wrong, you should not have reproached me in public—people wash their dirty linen at home! France has more need of me than I of France."

Having vented his displeasure, he repaired to the council of state, where he denounced the legislative senate as unworthy of their functions. "In place of rendering me assistance," said he, "they throw impediments in my way. Our attitude alone would have repelled the enemy—they invite him. We should have presented a front of brass—they lay open wounds to his view. I will not suffer their report to be printed. It is incendiary; a twelfth part of these legislators are bad factious citizens, the remaining eleven dupes. The committee belong to the former; Laisne is a traitor, sold to England. They have not done their duty, but I will do mine—I dissolve the legislative senate." A decree was forthwith issued, by which that body was indefinitely prorogued:—thus fell the last glimmering of popular freedom in France.

During these virulent discussions, Napoleon turned his thoughts to his two prisoners, Ferdinand of Spain and Pope Pius: to the former, who was confined at Valençay, he addressed a letter, stating that "the English were spreading Jacobin principles in Spain, and attacking the foundations of the throne, the aristocracy, and the church; he was therefore anxious to see him at the head of affairs in that kingdom; to this end, he would immediately restore him, provided he would undertake to expel the English, and re-establish the relations with France, on the footing of the peace which gave Godoy his title." Ferdinand, however, would not execute any treaty without first consulting the Cortes: that assembly disdained to treat at all with Napoleon: in this strait, as he pretty well knew what kind of a present he was making the peninsula in the person of the imbecile Ferdinand, who, according to his calculation, would soon fill the Spanish territory with civil tumults, and thereby paralyze her means for foreign war, after five years of captivity, he liberated him unconditionally.

Under a similar impression he restored to freedom the venerable Pontiff, so long detained a prisoner at Fountainbleau, thinking that the return of the Holy father to the capital of the Catholic world, would, in all probability, cause some dissension among his enemies, especially as Murat, the King of Naples, who had concluded a treaty with the Emperor Francis of Austria, was then in possession of the ancient city of Rome, with an intention to advance against Beauharnois, in the north of Italy, in co-operation with the Austrian on one side, and the English force, then recently landed at Leghorn, under the command of Lord William Bentinck, on the other. Had Napoleon resorted to these expedients at an earlier day, probably they might have warranted his expectations: contrary, however, to his usual custom, it was somewhat late ere he applied them: the looked-for results therefore did not occur—at least, in sufficient time for him to reap any advantage from the schemes he had adopted.

The public press, which ought to be the palladium of liberty, when unshackled by authority, may be said to resemble a wholesome bracing atmosphere, that invigorates those who have the happiness to breathe it—but when controlled by the strong arm of arbitrary power it may be compared to the noxious enervating vapours arising from stagnant marshes, that enfeeble those who have the misery to inhale them—the first is productive of ruddy health, that adds pleasure to life—the second engenders pallid disease, that embitters existence; the latter was the wretched condition of the Parisian press at this period; nothing was suffered to transpire through its medium that did not accord with the views of the Emperor, consequently the greater part of the population, especially in the capital, remained ignorant of the proceedings of the Allies. Again Napoleon's military fame was so well established, that even on the frontiers the inhabitants were impressed with the belief that it was utterly impossible for any foreign army to pollute their soil with impunity. Nothing short of actual successful invasion could convince them of its practicability. Still, however, it was obvious to careful observers that a crisis was at hand: the conscription had become so intolerant that no means were unessayed to escape its devouring appetite. Whole bands of these wretched victims to raging ambition detected in laying plans to desert, were brought before military commissions, tried, convicted, and decimated: these revolting executions were of constant occurrence, even close to the Barriers of Paris: the ferocity of these measures, however, was insufficient to awaken the people from that state of sullen indifference with which they for the most part contemplated passing events. The long forgotten tune of *ça ira* applied to new ballads got up in praise of the Emperor was equally unavailing; the hireling musicians were treated with derision by one party, hooted by another. The declining power of the government of Bonaparte was visible in every department of the public service; neglect and confusion pervaded the whole; the orders became more peremptory than ever, every hour witnessed greater laxity in their execution: in spite of the system of espionage hitherto adopted by the police, this state of things was now openly discussed in the saloons; language that but a short time before would have consigned the utterers to dungeons in the state prisons, was now unceremoniously used at these coteries, where the common observation was "this cannot continue—the cord is drawn too tight!—it will soon be over!" and the subtle but witty Talleyrand at this period said to an officer who declared his alarm, "it is the beginning of the end"—the expression has become proverbial.

Surrounded as he was by almost insuperable difficulties, Napoleon did not appear dispirited, neither did his industry relax; he was incessantly employed in recruiting his army and replenishing his finances, which, from various causes, had been pretty well exhausted: at this juncture he was given to understand that his mother had concealed a sum of five millions of francs behind a picture that hung in one of her rooms. One day, while she was at the Tuilleries, the Emperor in the course of conversation observed, "Mother, I never was more in want of cash than at present; I know you have got money, you will therefore infinitely oblige by lending me some: this is a service I expect from you in the present critical state of my affairs;" to which Madame Letitia replied, "Your Majesty has been wofully deceived—I assure you you have been misinformed—all the money I had was lately sent to a person of our acquaintance whom you know," meaning Lucien.—"Well," said Napoleon, "I hope that is the case"—here the conversation ended. The Emperor, however, was not so easily put off the scent: he took an early opportunity of visiting incognito the residence of his mother to dine with her. When they rose from table, his attention was directed towards the pictures, upon the excellencies of which he bestowed the highest eulogiums. When he came opposite to the one he wanted, fresh admiration of its beauties burst from him, as he expressed a great desire to have it placed in his own collection. "Most assuredly, my son," said his mother, "it is perfectly at your service: I will have it taken down, and sent to the Tuilleries immediately." "No! no! do not trouble yourself to send it," impatiently exclaimed Napoleon; "I'll take it with me in the carriage." The servants were immediately called, and directed to take down the painting;

when lo! the wished-for casket made its appearance, to the confusion of Madame Mere; the prize, together with the picture, was conveyed to the emperor's chariot, leaving his mother to deplore her loss at leisure.

At length all scepticism respecting the invasion of France by the Allied Sovereigns vanished: the fact was without dispute. On the 20th December, 1813, the Austrian Prince Schwartzenberg, at the head of the "grand army," disregarding the neutrality of the cantons, crossed the stream of the Rhine between Basle and Schafhausen, on the Swiss territory, through which he advanced without opposition, and began to spread himself in Franche-Compte and Burgundy, even to the gates of Dijon, capital of the department of Côte d'Or, one hundred and seventy-five miles south-east of Paris. On the 1st January, 1814, the "Silesian army" under Field-marshal Blucher, crossed the river at various points between Rastadt and Coblentz: the veteran was quickly followed by the "army of the north," under Field-marshals Witzingerode and Bulow, who began to penetrate the Netherlands frontier. The three invading armies, independent of that under Lord Wellington, reckoned in their ranks between three and four hundred thousand men: before this host, Field-marshals Marmont, Mortier, Ney, and Victor, whose united force was somewhere about fifty thousand, were of necessity obliged to retire: thus every day brought the enemy nearer the French capital; their great superiority in number enabled the allies to inundate France with their troops, without undergoing the tedious operation of besieging the strong fortresses which lined the Rhenish frontier: having masked these, they pressed forward with an overwhelming force to their object—possession of Paris.

Whatever might be the policy at the Tuilleries with respect to giving publicity or not to these events, the secret could not be much longer kept, seeing that the more wealthy inhabitants were hourly arriving in the metropolis from the invaded provinces, bringing with them the unwelcome tidings; the government, however, were in no haste to give the information; the first official notice of the enemy's advance appeared in the "Moniteur," published on the 22nd January, 1814, in which it was announced that Schwartzenberg had entered Switzerland, 20th December, 1813; also that Blucher had crossed the Rhine on the first day of the New-Year. Napoleon attended his council, to whom he said, "You have seen by the papers which I have ordered to be communicated to you, all that I have done for peace. The sacrifices which comprise the preliminary bases that have been proposed to me by my enemies, and which I have accepted, I will make without regret. My life has but one object—the happiness of the French people. In the mean time, Bearn, Alsace, Franche Compte, and Brabant are invaded. The cries of this part of my family pierce my soul; let us obtain peace by a final effort. I call on the French to succour the French! I call on the inhabitants of Paris, of Britany, of Normandy, of Champagne, of Burgundy, and the other departments, to assist their brethren. At the sight of a nation in arms, our enemies will either fly or sign a peace on the bases which they themselves have proposed; peace and the deliverance of our territory ought to be our rallying cry. To recover our conquests is no longer our object."

Notwithstanding the critical situation of her affairs, generally speaking, nothing could be more apathetic than the French nation: her population seemed to contemplate the advance of the allies, without alarm. The forcible appeal of Napoleon in his council was wholly unproductive of that enthusiasm which alone could restore his shattered fortunes; his tyrannic sway had left him few friends save his soldiers; even among his generals he had reason for dissatisfaction; they began to murmur. Many of the disasters that he had experienced during his last campaign in Saxony, were the result of defection in a Swiss chief in whom he had reposed his confidence—General Jomini—who went over to the allies, carrying with him all the information he had been able to glean repecting the operations of the Emperor. The great service rendered to the enemy by this breach of honour, may be gathered from the circumstance that, as a reward for his perfidy, the Emperor of Russia appointed him one of his aides-de-camp. After this, treason began to creep into the superior ranks of Napoleon's army: some of his lieutenants, after being unfortunate, became dispirited; they complained loudly that "they were only fighting for the immediate interests of an individual, as well as to gratify his ambition, which appeared boundless." When this reached the ears of the Emperor, he indignantly repelled it as an unjustifiable calumny, put forth to cover their own imbecility: "Base subterfuge," he exclaimed, "ask the young and brave soldiers, and the officers of intermediate rank in the French army, whether such a calculation ever entered their thoughts? Whether they ever saw before them but the enemy, or behind them any thing save the honour, the glory, and the triumph of France? These men never fought better than at the period alluded to. Why dissemble? why not make a candid avowal? The truth is, that, generally speaking, the officers of high rank have gained every object of their own ambition. They are sated with wealth and honours; they have drunk deep of the cup of pleasure; they therefore wish for repose, which they would purchase at any price. The sacred flame is extinguished. They are willing to sink to the level of the Marshals of Louis XV."

Although the commanders of the invading troops, as they advanced every where proclaimed that "they did not enter France as enemies, but as friends," they failed not to couple their declaration with a threat, that "the peasantry would be treated as brigands should they prove hostile to the invaders, either by refusing supplies of provisions, or offering resistance." To make this conduct quadrate with the principles of justice, or even accord with the public protestations of the allied sovereigns at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, would be a task involving no small difficulty: was it possible for the most atrocious marauder to have more decidedly violated the common right of a people, a right generally acknowledged to be both universal and inalienable? Could the behests of a mighty conqueror have been more savagely enforced? Could the most barbarous despot have more effectually trampled down every vestige of national independence? Can it admit of doubt, that the defence of their native soil against foreign aggression is one of the most imperative as well as one of the most inviolable duties of its inhabitants?

Maugre the unconcern but too generally evinced, it must be recorded to the honour of both, that the invasion of France rallied around the Emperor Napoleon some men of high character, as well as pre-eminent for their sterling abilities; men who, from principle, had long hung aloof from him, but who, on this occasion, with true magnanimity, buried their differences, as also their resentment, in the impending danger to their native land. Among the foremost of these was that truly great tactitian General Carnot, who once held the *porte feuille* of Gallic War Minister, was also the planner of some of the earliest and most brilliant of the French campaigns This meritorious officer, who was an uncompromising republican, had strenuously opposed Bonaparte's assumption of regal powers, for which courageous act he was discarded from the imperial councils. This noble minded individual, however, no sooner heard that an enemy had set foot on French ground, than quitting his seclusion he came forward with alacrity to offer his sword in defence of that which he now deemed the sacred cause of his country. Napoleon was not backward to meet the patriotic soldier; he received his old antagonist with open arms; listened cordially to his advice; then sent him into Brabant to protect the important city and fortress of Antwerp; a command to which the veteran did ample justice by maintaining a most determined, lengthened, and gallant resistance against the allied forces under the command of that able general, Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden.

At length, the commanders of the intrusive armies were unable to enforce strict discipline among the barbarous hordes of plunderers with whom they passed the French frontier, who were now scattered over a wide extent of country; these intractable horsemen, mostly well mounted, committed, with impunity, the most revolting excesses; their uncontrolled rapacity ruffled the temper of some of the inhabitants of the invaded provinces; was the source of great dissatisfaction to many; the iron hand of the intruder became intolerably oppressive. It was thus that the wrongs of individuals began to open the eyes of the sufferers; to rouse part of the population from a lethargy that would seem, like the torpedo, to have benumbed their feelings, and to stimulate them to resistance. A faint glimmering of hope consequently broke in upon the Emperor, who lost no time in turning the change to his advantage; in this he was supported by some, who, like himself, were anxious to arrest the march of the foreigner, and defend the soil by a national rising *en masse;* that, however devoutly to be wished, was a consummation not to be obtained; indeed the instances of determined opposition were by no means numerous; the Royalist faction paralyzed every attempt.

This was the state of things when Bonaparte despatched Field-marshal Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, to the head-quarters of the allied Sovereigns, with proposals for peace; they consented to discuss this long-vexed question in a Congress which was assembled for that purpose at the little French town of Chattillon-sur-Loire: nevertheless, satisfied with their own position, confident in the strength of their partizans, relying upon the traitors whom they had basely purchased, they steadily refused to agree to a suspension of arms, pending the deliberations: on the contrary, they continued hostilities with unabated vigour. Napoleon, therefore, determined not to be behindhand, prepared to place himself at the head of his army, as the most likely means to give efficacy to the negotiation.

Perhaps the transcendant genius of the great, the intrepid Napoleon, never shone with greater effulgence than in this fruitless contest: his substantive qualities as a general were never displayed more conspicuously than in the judicious arrangement of his troops, much inferior in number, with which he attempted to impede the progress of the allied Princes, after their armies had penetrated the French territory. His battles at this period will stand recorded by posterity as the actions of a master-mind, conducted with consummate ability: his nervous exertions astonished the foe, frequently held him in check, and often obliged him to change his ground; his efforts, indeed, were almost superhuman; his agility such that it nearly resembled ubiquity: like an expiring taper, as his power approached extinction, his energies burst forth with more vivid lustre. Nevertheless, brilliant as were his operations, they proved unavailing; he was a doomed man: deceit was hourly undermining his best projects; treachery stretched forth her withering fingers; exhaled her fatal blight; thus palsied his giant struggles. He had to contend with the insincerity of pretended friends, as well as against the rancorous animosity of an open enemy: had he not been surrounded by a band of traitors, who only waited their opportunity to betray him with security, such was the excellence of his plans, so skilful his manœuvres, that in all probability he would have triumphantly repelled the invaders, and driven them out of France. When some one, speaking of Field-marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, called him a traitor, Talleyrand, who equally deserved the epithet, wittily observed, "His watch only went a little faster than the others."

Bonaparte summoned the officers of the national guard to attend at the Tuilleries on Sunday the 23rd January, 1814. Ignorant of the cause for which they were assembled, they mustered in the Saloon to the number of nine hundred: the Emperor took his station in the centre of the apartment, accompanied by his Empress Maria Louisa and the Countess Montesquiou, who carried in her arms the King of Rome. "Gentlemen," said he, "France is invaded, as you know. I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and with God's help and their valour, I hope soon to drive the enemy, and make him repass the frontier with disgrace: but should it so happen that he approach the capital, I confide to the care of the national guard, the Empress and the King of Rome;" then suddenly correcting his expression, he said, evidently with a strong emotion, that shook his voice, taking them by the hand, "My wife and my child I confide to the loyalty and to the honour of the national guard." The scene had its effect; several of the officers approached him with the most exhilarating promises of support: and even those who were suspected to be unfriendly to his cause, were unable to withstand the appeal of a husband and a father, under such circumstances: tears were visible on the cheeks of many.

The next day, 24th January, 1814, the Emperor, personally, inspected the approaches to Paris: then issued orders for erecting military defences wherever he thought they might be useful, in case of a siege; as also for converting several of the public buildings into hospitals: he again appointed the Empress, Maria Louisa, Regent during his absence, and placed his brother Joseph president of her council of state. During a great portion of the day, in the midst of a great fall of snow, he reviewed the troops in the court-yard of the Tuilleries; conferred with his minister on the public business; in short, left nothing undone or unexamined. At three o'clock on the following morning, 25th January, 1814, he once more left his capital, travelling with his usual celerity. At midnight he reached Chalons, where he ascertained that the "Grand army," under Prince Schwartzenberg, and the "Silesian Army," under Field-marshal Blucher, having passed through Franche-Compte and Lorraine, now occupied an almost uninterrupted line between the stream of the Marne and the waters of the Seine: the former with ninety-seven thousand men, the latter with forty thousand. The French armies, under Field-marshals Macdonald, Marmont, and Victor, were retreating from different quarters to Vitry; the allied troops were also pressing towards the same point. For the purpose of joining Prince Schwartzenberg, Field-marshal Blucher's right was pushing down the valley of the Marne, while his centre kept the parallel course of the river Aube.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's unceasing activity, his utmost exertions did not enable him to increase the army under his retreating generals to more than seventy thousand men; this inferiority obliged him so to manœuvre, as if possible to keep the enemy's force divided. To prevent their junction, therefore, became an object of first rate importance with the Emperor; an object to which he applied himself with cool deliberation: in consequence he determined to attack the right of the "Silesian army," before the Prussian Field-Marshal should be in a condition to concentrate his own strength, or be able to draw effectual support from the "Grand Army," under the Austrian Prince, Schwartzenberg, who was advancing by the course of the Seine, in the direction of Bar-sur-aube, where Blucher had already beaten a French corps under Field-Marshal Mortier; seeing that if he could force the Prussian commander to quit the line of the river Aube, he would, in that event, be enabled to intervene his own army between those of the allies, and intercept their communication. This plan he carried into operation: the result was the defeat of Blucher, in a smart affair on January 27th, 1814, at St. Dizier, a town one hundred and twenty miles east of Paris, situate at the northern extremity of the department of Upper Marne, on the stream bearing the same name, from whence that river is navigable to the French capital, by falling into the waters of the Seine at a small distance from the metropolis. The Prussian veteran lost no time, but immediately called in his detachments, retreated, and took up a defensive position at Brienne-le-Chateau, the same town on the stream of the Aube, where Bonaparte received his military education. The Emperor, following up his advantage, marched in pursuit through a thick forest, with such rapidity, that he surprised Blucher on the 29th January, 1814. It was with difficulty that the Field-Marshal escaped becoming a prisoner to Napoleon, who invested the gates of the chateau while he was at dinner: after leading his horse down a stair, however, he reached the rear of the building through a postern; an engagement ensued, in which Blucher was again defeated with immense loss: the carnage was horrible. The Russians, under General Alsusieff, who was made a prisoner, fought courageously in the town, which was ultimately burnt to the ground; the Emperor himself was obliged to draw his sword, and fight like a common dragoon, in consequence of a party of Cossacks who threw themselves upon the rear of the French: General Gourgaud shot one of these barbarians, who was in the act of plunging his spear into Napoleon. Blucher was again discomfited, and retired to La Rothiere, further up the Aube, where the Austrian Commander, Prince Schwartzenberg, co-operated with him in assuming the offensive, on the 1st February, 1814, when the French were simultaneously assaulted at three several points: the battle raged with incredible fury from morning until the evening, during a heavy fall of snow. Bonaparte was defeated, and compelled to fly in disorder from the field, leaving behind him four thousand prisoners, together with seventy-three pieces of cannon; this action inflicted a heavy blow on the falling fortunes of Napoleon, whose activity, however, was not to be arrested: thus while the division under Field-Marshal Marmont retired down the river Aube, the Emperor himself struck across the country to Troyes, capital of the department of Aube, seated on the stream of the Seine, one hundred and five miles east of Paris. At this city, which he expected would be immediately occupied by Prince Schwartzenberg, he was agreeably surprised to be joined by a considerable body of his own guard, drawn from the French division on the Spanish frontier, in a high state of discipline, full of enthusiasm. This reinforcement gave confidence to his troops, reanimated the drooping spirits of the army, which their late defeat at La Rothiere, had considerably depressed; their ardour was restored.

While at Troyes, despatches received the 3rd February, 1814, from Field-Marshal Caulaincourt, informed the Emperor, that Lord Castlereagh, the English Secretary of State for foreign affairs, had arrived at the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns: that, in consequence, negotiations were to be resumed the next morning at Chattillon, which was now in the rear of the armies, and earnestly requesting him "to state specifically on what terms he was willing to purchase peace." Napoleon, in reply, granted him full powers "to do every thing requisite to keep the negotiation alive, with a view to the preservation of the capital." This document, however, was not deemed by the Duke of Vicenza, sufficiently explicit to enable him to act; in consequence, he sent again to desire an authority more definitely worded: when the second despatch reached Bonaparte, on the evening of the 8th February, 1814, his head-quarters were at Nogent-sur-Seine, a town twenty-five miles north-west of Troyes, seated on the stream of the Seine, in the department of Aube. After a consultation with his counsellors, it was agreed, that he should abandon the left bank of the Rhine river, Italy, also Piedmont and Belgium: the despatch containing these concessions was already written by his secretary, and only waited for his signature, when, during the night, intelligence reached him of such a nature that entirely altered his views, and induced him not to sign the instrument intended to be sent to Field-Marshal Caulaincourt.

The allies, it would appear, had, notwithstanding their former experience of its attendant evils, committed their old blunder, that of dividing their forces. They had resolved to march upon Paris, in two grand divisions; one under the Austrian Prince, Schwartzenberg, the other under Field-Marshal Blucher, who, instead of continuing his course down the Aube, in conjunction with the Imperialists, had transferred his whole army to the current of the Marne, and was actually advancing to the French metropolis by the Montmirail road, a town fifty-five miles east of Paris, thirty-three west by south of Chalons: this error was unpardonable, yet it proved the source of great misfortune to the indefatigable Napoleon, whose eagle-eye immediately perceived the disadvantages under which it placed the Prussian general—the temptation was too great for resistance; the Emperor, although doubly outflanked, instantly resolved to avail himself of it; the consequence was one of those combinations which shed so much lustre on his military genius: Napoleon placed General Bourmont, with a small detachment at Nogent, to guard the passage of the bridge at that place over the waters of the Seine: at the same time, he confided to Field-Marshal Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, the defence of that of Bray, the next bridge in descending the river. Having made these arrangements, he determined with the main body of his army, to make a bold and rapid march on the flank and rear of Blucher's division, which, by this manœuvre he expected to be able to annihilate. It was the depth of winter, the cross roads were in a most frightful condition. In the forest of Traconne, through which he had to pass, the artillery became imbedded in a marshy slough; had it not been for the zeal and activity of the Mayor of Bar-bonne, who, on the spur of the moment, collected five hundred horses, the whole of the ordnance must have been left in the miry bog. When the officer announced the circumstance to Napoleon, his reply was—"Forward! even if we leave some pieces of cannon behind us." In this expedition the Emperor was most gallantly supported by his soldiery, they marched nearly forty miles, ere they halted, in the dark. Next morning, 10th of February, 1814, the troops proceeded with equal celerity: at length, they debouched on the road by which the Prussian Marshal was advancing: at the moment when Bonaparte appeared, the central division of Blucher's army was passing. Napoleon, in person, immediately attacked it; defeated, dispersed the columns, made two thousand prisoners, and captured twenty-four pieces of cannon: he then hastened to Montmirail, were the Russian corps, under General Sacken, were stationed: an action ensued, fought with such determination on both sides, that victory was for some time doubtful: at length, Napoleon's guard, consisting of lancers, dragoons, and horse grenadiers, appeared on the right of Haute-Epine; these threw themselves impetuously on the rear of the Russian cavalry, shouting—"Long live the Emperor," this turned the fortune of the day: the French infantry, stimulated by the success of the guard, precipitated themselves on the disordered columns of the Russian, and completely routed them: they abandoned their position, as also their artillery and baggage: the fugitives, after having been thus roughly handled, thought of nothing but their own safety, leaving Blucher, with the rear division, alone, to sustain the attack of the Emperor's entire force between the stream of the Marne and the River Aube: they escaped, in extreme disorder, across the former river, at the town of Chateau-Thierry, fifty-seven miles east-south-east of Paris, having lost between five and six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners: the retreating divisions were vigorously pursued; the annihilation of the "Silesian army" appeared almost certain. The Prussian Field-Marshal, hearing the cannonade occasioned by these battles, advanced rapidly; he found himself in presence of troops flushed with victory, superior in numbers, well provided with cavalry, of which he was very deficient. On the 14th February, 1814, the two armies came to action, which was sanguinarily contested; the veteran was beaten with the loss of six pieces of artillery; Blucher retired without disorder, in alternate squares; during the whole of the day he sustained the charges of the French—in these the loss of life was immense: two battalions were overpowered and taken, three others were sabred, and dispersed; thus severely pressed, the Prussian, at last, was obliged to cut his way through a column of heavy horse, sent round to intercept him; this he effected, although with the additional loss of some five thousand men, together with nine pieces of cannon. The retreat, however, was masterly: Blucher finally crossed the stream of the Marne at Chalons.

Almost to the last there would appear to have been a kind of magic in the name of Bonaparte that operated upon his adversaries, enfeebling their exertions when opposed to him in person, that frequently rendered them unwilling to contend with him. It happened so with the Austrian, who, when he discovered that Napoleon, with his chief force, was no longer on the line of the Seine, made immediate preparations to take advantage of his absence from that quarter: without loss of time, he attacked General Bourmont and Field-marshal Oudinot, who, with small detachments, had been left to guard the important posts of the bridges, drove them before him: thus, while the Emperor was beating the Russians, under General Sacken, and the Prussians, under Field-marshal Blucher, on the Marne, the enemy made good his passage over the waters of the Seine, at three several points—Nogent, Bray, and Montereau, a bridge still further down the river towards Paris, obviously with the determination to reach the French metropolis, if possible, while Bonaparte was still occupied on the river Marne: for this purpose Prince Schwartzenberg had already established his head-quarters at Nangis, a town in the department of Seine-et-Marne, not more than about forty-eight miles south of Paris, while the light troops and Cossacks were spreading confusion on both sides of the Seine.

In order to save the army under Blucher from destruction, the Austrian generalissimo moved an immense body to his relief upon the Seine. When Napoleon understood the proximity of the position of Prince Schwartzenberg to the French capital, he instantly formed a resolution to devote his energies to save the city of Paris from the fangs of the enemy: in order to effect this desideratum, he committed the care of watching the Chalons road, and the remains of Blucher's army, to two of his Field-marshals—Marmont and Mortier: this arranged, he marched his main body on Meaux, a large and populous town in the department of Seine et Marne, seated on both sides of the stream of the Marne, twenty-five miles north-east of Paris, which he reached 15th February, 1814: here he was met by a timely reinforcement of twenty thousand veterans, who had just arrived from Spain, under the command of General Grouchy. On the following day, 16th February, 1814, Field-marshals Victor and Oudinot fell in with the van of Prince Schwartzenberg's army, on the plains of Guignes; a sharp engagement ensued, in which the French marshals would have been worsted, had not the Emperor opportunely come up to their assistance. When, however, it was known that Bonaparte was personally in the battle, the enemy retired upon Nangis, where he concentrated his strength. The 17th February, 1814, the Cossacks under their Hetman Platoff, entered Fontainebleau. On the same day, Napoleon, as if borne on eagle's wings, arrived by forced marches in the vicinity of that place. His cavalry instantly attacked the Russian squares, made four thousand of them prisoners, together with fourteen pieces of cannon, on which the whole division fled in consternation. Next day, 18th February, 1814, Napoleon engaged the troops under the command of the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, on the plains of Montereau, a town about forty miles south-east of Paris. The onset of the French was irresistible. The allies, seeing the greater part of their artillery dismounted, fled with precipitation into the town, the defence of which was maintained for a length of time with great bravery; during the engagement, Napoleon was seen under the hottest of the fire pointing cannon with his own hand; the artillery men were delighted to witness this resumption of his ancient trade. Nevertheless, alarmed at the exposure of his person, they entreated him to withdraw. "My children," answered he gaily, "the bullet that shall kill me is not yet cast." At length the enemy was impetuously driven through the place by Napoleon's dragoons, while the danger of his retreat was greatly augmented by the inhabitants, who fired from the windows of their houses upon the flying columns. The loss of the Wirtemberg Prince, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to about eighteen hundred men, besides which, a quantity of arms, baggage, and several pieces of cannon, remained with the victor. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, hearing of the discomforture of their troops at Montereau, hastily quitted Bray; Napoleon following up his advantage, obliged the "grand army" of the Allies to continue in full retreat in the direction of Troyes. When he saw this, Bonaparte exultingly exclaimed, "My heart is relieved; I have saved the capital of my empire!" A column of Prussian prisoners, amounting to seven thousand men, with a great number of guns and standards, at length gave the Parisians to understand that victory had not entirely deserted her old favourite. Never was there a change more rapid or complete; the transition from terror and consternation to joy and confidence, was visible in almost every countenance. Courier followed courier in almost uninterrupted succession, from the brave little French army, while the populace accompanied them to the Tuilleries with shouts of victory. The courage and genius of Napoleon appeared as if capable of effecting miracles. The allied sovereigns became alarmed; they now asked for a suspension of arms, although before they would not hear of such a proposition; they transmitted to the Emperor the basis of a treaty of peace, one of the articles of which was, that "the allied army should occupy Paris for a short time, to be determined."—Napoleon, however, was not to be so easily ensnared; he indignantly tore the paper that contained it, exclaiming "occupy the French capital! I am at this moment nearer to Vienna, than they are to Paris! I am determined never to submit to this degradation, neither will I consent to render my empire less than what it was when I mounted the throne," he therefore, again prepared to try the fate of arms.

Perhaps in the whole category of warlike operations, it would be difficult to find more splendid specimens of heroism or more substantive proofs of commanding talent, than Napoleon exhibited in his celebrated expedition against the invaders of France. In five days, from the 8th to 15th of February, 1814, on the Marne, three victories graced his brow, in the course of which he shattered and dispersed the "Silesian army" under the veteran Blucher; by those triumphs he infused fresh animus into the bosoms of his harassed and somewhat dispirited troops, whose previous ardour was manifestly on the decline. In the succeeding four days, from the 15th to 19th of February 1814, on the Seine, whither he transferred his army with almost unparelleled promptitude, he thrice defeated a much superior, army, and obliged the "grand army" of the allies, to seek safety in retreat, after having sustained heavy losses, in both men and artillery. The effect of these extraordinary achievements was such, that had he, after the affair at Montmirail, despatched to Field-Marshal Caulaincourt instructions to conclude peace on the terms to which he himself had agreed on the evening of 8th of February, 1814, it is more than probable he might have retained his seat on the throne of France, instead of which, dazzled by his success he wrote, 14th February, 1814, to his representative at Chattillon, at which place the semblance, at least of negotiation had existed during the whole time, that he "might now assume a less humble attitude." As Caulaincourt, however, did not receive any answer to his despatch, which reached the Emperor at Nogent, 8th February, 1814, he proceeded to act on his former instructions, dated at Troyes, five days before—the 3rd February 1814 and accepted the basis proposed by the Allies. When Bonaparte attacked Prince Schwartzenberg at Nangis, the Austrian had just received intelligence that the Emperor's Ambassador had signed the preliminary articles; in consequence, he sent an officer to inquire why Napoleon, "if aware of the act of his representative, should still continue hostilities?" It will, however, be seen, that very different instructions had been sent by Bonaparte, which Caulaincourt said did not arrive in time. Napoleon returned no answer to Prince Schwartzenberg, but wrote a private letter to the Emperor of Austria, in which he once more endeavoured to detach his father-in-law from the European league. In reply to this despatch, the Austrian monarch announced his determination not to abandon the general cause; he strongly urged Bonaparte "to yield to reasonable terms ere it was too late: to avert, by timely concession, total ruin from himself and his house;" at the same time intimating that he did not either countenance or support the Bourbonists. The victorious Napoleon, however, was not in a temper to listen to such advice; the Austrian envoy therefore left Bonaparte's head-quarters with a note, in which he declared, that "now he would not consent even to a single day's armistice, unless the allies would fall back so as to leave Antwerp in their front."

Napoleon followed up the "grand army" in its retreat: on the morning of the 22nd February, 1814, he reached the little town of Mery, where he was astonished to find it occupied, not, as he expected, by a feeble rear-guard of the retiring prince, Schwartzenberg, but by a powerful division of Russians, under the command of General Sacken, belonging to the "Silesian Army." Bonaparte immediately charged these unlooked-for enemies, the battle was fought in the streets; the Russians fled beyond the stream of the Aube, which in that quarter runs nearly parallel with, and at no great distance from the river Seine; the town was reduced to a heap of ashes during the struggle: the Emperor spent the night in a wheelwright's cottage at Chartres, capital of the department of Eure and Loire, seated on the waters of the Eure, forty-five miles south-west of Paris. It was in this hovel that he received and answered the Emperor of Austria's letter; the scene was now fast hastening to a close; the same evening he received unwelcome news from Paris.

The propositions of the allied sovereigns had been fully canvassed in the Council of State, who, with a single dissentient, now earnestly entreated the Emperor to accept them; they announced, that "while he had been driving the Austrians up the Seine, the 'army of the north' had effected a junction with Field-Marshal Blucher, who was therefore at the head of a much greater army than he had as yet commanded, manifestly resolved to descend from Chalons directly on Paris." Those about the Emperor were extremely urgent with him to send to Chattillon, and accept the basis of peace to which Field-Marshal Caulincourt had in fact agreed. Flushed with victory, relying upon his own generalship, confident in the devotion of his soldiery, although distrusting the fidelity of some of his superior officers, he again rejected the advice of his counsellors with great disdain, observing, that "he had sworn at his coronation to preserve the territory of the republic entire: that, therefore, he could not sign this treaty without violating his oath," adding, with great emphasis, "if I am to be scourged, at least let the whip come upon me of necessity, not through any voluntary stooping of my own." Therefore, instead of acting in conformity with the wishes of his Council of State, by dispatching confidential agents with the olive branch to the diplomatists assembled at Chattillon, he adopted the contrary course. From this moment, his thoughts were fully occupied with devising means to carry on the war with vigour; his splendid talents were exerted to hold Prince Schwartzenberg in check on the Seine, as well as to return once more to the scene of action on the Marne, with a determination to arrest the progress of Field-Marshal Blucher, now in union with the army of the north.

In this humour, Napoleon pushed on to Troyes, in the expectation that his operations would still lead to some compromise on the part of the allied princes: in this, however, he was disappointed; no communication of that nature reached him. In this city he found that certain persons of great consideration had, during its occupancy by the enemy, mounted the Bourbon emblem—the white cockade. Leaving Troyes, Bonaparte hastened after that part of the combined army, now under the command of Blucher and Witzingerode, with which he came up on the 6th of March, 1814: Blucher had taken a very formidable position at a small town near the river Aisne, in the department of Aisne. Notwithstanding its great strength, Napoleon determined to attack it; this he did with such impetuosity, that the allies gave way after a most sanguinary resistance. In the meantime, he desired Field-Marshals Oudinot and Macdonald to manœuvre with their divisions in the direction of the Austrian Generallissimo, where, for the purpose of keeping up the delusion that Napoleon himself was advancing with them on the road to Bar, on the Aube, the troops were ordered, whenever they came within hearing of the enemy, to shout—"Long live the Emperor!" For a short time this ruse had its effect; Schwartzenberg, however, when he discovered the absence of the Emperor, immediately resumed the offensive, attacked the two field-marshals, defeated them at Bar, and drove them before him as far as Troyes. During these operations, Bonaparte was marching with great rapidity across the country to Sezanne, a town twenty-seven miles north-west of Troyes, sixty-five south-east of Paris, in the department of Marne; at this place he received the unwelcome intelligence that his two field-marshals, Marmont and Mortier, having been worsted by Field-Marshal Blucher, were in full retreat upon Meaux, a town which the French Emperor considered as almost a suburb of Paris: he instantly despatched orders to the two discomfited marshals to resume the offensive, in the front of that place, for the immediate preservation of the capital; then quickened his own speed to Ferté Goucher, where more evil tidings met his ear. In addition to the news of the disasters that had befallen Field Marshals Oudinot and Macdonald, a dispatch from Field-Marshal Augereau, who commanded in the neighbourbood of Lyons, announced the arrival, in that quarter, of another numerous army of the allies. Unpleasant as were these communications, they had little other effect on Napoleon than to induce him to redouble his activity; he resumed his march, taking the direction of Chateau-Thierry, by which disposition of his force, he expected to be able to throw himself, as he had once before done on the Montmirail road, upon the flank of the Prussian general. In this, however, he was disappointed: the veteran received timely information of his approach, concentrated his troops, and retired in perfect order towards Soissons. Bonaparte, eager to bring Field-Marshal Blucher to action, with that formidable place in the Prussian rear, marched with increased celerity, nothing doubting but that the town, together with its bridge over the stream of the Aisne, were perfectly safe in the keeping of a French garrison. When, however, Napoleon came in sight of the place, the black eagle of Russia floating on its towers gave him the first intimation that it was in the hands of the enemy, the fact is, it had been taken by the Russians, retaken by the French, and had again fallen into the possession of its first captors; Bonaparte immediately made a furious assault on the place; this was sternly repelled by the Russians. When, however, Napoleon heard that Field-Marshal Blucher had filed his main body through the town, and taken up a strong position behind the waters of the Aisne, he instantly marched up the left bank of that river, then crossed the stream at Bery in pursuit of his antagonists.

On the 7th March, 1814, Napoleon again came up with the Russian divisions under Generals Sacken and Witzengerode, who were strongly posted on the heights of Craone: in the hope of destroying them before they could effect a junction with the Prussian commander, Bonaparte instantly commenced an impetuous attack: the battle, which proved very sanguinary, commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued to rage, with undiminished fury, until four o'clock in the afternoon. Down to that time the utmost exertions of Field-Marshal Ney on his right, Field-Marshal Victor on his left, and the Emperor in person on his centre, had been unable to make any impression on the enemy; the Russian withstood every charge without flinching; the loss in slain and wounded was great on both sides. At length, Bonaparte was preparing for one desperate effort, when the Russians suddenly retreated, and, in order to form on the same line with Blucher, fell back on Laon, seated on a mountain, near the stream of the Ardon, seventy-seven miles north-east of Paris. The Prussian veteran concentrated his force, which was strongly posted on an elevated ridge covered with wood, further protected in front by a continued succession of terrace walls, enclosing vineyards. Notwithstanding the very great strength of the enemy's position, Napoleon was determined, if possible, to carry it: the engagement commenced on the morning of the 9th March, 1814; it continued with great obstinacy for two days, during which the French Emperor left no manœuvre unessayed to effect his purpose. A thick mist on the first day covered the movement of the French; they had advanced half way up the hill before they were perceived by the Prussians, who then saluted them with a furious cannonade. that entirely broke their centre: charges were simultaneously made on both flanks, but at every point, save one, the French were repelled with serious loss. Field-Marshal Marmont obtained some advantage at Athies, a small village in the vicinity; night put an end to the conflict; the two opposing armies bivouacked in presence of each other. Severe as had been the loss sustained by the French troops, Bonaparte resolved to renew the attack on the following day: at four o'clock on the morning of the 10th March, 1814, Napoleon mounted his charger; at that moment an aide-de-camp announced the utter discomfiture of the corps under Field-Marshal Marmont at Athies. who had been so roughly handled by the Prussian, as to be unable to maintain his position, and was flying before his assailant in the utmost confusion: nevertheless, the French Emperor continued the battle throughout the day with varied success; the allies, however, were too strongly posted, as well as too numerous, to be dislodged. It was evident that the tide of fortune had completely turned, the battle was most decidedly lost. On the 11th March, 1814, Bonaparte having lost thirty pieces of cannon, together with ten thousand men, commenced his retreat on Soissons, which had been evacuated by the allies when they concentrated their forces at Laon.

Disaster after disaster appeared now to visit the indefatigable Napoleon; scarcely had he entered Soissons, than news reached him of the fall of Rheims, thirty miles distant in the department of Aisne, seated in a fertile plain, surrounded by hills, on the stream of the Vesse, sixty-two miles north of Troyes, seventy-five north east of Paris. This had been unexpectedly taken by a coup-de-main, effected by a Russian corps, under the command of General St. Priest, a French emigrant. As the retention of this city by the enemy would re-establish the communication between the armies of Field-Marshal Blucher and Prince Schwartzenberg, its recapture became an object of paramount importance to the plans of the French Emperor. In consequence, Bonaparte lost no time, but leaving the defence of Soissons to Field-Marshal Marmont, in the event that the Prussian commander should take that direction, he instantly put himself in motion, with the intention to wrest the place from its then possessors. Napoleon, marching with his accustomed celerity, came suddenly upon Rheims, at midnight, when he carried the town by assault, in the course of which General St. Priest was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball. At Rheims, Bonaparte rested his army three days, during which he despatched full powers to the Duke of Vicenza, his representative at Chattillon, to conclude any treaty that should lead to an immediate exchange of prisoners, as well as to the immediate evacuation of the ancient territory of France; it was, however, too late, the congress of Chattillon was dissolved: the allies had determined not to negotiate any longer, but as the Austrian commander had received a considerable reinforcement, they had taken their resolution to march immediately upon the French capital. After Napoleon quitted Rheims, he drove the allies out of six different towns: as, however, he could not defend them with his handful of men, each was re-occupied by the enemy as soon as he left it. In fact, the French Emperor, with an army that did not much exceed fifty thousand men, found himself between hostile armies, each consisting of above one hundred thousand combatants, with which they threatened Paris. Thus, like the fabled hydra, the serpent with seven heads, said to have been killed by Hercules, in the lake of Lerna, a country of Argolis, the activity of Bonaparte no sooner surmounted one difficulty than another, more dangerous than the last, presented itself.

In this emergency, Napoleon saw but three modes by which he could even hope to vanquish the allied troops; either of which was at best hazardous in the extreme.

If he pursued Field-marshal Blucher, it was more than probable that Prince Schwartzenburg would reach Paris ere he could with an inferior force bring the Prussian once more to action.

If he threw himself on the march of the Austrian, then the Prussian might reach the capital before he could check the progress of Schwartzenberg on the Seine.

The last, which appeared the most feasible, was to march into the country in the rear of the "Grand Army," by which he might paralyze the movements of the allies, and induce them to follow him, as it was possible they would probably feel alarmed when they found him posting himself between them and their resources: in this event, he expected he should be joined by the peasantry, who were greatly exasperated by the barbarities committed by the Russians, as well as by the devastation inflicted by the Prussians in burning towns and villages; in short, such was the desolation of some of the fairest provinces of France, that wolves, with other beasts of prey, appeared in great numbers among the gardens and vineyards of Champagne.

Having well considered these various modes of saving, if it were yet possible, the city of Paris from the fury of the allies, Bonaparte decided for the last. In consequence, he commenced a system of marches and countermarches conducted with consummate skill: everywhere he appeared as if in pursuit of the vanquished invaders: the allies seemed confounded: for some time they were quite uncertain of his movements: at last, an intercepted letter to the Empress Maria Louisa gave them information that he was at St. Dizier, in the country beyond which he continued to manœuvre for several days, seized upon the roads by which the grand army had advanced, made prisoners of several distinguished persons who were on their way to the head quarters of Prince Schwartzenberg: the Austrian Emperor himself narrowly escaped forming one of the number. During all this, the capital showed but small symptoms of sympathizing with him, although the streets of Paris were thronged daily with crowds of those who were driven from their dwellings in the provinces by the terror of the ravages committed by the allied troops: the hospitals, together with many of the public buildings, were crammed with wounded soldiers: the number of dead bodies continually floating down the stream of the Seine was so great, that none of the inhabitants would make use of its water.

Still, however, the very name of Bonaparte was influential: such was the terror it inspired, that when Prince Schwartzenberg heard that Napoleon was at Rheims, the Austrian immediately proposed to fall back from Troyes; this, however, was prevented by the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was then in the camp of the "Grand Army." Lord Castlereagh unceremoniously gave them to understand, that the allied troops might retire if the sovereigns so pleased; but in the event of such a movement, the subsidies of the English government, which had recently promised to divide five millions sterling among them, must be considered to have ceased. This proved conclusive; the Emperor Alexander ordered that the whole allied forces should concentrate at the town of Arcis, seated on the stream of the Aube, fifteen miles north of Troyes, from whence they were to descend without further delay upon Paris.

The intrepid Bonaparte attacked these formidable masses without hesitation; the cavalry of the allies made a desperate charge upon the French, who gave way: when Napoleon saw the fugitives almost surrounded by the enemy, he placed himself at their head, exclaiming, "Are ye not the conquerors of Champaubert, of Montmirail?" the presence of the Emperor, together with his forcible appeal, infused fresh ardour into his dispirited troops: the French cavalry, in turn, made an impetuous charge on the allies; Bonaparte in person led on the assailants; a most destructive cannonade took place on both sides; the French, however, remained immovable under the walls of Arcis. Napoleon, less cautious than usual, braved all danger; several officers of his staff were wounded round his person; his charger was rendered unserviceable, having been struck with a musket-ball; murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard among his columns, who seemed to reproach their general with unnecessarily exposing himself. Night put an end to the work of slaughter; the allies retreated to a more advantageous position.

Bonaparte deployed before the vast masses of the combined forces as if he intended to give battle; he then suddenly commenced his retreat on

St. Dizier, in expectation of inducing his opponents to follow his steps, —thus by stratagem to withdraw them from the metropolis. By a very rapid march, on the 25th March, 1814, Napoleon reached Chaumont, the capital of the department of Upper Marne, seated on a mountain fifty-five miles east by south of Troyes; he thus cut off the line of communication of the allies. This bold manœuvre, however, did not produce the desired result: the allied sovereigns persevered in their determination to reduce Paris; their army, which was considerably above two hundred thousand men, was advancing with rapid strides down the Seine, while Field-Marshal Blucher, who had repeatedly beaten Field-Marshals Marmont and Mortier, was already within sight of Meaux.

To add to the French Emperor's perplexities, news reached him that Lord Wellington, who had crossed the river Adour, defeated the French army at Orthies, seated on the side of a hill, by the stream of the Paw, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees: that, in consequence of this victory, he had become master of all the seacoast from Bayonne to Bourdeaux, the inhabitants of which latter city had mounted the white cockade, while the English commander had invited the Duke D'Angouleme to his head-quarters; every tower of the third city in France displayed the white flag; the English troops were enthusiastically received as friends. In Italy his affairs did not wear a more promising aspect; the troops of his brother-in-law, Murat, King of Naples, had joined the Austrians, and driven the French beyond the waters of the Mincio; the Dutch, indeed, had fallen into a state of quietude; they, at least, gave no sign of assisting to crush their late imperial master.

On the 26th March, 1814, the distant roar of artillery, heard on the Boulevards of Paris, spread alarm among the population; on the 27th March, 1814, Joseph Bonaparte reviewed the troops in the Place Carousal: as the day was remarkably fine, and the uniforms of the soldiery mostly new, confidence was in some degree restored. That same evening, however, the allied army crossed the stream of the Marne, at several points; at three o'clock in the morning of the 28th March, 1814, Meaux fell into their hands; the news of this misfortune became known to the Parisians at daybreak, when the terrified inhabitants of the country betwixt Meaux and Paris came pouring into the capital, bringing with them, according to an eye-witness of the scene, "the aged, the infirm, their children, cats, dogs, live-stock, corn, hay, with household goods of every description. The Boulevards were crowded with waggons, carts, and carriages, thus laden, to which cattle were tied; the whole surrounded with women." On the 29th March, 1814, the Empress, Maria Louisa, the King of Rome, with most of the members of the Council of State, attended by seven hundred soldiers, quitted the Tuilleries for Rambouillet, twenty-seven miles south-west of Paris, in the department of the Seine-et-Oise: from whence they continued their journey to Blois, a city seated on the waters of the Loire, one hundred miles south-west from Paris, in the department of Loire-et-Cher.

On the 30th March, 1814, the final battle that was to decide the fate of the Emperor Napoleon was fought in the immediate neighbourhood of his capital. From Charenton, on the stream of the Marne, to St. Dennis, seated on the waters of the Crould, near the river Seine—the first, five miles south-east, the last, five miles north of Paris—the French possessed the whole range of heights. The troops of the line, under the command of field-marshals Marmont, Mortier, and Macdonald, occupied the front. Those battalions of national guards whose fidelity could be trusted, formed the second line of defence, under the orders of Field-Marshal Moncey. The scholars of the Polytechnic School came forward, as volunteers, to serve at the great guns. The ordnance was thus in gallant hands, well arranged, and scattered destruction among the ranks of the invaders. At eleven o'clock in the morning the engagement was commenced by the Austrian commander, who made an attack on the posts of field-marshals Macdonald and Mortier; this was vigorously resisted: the assailants were driven back at the point of the bayonet, while the Russian guards were mowed down by the artillery. The ground was covered with the dead and dying; persons unused to war were seen contending with the choice veterans of Russia. At length Field-Marshal Blucher's army came up, when the confederated masses of the allies presented such a formidable front, that further resistance seemed useless. By two o'clock the French were beaten at all points except Montmartre, which Blucher, who pressed upon it with his whole force, carried shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon. Field-Marshal Marmont now proposed to capitulate the city, to which the allies, who had lost about ten thousand men in the contest, agreed, on condition that the regular troops should evacuate Paris.

The course of events was a source of great exultation to the Royalists in the Parisian saloons, with whom Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, had long been in communication. The great body of the citizens, however, did not manifest any very great predilection in favour of their party. An attempt after the battle to get up a demonstration in favour of the Bourbons had all but failed; when, however, the Emperor of Russia, with the King of Prussia, made their triumphal entry at the head of their troops, the cries of "Long live our deliverers!" "Long live the Bourbons!" were raised with confidence. Still the great mass maintained a sullen silence. When Talleyrand perceived this dogged humour, he convoked, 1st April, 1814, that portion of the senators on whose obsequiousness he could rely; who, at his suggestion, immediately declared that "the Emperor Napoleon had forfeited the throne;" they also decreed that the troops were from that moment absolved from their oath, and named a provisional government. On the 2nd April, 1814, the legislative senate, which Bonaparte had dismissed with anger in January, 1814, was also assembled, when they sanctioned the decree of their brother senators passed the day before. To fill up the cup of his misfortunes, Field-Marshal Marmont, dreading the attachment of the troops to Napoleon might cause a reaction in his favour, passed with twelve thousand of them within the lines of the allies.

On the 27th March, Bonaparte first ascertained the mortifying intelligence that both the allied armies were marching directly on Paris, from which city they were only fifteen miles distant. On the instant he resolved to follow them, in hope to be able to fall on their rear before they gained the heights of Montmartre: soon as he made this known to his troops, they rushed forward with enthusiasm to carry out his plan. As the direct route would not have furnished food for his soldiers, having been utterly wasted by the march of the allies, he was constrained to go round by Doulevent and Troyes: at the former place he received a despatch from La Vallette, his Post-master General, which ran thus—"The partisans of the stranger are making head, seconded by secret intrigues. The presence of the Emperor is indispensable—if he desire to prevent his capital from being delivered up to the enemy, there is not a moment to be lost." Thus urged, Napoleon increased his speed, pressing forward with renewed eagerness; on the night of 29th March, he reached Troyes, having almost exhausted his men, who had marched fifteen leagues since daybreak. The next morning, 30th March, 1814, his generals strove in vain to convince him that the fate of Paris must be decided ere he could by any possibility reach it; in place of attempting which, they advised him to march, without further delay, to form a junction with Field-Marshal Augereau, in the south. "In that case," said they, "we may unite and repose our wearied troops, and yet be enabled to give the enemy battle on a chosen field. Should Providence have decreed our last hour, we shall at least die with honour, instead of being dispersed, pillaged, and slaughtered by Cossacks." To such counsel, however, the emperor turned a deaf ear. He persisted to advance.

The Emperor Napoleon was a fatalist, therefore every thing that favoured that doctrine met with a ready reception at his hands: after pondering with deep thought on the present posture of his affairs, he had at last formed an opinion that the stability of his power would depend upon the resistance made by his capital, that therefore, unless he could prevent the capture of that city by the allies, it would terminate; consequently, all would be lost. Under the influence of this persuasion, he resolved to persevere in his attempt to relieve it; at the same time, he dispatched one of his aides-de-camp, General Girardin, to the Tuilleries, with peremptory orders to the Police Minister, also to the Minister of War, to defend Paris by all practicable means, assuring them, that in twelve hours subsequent to the arrival of his messenger, himself, together with his army, would enter the French metropolis: this done, he left Troyes early in the morning of the same day, at the head of his troops, taking the direction of Sens, a town eighty miles distant from Paris, seated on the conflux of the waters of the Vanne, with the stream of the Yonne, in the department bearing the same name with the latter river: his impatience, however, was so great, that Bonaparte quitted his army at the distance of about five leagues from Troyes, taking with him an escort of fifteen hundred cavalry, selected from his horse-guards: as, however, he found the road clear, following the bent of his thoughts, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and travelled on with the utmost rapidity, before his escort, with hardly any attendants: at Villeneuve L'Archeveque, Napoleon mounted on horseback, galloped on at full speed, without once stopping, to Fontainbleau, which he reached late in the evening. Here he ordered his carriage, into which he took the Duke of Vincenza, and Field-Marshal Berthier, then drove on towards the Tuilleries: so intent was he on his purpose that nothing could shake his belief that he was yet in time to avert the danger that threatened him: while, however, he was changing horses at La Cour de France, about four leagues from Paris, General Belliard, came up at the head of a column of cavalry, marching towards Fontainbleau, in conformity with the stipulations contained in the capitulation entered into with the allied sovereigns by Field-Marshal Marmont, after the fatal field of Montmartre. The men appeared weary and dejected, yet pleased to see the Emperor, to whose cause they were sincerely devoted. Even this could not induce him to halt: leaping from his chariot, he impetuously asked, "What means this? why here with your cavalry, Belliard? —Where is the enemy?—Where are my wife and my boy?—Where is

Marmont?—Where Mortier?" General Belliard informed him of all that had occurred: assured him there was no longer any army in Paris, that the regulars were coming up in his rear, that neither they nor himself could possibly return to the capital with honour, having left it in consequence of a convention. The Emperor, who again demanded his carriage, insisted upon continuing his journey, desiring General Belliard to follow him with his troopers: "Come," said he, "we must to Paris—nothing goes aright when I am away—they do nothing but blunder; you should have held out longer—you should have raised Paris—they cannot like the Cossacks—they would surely have defended their walls; go! go! I see every one has lost his senses; this comes of employing fools and cowards!" With such exclamations, Bonaparte hurried onwards, dragging with him General Belliard: about a mile from La Cour de France, the first column of the retreating infantry appeared; Napoleon repeated his questions to their commander, General Curial, who gave precisely the same answers as those of General Belliard, adding, "In proceeding to Paris, you rush on either death or captivity." The fatal termination was no longer doubtful; the Emperor yielded to a stern necessity, from the hand of which he could not escape; the design of reaching Paris was abandoned, as no effort could now prevent the entrance of the allied armies. His anxiety became suddenly lulled; all symptom of passion instantly vanished: with the most perfect composure, he gave orders that the soldiers as they arrived should draw up behind the rivulet of the Essonne; then turned again towards Fontainebleau, which he reached once more before daybreak; he immediately retired to rest, where he enjoyed several hours' slumber. Thus was Napoleon apparently tranquilly sleeping, while two hundred thousand foreign troops were in active preparation to deprive him of his crown,—a bauble, which had he never worn would have redounded more to his honour.

After using every exertion, General Girardin was unable to reach the Tuilleries until after the armistice had taken place, when all hopes of preventing the occupation of the city by the enemy were completely dissipated, he consequently returned without having had even an opportunity to effect anything, seeing that the ministers to whom he had been sent no longer acknowledged the authority of Bonaparte; the government, in fact, had already passed into other hands.

Early in the morning, the 31st March, 1814, Bonaparte held a council, consisting of Field-Marshal Caulincourt, General Bertrand, and several others, at which, after a long consultation, it was determined that the Emperor should remain at Fontainebleau, where he was surrounded by sixty thousand veterans, there rally his army, and, if necessary, march upon Paris; meanwhile, the Duke of Vicenza should proceed to the headquarters of the allied sovereigns, furnished with full powers to assent to such conditions as he could honourably accept; at the same time, the regency at Blois was actively employed collecting levies of troops and money.

While Napoleon was busily employed making preparations to execute his projected enterprise against his enemies in Paris, he was informed of the defection of Field-Marshal Marmont, also of the equivocal conduct of some of his other military chiefs: these circumstances induced him to abandon his bold design, although he subsequently declared his confidence of its success. Speaking on this subject to Mr. O'Meara, he said, "that notwithstanding the occupancy of the capital by the allies, he should still have found it easy to drive them out of France, had it not been for the treachery of Marmont;" adding, with great vehemence, "ungrateful man—but I pity him more than myself; Marmont will be an object of horror to posterity,—as long as France exists, the name of Marmont will never be mentioned without shuddering: he feels it, and is at this moment perhaps the most miserable man in existence; he cannot forgive himself, —probably will terminate his life like Judas." Bonaparte's plan was,— "to have entered Paris with his army in the dead of the night; the population were to attack the allies from the houses, also to cut them off from the park of artillery; the latter, fighting against troops well acquainted with the localities, would have been severely handled, and obliged to abandon the city with immense loss; once driven from the capital, the nation would have risen *en masse* against them; the canaille were all ready."

This term canaille, or mob, certainly not the most flattering. if we may be excused a digression, is commonly applied to that essential portion of the state—the working-class: are not irreverent terms somewhat ungracious when levelled at this indispensable order in society? It is, however, a melancholy truth, that when any of this really useful body chance to mingle in public meetings, there are not wanting journalists, who by way of opprobrium, sneeringly designate the sons of toil as the "unwashed:" might it not be a fair question, to ask these very nicely washed persons how they would obtain the requisite soap to cleanse themselves withal, if it were not for the "unwashed," as they are pleased to call them? "unwashed," indeed! why, the fact is beyond contradiction, that dirty employments are absolutely the sources of national wealth: labour is not commonly pursued without soiling the skin and smearing the garments. It must be admitted by candour, that although nothing but unremitted application to uncleanly occupations can clothe people in "purple and fine linen," yet it does not often fall to the lot of the actual maker to possess such spotless, at the same time, such costly as well as such pleasing habiliments: it is not of frequent occurrence, that the most constant diligence in the production of superfine broad-cloth, velvet, silk, or gold lace, is rewarded by a participation in the use of these expensive costumes; neither are they required by the laborious manufacturers. It will hardly be contended, that to apply derogatory epithets to their very best friends, will speak trumpet-tongued in favour of the moral feelings of those who adopt such a course; in what other light, if fairly contemplated, ought those humble agents to be considered, whose unwearied assiduity produces all the comforts as well as all the luxuries of life? Would it not, then, seem to savour of harshness, if these truly valuable members of the community are to be degradingly spoken of, when as freemen they attend where subjects decidedly interesting to themselves are discussed? After all, would it not prove rather a difficult task to moot any subject that is not so in point of fact? would not then the wiser, as well as the more profitable method be, to abolish all odious appellations that only tend to irritate, and by kind treatment, suavity of demeanour, and early education, to draw closer the bonds of generous union between the workmen and their employers: to "grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel," according to Shakspere's advice. Nations have nothing to fear from the children of industry, but every thing to dread from the creatures of idleness: the first give tone as well as dignity to a country; the latter are too commonly plague-spots that enfeeble it,—that render it not only contemptible, but also disgusting.

Napoleon was now doomed to experience a series of the most mortifying circumstances; he hardly knew where to look for a sincere friend; even his favourite Mamaluke Rustan, whom he had cherished with the care of a parent, had taken an unceremonious departure; the camp at Fontainebleau began to thin rapidly; officers of all ranks found some pretence or other for leaving,—most of them, however, took the road to the capital, where they were not long before they swore allegiance to the new government: every hour brought him tidings of some fresh defection: his chosen, most trusted, as well as most intimate friend, Field-Marshal Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, after detailing to him most of the events that had taken place in Paris, requested permission to be absent for a short time on his own private affairs, stating that he should return in a few hours; the Emperor readily consented; then turning to one of his companions as the field-marshal left the saloon, whispered, with a smile, "He will return no more."

Bonaparte was in the act of reviewing his troops when Field-Marshal Caulaincourt returned from Paris, and brought with him the first news of the Emperor's deposition: Napoleon heard the circumstance, which was communicated to him in a low voice, with the most stoical fortitude; he drew back a pace, then bit his lip, a transient flush crimsoned his cheek, but almost instantaneously recovered his self-possession, continued the review, and appeared as tranquil as if nothing of moment had occurred. Caulaincourt, in his report, stated his opinion that the Allies were not altogether averse to a regency, but they at the same time intimated to him, that no proposition would be discussed until the Emperor Napoleon should have sent his formal abdication; indeed, it is by no means improbable, that the crown of France would have been preserved to the King of Rome, under a regency—a course to which it was not likely the Austrian Emperor would offer any very serious objections, while it was evident that the Russian Autocrat was favourably inclined to such an arrangement—had not the great public functionaries, the field-marshals, and other general officers, who had treacherously committed themselves against Bonaparte, in favour of the Bourbonists, dreaded the revival of his influence; an event, which, should it ever occur, they well knew would prove disastrous to themselves as well as ruinous to their fortunes: therefore, after the interview of Caulaincourt with the allied sovereigns, the wily Talleyrand, who had contrived to get himself placed at the head of the provisional government, so well plied the princes with royalist deputations, depicted in such strong colours the danger of a re-action in the public mind, not altogether congenial with the new order of things, so forcibly displayed the superior policy as well as the absolute necessity to break off all negotiations with Napoleon, and to restore the Bourbon dynasty, that the Czar at length yielded to his importunity: in consequence, another deputation was got up at the instigation of Prince Benevento, to which the Russian minister, Count Nesselrode, was instructed to declare, in the name of the allied monarchs, that in compliance with their urgent solicitations, in order to insure public tranquillity, they were about to restore the French diadem to its rightful owner; that consequently Louis XVIII. would immediately ascend his throne. Talleyrand having thus gained his point, had a printer in readiness; the resolution of the allies was instantly promulgated, to which document Michaud affixed his name, as printer to the king, dating it as in the twentieth year of his reign.

Apostacy now became so common, that on the evening of the 3rd April, 1814, Bonaparte, after mature consideration and consultation with his generals, determined to abdicate in favour of his son; this resolution taken, the next morning, 4th April, 1814, Field-Marshals Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald, were despatched to make the proposal to the allied sovereigns, bearing with them an attested document thus expressed:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed, that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares, that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the Regency, in the person of the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814.—Signed, Napoleon."

Previous to the departure of the field-marshals, they were desirous to know what terms they were to make, as personally concerned the Emperor. Nothing could be more composed or dignified than his demeanour on this occasion. He unhesitatingly replied—"None: obtain the best terms you can for France; for myself I do not ask anything." On their arrival at Paris, the officers repaired to Talleyrand's hotel, at which the Russian Czar had taken up his quarters; they were speedily introduced into the presence of the allied princes, when the act of abdication was presented; the Emperor Alexander cast his eyes over the paper, then expressed his surprise that "he could not find any stipulations in favour of Napoleon himself." However, said he, "As I have been his friend, I will now willingly become his advocate." After some discussion, his propositions received the assent of his brother potentates:—

"That Napoleon Bonaparte should renounce, not only for himself, but also for his family, all claim to the thrones of France and Italy; in consequence of which—

"He should retain the title of Emperor, together with the full sovereignty of Elba, [a small island, of an irregular form, the length of which, from east to west, comprises about fourteen miles, while its greatest breadth, which is at the west end, does not exceed nine, with a circumference of about sixty miles; having a population of some fourteen thousand souls, a country renowned beyond the records of history for its mines of iron and loadstone, which Aristotle speaks of as opened from time immemorial, situated in 42° 50′ north latitude, 10° 15′ east longitude, in the Mediterranean Sea, between the Isle of Corsica and the shores of Italy on the Tuscan side of that peninsula, from which it is separated by the channel of Piombino. It was known to the Greeks as Æthalia, to the Romans as Ilva. The capital is Porto Ferrajo, on the north side, four miles to the north east of which is Porto Longone, with a good harbour: has quarries of fine marble, many rivulets, but no rivers: now belongs to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.]

"That he should be invested with guards, also a navy, suitable to the extent of his dominions, together with a pension of six millions of francs, to be annually paid to him out of the French treasury.

"The Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, to be settled in full sovereignty, upon the Empress Maria Louisa, and her heirs, further—

"That two millions and a half of francs be paid yearly by the French government, divided into pensions, for the ex-empress Josephine, and the other members of the Bonaparte family."

During the night of the 5th April, 1814, Field-marshal Ney returned from his mission: Napoleon, when he saw him, inquired with great earnestness if he had succeeded? The reply was, "In part, Sire, but not with regard to the regency—it was too late. Revolutions never give way: this has taken its course. The senate will to-morrow recognize the Bourbons. Your personal safety, as well as that of your family, has been secured." However ready he might have been to sign the instrument for his own abdication, he was by no means disposed to be so prompt to affix his signature to that which was to cut off the succession of his son, now apparently the only solace of his future existence. Notwithstanding the representations of those whose counsel he sought, in spite of the persuasive arguments adduced by them—he still hesitated. More than once he appeared inclined to appeal to battle, again to try the fate of arms; in this he was strongly seconded by the devoted fidelity of the veteran soldiery by which he was surrounded; men who had followed him through all his vicissitudes; men, who, notwithstanding the defection of many of their superior officers, still remained faithful to his cause: when, after a review of these hardy, intrepid sons of Mars, Napoleon detailed to them the treasonable practices by which he had been reduced to his present condition, when with his usual forcible appeal to their support, he talked of reaching the capital, there to assert his rights, when with his wonted energetic manner, he exclaimed—"Let us march, my comrades; let us take the field once more:" he was answered with deafening, long-continued enthusiastic shouts of Paris! Paris!—Sometimes he meditated to bend his course to the south, to collect in his road the troops under the command of Field-marshals Augereau and Soult; with the united army to re-open the campaign, either behind the stream of the Loire, or the Alpine mountains: on reflection, however, he felt that Augereau's conduct had been such as to preclude him from placing any reliance upon his stability; this project was therefore abandoned as impracticable. During his indecision on this subject, the allied armies had been gradually advancing from Paris towards Fontainebleau, which by this time was almost encompassed by their advanced guards, while the number of personal followers of the fallen Emperor was perceptibly diminishing; the field-marshals and other general officers, however, who still remained with him, strenuously endeavoured to induce him to acquiesce, by showing him the utter inutility of further resistance; when they found reasoning with him unavailing, they firmly, but respectfully, gave him to understand, that he must not reckon upon their support in any hostile movement he might be inclined to make. He received this warning in silence, paused for a moment, then entered into a long debate upon the present posture of his affairs: at length, on the 11th of April, 1814, seeing all hope at an end, he executed the instrument by which he formally resigned all claim to monarchical rule, either in France or in the Italian peninsula, which ran thus:—"The allied powers have proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe; the Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares, that he renounces for himself, also for his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy; he also declares, that there is not any personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

Bonaparte perfectly understood the French character; he well knew it was difficult for that volatile people, generally speaking, to withstand a scene: he had frequently availed himself advantageously of this disposition in the sons of Gallia: he had so calculated upon its effect in the present instance, that it would seem nothing more perplexed him, or occasioned him more secret vexation, than the unaccountable coldness, as well as want of energy, manifested by his consort, Maria Louisa, during these interesting moments of his history: "How was it,' he would inquire, "that in the council of the Empress-Regent, there should not have been found a man of genius capable to anticipate my wishes, with a mind sufficiently ardent to elevate the courage of the reigning Empress, so as to thoroughly understand the grandeur of the circumstances in which she was placed? The moment was supreme, and must have been successful had it been energetically seized; it was of imperative necessity to have inspired my consort with the glory of becoming a second Marie-Therese. Who can calculate the effect that would have been produced, had my youthful empress, holding my infant son in her arms, ran through all the ranks of the National Guard, as well as those of the Army of the Line, presenting to them all, the King of Rome; then to have placed herself and her child under the protection of their courage, supported by their bayonets? I know the French nation: it would not have proved itself less generous than the Hungarians; I should then have had time to arrive; but it is mortifying to know, that in such decisive moments, it was the army alone, which had no treasure to place in security, which showed itself worthy of its ancient reputation: why," he continued, "cannot I efface from my remembrance the circumstances of that eventful period? Every time they present themselves to my mind, the duration of my life is abridged by at least an hour." The warmth of his imagination, coupled with the gallantry of his disposition, as well as aided by the ardency of his temperament, figured to him the great advantage that probably would have resulted from an appeal of this nature to beings like himself: to those brave legions he had so often led, not only to victory, but whom he had, by the superiority of his tactics, as often rescued from impending danger; when their own immediate generals had not only compromised their safety, but had even relinquished all hope of being able to deliver them from the perilous situation in which they were involved: in his estimation the appeal, had it been made, must have proved successful, and have given a new turn to his fortunes.

Nothing could exceed the reluctance expressed by Napoleon to sacrifice the claims of his son; so strongly did his paternal feelings operate, that after he had signed the document, he was eager to get it back again; but with this desire the Duke of Vicenza, to whom it had been entrusted, peremptorily refused to comply. Bonaparte then made a last effort, in his accustomed emphatic manner, to rouse the feelings of the officers present in favour of the infant "King of Rome:" the appeal proved powerless; his eloquence was listened to with a mournful silence, not unaccompanied with tears from some who still paid reverential homage to his brilliant genius, and greatly lamented his downfall. The case, however, was desperate, positively without remedy: the negotiation, if an act of imperative necessity may be so called, had proceeded much too far to allow of its being re-opened: the die was cast, whether for good or evil: the fate of the ex-French emperor was irrevocably sealed.

Extreme anguish of mind is among the most frightful calamities that can afflict a human being: like a cancerous sore, it eats into the vitals, touches every chord, vibrates through every nerve, distorts every object;

no humane person would wish his most determined enemy to be so assailed. Perhaps it would scarcely come within the range of possibility to find a more complicated mass of mental distress than fell to the lot of the Emperor Napoleon during this period of his residence at Fontainebleau: it was sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail; to have overwhelmed the most hardy among the sons of men. Imagine a warrior of commanding talents, with warm feelings and lofty mind, subdued by treacherous defection, not by force of arms; forsaken by his quondam friends; betrayed by his servants; his army perfidiously surrendered by the one, his treasury plundered by the other; deprived of his crown by the machination of traitors; the succession of his heirs obliterated; all this, too, effected by men whom he had reared from obscurity, maintained in affluence, loaded with favours, honoured with his confidence: then to wind up the climax of his misery, as if his cup of bitterness was not already full enough, in contempt of all moral feeling, in defiance of all law, in violation of all religious doctrine, his wife, together with his child, torn from his sight—carried away without his consent: the disconsolate husband and wretched father for ever precluded the gratification of clasping to his bosom the dear objects of his undiminished affection. They were removed from France by order of their relative, the Emperor of Germany; and before the unhappy Napoleon had reached his new empire of Elba, they were on their way to Vienna: from that hour he never beheld them more! Among those who with great sincerity deplored the fall of this very extraordinary man, was the wife of his early days, his first empress, the beautiful and all-accomplished Josephine, who in the hour of her happiness was wont to call Bonaparte her "Cid;" she pined in secret at his reverse of fortune, and quitted the gay metropolis of France when it was entered by the allies. The Czar of Russia, however, interested himself in the cause of this lovely woman, and assured her of his protection. She returned to her palace at Malmaison, where Alexander frequently strove to soothe her affliction; the wound, however, was too deep-seated: the ruin of her favourite struck into her heart with irresistible force: her days were numbered: she sickened and died before the allied sovereigns left Paris.

Whether it was that, like an overstrained bow, injured by a too sudden relaxation of its tension, the abrupt cessation of the administrative functions he had hitherto so incessantly pursued, did not leave him sufficient stimulus to keep his mind in play, or that nature at last gave way under the heavy pressure of those vicissitudes to which he had latterly been subjected; whether it was that want of excitement arising from a lassitude so uncongenial to his accustomed habits, had weakened his faculties; or whether he had taken poison, as was the then current report; from whatever cause it proceeded, certain it is, that after the business of the 11th April, 1814, was finally concluded, Napoleon all at once became lethargic, sunk into a death-like stupor, which brought on a severe fit of illness that lasted several days, from which he emerged greatly enfeebled and much dejected, emphatically observing, "Heaven has ordained that I should live." During this interval, the Bourbon monarchy had been fully restored: when convalescent, he heard without betraying much emotion, an account of the triumphal entry into Paris of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., in quality of lieutenant for his brother, Louis XVIII. Having recovered his health, as well as in some degree his wonted spirits, Bonaparte made preparation to leave that country, which, whatever might have been his failings in other respects, he had most assuredly raised from an abject state, to a pinnacle of glory unknown to her former sovereigns; a country in which he had sown seeds of freedom and liberal government, that sooner or later must ripen into wholesome and nutritious food.

At length, Napoleon expressed his wish, that before he left Fontainebleau, he should once more meet his officers, in order that they might receive his last adieu; as they all held his military fame in high respect, this wish was readily complied with. A meeting consequently took place on the 20th April, 1814, which was numerously attended; among the group were several of the field-marshals and other generals who had recently pledged their fealty to the king. Placing himself in the centre of the assemblage, "Louis," said he, "has talents and also means: he is infirm as well as old; he will, therefore, I think, not choose to mark his reign with a bad name. If he be wise, he will occupy my bed, but only change the sheets. He must, however, treat the army well; also be cautious not to look back on the past, or his time will be brief. For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you: you have another government; it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, to serve it as faithfully as you have served me."

The ceremony over, Bonaparte requested that the relics of his Imperial Guard should be drawn up in the court-yard; this done, he advanced on his charger, after his usual manner: as he dismounted, however, tears visibly bedewed his cheeks; then, addressing himself to his old and trusty companions in arms—"Generals, officers, and soldiers of my guard, I bid you farewell; I am satisfied with you; for twenty years I have always found you in the path of glory; all Europe has armed against me; part of the troops have betrayed their duty; France herself has deserted me, by choosing another dynasty; with my soldiers I might have maintained a civil war for years; that, however, would have rendered France unhappy. Be ye faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen; do not lament my fate; I shall always be happy with the knowledge that you are so; I might have died—nothing was more easy—but I shall always follow the path of honour; with my pen I will record the exploits we have achieved together; I cannot embrace you all," he continued, taking the commanding officer in his arms; "but I embrace your general; bring hither the eagle! beloved eagle! may the kisses I now bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave: farewell, my comrades—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more—adieu, my children; farewell."

The veterans listened to him in profound silence; the scene had its effect; grief was strongly depicted on every countenance of these brave and faithful soldiers, men who would willingly have sacrificed their lives in his service; but who, like himself, were compelled to submit to the irresistible force of events, over which they had no control; from among them he selected seven hundred infantry, together with one hundred and fifty cavalry, all volunteers—the number allowed to accompany him to Elba, for the purpose of performing the military duties of his new, but minute state. Every thing being arranged, Napoleon, amidst the cries of—"*Vive l'Empereur!*" entered his carriage, with General Bertrand, whom he had appointed Grand Master of his future palace; then, proceeding at a rapid pace, he quickly lost sight of Fontainebleau, from whence he had so often dictated terms to the haughty monarchs of Europe; fourteen carriages conveyed him, his servants, and immediate suite, to the place of embarkation, which was Frejus, the same town at which he landed in the autumn, 1799, on his return from Egypt; see page 235. On his route he was attended by four commissioners, representing Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England; the two former quitted him on the coast of Provence, while, on the 28th April, 1814, Baron Kholer, on the part of the Austrian government, and Sir Neil Campbell, on that of the British, went with him on board the "Undaunted," an English frigate, commanded by Captain Usher, as he had declared "it should never be said that a French vessel had carried him from France:" the ship reached the shores of his new dominions on the 3rd May, 1814, when, for the first time, the beestudded flag of Bonaparte floated on the watch-towers of the island. These gentlemen landed with him at Port Ferrajo, where they continued to reside, although not as accredited ministers from their respective powers.

During the voyage, the manners of Napoleon were so bland as well as courteous; his curiosity respecting the arrangement of the vessel was conveyed with so much intelligence; he bestowed so many warm encomiums on the seamen; so eulogized the character of the English nation, that he became a great favourite with the crew, and even with Sir Neil Campbell, who had previously been his inveterate enemy; the language of the forecastle was, that "Bonaparte, after all, was a very good fellow." When, on quitting them, he ordered two hundred Napoleons to be distributed among the men, they unanimously gave him three hearty cheers, with that characteristic bluntness that generally distinguishes British tars—"Wished his honour long life, and better luck next time."

Napoleon, on leaving the frigate, did not immediately, as was expected, proceed to the palace prepared for him at Porto Ferrajo; on the contrary, he quietly waited on shore to see his effects safely landed from the vessel, often lending his willing assistance in the removal of his property: the operation occupied full two hours, under the influence of a burning sun, the intensity of which was severely felt, even by Captain Usher, who stood by the side of the Emperor: Bonaparte, who perceived how much the English captain was annoyed by the heat, could not refrain from indulging in a laugh at the circumstance, at the same time observing, "he had no idea that a British officer, belonging to a profession famed for its patient endurance under all weathers, could be so much affected by exposure to what was certainly an excessively hot day." During the whole time the business was going forward, Napoleon, wholly intent upon completing his task, never once attempted to rest himself by sitting down; when, however, every thing belonging to him and his suite had been put ashore, he intimated to his companions, that "he was about to take a ride to view the country," and invited Captain Usher to bear him company. The captain, not wishing to appear outdone by the Emperor, notwithstanding the oppressive warmth, somewhat reluctantly consented. When they were both mounted, Bonaparte started at a rapid pace, which he kept increasing as he progressed; it therefore happened that, before they had ridden far, the captain had completely lost sight of the Emperor, and found himself so distanced, that, with all his exertions, he was unable to bring up alongside the man whose eagerness to take a cursory survey of his new territory had left him completely in the background.

Napoleon's reception in the different French provinces through which he had to pass, was by means of a uniform character. In the earlier stages of his progress, he was respectfully waited upon by the civil authorities of the towns, in addition to which, he experienced unequivocal tokens of sympathy as well as admiration on the part of the people; the further he advanced, the less popular he appeared: this, however, was owing to hirelings employed for the purpose of annoying him, by those who, if they had possessed that high moral courage which alone can distinguish the worthy from the unworthy, ought to have blushed for their conduct on this occasion: none but the basest minds can descend to offer insult to misfortune; especially when that misfortune is the result of their own conduct.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BONAPARTE ASSUMES THE GOVERNMENT OF ELBA—HIS CONDUCT THERE—DISCONTENTS IN FRANCE—BONAPARTE RETURNS, AND REACHES PARIS.

It would have been quite as rational to suppose, that the steam requisite to give motion to an engine of a hundred horses' power, could with safety be conveyed through the tube of a common tobacco-pipe, as that the towering ambition of such an elastic intelligent being as Napoleon Bonaparte, would rest satisfied with dominion over so confined a spot as the island of Elba; it was something like applying the whole locomotive power of a railroad to propel a wheelbarrow; the effervescent quality of his genius, like the expanding influence of fire under the boiler, was sure to generate explosive matter much faster than it could possibly be consumed by means of such inadequate viaducts: the natural result was bursting with a tremendous crash, to repair the evil of which involved an immense expenditure of treasure, together with the destruction of human lives to the amount of many thousands; perhaps, a more ridiculous feature was never exhibited in the distorted annals of diplomatic finesse, than the notion, that a man with his comprehensive views, with a mind capable of embracing such a variety of subjects, whose every action combined grandeur of thought with scientific ability, should willingly confine himself to the government of little more than half a score thousand individuals, located on a miserable mountainous rocky piece of land, for the most part barren, of extremely limited extent, surrounded by the ocean. The very idea was absurd; it was an attempt to enclose a giant in a band-box; consequently failed.

Notwithstanding the smallness of his territory, his accustomed activity was in nothing relaxed: he explored every crevice of his dominions; carefully examined their capabilities; projected valuable improvements that would have consumed half a century to fully accomplish; rendered the fortifications of his little capital complete; improved the public roads, and planted them on each side with trees, principally mulberries, which, as they were scarce in the island, he caused to be imported from Italy; applied his capacious faculties to improve the agriculture and increase the mineralogical resources of the country committed to his care; familiarized himself with the wants of his subjects, one of which was a paucity of water at Porto Ferrajo; his indefatigable research discovered a spring in the vicinity, by which he caused the town to be abundantly supplied; continually occupied with their welfare, he left nothing undone that in his estimation could contribute to the advantage of Elba, and the happiness of the Elbese; in short, he acted the part of a father to his people, a course of conduct it were exceedingly desirable that governments upon a much more extended scale would more frequently imitate.

Under his auspices a fresh stimulus to industry arose; the trade of the island rapidly increased; the harbour was crowded with vessels foreign as well as domestic. What was still more singular, was that such was still the influence of his name, his flag traversed the seas most infested with Moorish pirates, without being subjected to the depredations of the Corsairs.

He established for himself four distinct residences, one at each corner of the island; between these he was almost continually in motion: but although they were much inferior both as buildings and in their furniture to many of those inhabited by the English nobility, the same etiquette was constantly preserved to which he had been accustomed at the palace of the Tuilleries; still he was easy of access, extremely affable to strangers, and always lent a ready ear to the complaints of the inhabitants, who could readily obtain an audience when they chanced to meet him on the road. Many English noblemen were his admiring visitors: at table he was familiar without in the least compromising his dignity; no one felt restraint, the conversation was carried on with a careless freedom as well as with that cordial vivacity that so much enhances the pleasure of the festive board. This truly great emperor of a tiny empire had evidently found the secret to become a simple individual among individuals, while he still maintained all his wonted influence,—of heartily joining in the hilarity of his guests, without sacrificing any of that consequence which appertained to his general character as well as to the position he occupied as a sovereign.

His handful of men were as regularly reviewed, as much pains taken to have their evolutions perfect, as much care to maintain strict discipline, as well as to inspire them with the love of glory, as if his little army comprised the numerous battalions he had been accustomed to lead to victory at Jena, at Austerlitz, or elsewhere. His natural propensity to enlarge his empire displayed itself in strong colours by sending some dozen or two of his soldiers to take possession of a small neighbouring islet, hitherto left unoccupied from fear of the plundering barbarians who covered that part of the ocean with their piratical barks.

At length, Napoleon began to experience the evil effects of that which but too frequently dislocates the best-concerted schemes; his exchequer failed: the Bourbon government neglected to pay him even a single franc of the stipulated pension; his projected improvements were at a stand-still for want of means to carry them on; the taxes of the island, although doubled to meet the emergency, proved inadequate to the purpose, and were completely exhausted. This was a new calamity, which he had neither foreseen nor expected; he had most implicitly relied upon the good faith, as well of the allied sovereigns as on that of Louis XVIII.: he remonstrated on the subject to the court of Tuilleries, but without gaining any relief from his embarrassment; the restored dynasty very unwisely, as well as dishonestly, turned a deaf ear to his complaints respecting the breach of a most solemn contract.

During the first three or four months, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell and his brother commissioner, Baron Kholer, were upon the most intimate terms with the monarch of Elba; they were almost his constant companions, whether in his excursions or at his table. He was particularly attentive to the former, with whom he often conversed respecting his countrymen, whom he was fond of eulogizing: "There is but one people in the world," he would say to the colonel, "the English—the rest are only so many populaces. I strove to raise the French to your level of sentiment; failing to do so. I fell of course. I am now politically dead to Europe: let me do what I can for Elba: it must, however," continued he, smiling, "be confessed that my island is very small." This intimacy gradually declined: before the autumn, Colonel Campbell found it a matter of great difficulty to obtain an audience,—the reason was obvious, the English government refused to acknowledge his imperial title of emperor.

Very shortly after the allies quitted the French territory, numerous causes for discontent sprung up, affecting those who had either approved or profited by the revolution of 1792. Hardly any thing could have been more impolitic than the conduct of the restored Bourbons; in nothing did they seem reclaimed from their former errors. Far from profiting by past experience, they seemed determined to plunge still deeper in the gulf of folly: resolved to pursue with undiminished perseverance all those measures that originally led to their expatriation. It was well known that the much greater portion of the people were never sincerely attached to them; that they owed their restoration to a strange combination of unlooked-for circumstances, composed of treachery, foreign bayonets, and the partial union of heterogeneous parties, rendered substantive by the absence of Napoleon from his capital; the army, with the exception of some of its superior officers, was almost decidedly in the interest of Bonaparte: Louis XVIII., an infirm corpulent old man, devotedly attached to the pleasures of the table, had been recalled by a decree of the senate, which expressly stipulated that "the right to property acquired in consequence of the events of the revolution should be secured to its then possessors, as also that the titles of nobility and the orders conferred by the Emperor Napoleon should be held sacred; in consequence of which, his family should reascend the throne of France, upon condition to carry on the business of the state under a government which should consist of an hereditary monarch and two houses of parliament." Yet, in defiance of this clear bargain, in conformity with the tenor of which he returned to his country, he obstinately persisted to date his first act as done in the twentieth year of his reign, by which he made it appear that there had not been any legitimate government in France since the death of Louis XVI.: it is true he issued a charter as emanating from his own free will, not as a matter of right belonging to his subjects, which was generally considered as savouring rather too much of the exploded doctrine of "Divine right:" rather a startling fact for those who had enriched themselves during that eventful period. A very natural question suggested itself to these *parvenus*, as they were termed in derision by the emigrant noblesse: "if all their privileges, as well as the purchase of forfeited property and national domains, were dependant on either the bounty or the sufferance of the king, might they not be cancelled by the same authority, whenever it should fall in with his caprice or suit his convenience?" This was one of those unwise measures that had the effect to estrange from the royalist cause a very large as well as influential party, who, in order to get rid of what was deemed Bonaparte's ambitious despotism, had in an evil hour joined with the returned emigrants and their friends to promote the return of the exiled monarch: from that time it was evident that the Jacobins and Republicans became united with the Bonapartists, and cordially laboured to undo that of which they had helped to forward the completion.

"Strange this difference should be 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." The insufferable pride and arrogant demeanour of the ancient noblesse, when they revisited the country they had so long abandoned in the hour of danger, was another source of dissatisfaction; instead of cordially uniting with the new-made brethren of their order, the haughty Rohans, Montmorencies, and others of their class, treated them in the most contemptuous manner, and scorned to acknowledge them, when they chanced to meet, in private society, in the saloons of Paris. Such men as Ney and Soult were not likely to brook such conduct pleasantly; the comrades of Murat and Bernadotte were not in a humour to admit the superiority claimed by such persons as the Polignacs, and those who assumed importance upon the long descent of their titles; jealousies the most irreconcilable were thus generated, which, in the end, shook the throne of the aged gormandizing Louis to its centre: do whatever he might, neither party appeared contented: if he bestowed the star of the Legion of Honour upon one of those who had been his adherents in exile, the officers who had been conquerors in Italy, as well as in most, if not all the European states, immediately took offence; ascribed to the Bourbons a premeditated design to degrade the decoration which they had purchased with their blood: on the other hand, if, in his anxiety to conciliate the army, he bestowed his favours on the field-marshals and other officers of Napoleon, the emigrants, as a body, were loud in their murmurs, accused him of ingratitude, insisting that he paid no attention to those who had willingly shared his misfortunes, when hope of their cessation there was none. Thus, before Louis had been one month seated on his uneasy throne, he had not only increased the bitterness of those whose friendship had always been equivocal, but had thrown a damp upon the affections of those who had clung to him in the most trying moments of his adversity.

The growing discontent was further nourished by the return of the French prisoners captured during the war, who had been unconditionally liberated at the peace; these men, amounting to more than two hundred thousand, for the most part were strangers to the disastrous events of the latter campaigns; they had figured in the earlier victories of Napoleon, to whom they were devotedly attached; spread over their native provinces, they heard of his reverses with a painful feeling, became deeply interested in his fate, and to every account of the reverses he had experienced, returned one uniform answer—"These things could never have occurred had we been here." The narratives of an old soldier who has seen service always become interesting, are generally intermixed with a spice of the marvellous, usually exaggerated. The hardy veterans, in their turn, recounted to the listening peasantry the wondrous exploits of their beloved "petit caporal;" detailed, in glowing colours, his hair-breadth escapes from impending danger; dwelt with ecstasy upon those triumphal achievements in which they themselves had performed a conspicuous part; at the same time contrasting those deeds of martial glory with the supine effeminacy and inert movements of the present king, as well as with the inefficiency of the monarchy which the victor of Austerlitz had once crumbled into dust.

It is not to be supposed that the Emperor of Elba suffered all this to pass unheeded; his eagle eye soon discovered the quicksands upon which the Bourbon bark was about to be wrecked; he acted accordingly. His mother, together with his sister, Pauline, a woman of great personal attractions, highly gifted for intrigue, which she was wont to manage with great dexterity, became residents among the Elbese; the latter frequently made voyages to Italy, for what purpose may easily be imagined. On various pretexts, Napoleon granted furloughs to about two hundred of his guards, who lost no time in scattering themselves over France, where they disseminated the praises of their chief, prepared their ancient comrades for coming events, and sounded the disposition of the people; he was toasted among the soldiers under the soubriquet of Corporal Violet; the pass-word was—"Forget me not," while the symbol of adhesion was wearing that flower, either naturally or artificially produced, or a ribbon of its colour: what is more singular, is that these emblems should have been openly displayed without exciting suspicion in either the Bourbons, their friends, or the allied soveerigns. Before the autumn had passed away, it became evident to close observers that some great project was on foot; an opinion prevailed that it was not unlikely that Bonaparte would revisit France in the forthcoming spring. The allies, together with representatives from the minor princes, had met during the winter at Vienna, with a view to arrange several undecided questions; at this congress, Talleyrand and the Duke of Wellington were assembled; a shock of electricity could not have excited more surprise among these diplomatists, than the announcement which reached them on the 11th March, 1815, that Napoleon Bonaparte had landed from Elba in safety, reared his standard once more in Provence, and was then on full march towards the capital, his troops increasing like a snowball as he advanced.

Colonel Sir Neil Campbell appears to be the only person connected with the allies who had long suspected that some evil was brooding; he had, therefore, frequently stated his opinion on the impolicy as well as absurdity in withholding the pension stipulated to be paid to the sovereign of Elba, thereby tempting him, as it were, to acts of violence. These observations, however, had been entirely disregarded: both the Bourbons and the allied sovereigns were wrapt in security as profound as it was hollow: Sir Neil himself was absent on a party of pleasure to Leghorn, when the embarkation of Napoleon for the coast of France occurred: the evening of February 26th, 1815, his sister Pauline gave a ball, to which all the officers were invited: at the dead of night, without any previous intimation, the soldiery were mustered by tuck of drum, and immediately shipped on board the brig Inconstant, and six small craft, before they had time to inquire the purpose. Soon as day broke, they found Napoleon, as well as all his officers, were with them; when it was announced that they were steering towards the French coast, they immediately resumed the tri-coloured cockade, and declared by their cheering cries of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*" the deep interest they felt in the success of the enterprise.

The night breeze failed; at daybreak the flotilla had not advanced more than six leagues; about noon the wind freshened: the danger, however, was imminent; five leagues to leeward, a frigate was in sight; on the coast of Corsica, another was descried; while a man-of-war brig, the Zephir, commanded by Captain Andrieux, was bearing down upon them right before the wind. The Emperor ordered the grenadiers to take off their caps, and either conceal themselves below, or lie down flat upon the deck; the steersman of the Inconstant, who happened to be well acquainted with the commanding officer, received and answered the usual challenge without exciting suspicion. This was not the only danger he escaped; Sir Neil Campbell returned to Porto Ferrajo almost as soon as Napoleon with his troops had quitted the harbour; finding the Emperor and his troops absent, he guessed the true cause: in spite of the assurances of

Bonaparte's mother and sister that he had steered towards the Barbary coast, he immediately commenced pursuit in the Partridge brig, and came in sight of the fugitive armament, although too late to prevent the landing of its passengers. On the 1st March, 1815, Napoleon was once more off Cannes or Cagnes, a small seaport at the south-east extremity of France, about six miles south-west of Nice, a town on the confines of France and Italy. As there was not any force to oppose, he landed with his little army, comprising five hundred grenadiers of the guard, two hundred dragoons, a hundred Polish lancers without horses, carrying their saddles on their backs, together with between three and four hundred Corsicans and natives of Elba,—the whole making eleven hundred and forty men-at-arms, commanded by Generals Bertrand, Drouot, Cambronne, Molet, Raoul, and Jerzmanouski. Soon as the Emperor had once more made good his footing in France, his imperial guard, no doubt under his dictation, put forth an address to their comrades of the line, in which they invited them to shake off the yoke of the Bourbons.

"Soldiers!" said these veterans, "the drum beats the generale, and we march; run to arms; come and join us; join your Emperor and our eagles: and if these men, now so arrogant, who have always fled at the sight of our weapons, dare wait for us, where can we find a fairer occasion to shed our blood, or chant the hymn of victory?"

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Juan, Toulon, and Marseilles, retired officers, veterans of our army, you are called to the honour of setting the first example: come with us to recover that throne which is the palladium of your rights; and let posterity one day tell, that although foreigners, seconded by traitors, had imposed a disgraceful yoke on France; when the brave arose to dispute their right, the enemies of the people, the foes to the army, disappeared, and returned to their original nothingness."

Immediately following this address, were issued two proclamations, liberally distributed over the country by the agents of Napoleon, who, it would appear, were zealously active in promoting the great object of his enterprise—the overthrow of the Bourbon monarch, and the re-establishment of his own power. This invasion must certainly have been long in contemplation, and the minds of the people in many of the provinces, in some measure, prepared for the event, or it could never have been carried forward with such astonishing success: the only unaccountable feature in it is, that the government should have been so thoroughly hoodwinked as to be taken by surprise: these documents had, unquestionably, been already printed, either at Elba or in France, although they were dated from a bay of the Mediterranean Sea.

"Gulf of Juan, 1st March, 1815.

"Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, &c., &c.,

"TO THE ARMY:

"Soldiers! we have not been vanquished; two men who issued from our ranks," alluding to Marmont and Augereau, "betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor.

"Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice; despite all perils, surmounting all obstacles I have arrived once more among you: your general, called to the throne by the voice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you; come and join him: we ought to forget that we have been masters of the world; but we ought never to permit foreign interference in our affairs. Who dares to be master over us? Shall they, whom we have seen for five and twenty years traversing all Europe to stir up enemies against us, who have spent their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign enemies, and cursing our lovely France, now pretend to command us, to enchain our eagles, the appearance of which they never could withstand? Shall we allow them to inherit the fruit of our glorious toils? to seize upon our honours; to appropriate our property; to calumniate our fame? Should their reign continue, all would be lost, even the remembrance of our memorable victories.

"With what virulence do they distort those triumphs! They endeavour to poison that which is the admiration of the world; and, if any of the defamers of our glory still remain, they are among those very enemies whom we combated in the field.

"Soldiers, tear down those colours which the nation has proscribed, which for so many years served as a signal to rally all the enemies of France. Mount that tricoloured cockade which you wore in our great victories: resume the eagles you followed at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensk, at Moscow, at Lutzen at Wurtzchen, at Montmirail: come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging step; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, till it reach the tower of Notre Dame! Think ye that a handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can support the sight? No! they will return whence they came;—there, if they please, they may reign, as they pretend to have reigned nineteen years!

"The veterans of the armies of 'the Sambre and Meuse,' of 'the Rhine,' of 'Italy,' of 'Egypt,' of 'the West,' of 'the grand army,' are humiliated; their honourable scars are disgraced; their successes would be crimes, the valiant would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people assert, legitimate sovereigns of France were among the foreign armies. Their honours, rewards, affections, are for those who have served them against us, as well as against our country.

"Your property, your rank, your glory—the property, the glory of your children—have no greater enemies than those princes who have been imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory, since the recital of so many glorious actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious when fighting against them, to emancipate their country from their yoke, is their condemnation.

"Soldiers! come and arrange yourselves under the standards of your chief; his existence consists only in yours; his rights are only those of the people and yourselves; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your own. Victory must crown your footsteps: you may display your scars with honour; you may then boast of what you have done; you will be the deliverers of your country.

"Soldiers! in your old age, surrounded as well as respected by your fellow citizens, the recital of your noble deeds will be listened to with veneration: you may then proudly say—'I too was in that grand army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, as well as the Roman capital; that captured Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and which cleansed Paris from the stain inflicted on it by domestic treason, and the occupation of hostile strangers.'

"Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, in whatever rank it was their fortune to be born; who fought for five and twenty years in company with foreigners, to wound the bosom of their native soil."—Signed, "NAPOLEON."

"TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"Frenchmen! the defection of the Duke of Castiglione gave up Lyons without defence to our enemies. The army, the command of which I had entrusted to him, was capable, from the bravery and patriotism of the troops of which it was formed, to beat the Austrian army opposed to it, and to take in the rear the left flank of the enemy's army that threatened Paris.

"The victory of Champ Aubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormane, of Montereau, of Craone, of Rheims, of Arcy sur Aube, and of St. Dizier; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne, of Alsace, of Franche Compte, and of Burgundy; as well as the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy's army, cutting it off from its magazines, its parks of reserve, its convoys, together with all its waggons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point to be more powerful than ever; the flower of the enemy's army was lost without its reserve; it would have found its grave in those vast countries which it had so pitilessly ravaged, when the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa delivered up the capital, and disorganized the army. The unsuspected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their prince, and their benefactor, changed the fate of the war; the situation of the enemy was such that, after the affair that took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, in consequence of being separated from his park of reserve.

"Under these new and important circumstances, my heart was torn, but my mind remained unshaken; I consulted only the interests of our country, and banished myself to a rock surrounded by the sea: my life was useful to you, and was destined still to be so. I would not permit the great number of citizens who were desirous to accompany me to share my fate: I deemed their presence advantageous to France, and I took with me only a handful of brave fellows necessary for my guard.

"Raised to the throne by your choice, every thing that has been done without you is illegal. Within these five and twenty years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, new glory, to be guaranteed only by a national government, and a dynasty born under these circumstances. A prince who should reign over you, who should be seated on my throne by the power of the same armies that have ravaged our territories, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal right: he could secure the honour and the rights of only a small number of individuals, enemies to the people who have condemned them in all our national assemblies for five and twenty years: your tranquillity at home and estimation abroad would be lost for ever.

"Frenchmen! in my exile I have heard your complaints as well as your wishes; you called for that government of your own choice, which alone is legitimate; you blamed my long slumber; you reproached me with having sacrificed the great interests of my country to my own repose.

"Frenchmen! I have crossed the seas amid perils of every kind: I arrive among you to resume my rights, which are always yours: every thing that individuals have done, written, or said, since the taking of

Paris, I shall consign to everlasting oblivion; it shall have no influence on the remembrance I retain of the important services they have rendered, for these are events of such a nature that they are above the frame of man.

"Frenchmen! there is no nation, however small, that has not possessed the right to withdraw, and has not withdrawn, itself from the disgrace of obeying a prince imposed upon it by an enemy temporarily victorious. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he held his crown from the valour of his brave people, and not from the Regent of England.

"Frenchmen! it is to you only, and to the brave men of the army, that I make, and shall always make it my glory to owe every thing."

Signed, "Napoleon."

The march of Bonaparte from the shores of Provence to the French capital, a distance of somewhat above four hundred miles, more resembled a journey of pleasure than the irruption of an invading army; almost every where he was received as a friend, looked upon with veneration as the deliverer of his country from the injustice of the Bourbons; his force was swelled daily by the junction of what must certainly be called, in the truest sense of the word, "Volunteers." The only check he met with occurred at Antibes, a small seaport, defended by a castle, on the Mediterranean ocean, on the coast of Provence, in the department of Var, seated in 7° 7′ east longitude, 43° 45′ north latitude, eleven miles south-west of Nice. Napoleon, on the first day of his landing, sent twenty-five grenadiers to summon the town, and secure the battery on the coast: these were instantly arrested by the governor; this, however, did not either damp the spirits or prevent the progress of the invader, with his little army: preceded by four field pieces, he continued to move forward until evening, when he bivoucked in a vineyard surrounded by olive-trees. Early on the following morning he was recognized by a peasant, who had served under him in Italy; this man expressed the most lively joy at meeting with his old general, and immediately placed himself in the ranks; upon which Bonaparte, with one of his usual smiles when he felt pleased, gaily observed—"Here is already a reinforcement." In the course of the forenoon, having passed through, he halted on the heights beyond the town of Grasse, eleven miles west-north-west of Antibes, twenty miles west by south from Nice; the population of which is more than twelve thousand. Here his troops were quickly encompassed by nearly the whole of the inhabitants, who certainly offered no opposition, but, like the people of Cannes, as indeed of almost all the provençals, the majority preserved a most discouraging silence. Some few, however, cheered him with "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He resumed his march, but found the roads in such a miserable condition, that he was obliged to abandon most of his cannon. After covering full sixty miles of ground, he reached the hamlet of Cerenon, in the evening of the 2nd March, 1815, where he bivoucked, and slept; continuing his career, he entered Dauphiny, called—"the cradle of the Revolution;" and, on the 5th March, 1815, arrived at Gap, capital of the department of Upper Alps, seated at the foot of a mountain, on the rivulet Bene, defended by a fort called Puymore, eighty-two miles north north-west of Nice, three hundred and forty-eight south-south-east of Paris. Here the two proclamations were distributed in great profusion: although no troops had hitherto joined him, his situation appeared altered for the better, seeing that the sullen silence maintained by the provençals was succeeded by the most cheering popular acclamations. From Grenoble, a fortified city, capital of the department of Isere, with a fort erected on the summit of a mountain, the head quarters of the seventh military division, with a population exceeding twenty-three thousand, seated in 5° 54′ east longitude, 45° 12′ north latitude, on the stream of the Isere, sixty miles from Lyons, three hundred south-south-east of Paris, the commandant, General Marchand, despatched a division of six thousand men with the intention to arrest the further progress of the intrepid Napoleon. Between the villages of Mure and Vizele the advanced guard, consisting of eight hundred men, met with the advance of the invading army, under the direction of General Cambronne, who had with him not more than forty grenadiers. Aware of the weakness of his force as compared with that of his opposer, he demanded a parley; with this the colonel who commanded refused to comply: notwithstanding the royal troops fell back three leagues and placed themselves advantageously in the pass: undismayed by the threatened resistance of such superior numbers, Bonaparte pushed on until he came up with them; then dismounting his charger, he advanced to the right of the battalion, which appeared to be only waiting the word from its officer to open a fire upon him: nothing daunted, he approached alone, followed at a few paces' distance by a hundred of his guards with their arms reversed. The most profound silence pervaded both parties: when within a few yards of the enemy, Napoleon suddenly threw open his surtout, and presenting his breast, on which sparkled the star of the Legion of Honour, exclaimed:—

"Soldiers! you have been told that I fear death; if there be one among you who would kill his general—his emperor, let him instantly plunge his bayonet into this bosom! Here I am!" The effect was magical: the two armies embraced each other; the air resounded with the old cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*!" which burst simultaneously from every lip: the Elbese Emperor threw himself into the midst of them,—observing a veteran private covered with chevrons and medals, he took him familiarly by the whiskers, saying—"Speak honestly, Old Moustache, couldst thou have the heart to kill thy Emperor?" The man, who dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was not charged, answered—"judge, if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same." The tricoloured cockade was speedily mounted by these new adherents, who ranged themselves around the imperial eagles, with the most deafening acclamations: before they started after they had been placed in order of battle, Bonaparte addressed himself to them as well as to the collected peasantry, saying—"Soldiers! I come with a handful of brave men, because I reckon on the people and on you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate, because it has not been raised by the nation; it is contrary to the national will, because it is contrary to the interests of our country, and exists only for the interests of a few families. Ask your fathers, ask all the inhabitants who arrive from the environs, and you will learn from their own mouths the true situation of affairs; they are menaced with the return of tithes, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all the abuses from which your successes had delivered them: is it not true, peasants?" The unhesitating answer was—"Yes, Sire! they wish to chain us to the soil—you come as the angel of the Lord, to save us!" Napoleon then gave the word; the whole marched together, under his command, upon Grenoble. On their way to the city, Colonel Henry Labédoyère, an officer of noble family, who had recently been invested with the decoration of the Legion of Honour, appeared before them at the head of his regiment, the seventh of the line: these men and the Emperor's column, when they came in sight suddenly rushed into each other's arms, cordially embraced, and joined the ranks of the Emperor with mutual shouts of "long live Napoleon—long live the guard —long live the seventh." Labédoyère, on this, produced an eagle which he carried concealed about his person; then breaking open a drum which was found to be filled with tricoloured cockades, the men once more decked themselves with this ancient emblem of attachment to the revolution, expressing their determined support of Bonaparte, again shouting with redoubled enthusiasm. This was the first instance of an officer of superior rank voluntarily espousing the cause of the invader: the impulse was decisive: General Marchand, who remained faithful to the king, in spite of all his efforts, could not prevent the whole of the garrison from exclaiming *Vive l'Empereur*, as soon as he approached the walls.

The garrison of Grenoble had lately been augmented by the seventh and eleventh regiments of the line, selected for this service, because they were unacquainted with Napoleon's person, and would, therefore, it was supposed, be proof against seduction: in order to defend the place, the whole of the troops had been placed on the ramparts, the cannon were loaded, and the matches lighted; but when the cannoneers received orders to fire, they extinguished their matches and refused to obey: their conduct, however, on this occasion, exhibited a strange mixture of contradiction. Though welcoming Bonaparte with their acclamations, and refusing to open their batteries against his advancing troops, they would not so far disobey the governor as to throw wide the gates of the town. Thus circumstanced, Napoleon, with great coolness, planted an howitzer or two and forced them Discipline, as if by a secret charm, was at once dissolved: the garrison broke from their ranks, surrounded the Emperor, dragged him from his horse, bore him on their shoulders, and would have carried him to the principal inn, but Napoleon preferred one kept by an old soldier. He had not been there long before a vast body of the inhabitants appeared, bearing the gates of Bonne, which they placed under his window, at the same time exclaiming: "Napoleon, we cannot offer you the keys of our good town of Grenoble, because our governor-general Marchand has taken them, but here are the gates." Next morning, the mayor, accompanied by the civil authorities, presented themselves to him, and offered their services to conduct him to the government house, but he would not remove his quarters from the veteran's hotel. The commandant, who remained faithful to his oath, was arrested by his own soldiery and brought before Bonaparte: the latter, however, who was indignant at the insult that had been offered to this gallant officer, ordered him to be instantly released; then pressed him to re-assume the command of the city; to this the general replied—"I may appeal to yourself that I once served you faithfully; your abdication released me from my allegiance to you; since then I have sworn allegiance to the Bourbons: here is my sword; I can submit to become a prisoner, but I can never prove a traitor." Pleased with the frankness of his manner as well as valuing the integrity of his character, Bonaparte, in his kindest manner, said to him—"General! take back your sword; you have hitherto used it like a brave soldier: my respect for you is too great for me to urge you to employ it in any way which your conscience would disapprove. You are at perfect liberty to depart."

By the defection of the garrison of Grenoble, Napoleon found himself at the head of a well-appointed army, comprising ten thousand men, full of zeal for the success of his cause, while the affection with which he had been received assured him of the ready co-operation of whatever troops might be sent to oppose his march. During his stay he reviewed the troops as well as the national guards: addressing himself to the artillery-men, he said—"It was among you that I first engaged in warfare; I esteem you all as ancient comrades; I have followed you on the field of battle, and have always been satisfied with you; but I hope we shall have no need of your cannon." The new followers having trampled their white cockades under their feet and replaced them with tricoloured, the whole, with Bonaparte at their head, on the 9th March, 1815, commenced its march towards Lyons: Napoleon, who now travelled in an open landau that generally went at a slow pace, was frequently impeded in his route by the numbers who pressed by his side, loading the carriage with flowers and congratulatory addresses or petitions. The Emperor was sometimes attended by a few hussars, at others was without a single guard, often two or three leagues distant from the main body of the troops. From Grenoble to Lyons the march was nothing but a continual triumph: the throng as well as the enthusiasm, if possible, increased as he advanced; peasants, singing songs of joy, usually accompanied him, and relieved each other: at the towns and villages through which he passed he was received with the most rapturous applause: at one place he was saluted by an immense crowd who had assembled to give him welcome—"We have expected you a long time," said they, "you are at length arrived to deliver France from the insolence of the noblesse, the pretensions of the priests, and the shame of a foreign yoke;" in reply to this, "Ah!" said he, "I find here the sentiments that induced me for twenty years to greet France with the name of the grand nation; yes, you are still the grand nation, and you shall always be so."

The debarkation of the Elbese Emperor with his army, on the coast of Provence, was announced at the court of the Tuilleries on the 5th March, 1815. Every exertion to conceal his progress as well as to defeat his intentions was immediately resorted to: two days after, on the 7th March, 1815, a proclamation appeared in the *Moniteur*, to convene the Chambers together, with an *ordonnance* of the king, denouncing Napoleon Bonaparte and his adherents traitors; which also authorized the military or civil authorities, or even private citizens, to arrest him, bring him before a council of war, which, on proof of his identity, was to order him to be immediately shot. The Duke d'Angoulême was despatched to arouse the provençals and cut off his retreat; Monsieur, with the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Count Damas, set off for Lyons, where they were joined by Field-marshal Macdonald: a grand review took place: the commanding officer observed to the soldiers, that "they were well clothed and well fed; that they received their pay might be seen in their persons." 'Yes, certainly,' said a grenadier to whom this was addressed. "Well," continued the general, "it was not so under Bonaparte, your pay was in arrears;" to which the veteran smartly replied, 'and what did that signify, if we chose to give him credit?'

Notwithstanding the arrival of fresh troops, the efforts of the Count D'Artois to conciliate the soldiery, and to attach the people to the royal cause, proved unavailing with both: his kindness as well as his addresses were either listened to with a chilling silence, or rudely repulsed; the bridge of La Guillotierre, fifteen hundred and sixty feet in length, unites that suburb with the city; this was strongly barricaded, while Field-Marshal Macdonald and Monsieur posted themselves at the head of a large force, with an intention to dispute the entrance into the town. On the 10th March, 1815, Napoleon came within sight of Lyons, when he was informed of the great preparations made to arrest his further progress: he received the intelligence with his usual *sang froid,* took little notice, and moved steadily forward: he was met by the reconnoitreing party of a regiment which had joined his standard at Grenoble: the troops on each side rushed forward—not to fight, but to embrace. Macdonald, who witnessed the scene with deep vexation, threw himself among, and strove to rally them; neither his menaces nor his entreaties could prevail; the king's troops joined the invader, and assisted to cast the barricades of the bridge into the subterfluent stream of the Rhone. It was now evident that all was lost; the prince and the field-marshal were obliged to retire. At nine o clock in the evening, the Emperor Napoleon entered the second city of France triumphantly, amidst the rejoicings of the citizens and the acclamations of the soldiery. A guard of mounted gentlemen had been formed for the protection of the prince, who made a thousand and one protestations of devotion and fidelity to his person. When, however, they found the Count could no longer maintain his ground, these much-attached volunteers suffered him to quit the city unattended, except by one who remained faithful to his promise, and attended Monsieur until he was decidedly out of all danger. These men were among the foremost to offer their services to the rising star, and conceived they had recommended themselves to his favour by their conduct towards a distinguished member of the rival family. Soon, therefore, as Bonaparte reached his hotel, they waited upon him in a body, to solicit permission for the honour to form his body guard: to this he indignantly replied: "Your conduct towards the Count D'Artois tells me how you would behave to me in case of a reverse. I thank you for your offer—but I expect you will return immediately to your homes." He then dismissed these faithless cavaliers with the contempt they richly merited: to the person, however, who had followed the Prince, he instantly sent the star of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon remained three days at Lyons, during which he formally resumed the administrative functions of the civil government of France. He published several decrees: among others—

One commanding justice to be administered every where in his name, after the 15th March, 1815.

Another to abolish the Chambers of the Peers and of the Deputies.

One to summon all the Electoral Colleges, to meet in Paris, at a Champ-de-Mai: there to witness the coronation of Maria-Louisa, and of her son, and to definitely settle the Constitution of the State.

Another, which directed that all those whose names had not been erased from the list of emigrants, prior to the abdication of Fontainebleau, should be banished.

One to deprive all strangers, as well as emigrants, of their commissions in the army.

Another, to abolish the order of St. Louis, and to bestow all its revenues on the Legion of Honour.

One to restore to their authority all magistrates who had been displaced by the Bourbon government.

These proclamations quickly found their way to the capital, where, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the police, they could not be suppressed.

The same day that Napoleon entered Lyons the Duke d'Angoulême projected the hazardous scheme to march upon that city while the Marsellois should proceed to attack Grenoble, thus cut Bonaparte off from all chance to make good his retreat: for this purpose, he placed himself at the head of a regiment of cavalry, another of foot, together with some battalions of the royal Languedoc volunteers. The attempt was made, but proved abortive: when it was found to be a complete failure, the duke endeavoured to make his escape, but fell into the hands of General Gilly, who made him a prisoner, while the Baron Vitrolles, who had been exempted by name from the general amnesty published by Napoleon, was also made prisoner by General Laborde. As a price had been set upon Napoleon's head, by Louis XVIII. sentence of death was pronounced against the duke, in conformity with the laws of retaliation; thus, both their lives were forfeited; Bonaparte, however, saved them from destruction, observing, when he granted their pardon—"My most ardent desire is, that I may be able to pride myself with having regained my throne without having shed a drop of blood either upon the field of battle or on the scaffold."

On the 9th March, 1815, Field marshal Ney, Prince of Moskwa, in an effusion of loyalty, repaired to the Tuilleries, and besought the king to employ him in what he called the "impious war," waged against his throne by the brigand arrived from the island of Elba; then, half drawing his sword, he pledged himself, on forfeiture of his head, to bring the invader to Paris either dead or alive. Louis, who was well aware of this officer's great influence in the army, did not hesitate to accept his proffered assistance. Ney was instantly invested with a command; the Field marshal, when he kissed hands, swore, that within the course of the week he would place Bonaparte at his majesty's feet, observing that "he deserved to be brought in an iron cage, like a wild beast."

It was now that the rapid advance of Napoleon, with the daily increase of his troops, began seriously to alarm the court of the Tuilleries: Louis, notwithstanding the assurances of his safety, could not fail to perceive the danger of his situation; consequently, the utmost energies were put forth, to avoid, if possible, the catastrophe with which his government was threatened;—preparations were made to collect a formidable army, between Fontainblean and Paris, at Melun, a town seated on the river Seine, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, twenty-five miles south-east of the capital. The command of this was given to Field-marshal Macdonald, a general of sterling ability and strict fidelity, who entertained sanguine hopes, notwithstanding all that had happened, that he should be courageously supported and enabled to check the invaders in front, while from Lons-le-Saulnier, capital of the department of Jura, seated on the stream of the Solvan, in 5° 30′ east longitude, 46° 37′ north latitude, two hundred and thirty-seven miles south-east of Paris, where an army of fourteen thousand men were encamped, Field-marshal Ney, who had been despatched thither, should fall upon Napoleon's rear, and thus hem him in between the two, so as to prevent the possibility of escape. When, however, the Field-marshal assembled his staff, and harangued them with all the energy of his character in favour of the royal cause, he saw, with vexation, that a large portion of the officers heard him with marked indifference, and when questioned as to their intentions, maintained an obstinate silence that convinced him of their determination to enrol themselves under the imperial Eagle. Ney was thunderstruck at this coldness towards himself; he now plainly saw, that not only the population but also the army had resolved to support the cause of Napoleon, but his conviction came somewhat too late; all his officers seemed ready to desert him, and he himself began to waver, when a letter from Bonaparte, in which he was summoned to join his standard, as "the bravest of the brave," put an end to his irresolution: taking General Bertrand, who brought the letter, by the hand, he avowed his adhesion to the Elbese Emperor. Himself, his officers, and men, put themselves immediately in motion, and joined the standard of the "petit caporal," at Auxerre, capital of the department of Yonne, situated on the side of a hill on the river Yonne, ninety miles south-south-east of Paris. Thus ended the promised assistance to the monarch at the Tuilleries. Notwithstanding these defections, it was considered there still remained, in and about the French metropolis, a much greater number of troops than would be requisite to overwhelm the advancing columns, and arrest their chief: but it was soon found no reliance could be placed on their fidelity.

Scarcely anything could exceed the delusion that was kept up by the Court of the Tuilleries, respecting the invasion of Napoleon Bonaparte: a week had nearly elapsed before it was even noticed in the Parisian newspapers. It was then announced, that, surrounded on all hands by faithful garrisons and a loyal population, the outlaw was already deserted by most of his followers. It was next asserted, that he was wandering among the hills, and would surely be made a prisoner within two or three days. The deputies, as they arrived from different parts of the country, brought the most consoling accounts of the spirit of loyalty pervading the departments: the army of the usurper was stated, on official authority, to be reduced to less than four thousand men. The ministers did not scruple to contribute to the popular delusion: three days after Monsieur and Field-Marshal Macdonald had been driven from Lyons, the Duke of Feltre, who had succeded Field-Marshal Soult, on the 11th of March, 1815, as Minister-of-War, the latter having given in his resignation, concluded a speech, in the House of Peers, full of the most cheering prospects, by assuring them that "all the accounts from the army were most satisfactory:" addresses, professing unalterable attachment to the Bourbon family, were liberally poured in during the whole time: the municipality of Paris assembled, and voted an address expressive of its determined fidelity, in which the sovereign was most solemnly assured, that nothing but death should dissolve the loyal feelings of devotion by which its members were actuated: similar addresses proceeded from the two Chambers. Could words have parried the bayonets of the Bonapartists, his discomfiture would have been certain. To swell up the catalogue of devoted attachment to the Royal cause, registers were opened in various parts of the capital, for the inrolment of volunteers; in less than three days the numbers exceeded forty thousand. Notwithstanding all this loyalty, Louis XVIII. felt it prudent to quit the Palace of the Tuilleries for Ghent, in the middle of the night, 19th March, 1815. A scheme had been concerted by Generals Lallemand and Lefebre to intercept the flight of the king; for which purpose the roads between Belgium and Paris were to be seized: Field-Marshal Mortier detected, and frustrated this plan.

It cannot be denied, that in the display of partisanship which was going forward at this period in the good city of Paris, the activity of the Bonapartists far exceeded that of the Royalists: that the former discovered more tact, as well as exhibited more zeal, is unquestionable. The worshippers of the Elbese Emperor everywhere proclaimed that Napoleon, fully sensible of the extent of his past errors, both as they related to his warlike course, as also to his domestic administration, had returned to his country, thoroughly cured of that ambition which had armed Europe against his government. That, consequently, as his proclamations from the Gulf of Juan stated, he was no longer desirous to be the Dictator of a military despotism, but was extremely anxious to rank as the first citizen of a nation, which he had resolved to make the freest of the free. That all he now sought was, the opportunity to devote to the true welfare of peaceful France, to render subservient to her internal happiness, those unrivalled talents, as well as the uncommon energies which were on all hands allowed to distinguish his character; but which he was ready to admit he had been rash enough to abuse in former days; observing, that as the Bourbons had not accepted the crown of France on the terms on which it was offered to them, and had used their authority in a spirit inimical to the interests of the French people, as well as for purposes at variance with their feelings, Napoleon Bonaparte considered the act of his abdication as void: further, that the Royal government, having clearly evinced its disposition to extinguish, by degrees, all memory of the revolution, his great object in re-entering France was once more to consecrate the grand principles of "Liberty and Equality," principles ever hateful in the eyes of the old nobility of France, as also to secure the purchasers of forfeited and national domains against the machinations of the members of that dominant faction, who meditated, at no great distance of time, to resume those estates of which their cowardly conduct, in the day of trial, had but too justly deprived them: to these suggestions they added that which was notoriously false, but which, in their estimation, would have a direct tendency to further the cause they espoused. According to their statements, Napoleon had landed in France with the full concurrence of the Austrian Emperor, and that he would be almost instantly rejoined by the Empress Maria Louisa, and his son; that the Russian Czar was friendly to the measure, and had given it his sanction: they even went the length to assert, that the English cabinet had been sounded ere the adventure was commenced, but had not shown a disposition to hazard another war for the establishment of the Bourbon dynasty.

About this time, reports of an intention to assassinate Bonaparte in his advance to the capital, were spread far and wide: one newspaper even said the Vendeans employed in this diabolical scheme were some disguised as soldiers, others as women; that it was quite certain the Corsican could not escape their vengeance. Notwithstanding the anxiety of his friends on this occasion, Napoleon himself did not appear uneasy; his private secretary, however, says, "previously to this announcement, when travellers were desirous of communicating to him news, I was wont to step aside to enjoy a few minutes' relaxation; but from that time I never quitted him, and with my hand on my sword, I never for a moment lost sight of the eyes, the attitude, and the gesture of the persons I admitted to his presence." General Drouot, and the officers of his staff, equally redoubled their care and attention; but it would appear by his conduct as if the Emperor of Elba made it a point to set his intended murderers at defiance: the very day it was first communicated to him, he reviewed the fourteenth regiment of the line, in the public square of Auxerre, and afterwards mingled with the people and the soldiers; in vain did his generals and aides-de-camp endeavour to surround his person; they were so much jostled, the impetuosity of the crowd was so great, that they found it impossible to remain close to him for two minutes in succession. The way in which they were elbowed amused him exceedingly; he laughed at their repeated but ineffectual efforts, and by way of braving them, plunged still deeper into the throng by which they were besieged: at length, however, it was evident that, hearing so continually of the plots against his life had made a painful impression on his feelings: addressing himself to his companions—"I cannot conceive," said he, "how men liable to fall into my hands can be incessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head; had I wished to get rid of them by similar means, they would long ago have been mingled with the dust: like them, I could have found Georges, Brularts, and Maubreuils! Twenty times, if I had wished it, persons would have brought them to me, bound hand and feet, dead or alive: I had always the foolish generosity to despise their rage; I despise it still; but woe betide them, woe to all their infernal gang, if they dare touch one of my people; my blood boils when I think that they have dared, in the face of nations, to proscribe, without trial, the thousands of Frenchmen who are marching with us."—Notwithstanding this *non chalance*, his friends were under great apprehensions for his safety; they, as well as the officers of his household, were more than ever sedulous to prevent the approach of strangers near his person: the restriction, however, appeared to annoy him, and he omitted no opportunity that offered to render it unavailing.

After the junction of Field-marshal Ney at Auxerre with the invaders, Napoleon, at the head of fifteen thousand veteran troops, flanked and followed by other divisions, pressed rapidly forward upon Fontainebleau, where he slept once more, on the evening of 19th March, 1815. This force was considerably swelled by a large body of officers of every rank, who, eager to show their attachment to their ancient comrade, had joined the old guard, and formed themselves into a "sacred battalion." The moment that was to decide between the contending monarchs, on the plains of Melun, was now fast approaching: on the side of the Bourbons great show of martial strength was displayed; the Duke of Berri commanded in chief with Field-marshal Macdonald for his lieutenant, having under their orders a hundred thousand of the national guard, drawn up in three lines, on an eminence beyond the wood; the intervals and flanks protected by batteries, while the centre occupied the direct road to Paris: the bands were performing the loyal airs of "Vive Henri Quatre" and "La belle Gabrielle," when suddenly a single open carriage issued from the forest and descended the hill at full speed; a few Polish hussars, with their spears reversed, followed the equipage at some distance. The little flat cocked hat—the grey surtout—the person of Napoleon, was acknowledged: the Emperor, uncovered, with Count Bertrand on his right, General Drouot on his left, appeared, waving his hand and opening his arms to the troops. "*Napoleon!—Napoleon le Grand!*" spread through the ranks like lightning: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst simultaneously from the assembled warriors; discipline in the royal army was at an end; it was in vain that Macdonald threatened; his influence was entirely lost, and he escaped to the city: the men rushed from their stations, surrounded Bonaparte with acclamations of delight; trampled their white cockades under their feet; at this moment, the Emperor's guard arrived; the imperial march was played; the eagles were again exhibited; the two armies melted into one. Men, who the day before were expected to have met in deadly hostility, embraced as brothers; they joyously marched forward beside each other for the sole purpose of gracing, with all the honours in their power to bestow, the triumphal entry into his metropolis of their beloved, long-expected, brave "Corporal Violet,"

When the flight of Louis XVIII. became generally known, the public mind became agitated almost to madness. His successor's arrival was expected with an impatience that can hardly be conceived: in the afternoon of the 20th March, 1815, a body of about two thousand men, covered with dirt and dust, but all wearing the tricoloured cockade, entered the Boulevard Montmartre, accompanying several pieces of heavy artillery: as they advanced, the air was rent with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*:" it would, however, be a difficult task to ascertain which were loudest in their vociferation, the troops or the people; every soldier had a citizen linked to either arm; all were eager in their inquiries to learn tidings concerning the fortunes of their favourite, as well as of the time he would enter the city. This motley cavalcade progressed but slowly, because the populace insisted upon regaling the valiant companions of their "brave Emperor." For this purpose, all the wine-shops were put into a state of requisition; immense cans, full of the produce of the beautiful vineyards of France, were brought forth in profusion; the health of the Emperor, General Bertrand, and of the Old Guard, was toasted with an enthusiasm that can only be perfectly understood by those who were present, while the most lively imagination is quite inadequate to furnish a picture of the exhilarating scene that Paris presented on this occasion; tricoloured ribbons and bunches of violets decorated almost every bosom; so great was the veneration of the people for the object of their solicitude, that part of the flap of his coat, either torn off by accident or design, instantly divided into almost innumerable scraps, caused as much struggling to possess one of these pieces, as if each remnant had been an ingot of gold. Preceded by, and followed by the soldiery, Napoleon Bonaparte, amidst the most deafening plaudits, once more entered the gay metropolis of fashion. On these courageous men he had placed his reliance; and their conduct and adherence, at whatever sacrifice, fully justified his confidence. It was evening ere he reached the Tuilleries, where all who valued his high desserts, all who loved his name, all who were devoted to the cause he espoused, as well as many who were by no means his sincere friends, were assembled to give him a welcome: on gaining the portals of the palace, it was with infinite difficulty that he could alight from his equipage; he was almost stifled by the extreme pressure of his enthusiastic admirers; he might be said to have been almost dragged from his carriage, by the impatience of his officers, who, the moment he stopped, mounted him upon their shoulders, and carried him, in triumph, up the great staircase, into the apartments so recently vacated by the king. During this operation, he was heard to say—"Be steady, my good children—be steady, I entreat you:" he soon found himself in the midst of a brilliant party, with which those who, in former times, had filled the most prominent situations in his government were mingled: among others was Fouché; this man, however, was not the only personage present who had recently intrigued with the Bourbons against Bonaparte, in which they had, no doubt, displayed an ardour, perhaps, of as much sincerity, coupled with about as much honesty as they had brought into the service of the Emperor, in his previous administration of the affairs of the empire. Napoleon would appear to have made a just estimate of their integrity, to have set it down at its true value: walking round the circle, he observed—"It is disinterested people who have brought me back to my capital;—it is the subalterns and the soldiers that have done it all;—I owe every thing to the people and to the army."

The next day, the municipality of Paris waited upon him with congratulations on his return, to which he returned for answer—"We should forget that we have been masters of nations;—my rights are those of the people alone;—of all that individuals may have done, written, or said, since the taking of Paris, I shall for ever remain ignorant." Early in the morning of the 21st March, 1815, the shopkeepers of Paris were busily employed in changing signs: the crested lily, so lately the pride of those dealers, was eclipsed by the terrific wings of the victorious eagle; which were again stretched over their portals, the former emblem of Bourbon rule having been hastily removed. At one o'clock the same day, the Emperor Napoleon reviewed all the troops then in Paris: after passing through their ranks, and ranging them in solid squares, he addressed them in his usual emphatic expression, but with great kindness of manner:—

"Soldiers!" said he, "I arrived in France with only a few hundred men, because I calculated upon the love of the people and on the remembrance of the veteran soldiers. I was not deceived in my expectation.

"Soldiers! I thank you. Glory, like that which we are about to acquire, is every thing to the people and to you! My glory is, that I have known and valued you!

"Soldiers! the throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it was built by the hands of strangers;—because it was proscribed by the vow of the nation, declared in all our national assemblies;—because, in short, it offered a guarantee only to the interests of a few men, whose arrogant pretensions were opposed to our rights.

"Soldiers! the imperial throne can only secure the rights of the people,—and above all, the first of our interests—our glory.

"Soldiers! we must now march, to hunt from our territory these princes, auxiliaries to strangers. The nation will not only second us in our protestations, but will follow our impulse;—the French people and myself calculated upon you:—we will not interfere with the affairs of foreign nations, but woe to those who shall interfere with ours!"

At this moment, General Cambronne, together with the officers of the battalion of the Isle of Elba, appeared, bearing the ancient eagles of the old guard: Napoleon then continued, saying—

"Soldiers! these are the officers who accompanied me in my misfortunes;—every man is my friend;—they are dear to my heart. Every time I beheld them, they brought before my eyes the different regiments of the army, for among these six hundred noble fellows are men from every regiment. They have recalled to my recollection those glorious days, of which even the memory is so dear; for they are all covered with honourable scars gained in memorable battles! In loving them, it was you, soldiers, the whole French army, that I loved! They bring you back your eagles; let them serve as a rallying point! In giving them to the guard I give them to the whole army. Treason, as well as unhappy events, have covered them with a melancholy veil; but thanks to the French people and to you, they now re-appear, glittering in all their glory! Swear that they shall be present wherever the interest of the country may require them! that traitors, and those who would invade our territory, shall never be able to endure their sight!" With a simultaneous burst of enthusiasm, every soldier, laying his hand on his heart, exclaimed, "We swear it!"

The first person Bonaparte summoned to this Council after his return to Paris, was that impracticable stern republican, General Carnot. Soon as he saw him, he addressed him familiarly, observing—"Carnot, you were the only man who told me the truth before my reverses." "Sire!" replied the veteran, "do you wish I should continue to speak the truth?" to which the Emperor replied, "Most assuredly, I require it."—"Well, sire, France must, and will have a free constitution." Napoleon instantly replied, with great vehemence, "I am determined she shall have it." After this conversation, he sent for M. Benjamin Constant, who also upheld the republican cause, to whom he thus expressed himself:—"In my journey from Cannes to Paris, I had no need to conquer; I reigned: I am not the Emperor of the soldiers only, as has been said of me—but also of the peasants, the plebeians of France. You accordingly see, in spite of all the past, that the people return to me. There is a sympathy between us—it is not the same thing with the privileged orders. The nobles have served me, it is true; they poured by shoals into my ante-chambers. There was not a place at my disposal which they did not accept—solicit—demand! I have had the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauvais, the Montemarts;—but there never existed a fellow feeling between us; the steed pranced gallantly, he was well broken in, but I felt him tremble under me! With the people it was another thing; the popular fibre corresponded with mine, for I came myself from the popular ranks; and my voice acted on the popular feeling. The world invited me to take charge of it. Sovereigns, as well as subjects rushed to obey me, faster than my desires. I have but rarely met with resistance in France; yet I will say, that I have experienced more serious opposition from a few disarmed and obscure Frenchmen, than from all those kings, now so proud that they have no longer a man of the people as their equal! Let us see, then, what it may be possible to do Bring me your ideas. Public discussion you say—free elections—responsible ministers—the liberty of the press:—well, I have no objection to any of these things. A free press, above all, seems to be absolutely necessary: to think of stifling it now would be absurd. I am quite convinced on that point. In fact, I am the man of the people; and, if the people really wish liberty, I owe it to them. I have recognized their sovereignty—and it is my duty to listen to their will—I may say, even to their caprices. I have never found a pleasure in oppressing. I entertained great designs, and fortune has settled them to my disappointment: I am no longer a conqueror, and can never be one again; I see clearly what can be, and what cannot. One mission only now remains to me; that of raising France from its present position, and giving it a suitable government."

Perhaps history furnishes no parallel to this most extraordinary invasion, carried into perfect execution without the effusion of one single drop of blood, and that with a force so slender as to bear no proportion whatever to the means of resistance: in the course of a month after the arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte in the French metropolis, the whole territory of France was in a state of the most decided tranquillity: this happy circumstance was announced on the 17th April, 1815, by a salute from the batteries in every part of the empire, fired at the same moment, namely one o'clock. Great strides had been made towards consolidating the liberty of the people; the censorship of the press was abolished; the slave trade was discontinued: the oppression hitherto adopted by the police was restrained; a system of national education was formed, that combined the plans of Lancaster and Bell; the most liberal sentiments pervaded the Court of the Tuilleries, and those men who were most favourable to free institutions were constantly patronized. With a view to conciliate the allied powers, and to render the re-establisment of his throne subservient to the maintenance of permanent peace, he addressed a holograph letter to the sovereigns of Europe, which ran thus:—

"Sire, my Brother,

"You will have learnt, during the last month, my return to the court of France, my entrance into Paris, and the departure of the family of the Bourbons. The true nature of these events must now be made known to your Majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power, the work of the unanimous will of a great nation, who knows her duties and her rights. The dynasty which force had given to the French people was no longer suited to them. The Bourbons would neither associate themselves to their sentiments, nor their manners. It became the duty of France to separate herself from them. Her voice called for a deliverer. The expectation that determined me to make the greatest sacrifices have been deceived. I am come, and from the point where I touched the shore, the love of my people conveyed me to the bosom of my capital. The first wish of my heart is to repay such affection by the maintenance of an honourable tranquillity. The restoration of the Imperial throne was necessary to the happiness of the French. My sweetest thought is to render it at the same time useful to the consolidation of the repose of Europe. Glory enough has rendered, by turns, the standards of the different nations illustrious. The vicissitudes of fate have caused great successes to be followed by great reverses. A finer arena is now opened to kings, and I am the first to descend into it. After having presented to the world the spectacle of great battles, it will be happier to know, in future, no other rivalship than that of the advantages of peace; no other dispute than the sacred contest for the happiness of mankind. France rejoices in candidly proclaiming this noble end of all her wishes. Jealous of her independence, the invincible principle of her policy shall be the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations.

"If such are, as I have the pleasure to believe, the personal sentiments of your majesty, the general tranquillity is secured for a long season, and justice seated on the confines of the different states, will be alone sufficient to guard their frontiers. I seize with eagerness, &c. &c."

(signed) "NAPOLEON."

This communication was despatched by couriers; only two of them succeeded in delivering the letters: the others were stopped on the frontiers and arrested: that intended for the King of England,
to the English minister, Lord Castlereagh, who instantly dismissed the messenger, with a declaration, that the Emperor Napoleon was unknown to the British Government. The Emperor of Austria received that which was directed to him;—he would not, however, break the seal, but sent it, unopened, to the congress at Vienna; that assembly published a proclamation in these words—

"By breaking the convention that established him in Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended. By appearing again in France, with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and manifested to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance."

A treaty was immediately concluded between the allied cabinets, in which it was agreed forthwith to organize an army of six hundred and forty thousand men, the government of Great Britain engaging to pay a sum to each of the contracting parties, proportionate to their exertions; also to pay thirty pounds for every cavalry soldier, and twenty pounds for every foot soldier she brought into the field less than one hundred and fifty thousand in the whole. The other powers of Europe were to be invited to join the confederacy, furnishing contingents adequate to the respective resources of each.

Louis XVIII. was also requested to sign the treaty; but the representatives of the Prince Regent of England affixed to the document an explanatory article, in which all intention on the part of his royal highness to force any particular form of government upon the French people, was disclaimed. An immediate invasion of France was to take place, and no relaxation of hostility was to occur, until Napoleon Bonaparte should be either dethroned or reduced so low as no longer to endanger the peace of Europe: the sovereigns, however, did not limit their army to the number proposed. Thus, Napoleon was hardly reseated on his throne, ere he fully understood he must be prepared to maintain it against three hundred thousand Austrians; two hundred and twenty-five thousand Russians; two hundred and thirty six thousand Prussians; one hundred and fifty thousand Germans, furnished by the minor states; fifty thousand Netherlanders; and fifty thousand British; making the whole a fearful aggregate of one million and eleven thousand soldiers, furnished with immense parks of artillery. To meet this formidable array, Bonaparte lost not a moment; indeed, his preparations to resist whatever attack might be made upon him, had occupied his activity from the instant he re-established himself at the Tuilleries. Carnot was made Minister of War: a more efficient associate was nowhere to be found. The commencement of the consulate had shown the world what two such men, when acting in unison, could effect in the organization of an army.

Jealousy, as well as imbecility, had induced the Bourbons to allow the French army to fall into a state of disorganization: the infantry did not exceed ninety thousand men; the cavalry was so reduced that it could hardly mount fourteen thousand horsemen; the whole were nearly naked, while there was not a yard of cloth in the magazines. By almost incredible exertions, notwithstanding the pressure of innumerable cares and anxieties, as also that the temper of the nation prevented recourse to the old method of conscription, ere May was over, the Emperor had three hundred and seventy-five thousand men in arms, including an imperial guard of forty thousand veterans, well equipped, in a high state of discipline; a large force of well-mounted cavalry, with an excellent train of artillery.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS—THE CHAMP DE MAI—BONAPARTE OPENS THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT—QUITS PARIS TO JOIN HIS ARMY—HIS PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN—PASSES THE SAMBRE—BATTLE OF LIGNY—CONTEST AT QUATRE BRAS—THE ANGLO-BELGIC ARMY RETREATS—BATTLE OF WATERLOO—BONAPARTE ABDICATES AGAIN—RETIRES TO MALMAISON—ADDRESSES THE ARMY—RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII.

In this state of affairs, Napoleon made many unsuccessful attempts to open a negotiation with the allied sovereigns, offering three reasons as a justification of his conduct :—

1. The retention of his wife and child by the Emperor of Austria.
2. The non-payment of his pension by the French government.
3. The voice of the French nation, which he had only obeyed.

During this time the Bourbonists were indefatigable in their endeavours to raise the standard of the discarded Louis XVIII. ; all their exertions, however, proved fruitless : at Bourdeaux, the Duchess of Angoulême visited the Casernes, with a view to rally the soldiery around the colours of their family : in this pursuit her conduct displayed such heroism, that Bonaparte spoke of her as the only man in her family ; all her blandishments were without effect ; so little was her influence, that, after the most vigorous unremitting perseverance, the princess had the mortification to feel the necessity to take refuge on board an English frigate. The Duke de Berri repaired to La Vendée on the first alarm, but no impression could be made on the regular troops ; their whole affections were placed upon the Emperor Napoleon. The fact was, the army was most decidedly in his favour, the major portion of the population leaned to the same side ; but it may be, and is questionable, whether any considerable part of the wealthy were actually disposed in his favour. Most certainly the ancient noblesse were not his sincere friends—the Duke eventually escaped to England ; thus all efforts to prevent the display of the tricolour flag on every tower in France failed : and the authority of Napoleon over the minds of the French population, bottomed as it was upon the adoption and advancement of free institutions, became stronger than ever.

Napoleon, ever fruitful, like all statesmen, in expedients, seeing that there existed no probable chance of obtaining from his father-in-law the restoration of his wife and child, set on foot a scheme to carry them off from Vienna, by a mixture of stratagem and force. In the suite of Maria Louisa were a number of French : these readily entered into the views of Bonaparte, and contributed all their means to their accomplishment. Forged passes were made, relays of horses engaged, all other appliances were so well managed and provided, that had it not been for the perfidy of an individual, the whole would have been crowned with success. The Emperor of Austria, however, no sooner discovered the projected plot, than he dismissed from his daughter's service every Frenchman, together with several others whose fidelity to himself he had good reason to suspect. He went further ;—she had always used the arms of her husband ; her servants were clothed in liveries corresponding with those worn by his attendant domestics : she was compelled, by his parental authority, to relinquish these ; and what was most assuredly not very pleasant to her feelings, as a woman, she was under the necessity to lay aside the title of

Empress of the French, and to re-assume that of Archduchess of Austria: surely the Emperor, her father, understood but little of the female mind.

Notwithstanding the urgency of his affairs, Napoleon found time to visit, not only the public works, that had been suspended during the Bourbon reign, but recommenced under himself, but also the various valuable institutions established under his auspices, among the rest, the *Musée Napoleon*, where he spent some considerable time, and expressed his satisfaction at the arrangements adopted; a most affecting scene occurred at one of these which he had formerly brought into existence, for "the maintenance, education, and clothing the female offspring of officers who had died in the service." When it was known that Bonaparte had arrived at the hotel, in spite of either the coercive or soothing measures attempted by the governesses, the young ladies rushed forward, *en masse*, eager to testify their gratitude to their munificent benefactor;—so strong were the unrestrained demonstration of exuberant feelings, on the occasion of his visit, that the Emperor was seriously affected, and suddenly bursting into tears, he mingled with the youthful throng,—embraced some, extended his hand to others, while complacency sparkled in his eyes, and his countenance beamed with delight: he listened to them all with the most encouraging patience—answered them with the most perfect good humour: his *protegées*, availing themselves of his kindness and affability, treated him as they would a valued parent; obtained possession of his pocket-handkerchief, which was instantly torn into ribbons, and distributed among the grateful girls, to be preserved by them as a most sacred relic in remembrance of the founder of an establishment that so kindly, as well as healthily, shielded them during their nonage from the frowns of the world. Highly pleased with the conduct of his juvenile companions, he recommended them to the especial favour of their superintendents, then regained his carriage. The recollection of the interview he had just quitted again bedewed his cheeks. Placing his hands to his eyes, he exclaimed—"This, certainly, is unquestionable bliss—these are the happiest moments of my life—delicious enjoyment that cannot be excelled."

The congress of Vienna, among other subjects, occupied themselves with the conduct of Murat, King of Naples, during the campaign of 1814. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, who bore a deadly hatred to King Joachim, charged him with having always been a traitor to the cause of the allied sovereigns; at the same time he urged on their consideration the impolicy of suffering a monarch of Bonaparte's creation, as well as a member of his own family, to occupy the throne, which, of right, he contended, belonged to the King of the Two Sicilies. It is with some degree of pleasure, that it can be recorded, that the Duke of Wellington considered the intercepted letters produced in proof of the accusation, as proving nothing more than that Murat had reluctantly erected his banner against his relative, who was the author of his fortunes. The affair was still under discussion when, unfortunately for himself, Joachim resolved not to be outdone by the daring step of his brother-in-law; in consequence of which, when he understood that Napoleon had landed at Cannes, he, without hesitation, immediately marched upon Rome, at the head of fifty thousand men: the pope, with his cardinals, did not wait his arrival, but made a precipitate retreat. The Neapolitans thereupon advanced into the north of Italy: Murat put forth a profusion of proclamations, by which he invited "all true Italians to rally round his standard,—to assist in the erection of their country into one free and independent government, of which he should be the supreme head." The Austrian commander did not slumber at his post; he no sooner heard of the movement of King Joachim, than he prepared to resist his aggression. The two armies met at the village of Occhio Bello: a battle of no long duration ensued, in which victory declared for the imperialists: the Neapolitans fled in confusion: Murat strove, in vain, to rally them, then sought his own personal safety on board a fishing vessel, that landed him near Toulon, towards the end of May. Reduced to this miserable situation, Bonaparte was strongly solicited to receive his brother-in-law at Paris: this, however, he positively refused, asking, with bitter scorn, "if the war that subsisted in 1814, as between France and Naples, had ever been terminated by treaty?"

Murat, thus deserted, lingered in obscurity for some time near Toulon: after the King of the Two Sicilies had been restored to the Neapolitan throne, Joachim, in the hope to excite an insurrection and recover the station he had lost, relanded on the coast of Naples, where he was recognized, seized, tried, and shot, a fate he met with the most heroic fortitude: perhaps a more high-spirited individual than Joachim Murat was not to be found; as a cavalry officer, his gallantry, as well as his ability, were generally acknowledged; even Napoleon himself often said, that "the fortune of the world might have been changed had there been a Murat to lead the French horse at Waterloo."

The result of this rash measure was highly advantageous to the cause of the allies; it enabled Austria to concentrate her Italian army for the purpose of invading France from the Alps: by this time, the Spanish forces began to unite towards the Pyrenees; the Russians, Swedes, and Danes, were rapidly advancing from the north; the great armies of Austria, Bavaria, and the Rhenish princes, were hourly consolidating their numbers along the borders of the Upper Rhine; Field-marshal Blucher had again taken the command of the Prussians in the Netherlands; while the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-chief of the British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops, had established his head-quarters at Bruxelles, the capital of South Brabant, seated on the banks of the river Sienne, one hundred and forty-eight miles north by east of Paris. Thus, the heavy clouds that were threatening to overwhelm Bonaparte, began to thicken apace, while the storm appeared to be unavoidable; on every side of the French frontier, his assailants were gathered in great numbers, ready to burst simultaneously upon their destined prey. Napoleon had, however, no intention to wait quietly for their attack; his resolve was, to select that part on which he might be able, most successfully, to make an impression on any insulated portion of the allied troops, before they could be in communication with the other portions of the assembled armies; thus to pursue his old course of tactics, and, if possible, beat his enemies in detail. Previous to his departure, however, he had to arrange his civil affairs, a business of much greater difficulty than it was wont to be, as well as to attend the great meeting at the Champ de Mai, which did not occur until some days after the time originally intended.

The formation of a new constitution for France, proved a more arduous task than Napoleon had imagined; he was, however, assisted in his labours by men of cool heads, such as Carnot, who entertained rational views on that momentous subject; it was promulgated under the title of "Act additional to the constitutions of the empire;"—to this, every

Frenchman, of mature age, was invited to inscribe his vote for or against: for this purpose registers were opened throughout the country, while the result was to be communicated at the Champ de Mai: to celebrate the approaching ceremony, the most splendid preparations were made; no effort was spared to render it solemn and imposing; but the tardy arrival of the deputations from the electoral colleges, with other unforeseen circumstances, delayed the meeting from the original time it was proposed, 25th May, 1815, until 1st June, 1815. The arrangements were on a grand scale; in the front of the military school was erected a throne for the Emperor; before this was a vast enclosure, in a pentagonal semicircular form; one-third of this, on each side, exhibited two spacious amphitheatres, capable to hold twenty thousand persons, as well on the right as on the left; in these were seated fifteen thousand deputies from the different sections of France; the central third was directly facing the throne: this was open, with the exception of an altar constructed in the middle, and another throne elevated at about two hundred yards' distant from the altar, which latter commanded a view of the whole assemblage: eighty-seven banners, inscribed with the names of the departments of France, floated gaily in the atmosphere, the national colours mingled with these banners, while the imperial eagles, entwined with garlands, occupied the vacant space. At meridian, the discharge of the artillery announced the departure of the Emperor from the Tuilleries; shortly after, the commandant of Paris, Count Hulin, accompanied by his staff, with the heralds-at-arms, approached; they passed down the line formed by the troops, which were drawn on each side the whole length of the plain; then followed fourteen state carriages, each drawn by six horses with rich trappings, the last of which contained the three imperial princes—Joseph, Jerome, and Lucien, brothers to the Emperor; the procession was closed with Napoleon's own chariot, attended, on each side, by two Field-marshals of the empire, to which was attached eight beautiful horses magnificently caparisoned, each led by a groom; the Emperor was in the full costume of the imperial office: a mantle of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined with ermine. At one o'clock the Emperor, amidst a dense throng of his nobles and princes, appeared from the apartments of the military school, on which the whole assembly arose, with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," accompanied by numerous discharges from the batteries. All were uncovered, with the exception of Napoleon, who wore his Spanish black bonnet, looped with a large diamond in front, and shaded with nodding plumes. The great officers of the crown took their station in the rear; the ministers of state surrounded the Emperor, while the Field-marshals and Generals ranged themselves on each side the throne: the electors sat under the rotunda; the grand national authorities passed to the tribunes in front; while at least three hundred thousand spectators either occupied the other parts of the field or environed the enclosure. The Archbishop of Tours, with Cardinal Cambacères, also four bishops and assistants, ascended the tribune of the altar, where they celebrated mass. The central deputation, chosen by a selection from the colleges of the empire, in number about five hundred, then advanced to the foot of the throne, when their organ, the Advocate Duboys d'Angers, addressed the Emperor, in a speech expressive of the devotion of a "faithful, energetic, generous nation, to its heroic leader." At the close of this oration the arch-chancellor rose to proclaim, in the name of the Emperor, by the herald-at-arms, that the French people had accepted the "additional act to the constitutions of the empire," which secured to them a free representative government, with an hereditary monarch for its head, with an hereditary peerage; a chamber of deputies, chosen by the people, at least once with every five years; yearly taxes, to be levied only under the sanction of the whole legislature; responsible ministers; irremoveable judges; and in all criminal cases, as well as civil actions, trial by jury; at the same time, announcing that the number of votes in favour of it, amounted to one million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-seven, while the negatives only reached four thousand two hundred and seven: this declaration was received with the most enthusiastic applause. A table was immediately placed before the throne, and at a quarter past two o'clock, the Emperor, rising from his seat, attached his signature to the document, while the roar of artillery spread the news far and wide: the Emperor having resumed his position took off his bonnet, then bowing to his audience, energetically addressed them—

"Gentlemen, electors of colleges, of departments and arrondissements—gentlemen, deputies from the army and navy to the Champ de Mai!

"Emperor, consul, soldier! I hold every thing from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the rule as well as the constant object of my thoughts and actions. Like the King of Athens, I sacrificed myself for the people, in the hope to witness the realization of the promise given to guarantee to France her national integrity, her honour, and her rights.

"Indignant to behold those sacred rights, acquired by twenty-five years of victory, slighted and lost for ever, the cry of insulted French honour, together with the wishes of the nation, have brought me back to that throne which is dear to me because it is the palladium of the independence, of the honour, and of the rights of the people.

"Frenchmen! in my progress, amidst the general joy, through the different provinces of the empire to my capital, I had every reason to reckon upon a long peace. Nations are bound by the treaties concluded by their governments, whatever they may be. My thoughts were then wholly engaged with the means to found our liberty on a constitution conformable to the wishes as well as the interests of the people. I convoked the Champ de Mai.

"I was soon apprized that those princes who have violated all principles, who have shocked the public opinion, together with the dearest interests of so many nations, design to make war upon us. They meditate the increase of the kingdom of the Netherlands; they would give it for barriers all our northern frontier fortresses; they would make up the quarrels which still divide them, by sharing among themselves Lorraine and Alsace. It was necessary, therefore, to prepare for war.

"However, before personally exposing myself to the risk of battles, my first care was to give without delay a constitution to the nation. The people has accepted the act which I presented.

"Frenchmen! when we shall have repelled these unjust aggressions, when Europe shall feel convinced of what is due to the rights as well as to the independence of twenty-eight millions of Frenchmen, a solemn law, enacted according to the forms prescribed by the constitutional act, shall combine the various provisions of our constitution that are now scattered.

"Frenchmen! you are about to return to your departments. Tell the citizens that circumstances are arduous!—that with union, energy, and perseverance, we shall come off victorious from this struggle of a great people against its oppressors; that future generations will severely scrutinize our conduct; that a nation will have lost all when it shall have lost its independence. Tell them that the foreign kings—whom I either raised to the throne, or who are indebted to me for the preservation of their crowns, who all, in the time of my prosperity, courted my alliance, as also the protection of the French people—are now aiming their blows at my person. If I had not seen that it is against the country that they are really directed, I would place at their mercy this life, against which they manifest such animosity. But tell the citizens also, that while the French shall retain for me the sentiments of love, of which they give me so many unequivocal proofs, this rage of our enemies will be impotent.

"Frenchmen! my will is that of the people; my rights are their rights, my honour, my glory, my happiness, can never be distinct from the honour, the glory, and the happiness of France."

Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Marie Louise!" "Vive la nation!" rent the air, and for some time interrupted the proceedings: when the popular zeal had subsided, the Grand Almoner approached the throne, and kneeling, presented the gospels to the Emperor, who, having kissed them with great fervour, took the prescribed oath in the following terms, with an audible voice:—

"I swear to observe the constitutions of the empire, and to cause them to be observed."

The Arch-chancellor then advanced to the foot of the throne, and swore "obedience to the constitutions of the empire, also to the Emperor," which was repeated with deafening acclamations by the whole assembled multitude.

Te Deum was next sung by the choristers appointed: when the steps to the throne were cleared, the eagles from the wings of the meeting, and those borne by the Ministers of War, of the interior, and of the marine, pressed forward into the centre of the area, forming one long dazzling mass of gold, that extended from the tribune of the altar to the throne. On this Napoleon threw off his Imperial mantle, leaving himself clothed with a short crimson tunic, then leaping from his throne, with an animation of manner and forcible expression of countenance, that excited a deep interest in all present, advanced to meet his eagles. Beat of drum, together with the waving of swords by the officers, commanded silence, he then took the standards in his hand, and kissing them, returned them to his three ministers, when he thus addressed the military:—

"Soldiers of the National Guard of the Empire!—Soldiers of the land and sea forces, I entrust to you the Imperial Eagle of the national colours; you will swear to defend it, at the expense of your blood, against the enemies of the country, and of the throne! you will swear that it shall always be your rallying sign! you swear it."

The concluding sentence, was echoed and re-echoed by the numerous soldiery present, each of them most emphatically shouted, "We swear it —we swear it."

The drums beat, the trumpets sounded, amidst the most exhilarating martial music; shortly after the Emperor attended by his court, traversed the area, passed the altar, and crossing between files of soldiers, mounted the platform in the rear, and seated himself on the throne; the steps on each of the four sides of the structure, were occupied by his Field-marshals, and the great dignitaries of the Empire. The scene presented to the eye was one of uncommon magnificence; the open throne, on which the monarch was now seated, appeared as if it were a glittering pyramid of arms; and eagles that here and there displayed the flags of the lancers, crowned by the undulating white plumes worn by the enthroned Emperor, flanked on every side by such countless multitudes, that the sloping banks seemed but one continuous mass of heads:—the man—the occasion—the object—every thing combined to give sublimity to the spectacle. The ceremony was now drawing to a conclusion, the Emperor in his character of Colonel of the National Guards of Paris, as also of the Imperial Guard, proceeded to distribute the eagles to the presidents of the department, to the chief of his guard, and the officers of the six arrondissements of the metropolis; on receiving which, the national guard swore "never to suffer the capital to be polluted by the presence of a foreign army"—while the imperial guard pledged itself by oath, "to exceed its former prowess," swearing "to die rather than let foreigners dictate laws to their country." The whole army exhibiting its eagles filed in admirable order before the throne, and at four o'clock the procession left the amphitheatre, in nearly the same manner in which it had arrived, the departure being announced by the batteries at the military school, and the cannon placed on the bridge of Jena.

The official description of this imposing ceremonial which exhibited the uncommon sight of a great people forming a free and public contract with their chief magistrate, stated, that—

"Every thing that could interest and elevate the soul—the prayers of religion—the compact of a great people with their sovereign—France represented by the selection of her citizens, agriculturists, merchants, magistrates, and warriors, collected around the throne—an immense population covering the Champ de Mai, and joining in vows for the great object of that magnificent ceremony—all excited the most ardent enthusiasm of which the most memorable epochs have left us any recollection."

On the 7th June, the Emperor went in state to instal the legislature. In a speech at once moderate and masculine, delivered with great energy, he congratulated the members on the commencement of a constitutional monarchy, and strenuously urged them to imitate the senate of a great people of antiquity, by swearing "to die rather than survive the dishonour and degradation of France." He requested "their support, to enable him to carry on a war which circumstances had rendered unavoidable;" at the same time expressed his wish, that they would give the additional Act, as well as all other subjects of national interest, their gravest consideration, observing, that "it would afford him the greatest proof possible, of their confidence in his administration of their affairs, if they would suggest whatever alterations they might deem improvements," which, he assured them, "should meet with ready acquiescence from him." The legislative body, from the first, evinced a marked disposition to assert its independence: they elected their chief officers from amongst those who had formerly been opposed to the political conduct of Napoleon; but they engaged to use every effort to maintain the honour and the dignity of France. The peers promised to be neither seduced by victory nor depressed by adversity; to which Bonaparte pithily replied, "the struggle in which we are engaged is serious; it is under the yoke of the caudine forks that our enemies would now force us to pass, with disgrace, as the Samnites did the Roman army, under Veturius." The Emperor declared the satisfaction he felt in "discovering his own sentiments in those expressed by the two Chambers," adding, "I shall shortly depart, to place myself at the head of the army, which has already marched to the frontier."

Thus, the moment was fast approaching, when the fate of Europe was to be decided by a battle of the most sanguinary character—a battle more tremendous in its immediate effects—more important in its ultimate consequences, than any engagement of modern times;—a contest that was to involve, not only the life of Field-marshal Ney, but also the utter ruin of Napoleon Bonaparte.

If unwearied perseverance, in pursuit of a given object, aided by unremitting industry, as well as upheld by the most strenuous efforts, coupled with healthful vigour of intellect and first-rate talent, can distinguish a man from the great mass of his fellows, these qualities were certainly displayed, in the most exemplary manner, by Napoleon Bonaparte, during the period of his second reign, which was comprised in what is usually denominated, the "Hundred Days,"—always rapid in his movements, few, if any sluggish hours ever marked his career; to all that he thought worthy his notice, he ever applied his sterling abilities with the most energetic promptitude; yet, however extraordinary might heretofore have been his exertions, they were most assuredly exceeded by those which he brought into action at this eventful period; every thing was attended to with an assiduity, carried forward with a degree of precision, that called forth even the admiration of his most determined enemies; that did not fail to alarm even the allied sovereigns, backed as they were by a host of warriors, so far outnumbering those which the Emperor of the French could bring into the field. So gigantic were his operations at this epoch, as compared with his means, that in future times they will be considered as a second edition of "the labours of Hercules."

He had strongly fortified Paris, as well as all the positions in advance of that metropolis, on the streams of the Aube, the Marne, and the Seine, not even omitting the passes of the Vosgesian Hills: the important city of Lyons had equally shared in his solicitude; it was defended by very formidable outworks: the foundries were incessantly at work; new trains of artillery appeared almost as rapidly as mushrooms: the commissariat were kept continually on the alert, to provide an ample supply to the armies: he regularly attended to the duties of his administrative functions; nothing was suffered to fall into arrear. Field-marshal Massena, at Metz—Field-marshal Suchet, on the Swiss frontier—had, under their command, divisions which the Emperor judged to be fully equal to keep the Austrian Prince Schwartzenberg in check for some considerable time, since, he calculated, that should the imperial generalissimo be able to drive them into the interior, the fortresses behind could not fail to detain him much longer. The army of the north, which was already in motion, afforded evident conviction of his vigilance: it counted in its ranks eighty-five thousand infantry of the line, nearly all veterans, together with twenty-five thousand of his imperial guards; also twenty-five thousand cavalry, superiorly mounted, full of enthusiasm, in the highest condition, and completely disciplined; three thousand seven hundred sappers, miners, &c.; three hundred pieces of artillery admirably served; added to which, each corps had its parks of reserve: thus, his muster-roll was swelled to at least one hundred and thirty-five thousand men, who had been carefully selected by himself: an army that, if not the most numerous, was, perhaps, the most perfect force with which he had ever taken the field.

After the most mature deliberation, Napoleon, who believed that he possessed the secret good will, not only of the Belgian army, but also of the Belgic people, determined to commence the operations of the campaign, by an attack upon the Prussians, and the English, whom he considered as the most alert of his enemies, before the armies of the north should be able to debouch upon Manheim to co-operate by their right wing with Lord Wellington and Field-marshal Blucher, and by their left with Prince Schwartzenberg. He calculated that, should he gain a victory, it would not only place the allies in a hostile country, as he had no doubt Belgium would then prove itself, but that it would also effect a change in the policy of the British Cabinet. He further expected, that in the event of his success, that the Belgic troops, as well as those of the left bank of the Rhine, would again range themselves under his banners: thus he still entertained hopes that he should be able to shatter the confidence of the European confederacy by some daring battle or splendid atchievement such as had characterized his earlier and more successful campaigns.

Having arranged all his affairs, civil as well as military, Bonaparte left Paris at three o'clock in the morning, 12th June, 1815, breakfasted at Soissons, inspected the works of the town, as also its garrison; then pushed on to Laon, where he slept, and gave the last orders for the defence of that important position On the 13th June, 1815, he reached Avesnes, a frontier town of France, in the south of the department of Nord, on the high road from Paris to Brabant, where he carefully examined the fortifications of the place, also held a consultation with his Field-marshals and commanders on the 14th June, 1815. By a rapid simultaneous movement, the armies of the Moselle, of the Ardennes, and of Laon, forming the whole of the troops destined to act under his own immediate orders, united upon the extreme frontier of Belgium, almost at the same hour; movements, that by the exactitude of their execution, exemplified in the face of day the great military talents of a master mind in the art of war; at the same time they gave a happy presage of future success, while they gave a stimulus to every French officer, to render himself worthy of his enterprising experienced Emperor. When Napoleon on leaving his capital entered his carriage he exclaimed, "I go to measure myself against Wellington."

In the evening the general order was read at the head of every division, 14th June, 1815, dated from Avesnes.

"Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We put faith in the protestations, we believed in the oath of princes whom we left on their thrones! Now, however, coalesced among themselves they would destroy the independence as well as the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of all unjust aggressions. Let us march, then, to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers! at Jena, against those same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against three, and at Montmirail, one against six!

"Let those among you who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries that they suffered!

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to lend their arms to the cause of princes, the enemies of justice, as also of the rights of all tions. they know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, it must devour the states of the second rank of Germany.

"The madmen! a moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb.

"Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with steadiness victory will be ours; the rights, the honour, the happiness of the country will be reconquered.

"To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish." (Signed) "NAPOLEON."

The oration produced all the effect that could have been anticipated: it was received with almost continuous *vivas:* the soldiers felt flattered, and became, in the truest sense of the word, fully imbued with all the enterprizing spirit of their Commander-in-chief.

The allied forces at this time remained in perfect security, in their respective cantonments: the veteran Field-marshal Blucher, who communicated on his right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Lord Wellington, had with him about one hundred thousand men, extending along the line of the rivers Sambre and Meuse: who occupied

Charleroy, a town in the Netherlands, in the county Namur, seated on the stream of the Sambre, eighteen miles west of Namur, thirty-two miles south of Brussels.

Namur, capital of the province bearing its name, defended by a castle, erected on a craggy rock, in the middle of the town, as well as by several forts, seated between two mountains, at the confluence of the stream of the Meuse with the waters of the Sambre, in 4° 45′ east longitude, 50° 29′ north latitude, twenty-four miles west-south-west of Leige, thirty-two miles south east of Brussels

Givet, a fortified frontier town of France, in the department of Ardennes, divided into two parts by the waters of the Meuse, one called Givet Saint Hilaire, seated at the foot of a mountain close by Charlemont; the other on the opposite side of the river named Givet Notre Dame, fifteen miles north-east of Rocroy.

Liege, a large populous city, four miles in circumference, capital of the province of the same name, in the Netherlands, in 5° 35′ east longitude, 50° 38′ north latitude; sixty miles west-south-west of Cologne. Here the Meuse is divided into three branches, which, after passing through the town under several bridges, unite again into one stream.

The Duke of Wellington's army was not composed, like either that of Napoleon or of Field-marshal Blucher, of troops of the same nation, for although he also commanded a hundred thousand men, not quite thirty thousand were British, and of these, but few veterans, the rest were Brunswickers, Hanoverians, with Dutch and Belgian Nassau troops; these communicated with Field-marshal Blucher's right at Charleroy: the first division of the Duke's army occupied

Enghien, a Netherland town in Hainault, fifteen miles south west of Bruxelles, on the road to Tournay.

Brain le Comte, a Netherland town in Hainault, fifteen miles south-south-west of Brussels.

Nivelles, a Netherland town in Brabant, seated on the stream of the Thienne, fifteen miles south of Brussels.

The second division under Lord Hill, was cantoned in

Halle, a Netherland town in Hainault, seated on the waters of the Sienne, ten miles south-south-west of Brussels.

Oudenard, a Netherland town in east Flanders, in the middle of which is a strong fort, seated on both sides of the stream of the Scheldt, twelve miles south of Ghent, twenty-nine miles west of Bruxelles.

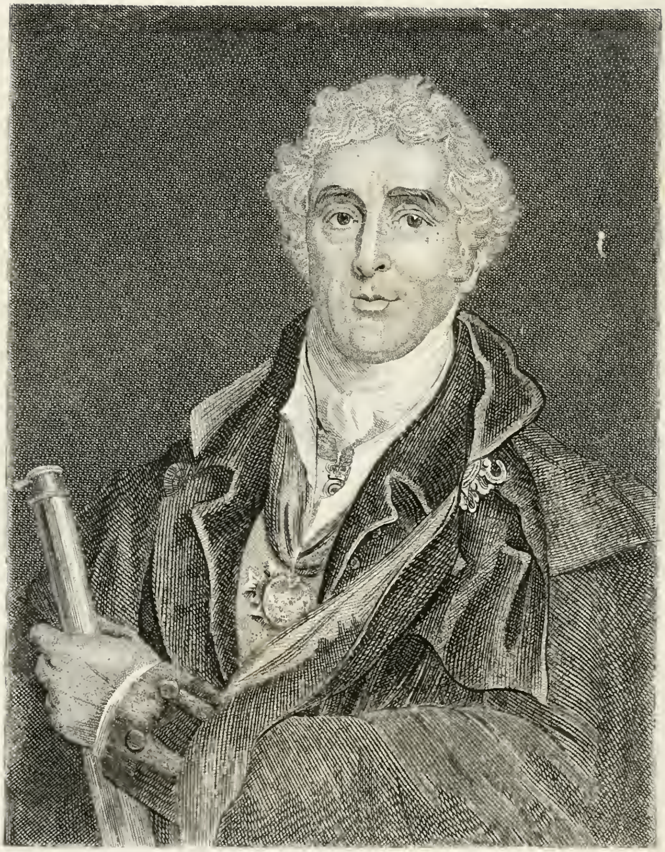
Grammont, a Flemish town, seated on both borders of the waters of the Dender, eighteen miles north-east of Tournay.

The Reserve under General Sir Thomas Picton, were stationed at Brussels and Ghent. As it was uncertain where Napoleon would make his assault, these arrangements were made by the British and Prussian Commanders-in-Chief, that they might be able to support each other against whatever point Bonaparte might direct his onset, indeed, had they been assured that Brussels was his object, it would still have been a question by which of the three great roads he would advance, that of Charleroy, that of Namur, or that of Mons, a strongly fortified Netherland town, capital of Hainault, standing partly on a hill, partly on a plain, on the waters of the Trouille, in 3° 57′ east longitude, 50° 27′ north latitude, thirty miles south south-west of Brussels. It is true, that arch traitor Fouché, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, even after he last accepted office under Napoleon, continued to maintain a disgraceful correspondence with Louis XVIII., who was resident at Ghent, in which he engaged to furnish the allies, ere it began, with the outline of the Emperor's plan of the campaign. This artful perfidious minister of police, however, true to no party, was extremely careful that the document which conveyed his treachery should not arrive until the business was decided.

In the night of the 14th June, 1815, Napoleon ascertained from his spies, that his movements during the two preceding days were unknown, either at Namur or Brussels: this buoyed him up with the expectation that he should be able to attack the Prussian general with advantage before his corps should have sufficient time to unite with the Anglo-Belgic army.

The cool, cautious disposition of the Duke of Wellington, as well as his very deliberate, methodical, determined manner of acting upon every emergency, formed a striking contrast with the brusque hussar habits of the old Field-marshal, whose prompt decision under difficult circumstances, added to his wonted activity, rendered it more than likely that the Prussian army would be the first concentrated, as also that if Blucher should have only two battalions ready to act, he would not hesitate to employ them in support of the English general, whereas there was good reason to believe, that unless his whole army was prepared for action, that the duke would not risk an attack on the French to assist Field-marshal Blucher. It was the consideration of the different characters of these two highly gifted commanders that decided Bonaparte to direct his attack in the first instance against the Prussian troops.

At daybreak, on the 15th June, 1815, the French columns began to move forward: the van-guard of the Prussians was surprised and driven back at the point of the bayonet: the corps under the French general Reille, continued in pursuit to Marchiennes, a Netherland town in the province of Hainault, seated in a morass on the stream of the Sambre, eighteen miles east by south of Mons. Having secured the bridge, Napoleon's army crossed the river and advanced on the road towards Brussels, with a design to intercept the garrison of Charleroy, should it attempt to



Wellington

London, J Pattie 4 Brydges

retire in that direction: this at once revealed the purpose of the French Emperor, namely:—to crush Field-marshal Blucher before he could concentrate all his own strength, far less be supported by the advance of the Duke of Wellington: then to rush on at once to Brussels, which, had all Bonaparte's calculations held good, must have fallen an easy prey to him. General Ziethen, however, held out for some time at Charleroy, though with severe loss, then fell back in tolerable order on an advantageous position, near Ligny, a village of the Netherlands, in the province of Namur, three miles north-east of Fleurus, eleven miles north-west of the city of Namur, principally celebrated for a battle fought there, which was the prelude to the great Battle of Waterloo. The French light cavalry swept the left bank of the river Sambre as far as Charleroy, where there were large magazines, of which they took possession before the Prussians could destroy the bridge: another corps of the French occupied the road to Namur, while the rest of the troops were quartered in the numerous villages of that rich and populous country. The Prussians, surprised at this sudden attack which they had not contemplated, retired upon Fleurus, from thence to Ligny, where Field-marshal Blucher was concentrating his force, determined to await the advance of Napoleon. The success at Charleroy elevated the spirits, and confirmed the confidence of the French army, which was joined by the Belgic villagers with reiterated shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" In these affairs Bonaparte made fifteen hundred prisoners, took six pieces of ordnance, and destroyed four Prussian regiments with very little loss. During the night, 15th June, 1815, a Prussian officer arrived at the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters, bringing intelligence of Napoleon's decisive operations: orders were forthwith despatched to all the cantonments of the duke's army, for the whole of the divisions to concentrate by eleven o'clock on the following evening, Friday, 16th June, 1815, on the left, at Quatrebras, a farm-house, so called because it is there the roads from Charleroy to Bruxelles, and from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 16th June, 1815, those columns of the French army that were still on the right bank of the stream of the Sambre, effected their passage across that river and marched forward. The command of the left wing was given by Bonaparte to the bravest of the brave, Field-marshal Ney, whose instructions were to attack vigorously and instantly whatever force of the enemy he might find on the Brussels road, and to post himself on the other side of Quatrebras, during which the Emperor said, "Marshal, you are well acquainted with the position of Quatrebras?" 'Yes, sire,' replied Ney, 'how can it be otherwise? Twenty years ago I served in this country: the position of Quatrebras is the key to all the rest.' "Well," said the Emperor, "rally your two corps, and should it be necessary, throw up some redoubts: hasten the march of General Erlong, and let him recal all the detachments he has left on the bridges over the Sambre: the whole must be assembled before midnight." Ney instantly replied 'Depend on it sire, in two hours we shall be at Quatrebras, unless all the enemy's army be there!'

Napoleon, with about sixty thousand men, reserved to himself the task of dealing with the Prussians: nevertheless, on coming up from Charleroy, about noon on the 16th June, 1815, he hesitated in deciding whether Field-marshal Blucher at Ligny, or the English at Quatrebras, ought to form the main object of his attack: he was not, however, long in making his election: the Anglo-Belgic army was not yet concentrated; the Prussian, save one division, was; he therefore resolved to assault the former with the main strength of his troops. Bonaparte's army had taken its position: General Vandamme's corps was before Fleurus: General Girard's occupied the centre: the two corps of light infantry, under the command of Field-marshal Grouchy, were on the extreme right: the imperial guard, both infantry and cavalry, occupied the second line behind Fleurus: Napoleon, with a very slender escort, inspected the whole line, ascended the heights, and entered the mills. He quickly reconnoitred the Prussian army, the left wing of which was at the village of Sombref, the centre at Ligny, the right at St. Amand, while the reserves were posted on the heights of Bry. The whole front was covered by a deep ravine which connected the three villages. This position, though very stong in itself, appeared at first somewhat extraordinary, seeing that Quatrebras, being in the rear, left the Prussian right completely exposed. Napoleon calculated this army to amount to ninety thousand men; that on one hand it awaited the arrival of General Bulow's corps from Liege, on the other, the Anglo-Belgian army from Quatrebras. Both these operations could not take place until the next day, the 17th June, 1815. It was therefore evident that the veteran Field-marshal had imagined he could deceive Napoleon, thus gain a day and a night, which would afford sufficient time for his reserves to join, as well as for the English troops to form on his right, which would have placed in line two hundred thousand men. In this situation Bonaparte made up his mind to commence the attack: the battle began about three o'clock in the afternoon: the whole army changed front, the right wing in advance, while the extreme left formed the pivot of the operation.

Napoleon had repeatedly sent off orders directing Field-marshal Ney to attack with his accustomed impetuosity all that portion of the enemy's force which lay before him. At noon he expressed his dissafaction that the Field-marshal had not yet taken arms, but was still in his bivouac; he repeated his orders to attack Quatrebras with all possible vigour, as according to the accounts he had received from Brussels, there were then only a few Belgian troops near the farm-house; the English army not having yet assembled, while it was also ignorant of all that was passing, so late as eleven o'clock of the 15th June, 1815. The Emperor again directed that as soon as Field-marshal Ney, should have established his position in front of Quatrebras, he should follow the orders he had already received, to send off a detachment by the high-road to Namur, to take the Prussian army in the rear, the situation of which Napoleon accurately described. This movement had it been effected, would in all probability have occasioned the total ruin of the veteran Blucher's army: so firmly was the Emperor persuaded of this, that he closed his instructions to Colonel Forbin Jansen, the officer whom he despatched to Field-marshal Ney, with these remarkable words, "Tell him that the fate of France is in his hands."

The village of St. Amand, was carried at the point of the bayonet, by the French General Vandamme. As it formed the key of the Prussian position Field-marshal Blucher made the most desperate efforts to recover it; he placed him at the head of a battalion, then assailed the French ranks so vigorously, that one end of the village was again occupied by his troops. At five o'clock in the afternoon the battle became general; but the principal exertions of the combatants were directed against Ligny. At that

Published by W. Lochhead, Printer, Berwick

place a murderous scene commenced with such fury, continued with such inveteracy as had hardly been equailed in former contests between the French and Prussians, notwithstanding the deadly hatred known to exist between them. Each soldier acted as if to avenge his own personal quarrel. Neither party seem disposed either to ask or give quarter. Fresh troops on both sides were continually brought into the field of action: each party brought two hundred pieces of cannon into play against the village, which was on fire, at one and the same time in several places. The heights of St. Haye, which had been three times carried by storm, and as often retaken, now remained in possession of the Prussians; this seemed to give a favourable turn to their affairs, but the general fortune of the day, evidently rested with Napoleon. The veteran Blucher, alarmed at the progress made by the French, gallantly led his division into the hottest of the fire, and did not leave a single corps in reserve, by which movement, he still preserved a strong position in the rear of Ligny. Bonaparte, from the commencement of the contest, with his usual tact, had manouvred in such a manner as to obtain the power, at the proper moment, to direct a superior force beyond the ravine: the moment had now arrived! eight battalions of the guards melted into one formidable column, supported by four squadrons of cavalry, two regiments of cuirassiers, and the horse-grenadiers of the guard, traversed Ligny at the *pas-de-charge*. They advanced into the ravine, then began to ascend the heights, under a most galling discharge of grape and musketry from the Prussians: the carnage was dreadful, but the French soldiers sustained their loss with great gallantry. When they reached the Prussian line, they made such a tremendous impression that the ground was almost instantly covered with the slain; the centre of the Prussians was entirely broken; the communication between their wings became endangered. The old Field-marshal put forth all his energies, his endeavours however to arrest the progress of Napoleon's troops were fruitless. Blucher's horse was shot under him; the veteran lay entangled under his charger, while the French cavalry in pursuit, trampled over the aged General, and returned without recognizing him. At length the Prussians retreated from the field, in various directions, leaving forty pieces of cannon, six standards, together with a vast number of prisoners, in the hands of the victors. The darkness of the night alone saved the army of Field-marshal Blucher from utter destruction: the Prussian acknowledged his loss to be nothing short of twenty-five thousand men; while that of the French was estimated at between seven and eight thousand. Napoleon ordered his right wing, consisting of thirty-six thousand men, with two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, under the command of Marshal Grouchy, to pursue the flying Prussians, while he himself, turned his attention towards the army, under the Duke of Wellington.

Whilst the centre and right of the French army, were gaining these advantages, some serious faults were committed by the left. Field-marshal Ney had not, as he ought to have done, occupied the position of Quatre-bras on the evening of the 15th June, 1815: the Prince of Orange, whose head-quarters were at Nivelles, at break of day on the 16th June, 1815, marched with a brigade to Quatrebras, to reinforce the brigade under Prince Bernard stationed there; thus that important position, during a great portion of the day, was occupied by a force not exceeding nine thousand men! as Field-marshal Ney had not, so late as two o'clock in the afternoon, made any attempt to obtain that object; indeed, notwithstanding repeated orders so to do. he did not even advance on the farm-house position, until he heard a heavy cannonade, in the direction of Ligny. It is impossible to say what fatality occasioned him not to move forward with all the troops under his command, or what could induce him to leave the light-horse of the guard in the rear. Be that as it may, he advanced with only three divisions of General Rielle's corps, which with the cavalry and artillery amounted to twenty thousand men, leaving behind him two thousand picked horse-soldiers, as well as the eighteen thousand infantry of the first corps, which shortly afterwards marched to Fleurus.

The tirailleurs, under the Prince of Orange, were soon driven back, and the whole Belgic legion would inevitably have been destroyed, had not the Brunswick corps first, and the division under General Picton, together with the Duke of Wellington, in half an hour after, arrived on the field of battle. The English, however, had but a small number of cavalry, and very little artillery: the troops were fatigued by a long march of nearly twenty-seven miles in a hot day: nevertheless, they fought bravely, but lost ground, not being able to resist the intrepid ardour of the French. The Duke of Brunswick fell in the battle. The cuirassiers in repeated impetuous charges did great execution. The third battalion of the Royal Scots, the forty-second, forty-fourth, and ninety-second regiments were reduced to mere skeletons: the square of the forty-second was penetrated and its Colonel killed. About four o'clock in the afternoon, victory seemed to have declared for the French, when the opportune arrival of two divisions of the guards, turned the scale. The Duke of Wellington secured the disputed position, while Field-marshal Ney was obliged to fight with great desperation until night, in order to maintain his own: the action was very sanguinary: the French admitted their loss to be four thousand men: that of the English was returned in the official despatches of the Duke, at three thousand: the enemy rated it at more than eight thousand. By the great exertions that Field marshal Ney made with about twenty-two thousand, some idea may be formed of what he might have atchieved with his forty-five thousand men, had he brought them all, as unquestionably he should have done, into the field. He certainly committed an almost unpardonable error, when he neglected to occupy Quatrebras before noon on the 16th June, 1815, seeing that no obstacle then existed. Had he established himself with his whole force in this position at ten o'clock in the morning, the great road of Nivelles would have been cut off, which would have compelled all the English troops stationed in the environs of that town, to have concentrated at Genappe, a town in Brabant, seated on the waters of the Dyle, defended by an ancient castle, fifteen miles south-east of Bruxelles. It would have been impossible for even the Duke of Wellington to have attacked an army in position, without either artillery or cavalry, while his troops were harrassed by arriving successively. On the 16th, therefore, his grand object would have been to assemble his troops in some position in the rear of Genappe, in order to be prepared to act on the 17th June, 1815; then Field-marshal Ney, if he had despatched the first corps by the road of Quatrebras, to the villages of Marbois and Sombref, only two leagues distant, would have occasioned the total destruction of the Prussian army.

The French soldiers never fought more courageously, never felt more confident of victory in their most celebrated engagements, than they displayed during these contests: but it cannot be denied that several of the French generals, not excepting even Field-marshal Ney himself, were no longer the same men: they no longer retained that energy; no longer exercised that spirit of brilliant enterprise that once distinguished them, at the same time that it contributed to achieve the most splendid triumphs: their personal bravery still remained; but they had become timid as well as circumspect in all their operations. The question with them, during the hundred days, was, "who should least compromise himself?" The soldiers were not backward to perceive this change in the bearing of their commanders. Ever ready to believe themselves betrayed, it operated upon their minds to the exclusion of all confidence in any but Napoleon himself.

At eleven o'clock at night, Bonaparte became acquainted with the result of the attack on Quatrebras. He immediately issued orders to Field-marshal Ney, to attack the Anglo-Belgic army at break of day, when he himself would turn its left flank. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Napoleon, at full gallop, arrived at Quatrebras, when he found the Anglo-Belgic army retreating, but no appearance of Ney, who had suffered himself to be imposed upon by false reports, which represented the Prussian army to have joined the English troops. Bonaparte, however, did not lose a minute: he made a battery of twenty-four pieces of horse artillery, which he placed in advance; then put himself at the head of a corps of cavalry, and pursued the Anglo-Belgic troops, sword in hand. The rain poured down in torrents: the roads had been completely broken up by the marching and countermarching of the retreating armies: the consequence was, that Napoleon was obliged to march his troops through fields of standing corn, which were soon trodden into a swamp. Had it not been for the delay thus occasioned, the English army, obliged to defile through the narrow streets, and over the bridge of Genappe, would have been placed in extreme peril. In the evening, after some severe encounters, the retreating army halted at Soignes, a Netherland town in Hainault, seated on the stream of the Sienne, eight miles north-north-east of Mons. Napoleon ordered his troops to bivouac, while he fixed his head-quarters at the farm of Caillou. The relative force of the two contending generals stood thus: Bonaparte had crossed the river Sambre on the 15th June 1815, at the head of one hundred and thirteen thousand men: of this number thirty-five thousand, under the command of Field-marshal Grouchy, were in pursuit of Field-marshal Blucher. Nine thousand were lost at Quatrebras; while sixty-seven thousand, with two hundred and forty pieces of cannon, remained under the immediate command of the Emperor in person. The Anglo-Belgic army, under the Duke of Wellington, counted in its ranks about eighty thousand men, twelve thousand of whom were cavalry, and five thousand artillery.

At ten o'clock at night, 17th June, 1815, Napoleon despatched an officer to acquaint Field-marshal Grouchy, that he intended to wage a great battle on the morrow, 18th June, 1815, he therefore ordered him with the majority of his forces, to manœuvre by St. Lambert, to out-flank the left of the English army, and to join the French on the right. At two o'clock in the morning, 18th June, 1815, a despatch from Field-marshal Grouchy announced that the Prussian Field-marshal had given him the slip; that uncertain as to the route he had taken, he, Grouchy, had only advanced six miles on the previous day, 17th June, 1815. Another messenger followed with information that the Prussian had proceeded to Waveren, a Netherland town, in South Brabant, situated on the stream of the Dyle, twelve miles south of Louvain.

whither he would be pursued at day-break. Another officer was immediately despatched by Napoleon, with a duplicate of his former orders to Field-marshal Grouchy.

When the Duke of Wellington became aware that the Prussian Generalissimo was on the march to Waveren, he immediately gave orders for his army to fall back from Quatrebras, having previously declared that if ever it should devolve upon him to defend Brussels, it should be in advance of the forest of Soignes, on the field of Waterloo, ten miles south of that city: for this purpose, all his arrangements were made early on the evening of the 17th June, 1815; his position was well chosen, on a rising ground, with a gentle and regular declivity before it, in front of the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of Waterloo, beyond this was a plain, in breadth nearly a mile, while the heights of La Belle Alliance, upon which the French would of course form their line, were opposite. The Duke's line was convex, dropping back towards the forest at either extremity; the right to the village of Mark Braine, the left to that of Ter-la-Haye; the castle and gardens of Hougomont, the farm-house, as well as the enclosures of La Haye Sainte, about fifteen hundred yards apart on the slope of the declivity, were strongly occupied, and formed the outworks. The opening of the road through the wood of Ohain, leading directly from Waveren to Mont St. Jean, was guarded by the British left. In the event that the French should force the Duke from his first position, the village of Mont St. Jean, further back Waterloo, lastly the great forest of Soignes, successively offered means to resume the defence, as well as protect his retreat; the object of the Duke was to hold his antagonist at bay, until the Prussian advance should enable him to charge the French with superior numbers; on the other hand, it was the great policy of Napoleon to drive the English commander before Field-marshal Blucher could disengage himself from Field-marshal Grouchy, and debouch from the woods of Ohain.

Perhaps a more stormy night than that which preceded the great battle of Waterloo, is not on record; thunder, lightning, heavy drenching rain descending in torrents, accompanied by furious blasts of wind, continued until morning, when the tempest abated. Both armies had to sustain this inclemency, each being obliged to bivouac in an open situation. Napoleon frequently expressed his surprise at the position the Duke had taken at Quatrebras; while at breakfast, Bonaparte observed, "We have eighty chances out of a hundred in our favour," at that moment, Field-marshal Ney entered, who said, 'no doubt, sire, if Wellington had been simple enough to remain there; but I come to inform you, that he is actually retreating, and that if you do not attack him speedily he will escape you!' About eight o'clock the weather began to brighten; the Emperor reconnoitred: his opinion was that the troops might manœuvre on the surrounding grounds. He gave orders to arrange for battle; all was in motion. Napoleon stationed himself on an eminence, near the farm of La Belle Alliance, from whence he could command a view of the whole operations, whether of the enemy's wings or those of his own army. He had at hand all the reserves, in order that he might dispose of them with the utmost rapidity, or place himself at their head, to remedy any unexpected movement on the part of his opponents.

Napoleon distributed his troops with his wonted skill; his intention was to penetrate the centre of the English army, thus cut off its retreat by the forest, which would effect its entire destruction. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the Emperor, fully persuaded that Field-marshal Grouchy must be in motion, caused the signal to be fired for the commencement of the battle. Prince Jerome, the Emperor's brother, immediately proceeded against the wood of Hougomont, where General Cook's division of the English guards was posted. The attack was conducted with great impetuosity. The wood was alternately taken and retaken; the combatants fought for some time, without retreating a single step: the event was doubtful, until General Foy's division came up; then a battery of howitzers set fire to the house, when the English were compelled to abandon the wood, also the orchards; at this moment, troops were seen advancing at the distance of about six miles, on the side of St. Lambert. Bonaparte supposed this to be Grouchy's division, but was quickly given to understand that they were thirty thousand Prussians, under the command of General Bulow. The Count De Lobau was immediately despatched at the head of seven thousand men, to keep Bulow's troops in check: as the Emperor expected by the advance of Field-marshal Grouchy, they would speedily be placed between the two, he felt little uneasiness from this circumstance, quite satisfied that he was still more than a match for his enemy, notwithstanding the detachment had somewhat weakened his force.

At this period Napoleon ordered Field-marshal Ney to commence the intended attack upon La Haye Sainte, which was the support of the English centre. Under cover of the fire from eighty pieces of cannon, the French infantry advanced. The English were immovable; they sustained for a considerable time the furious assaults of the French with admirable firmness. At length, however, the hussars, light dragoons, and the German legion, unable longer to resist the impetuous charges of the French cuirassiers, were driven from their most important positions, leaving the ground covered with their slain. The heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scotch Greys, then rushed upon the French columns with such irresistible impetuosity, that the French fell into disorder, but their lancers and chasseurs coming up, the English in their turn were forced to retire in confusion. Deeds of valour, such as are but rarely witnessed, marked the conduct of the troops on both sides. This seemed to have decided the contest. Field-marshal Blucher, speaking of the affair as it stood at this momentous period, says, "Disorder was thrown into the English ranks, the reserves had been advanced into the line, the situation of the Duke was extremely critical; the fire of the musketry continued along the front, the artillery had retired to the second line." The Belgians, with numerous bands of fugitives, fled to Brussels. The road in the forest of Soignes was choked with artillery and baggage-waggons, deserted by their drivers. These indications of a retreat were observed by Bonaparte, who considered the victory certain: in the excess of his exultation, he exclaimed, "They are ours: I have them." In this opinion Field-marshal Soult, as well as all his other generals, concurred.

To secure the advantages he had gained, as well as to strike a decisive blow, Napoleon ordered his guard forward; when an officer arrived with information that the whole of General Bulow's troops had come up, and were rapidly advancing on the rear of the right. This determined Bonaparte to keep his guard in reserve, also to order Field-marshal Ney to fortify La Haye Sainte, at the same time not to make any movement, until the issue of the manœuvres of the Prussians could be ascertained. About half-past five o'clock the Prussian fire became very brisk, which encouraged the

Duke of Wellington to attempt to retake La Haye Sainte. Field-marshal Ney repulsed this attempt victoriously, but, carried away by his boiling courage, he forgot his orders, charged at the head of General Milhaud's cuiressiers and the light calvary of the guard, and, amidst the applause of the army, carried the heights of Mont St. Jean till then inaccesible. This ill-judged, ill-timed, hazardous movement was a source of great vexation to Bonaparte, who was quite aware of the mischief it might cause, at this most critical moment: well knowing that the Duke of Wellington would not fail to advance upon the cavalry. Field-marshal Kellerman's cuirassiers were instantly ordered forward, to extricate "the bravest of the brave" from his perilous situation; either from misdirection or spontaneously, the horse-grenadiers and dragoons of the guard followed the cuirassiers: a sanguinary conflict, that lasted two hours, took place at all points. The French cavalry made numerous brilliant charges, dismounted several batteries, and captured their flags, but they were at the same time exposed to a most destructive fire from the English artillery, which was gallantly served with great effect. Towards the close of this period, the English army having lost the field of battle, was obliged to act on the defensive; the Prussians were also driven back. Notwithstanding Napoleon had been under the necessity to weaken his reserves, by a detachment of four thousand of his young guard, which he sent against the Prussians, yet he ordered the remainder up, in a column of attack, with the intention to place himself at their head, and thus terminate the engagement: the guard began to move exclaiming, "*Vive l' Empereur*," when suddenly the firing of musketry was heard. "There's Grouchy," said the Emperor, "the day is ours." Shouts of joy burst from every rank, while thousands of voices exclaimed "Forward! Forward!"

The English commander, however—who but a few minutes before, in the bitterness of disappointment, had been heard to ejaculate "would to God either Blucher or night would arrive"—was better informed respecting the description of the advancing troops. His most ardent ardent wishes were realized: Blucher's division had arrived. Two brigades of British cavalry, in reserve on the left, entered the line and prepared for the charge. The French cavalry on the heights perceived the reason of this movement, as also the rapid advance of Field-marshal Blucher. Napoleon, who observed the disposition of his cavalry to retreat, instantly marched towards the hamlet of La Haye Sainte, and ordered Field-marshal Ney's column of Grenadier guards to charge: these immediately rushed forward to carry the batteries at the point of the bayonet: they were received with a most tremendous fire, that fearfully swept their ranks, while their flank was assaulted by the English cavalry. At the same time, the advanced columns of Field-marshal Blucher's army, which consisted of thirty thousand men, and which had been mistaken for the force under Field-marshal Grouchy, carried the village of La Haye Sainte by assault. Symptoms of alarm then became general, the whole right was astounded at the circumstance. The French cavalry, as well as the infantry, retreated, during which they were impetuously charged by the English horse. Bonaparte ordered his four squadrons of horse to charge in turn, but they proved too weak to resist the progress of the masses that were now pouring down upon them. Eight battalions of the guard maintained their position in the centre, until, overwhelmed by the advance of the whole Anglo-Belgic army, as well as disorganized by throngs of fugitives, crying *sauve qui peut*, discipline and courage vanished. One last battalion of reserve, the illustrious unfortunate remains of the granite column of the field of Marengo, remained unshaken amidst the tumultuous waves of the battle. The Emperor retired into the ranks of these brave fellows, still commanded by General Cambronne. Napoleon formed them into a square, and advanced at their head to meet the enemy: all his generals, Bertrand, Corbineau, De Flahaut, Druout, Gorgaud, his brother Jerome, Labédoyère, Ney, Soult, and others, drew their swords and became soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of fear for their own lives, were alarmed at the danger which threatened that of the Emperor. They conjured him to withdraw. "Retire," said one of them, "you see that death shuns you." Bonaparte resisted, and ordered them to fire. The officers around him seized the bridle of his charger and forcibly dragged him away. General Cambronne and his brave soldiers crowded around their expiring eagles, and bade Napoleon an eternal adieu! The English, alive to their heroic resistance, entreated them to surrender. "No," said General Cambronne; "the guard can die, but not yield!" At the same moment they all rushed on the enemy, shouting "*Vive l Empereur.*" Thus, victory was confirmed to the Duke of Wellington, by the blood of men perhaps as brave, as intrepid, as fearless, as any that ever existed.

It was arranged between the Prussian and English commanders, that the troops of the former should continue the pursuit of the fugitives by moonlight, while the soldiers of the latter, wearied with hard fighting throughout the day, should halt to take refreshment and obtain some repose. Those who, during these severe contests, had never, by their own valour, gained a single battle, in a spirit of demoniacal revenge, of which British soldiers would have been heartily ashamed, conducted themselves in the most unmerciful, as well as the most ferocious manner: two French generals, after they had been disarmed by these harpies, were inhumanly shot. In short, they savagely butchered all those whose unhappy fate it was to fall into their hands. It is the distinguishing characteristic of genuine courage, to commiserate, not destroy, the conquered enemy, when the fortune of war has placed him within its grasp.

This splendid, as also very decisive victory, however, was not completed but at a great expense of human gore. Whatever the advantage, the carnage was horrible: blood flowed like water, and crimsoned the earth: never were the blows of contending belligerents more formidable, or planted with more deadly effect upon the adversary.

The loss of the French on this memorable day, is stated at forty thousand men. Of the allies the English lost twelve thousand, the Prussians thirty-eight thousand, the Belgians and Dutch eight thousand, the Hanoverians four thousand, making an aggregate of sixty-two thousand men; among the spoil was Napoleon's travelling carriage. Thus, more than a hundred thousand of our fellow creatures were sacrificed to obtain an object that, after all this lavish waste of human life, despite the copious effusion of the sanguine stream, could only be maintained for a short, very short season—namely, the reinstalment of the elder branch of the Bourbons on the throne of France: this, if even it had been permanently accomplished, was certainly a very heavy price for so worthless a subject. When, however, it be taken into consideration that more than ten thousand of Napoleon's guard did not participate in the action, it will be seen that all this destruction of our species was brought about by the unswerving invincible courage of little more than fifty thousand determined veterans, worn out with fatigue in swampy ground, indifferently clad, as well as almost famished; and this, in bearing up against a hundred and thirty thousand well-fed, fighting men, who occupied an almost impregnable position: whether the cause, which they so valorously defended, be approved or otherwise, it is impossible to withhold admiration of their persevering bravery; while the wretched destiny of such heroic beings cannot but fill all well-regulated minds with the most heartfelt sorrow. If any thing can arouse compassionate feelings, and render war hateful to the human race; if it be possible to arrest the attention of mankind to a just appreciation of the calamities, with all the concommitant horrors inflicted on suffering humanity, for the furtherance of inordinate, insatiable ambition, surely the recital of this melancholy conflict will have that effect; or will man never learn that useful lesson, that to be just, kind, and peaceable, is of the utmost importance to the inhabitants of this world?

The timidity with which Field-marshal Grouchy had followed the Prussian commander-in-chief, on the 17th June, 1815, had so raised the confidence of Blucher, that he inferred he might fall upon Napoleon's rear with impunity, which turned out to be the fact. The cannonading at Waterloo was heard while Grouchy was marching towards Waveren: on which General Excelmans proposed to advance to the guns by the right bank of the stream of the Dyle. "Do you not feel," said he to the field-marshal, "that the firing makes the ground tremble under our feet? Let us march straight to the spot where they are fighting." Had this advice been acted upon, it would have saved Napoleon's army: it was disregarded: the marshal slowly continued his movements: the consequence was fatal: by his dilatoriness all was lost. At two o'clock he arrived before Waveren. The corps of General Vandamme, also that of General Girard, endeavoured to open a passage, in which they wasted both men and time to no purpose. At seven o'clock he received, according to his own declaration, the order from the major-general to march to St. Lambert, and attack the Prussian: this movement, however, ought to have suggested itself to him long before that time, both by the tremendous cannonading at Waterloo, as well as by the first despatches received in the morning, which ordered him to draw near to the grand army, in order to place himself in the situation to co-operate in its manœuvres. He did so at last, when it was too late, and crossed the river Dyle. Thus, before the approach of Blucher, when Napoleon said "There's Grouchy," it was really his advanced guard, cannonading the Prussians. At night he halted: next day, however, when he heard of the disastrous termination of "the Battle of Waterloo," he became sensible of the very serious fault he had committed. On the 24th June, 1815, he joined the wreck of the army of St. Jean, with all his baggage and artillery, and marched towards Rheims. During the retreat, Field-marshal Grouchy held parleys with the allies, and was about to sign an armistice, when General Excelmans arrested the Prussian colonel, who was sent to conclude the treaty already agreed upon. It is therefore quite evident that the plans of Bonaparte were well conceived; it is also more than probable that they would have been crowned with success, had it not been for the impetuous indiscretion of Field-marshal Ney, which induced him to violate the orders he had received on one hand, and the gross misconduct, as well as the negligence, of Field-marshal Grouchy on the other: these unlooked-for casualties frustrated all Napoleon's schemes, and brought down irretrievable ruin on his head.

Napoleon, when he left the field of battle, had been fourteen hours on horseback, without having taken any refreshment; in consequence, he was so wearied, that two officers in attendance were obliged to support him on his charger. The fugitives had nearly all taken the road to Genappe, which, from that circumstance, soon became quite encumbered: at this place, therefore, Bonaparte halted, in the hope to restore order, but the commixture of troops of all arms, infantry, cavalry, artillery, all pressing and crowding upon each other, baffled his efforts: the tumult increased with the darkness of the night: the larger portion of the *materiel* of the army was, of necessity, abandoned in the defile. The plunder of the baggage suspended pursuit by the Prussians: the French army began to recover from its first impressions, to forget the perils that still menaced it, to meditate with sadness on the future: no complaint, however, was audible: it had more the appearance of a funeral procession, than a body of warlike men, ready to sacrifice themselves at the shrine of him who was still the object of their idolatry. The gunners followed their guns in silence and preserved their order unbroken.

Napoleon, his mind occupied with his future plans, continued his journey, reached Phillipville, a fortified town in the Netherlands, twenty-two miles south by west of Namur, from whence it was his intention to turn towards Field-marshal Grouchy, to take the command in person of the remaining division of his army, and to leave to Field-marshal Soult the operation to reassemble and rally, at Avesnes, the relics of Waterloo. Here, however, he understood that Field-marshal Blucher was at Charleroy, which was the fact; but this intelligence was coupled with other that was incorrect—namely, that Field-marshal Grouchy had been overtaken, beaten, and made prisoner: the Emperor had no means whereby to test the rectitude of these reports: it was at Phillipville that Bonaparte began seriously to turn his thoughts to the present condition of his affairs: notwithstanding the decided issue of the last engagement, his buoyant mind still indulged the hope to retrieve all he had lost; he despatched orders to Generals Rapp, Lecourbe, and Lamarque, to proceed with their divisions immediately, by forced marches, to Paris, also to the commanders of fortified towns, to defend them to the last extremity. He then dictated to his secretary, Field-marshal Maret, Duke of Bassano, two letters to his brother, Prince Joseph: one intended to be communicated to the council of ministers, that contained a rather imperfect detail of the fatal issue of the late battle; the other, which was meant only for the perusal of the Prince, gave a faithful report of the disastrous defeat and complete rout of the army. In conclusion, he said, "However, all is not lost. I suppose that, on reassembling my forces, I shall still have left a hundred and fifty thousand men; the federates and national guard, who have hearts, will, I expect, furnish a hundred thousand more, while the depôt battalions will furnish at least fifty thousand. Thus, I shall be immediately in a condition to oppose the enemy with an army of three hundred thousand men. I shall be able to supply the artillery with horses by means of those kept for the purpose of luxury; added to this, I mean to levy a hundred thousand conscripts: these I shall arm with the muskets of the royalists, and the ill-disposed national guards. Dauphiny, the Lyonnese, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Champagne, I will levy, *en masse*. By these efforts I shall be enabled to overwhelm the invading armies of the allied sovereigns. But it will be necessary for me to be assisted, not perplexed. I am about to go to Laon: no doubt, I shall find men there.

I have not heard any thing definitive of Grouchy; if he be not taken, as I fear he is, in three days from this I may have fifty thousand men in addition to what I have already reckoned. With these I could keep the enemy fully employed, and thus afford time to Paris and to France to do their duty. The English march slowly; the Prussians are afraid of the peasantry, therefore dare not advance too far. Every thing, therefore, may yet be repaired. Write me word what effect the horrible result of this unfortunate enterprise has produced in the Chamber of Deputies. I believe they will feel that it is their duty on this great occasion to join with me in order to save France. Prepare them to second me worthily. All we want is courage and firmness." The three last words were written with his own hand.

At a short distance beyond Rocroy, a French town in the department of Ardennes, seated on a plain, surrounded by forests, about a hundred and twenty miles north-east of Paris, fifty-two miles north-east of Rheims, Napoleon alighted from the calash with which he had been furnished at Phillipville, in order to take some refreshment, as well as to hold a consultation with the general officers by whom he was accompanied, upon the best and most prudent course to pursue under the present unpropitious circumstances. General Labédoyère opened the debate by observing, that "the danger would unite all parties, and the chambers would no doubt display a grand and salutary energy; the Emperor," said he, "without stopping on the road, should directly repair to the seat of national representation, frankly avow his disasters, and, like Philip Augustus, offer to die like a soldier, and resign the crown to the most worthy. The two chambers will revolt at the idea of abandoning Napoleon, and join him to save France." To this, Baron Fleury replied, "Do not imagine that we still live in those days when misfortune was sacred. The chambers, far from expressing any pity for the Emperor, and applying themselves generously to his assistance, will accuse him of having ruined France, and endeavour to save it by making him the sacrifice. To this, Labédoyère exclaimed, "Heaven preserve us from such a misfortune! if the Chambers separate themselves from Napoleon, all will be over with us. The enemy will be at Paris, in a week; the next day we shall see the Bourbons: in that event, what will become of liberty? what will be the fate of all those who have embraced the national cause? As for me, my destiny is by no means doubtful; I shall be the first man shot." On this, General de Flahaut expressed his opinion, by observing, "The Emperor will be a lost man if he set his foot in Paris at this period; there is but one step he can take with safety to himself and France: that is, to treat with the allies, and cede the crown to his son. But in order to treat he must have an army; perhaps at this very moment, while we are talking, most of the generals have it already in contemplation to send in their submission to the King." Labédoyère resumed "That is, precisely the reason why Napoleon should hasten to make common cause with the chambers and the nation, and therefore set out for Paris without further loss of time." In answer to this Baron Fleury rejoined, "And I maintain with General de Flahaut, that the Emperor will be lost if he set his foot in Paris at this time. He has never been forgiven for having abandoned his army in Egypt, in Spain, at Moscow, still less would he be pardoned should he leave it here in the centre of France." During this discussion, a messenger arrived with intelligence that the English were at La Capelle, a French town, not distant more than four or five leagues. This unwelcome news put an end to the conference of the party: Bonaparte, with his compa tions, prepared to take their departure with as much celerity as the crazy vehicles that could be obtained for their use would permit.

When Napoleon reached Laon, about three thousand men had been rallied under his brother, Prince Jerome, who had behaved with great bravery on the field of Waterloo. Bonaparte felt confident, therefore, that he should be able, within twenty-four hours, to collect the nucleus of an army that would embrace ten or twelve thousand men; this determined him at the moment to keep the pursuers in check, so as to give time for Field-marshal Grouchy, if not already a prisoner, to come up, and, to use his own terms, "the nation to face about." This, however, was vehemently opposed by his officers. "France," they argued, "can only be saved by herself," observing, "Grouchy must also have been defeated. It is, therefore, necessary that all the citizens take arms; and your majesty's presence in Paris is absolutely indispensable, to animate and direct the zeal of the patriots, as well as to repress your enemies. When they see your majesty, the Parisians will fight without hesitation. If you remain at a distance from them, a thousand false reports concerning you will be spread: at one time, it will be said that you are killed, then that you have been taken prisoner, anon that you are surrounded and cannot escape. The national guard and federates, in the fear that they shall either be abandoned or betrayed, will become disheartened, consequently will either fight heartlessly or not at all, as they did in 1814." The Emperor gave an attentive ear to their expostulations, and having well weighed these considerations, was induced to forego his resolution, as he had before done at Philipville. "Well," said he, "since you deem it necessary, I will comply, and go to Paris; at the same time I feel fully persuaded that my proper place is here; I cannot but think that by your advice you make me act foolishly. Hence I could easily direct whatever is to be done at Paris, while my brothers would see to the rest." In consequence, he finished the bulletin of Mont St. Jean with the firm resolution not to conceal anything from France; at the moment this celebrated document reached the capital, the Parisians were rejoicing, on account of the splendid success at Ligny; at the same time it was announced that Field-marshal Suchet was proceeding with great rapidity from one victory to another in the Alps, while General Lamarque, equally successful in the west, had compelled the refractory Vendeans to sue for peace. All their exultation however vanished, when they became acquainted with the terrible overthrow at Waterloo.

Napoleon, travelling with his usual celerity, reached his capital, wearied and dispirited, at night on 20th June, 1815. He was received at the palace Elysée by one who, in the days of his prosperity, had been his severe censor, but proved his sincere friend in adversity, the Duke of Vicenza. The Emperor was visibly affected when he beheld the field-marshal, to whom, after an effort to recover a free respiration, he unbosomed himself. "The army," said Bonaparte, in somewhat broken sentences, "performed prodigies—a panic terror seized it—all was lost. Ney conducted himself like a madman—he caused my cavalry to be massacred. I cannot say more at present—I must have two hours' rest to enable me seriously to set about business—I am choking here," laying his hand at the same time on his heart. He ordered a bath to be prepared: then, after a short silence, resumed his discourse. "My intention is to assemble the two chambers in an imperial sitting. I will then describe to them the disasters that have befallen the army. I shall demand from them the means to save their country: after which, I will set out again to take the command of the troops." The Duke of Vicenza answered, "Sire, the news of your misfortunes has already transpired. Men's minds are greatly agitated. The dispositions of the Deputies appear more hostile to you than ever: therefore, since your Majesty deigns to listen to me, I feel it my duty to say, that it is to be feared the chambers will not act agreeably to your expectations. You must also allow me to say, I am sorry, sire, to see you in Paris. It would have been much better that you had not separated from your army: that constitutes your strength, need I say your safety." The Emperor, heaving a sigh, replied, "I have no longer an army, I have nothing but fugitives. I shall be able to find men, but then how are they to be armed? I have not any muskets left. However, with unanimity every thing may be repaired. I trust the Deputies will second me: that they will feel the responsibility that rests upon them. I think, as well as hope, you have formed a wrong estimate of their spirit: the majority is good: it is French. I have against me only Lafayette, Lanjuinais, Flangergue, with a few others. These, I am well aware, would fain not have anything to do with me: they find me a restraint upon them. They would labour for themselves: I will not let them. My presence here will control their machinations." The arrival of his brothers, Prince Joseph and Prince Lucien, interrupted this discourse. They, however, fully confirmed the Duke of Vicenza's opinion, respecting the temper of the Chamber of Deputies, and concluded with advising their brother to defer the convocation of an Imperial Sessions, and to allow his ministers to act in the first instance.

When the Emperor recovered from his fatigue, he assembled his council of ministers, among whom was his deadly enemy, that arch traitor Fouché, Duke of Otranto—the more terrible because he wore the guise of a friend: Napoleon addressed them with great composure, but with much energy: "Our misfortunes are great," said he, "I am come to repair them; to impress on the nation, on the army, a great and noble movement If the nation rise, the enemy will be crushed; if disputation be substituted instead of levies, all will be irretrievably lost The enemy is in France. To save the country, it is requisite that I should be invested with great power; with a temporary dictatorship. For the good of the country, I might seize on this power; but it is more advantageous, more national, that it should be given to me by the chambers." The ministers held down their heads in silence: when Napoleon had concluded his harangue, they made no answer. Somewhat disturbed by their taciturnity, he called upon them to "give their opinion on the measures that circumstances required to be taken for the public safety." Carnot was the first to speak: "he thought that it was of necessity to declare the country in danger; to call the federates and national guards to arms; to place Paris in a state of siege, defend it vigorously; at the last extremity, to retire behind the waters of the Loire, and form intrenchments there; to recall the army of La Vendée, as well as the corps of observation in the south; to keep the enemy in check till a sufficient force could be collected and organized; then to resume the defensive and drive them out of France." He was followed by the Duke of Vicenza, who recalled to their recollection the events of the preceding year, 1814, and maintained that "the occupation of the capital by the enemy would decide the fate of the throne a second time: that it became the nation to make a grand effort to preserve its independence; that the safety of the state did not depend upon this or that measure; the question was in the chambers and their union with the Emperor." The Duke of Otranto, ever treacherous, insidiously appeared to join in this view, as did several of the other ministers; their opinion was, that by "acting with confidence and good faith, the Chambers would be brought to acknowledge it to be their duty to unite with the Emperor: thus, by energetic measures, they might preserve the honour as well as the independence of the nation." The Duke Decres declared plainly, in spite of all that he had heard, that "they were wrong to flatter themselves with the hope that they should be able to gain the co-operation of the Deputies with the Emperor, asserted that they were most decidedly ill-disposed towards him, and appeared resolved to proceed to the most violent extremes." To this declaration Count Regnault added, that "He did not think the Representatives would consent to second the views of the Emperor; they seemed persuaded that it was no longer in his power to save the country:" concluding with saying "he was afraid a great sacrifice would be necessary." "Speak plainly," said the Emperor: "it is my abdication they want, is it not?" to which Count Regnault replied, "I believe so, sire: painful as it is to me, I feel it my duty to open your Majesty's eyes, to your true situation. I will add, it is even possible, that if your Majesty should not resolve to offer your abdication of your own accord, the Chamber would venture to demand it." Prince Lucien warmly replied, "I have already found myself placed in circumstances of great difficulty, in which I have seen clearly, that the more important the crisis the greater the energy we ought to display. If the Chamber will not second the Emperor, he must dispense with its assistance. The safety of our country ought to be the first law of the state; therefore, since the Chamber does not appear disposed to aid the Emperor to save France, he must save it alone. He must declare himself dictator, place France in a state of siege, and call to its defence all the patriots, as well as all good Frenchmen." Carnot declared it appeared to him indispensable, that during this crisis the Emperor should be invested with great and imposing authority. Napoleon here took up the discourse: "The presence of the enemy," said he, "on our native land, will, I hope, bring the Deputies to a sense of their duty. The nation did not send them to displace, but to support me. I do not fear them. Let them do what they may, I shall still be the idol of the people, also of the army. Were I to say a single word, they would all be knocked on the head. But while I fear nothing on my own account, I fear every thing for France. If, instead of preserving a good understanding with each other, we quarrel, we shall experience the fate of the lower empire: all will be lost. The patriotism of the nation, its hatred to the Bourbons, its attachment to myself, offer us immense resources still. Our cause is not desperate." The Council listened to his observations with seeming conviction of their propriety, unanimity appeared about to prevail among those who had hitherto been divided in their opinions, when their deliberations were interrupted by a message stating that, on the motion of M. De Lafayette, who had openly declared that nothing could be done until a great sacrifice had been made, the Chamber of Representatives had just passed the following stringent resolutions:—

"The Chamber of Representatives declares that the independence of the nation is threatened: that the country is in danger.

"It further declares itself in a state of permanency: that any attempt to dissolve it is a crime of high treason: whoever shall be guilty of such an attempt will be a traitor to his country, and immediately condemned as one.

"The army of the line and national guard, who have fought and still fight in defence of the liberty, the independence, and the territory, of France, have deserved well of their country.

"The ministers at war, of foreign affairs, and of the interior, are desired to repair immediately to the assembly."

This was, in other words, to declare the reign of the Emperor at an end: Napoleon was not slow to perceive the consequences. It must strike every one, that each of the articles was a violent infringement of the constitution they had so recently sworn to defend.

When Napoleon was informed that, in addition to these resolutions, the Chambers were debating "on the best means to defend the capital," he appeared pensive, then suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! could they but defend it like my old guard! I find I was right in the idea that I ought to have dismissed these fellows before I departed; I perceive Regnault did not deceive me; I fear it is all over: these unworthy Deputies are about to ruin France: however, before I determine definitely, it is but proper I should see where all this is likely to end." Had Bonaparte listened to the advice of his brother Prince Lucien, as well as to those who considered their fate as irrevocably bound up with his own, he would, without loss of time, have dissolved the unfriendly Chambers, have placed himself at the head of the Imperial Guard, of which there were then six thousand in Paris.

These proceedings on the part of the representatives gave the Emperor great offence; he appeared highly incensed at their conduct, and was long undecided what course to pursue. To his indecision at this momentous crisis, in all probability, he owed his downfal: the Deputies themselves were extremely agitated; they betrayed evident symptoms of alarm, notwithstanding the violent measures they had adopted. At length, Napoleon resolved to send down an imperial message by his ministers, with a view to allay the angry feelings of the Chambers. "Announce to them," said he, "that I am returned; that I have convened the Council of State; that the army, after a signal victory, has fought a great battle; that all was going on well; that the English were beaten; that we had taken from them six pair of colours, when some evil-disposed persons excited a panic; that the army is again assembling; that I have given orders to stop the fugitives; that I am come to concert with my ministers and the Chambers on the best means to repair our disasters; that I am this moment engaged in consulting on those steps which circumstances may require for the public safety." No sooner was this message read, than the storm seemed to break forth with increased fury: the deputation was overwhelmed by the turbulence of the meeting, and annoyed by an almost interminable string of vexatious questions: a member vociferated, "I see but one man between France and peace;" to this Prince Lucien, indignant at this observation, replied with great animation, "What! shall we still have the weakness to believe the words of our enemies? when victory was for the first time faithless to us, did they not swear, in the presence of God and man, that they would respect our independence, and also our laws? Let us not fall into the snare that they have set for our confidence a second time. Let us not be again the dupes of our credulity. In their endeavour to separate the nation from the Emperor, their only aim is to disunite us, in order the more easily to vanquish and replunge us into that degradation as well as slavery from which we were delivered by his return. I conjure you, fellow citizens, by the sacred name of our country, to rally one and all around the chief whom the nation has solemnly replaced at its head. Consider well that our safety will depend on our union; remember that you cannot segregate yourselves from the Emperor, that you cannot abandon him to his enemies, without being faithless to your oaths, without tarnishing for ever the national honour, nor without ruining the state." The delivery of this speech occasioned the most tumultuous uproar, in which the voice of the speaker was nearly drowned: a violent debate ensued, during which Prince Lucien communicated the imperial message to the Chamber of Peers, but without finding a more favourable audience. At length, a committee was appointed "to watch over the safety of the nation," which did not break up until three o'clock in the morning, when it adjourned from actual weariness. On his return to the palace of the Elyseum, Prince Lucien reported to his brother the Emperor the reception he had met when he made known his message; at the same time, he acknowledged that "the Chambers had declared themselves too strongly to admit any hope of their reclamation; therefore, it became imperative to choose one of two things, either to dissolve the refractory Chambers immediately, or submit to an abdication." In this, the Duke of Vicenza as well as the Duke of Bassano, two of the ministers, fully concurred, at the same time they felt convinced that the Chambers had acquired much too great an ascendancy over public opinion, for an act of authority to be attempted against them with any chance of success: they therefore respectfully hinted to Napoleon that it would be more prudent to yield, adding their apprehension that, if he hesitated much longer, the Chambers would unquestionably take a still more decided tone, and decree his deposition, in which case he perhaps would not have even the power to abdicate in favour of his son. The Emperor, evidently perplexed, neither promised nor refused compliance with this advice: he gave symptoms of great perturbation; paced about the apartment, often stopping suddenly, muttering broken phrases utterly incomprehensible to those about him Seeing his irresolution as well as his disquiet, M. Regnault again addressed himself to the Emperor, saying, "Sire! do not endeavour, I conjure you, to struggle any longer against the stream of events. Time passes on: the enemy is advancing: do not give the Chambers an opportunity to reproach you; above all, do not afford the nation reason to accuse you of having prevented it from obtaining peace. In 1814, you nobly sacrificed yourself for the common safety; repeat, I entreat you, this great, this generous sacrifice." To this the Emperor, somewhat out of humour, hastily replied, "I shall see;" observing, "it has never been my intention to abdicate. I was a soldier; I will become one again: but I want time to think of it calmly, with a view as well to the true interests of France as to those of my son: tell them to wait."

In constant apprehension lest a reaction in favour of Bonaparte should occur, the number of whose partizans even among their own body began to increase, well knowing the high degree of estimation in which he was held by the army, at the same time fully bent on carrying their scheme after their own fashion, the Chambers reassembled early in the forenoon of the 22nd June, 1815. The members appeared much dissatisfied with the conduct of their committee, which in its deliberations had, contrary to expectation, respected the rights of the Emperor. An angry debate commenced, in which the majority manifested their extreme unwillingness to grant any delay: at length, however, the respite of an hour was accorded, in which Napoleon was expected to make his determination. The Emperor, thus pressed on every side, as well by friends as by foes, to acquiesce, after some hesitation, reluctantly gave his consent; then turning to his ministers, after a short pause, he said, "Write to those gentlemen to make themselves easy, they shall soon be satisfied." So great was the anxiety of the Chambers to gain their object, that the time prescribed having expired, the necessity of his abdication was on the point of being put to the vote, when Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, appeared in the hall, holding in his hand the long-wished-for proclamation, thus couched:

"To the French people.—Frenchmen, in commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and the concurrence of all the constituted authorities. As I had reason to hope for success, I braved all the declarations of the powers against me.

"Circumstances, however, appear to have altered their complexion; I therefore offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and have in reality only directed their enmity against the continuance of my power! May it turn out that their hostility has been aimed solely at myself! My political life is terminated: I proclaim my son Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II.

"The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. The deep interest which I naturally take in my son, induces me to invite the Chambers without delay to constitute the regency by a law.

"Unite for the public safety, if you desire to remain an independent nation.

"Done at the Palace Elysée, 22 June, 1815. NAPOLEON."

Notwithstanding the production of this document, a debate, violent in the extreme, took place in the House of Peers. There still remained some members averse to the measure of abdication, who conceived that, if placed in the hands of Napoleon, it was quite possible to retrieve the affairs of France, desperate as they appeared. Of this opinion was Carnot, no mean authority in such a case. It was contended, that by information which had reached the metropolis, relating to the force as well as to the success of Field-marshal Grouchy, that general must ere then have joined the relics of Waterloo under Field-marshal Soult, at Laon, with full sixty thousand men; that, if so, an army was formed, which, under fit guidance, was decidedly adequate to restore the shattered fortunes of the country. This statement, however, was discountenanced by Field-marshal Ney, who had that morning arrived in Paris; he insisted that at most Grouchy could not have more than from twenty to twenty-five thousand soldiers: that "as to Field-marshal Soult, I myself," said he, "commanded the guard in the last assault, and did not leave the field till it was exterminated. Be assured there is but one safe course for France to adopt: that is, to negotiate and recall the Bourbons. In offering this advice, I cannot be actuated by any other motive than the salvation of my native soil, because, in the return of the expatriated family, I can see nothing but the certainty to be shot as a deserter; therefore, all I have futurely to hope for, I shall, if possible, seek in America." How deeply it is to be regretted that this gallant warrior should have proved himself so true a prophet: humanity weeps over the melancholy fate of this truly brave and noble-minded officer; justice blushes for the consummation of so foul a deed; posterity will no doubt do honour to the memory of the man, but will never place the dreadful catastrophe in a light favourable to the actors in this distressing tragedy.

After the act of abdication had been read, that child of duplicity, the faithless Duke of Otranto, who had secretly fomented the opposition to the Emperor, and instigated the rage of several of the most boisterous deputies, pretended to be greatly affected by the destiny of his late master, and to commend him to the attention and protection of the chambers. The perfidy of his character, however, was much too well known, for him to impose upon any one by this simulation of generous concern, a feeling of which he was utterly incapable. This hypocritical attempt induced M. Regnault to mount the Tribune, who, in a strain of masculine eloquence, effectually aroused the dormant feelings of the Assembly in favour of the abdicating monarch; brought under review the immense benefit the country had derived from his wise administration of her affairs; pointed out with peculiar felicity the almost numberless improvements he had introduced both in the capital and in the provinces; called attention to the important reforms he had effected in all the public departments of the government; depicted in glowing colours the numerous brilliant victories he had obtained; expatiated on the halo of glory with which he had surrounded the French arms; adverted to the high state of discipline which his genius had maintained in the army, without, in the slightest degree, weakening the devotion of the soldiers to their commanders; awakened their sympathy by the pathetic energy with which he dwelt on the misfortunes of the hero, of whose valuable services they were about to be deprived; painted so faithful a picture of the present position of the man who, preferring the public weal to his own immediate interests, had magnanimously, as well as unconditionally, sacrificed himself to preserve *La belle France* from the horrors of a civil war, that tears started into the eyes of the most obdurate of his adversaries. The members who listened patiently to the eulogium, after its conclusion, remained for some minutes plunged in a sad reverie, and maintained for a short period a most painful silence: this was perhaps the noblest homage that Napoleon ever received. At length, the Chambers unanimously decreed that "a solemn deputation should wait on the ex-Emperor, to express to him, in the name of the nation, the respect and gratitude with which they accepted the generous sacrifice he had made to the independence and happiness of the French people."

Napoleon, wearing for the last time the imperial mantle, surrounded by the great officers of state, received the deputation with dignified calmness; but listened to their congratulations with evident coldness of manner: the commanding tone with which he delivered his answer to their address, appeared to deeply affect those present. "I thank you," said he, "for the sentiments you express towards me. I most fervently wish that my abdication may procure the happiness of France, but I have no expectation of such a result, because it leaves the state without a head, without political existence. The time wasted in overturning the monarchy might have been employed to put France into a condition to crush the enemy. I recommend to the Chamber speedily to reinforce the armies:—whoever may be desirous of peace ought to prepare for war. Do not leave this great nation at the mercy of foreigners: be on your guard against being deceived by your hopes. There lies the danger. In whatever situation I may find myself, I shall always be at ease if France be happy. I recommend my son to France. I hope it will not forget that I abdicated in favour of him. I have made this great sacrifice also for the benefit of the nation: it is only with my dynasty that it can expect to be free, happy, and independent." When he had concluded, he dismissed his auditors with great courtesy. Thus, the second reign of Napoleon, known as that of "the hundred days," was completely at an end.

All parties now gave free scope to their political intrigues: each faction had its favourite plan. To reject Louis XVIII. seemed to be the general feeling. The majority was unquestionably in favour of Napoleon II. By the address of Fouché, however, a middle course, more favourable to the views of that artful monster, was adopted, and a provisional government installed, comprising Carnot, Fouché, and three others. This was deemed by Bonaparte to be a flagrant violation of the understood conditions of his abdication, which certainly had for its object to seat his son upon the throne of France. Even in the Chambers this was considered the accredited basis upon which it rested, while the most vociferous acclamations and shouts of "*Vive Napoleon II.*" resounded through their halls, to the great dismay of the Duke of Otranto and his partizans. In the senate, General Labedoyère used the most violent invectives, repeated day after day his protestation that, "unless the claims of Napoleon II. were recognized, the abdication of his father was a nullity," observing "that the country which could hesitate about such an act of justice was worthy of nothing but slavery." This bold language began to produce a most powerful effect without the walls of the Assembly: particularly among the soldiery, many of whom scaled the palace Elysée to offer him their services, as also that of their comrades. Multitudes continually besieged the portals of his residence; citizens of all classes, as well as the Imperial Guard, were incessantly thronging around him with offers of assistance, while every day the acclamations became louder, and the general interest in his behalf seemed to be greatly on the increase. Napoleon himself, thoroughly disgusted with the bad faith observed towards him, bitterly complained of the course pursued; in no very measured terms he reproached the ministers, more particularly M. Regnault, with having neglected to maintain the rights of his son, insisting with great earnestness, that "as they valued their honour, it was an incumbent duty for them to oblige the Chambers to declare themselves explicitly: I have not," said he emphatically, "abdicated in order to establish a new Directory. I abdicated in favour of my son. If they do not proclaim him, my abdication must be null and considered as if not made. The Chambers cannot but know that the people, the army, public opinion, desire it, will it: but they are checked by the foreigners. It is not by presenting themselves before the allies, with their ears hanging down and their knee on the ground, that they will compel them to acknowledge the independence of the nation. Had they been sensible of their situation, they would spontaneously have proclaimed Napoleon II. The foreign powers would then have seen that you know how to have but one will, one object, one rallying point: they would have seen that the 20th March was not a party affair, the attempt of a faction, but the result of the attachment of the French people to me and to my dynasty. The unanimity of the nation would have had more effect upon them than all your mean and degrading deference." The rival parties were thus fairly at issue; each strove to intimidate his opponent by a display of strength. The current of popular opinion, backed by the soldiers, appeared to run strongly against the conduct of the provisional government, and to threaten it with dissolution. In this dilemma the Senate called upon Bonaparte to signify to the troops under his own hand, "that he no longer claimed any authority over them." Although he yielded to importunity, yet he coupled his acquiescence with many forcible expressions not the most pleasing to the ears of those with whose request he complied. The Duke of Otranto, like all double-dealers, grew uneasy at his own position, which he thought was not quite so secure as he could wish: aware of his own deceit, he trembled lest the effect might disappoint his hopes. This crafty politician, to his great mortification, perceived that the tide of popular favour began to turn towards the fallen chief; from this disposition it followed as a consequence, that unless the Ex-emperor could be speedily removed from the capital, the great object for which he had so shamelessly violated every honourable principle, was in imminent danger, and bid fair to be frustrated: he felt keenly that unwelcome movements among the populace were to be apprehended, if not already commenced; while scarcely anything was more probable than that an insurrection of the soldiery might overturn all his schemes, and restore Napoleon to his former station, seeing that it was officially ascertained that Field-marshal Grouchy, having been joined by the remains of the army of St. Jean, as also by the corps under the command of Prince Jerome and other generals, was marching rapidly at the head of more than sixty thousand men towards Paris, while the Duke of Wellington and Field-marshal Blucher followed closely upon his rear. Another circumstance, sufficiently alarming, materially tended to augment the perplexity of the subtle minister of police and his factious adherents, who were terrified lest the course of events might revive power of any kind in the hands of their destined victim. Bonaparte, fully persuaded that, if permitted, he could yet save France from the jaws of her enemies, was continually sending to the executive to request he might be actively employed as a general for Napoleon II.: in this he was cordially supported by Carnot, who, extremely desirous that his wishes in this respect should be granted, sanctioned the application with the whole weight of his interest. Fouché, who had conspired with, as well as betrayed, all parties, when it suited his convenience, and who was at this moment in close correspondence with the Bourbons, was dreadfully alarmed at this determination in one of his coadjutors in the provisional government; he was therefore more than ever anxious to rid himself of the presence of Napoleon in the metropolis: for this purpose he lost no time, but practised every kind of artifice to induce the ex-monarch to retire to the palace of Malmaison. In this ruse he was but too successful; Napoleon fell into the snare, and quitted the Elysée 25th of June, 1815. When, however, he reached his new residence, he quickly discovered the error he had committed; he clearly perceived that, surrounded by police spies, he was to all intents and purposes a prisoner to his bitterest and most implacable enemy: to add to his chagrin, the military duties of his prison were discharged by a portion of the National Guard, remarkable for its attachment to Louis XVIII., under the command of General Beker, an officer who was well known to have a personal hostility to the abdicated sovereign. Beker, however, was a man whose honourable feelings would not allow him to take advantage of a fallen enemy; he treated Bonaparte with great respect, and frequently expressed his indignation that he should have been appointed to guard and watch the actions of his old master. However this might be, the evil was past remedy; to escape appeared impossible. Notwithstanding, the Bourbon faction was continually in dread that its victim might elude the vigilance of his keepers, and place himself once more under the protection of the army, whose affectionate devotion to the cause of their former chief was in no wise diminished.

The ex-Emperor, ever anxious to maintain a good understanding with the French troops, on his arrival at Malmaison, issued an address in these terms:

"Napoleon to the brave soldiers of the army before Paris.

"Soldiers! while I yield to the necessity that compels me to retire from the brave French army, I carry with me the pleasing certainty, that it will justify, by the eminent services its country expects from it, those praises which cannot be refused to it by our enemies themselves.

"Soldiers! though absent, I shall mark your steps. I know every corps; and not one of them can obtain a signal advantage over the enemy, without my doing justice to the courage it may display. Both you and I have been calumniated. Men not worthy to judge of your actions have seen, in the proofs of attachment you have given me, a zeal of which I was myself the sole object! Let your future successes teach them, that it was your country you served more especially in obeying me; and that, if I had any share in your affection, I owe it to my ardent love for France, our common mother.

"Soldiers! yet a few efforts, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will know you by the blows you strike.

"Soldiers! save the honour, the independence, of France; continue to the end such as I have known you these twenty years, and you will be invincible."

The jealousy of the government, however, would not permit this address to appear in the official paper, the "Moniteur;" the army, therefore, knew little or nothing about it: nevertheless, it gave an additional stimulus to the vigilance of his adversaries, who now began to devise means to get him altogether out of the country. One after another, those officers who were in the habit of attending Napoleon, received orders for distant service, by which he was presently left almost alone; it was then artfully hinted that his person was not safe while he remained in France, seeing that the Prussian commander-in-chief, Field-marshal Blucher, had publicly declared that, "if I can catch Bonaparte, I will hang him up at the head of my army," adding that the allied troops were rapidly approaching: to this, however, the ex-Emperor indignantly replied, "What have I to fear? I have abdicated, and it is the business of France to protect me;" at the same time he acknowledged that he had entertained thoughts of withdrawing to seek an asylum in some foreign country; that his own inclination led him to claim protection from English hospitality, as he had never confounded the British nation with the political system of its government. On this subject he consulted with the Dukes of Bassano and Vicenza: the former did not appear disposed to favour the plan, neither did it receive the approbation of the latter, who strongly advised him, "if he persisted to take such a step, to go on board a smuggling vessel, and as soon as he landed, to present himself before the nearest magistrate, and declare that he came, with the fullest confidence in the honour and generosity of the English people, to invoke their protection." This advice seemed to please him, but subsequent counsels induced him to prefer to fix his residence in the United States of North America: several Americans then resident in Paris offered him their assistance in this measure, at the same time assuring him that "he would be received at Washington with all those sentiments of respect, admiration, and devotion, that were so justly his due." These offers, however, he declined; his opinion had changed: he considered that "it was his duty not to quit his country, unless it were exacted, till it was no longer in danger."

After his abdication the Chambers made the most strenuous efforts to prevent the allied troops from entering the French capital: they declared the war national, organized the troops, and prepared to resist force by force; they also despatched plenipotentiaries to negotiate a suspension of arms with the hostile sovereigns and generals, and to treat for peace. When this was related to Napoleon, he at once pronounced upon the futility of the attempt, which he foresaw would prove abortive. "The allies," said he, "are too deeply interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to give you my son. My son will reign over France, but his time is not yet arrived. The instructions given to the deputies, I have been assured, are in favour of my dynasty: if this be true, other persons should have been chosen to defend it. La Fayette, Sebastiani, Pontécoulant, and Benjamin Constant have conspired against me. They are my enemies; and the enemies of the father will never be the friends of the son. Besides, the Chambers have not sufficient energy to display an independent will: they obey the directions of Fouché. If they had bestowed on me what they lavish on him, I would have saved France. My presence alone at the head of the army would have done more than all your negotiations. I would have obtained my son as the price of my abdication: you will not obtain him. Fouché is not sincere: he has sold himself to the Duke of Orleans. He will make fools of the Chambers; the allies will make a fool of him; and you will have Louis XVIII. He thinks himself able to manage everything as he pleases; but he is mistaken. He will find it requires a hand of a different stamp from his to guide the reins of a nation, particularly when an enemy is in the land. The Chamber of Peers has not done its duty: it has behaved like a chicken. It has suffered my brother Lucien to be insulted, and my son to be dethroned. If it had stood firm, it would have had the army on its side: the generals there would have given in to it: its order of the day has ruined France, and brought you back the Bourbons. I alone could repair all; but your party-leaders will never consent to it: they would rather be swallowed up in the gulf, than join with me to close it."

The military ardour of Bonaparte was rekindled by the reiterated shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* that issued from the troops under Field-marshal Soult, as in their march towards Paris they passed under the walls of Malmaison; the general opinion was, that he would break his bondage, and place himself at the head of the army, which seemed favourably disposed to receive him once more as their emperor. The unceasing acclamations of the soldiery increased the alarm as well of the deputies as of the committee of government; the panic spread: the former vehemently urged the latter, for their general safety, to accelerate his departure from the neighbourhood of the metropolis. That arch intriguer, Fouché, whose trepidation was extreme, left no means unemployed to induce Napoleon to quiet their fears, and come to a determination as to his future plans; among others, he stimulated the personal creditors of the dethroned Emperor to incessantly worry him with clamorous demands for payment: the minister at war, Field-marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, who but a few days before was, perhaps, one of the most cringing of Napoleon's courtiers, openly declared, that if he did not instantly depart from Malmaison, he would have him arrested; adding, in an angry tone, "we must get rid of him; his presence grows troublesome, hampers us, and is injurious to our negotiations: therefore, if he do not go, I will arrest him myself." When Bonaparte became acquainted with this threat, he coolly said, "Let him come: ingrate as he is, I am ready, if he desire it, to hold my throat out to him." At length, he made up his mind that the American States should be the place of his future abode; in consequence, he sent to the minister of marine for information respecting the American vessels then in the ports of France: this was immediately supplied. The minister, in his reply, said, "Take notice of the vessel at Havre; her captain is now in my ante-chamber his post-chaise is at my door; he is ready to start; I will answer for him: to-morrow, if you please, you may be out of the reach of your enemies." Still Napoleon hesitated; the occasion was suffered to pass: he was then given to understand that two frigates, with some smaller vessels, awaited his orders at Rochefort, a French seaport department of Lower Charente, with the best and most commodious harbour in France. The streets are broad and straight, the houses low but regular; has a foundry for cannon, a noble arsenal, with dockyard, and all the requisite magazines for the construction and equipment of ships of war, also a magnificent hospital. Stands on the stream of the Charente, fifteen miles from its mouth, which is defended by several strong forts, in 0° 58′ west longitude, 45° 56′ north latitude, one hundred and twenty-seven miles south west of Paris, eighteen miles south south-east of Rochelle. The armory is, perhaps, the most splendid in the whole kingdom.

Meantime, Fouché, under pretence to procure him a safe conduct, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, intimating the intention of the ex-Emperor; the duke gave for answer that "he had no authority to grant passports to Napoleon Bonaparte:" this, of course, was, as no doubt the wily director of police had foreseen, immediately communicated to the English Admiralty, who redoubled its vigilance to prevent his escape; for which purpose, upwards of thirty cruisers were stationed along the western coast of France. The Duke of Otranto, with an appearance of regret at the ill-success of his application, informed Napoleon of the Duke of Wellington's answer; and availed himself of the opportunity to impress on his auditor the necessity for his immediate departure, coupling it with the assurance that he would still be in time to avoid the dangers with which he was threatened: Bonaparte at length yielded to circumstances, and prepared for his journey, to the great satisfaction of his unprincipled tormentor.

The drama was now fast drawing to a conclusion. The Duke of Wellington sent for Louis XVIII., and summoned the towns he approached in his name: the commissioners who were sent to negotiate a peace, were amused and paraded about from the head-quarters of the British to that of the Prussians, and back again, until the allies reached Paris, when they were unceremoniously dismissed: the city surrendered under a convention, on the 3rd of July, 1815: the Chambers continued to uselessly occupy themselves with framing a bill of rights; their day, however, was past; they had unwittingly done the business of the Bourbon faction, consequently were no longer wanted: on the 8th of July, 1815, Louis XVIII. triumphantly entered the gay metropolis of the French empire, under the auspices of the allied sovereigns: the Chamber of Representatives was closed, and the noisy deputies excluded at the point of the bayonet.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BONAPARTE REACHES ROCHEFORT—TAKES REFUGE ON BOARD AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR—NOT ALLOWED TO LAND IN ENGLAND—IS EXILED TO ST. HELENA, WHERE HE DIES AND IS BURIED—FRANCE SENDS FOR HIS REMAINS.

THE 29th June, 1815, Napoleon, with his servants, left Malmaison, and arrived at Rochefort on the very same day that the allies entered Paris, the 3rd July, 1815; he was escorted on his route by a considerable guard, and also accompanied by Generals Savary, Bertrand, and Gourgaud, Counts Las Cazes, L'Allemand, and others of his attached friends, willing to share his fortunes. The captains of the two frigates, La Saale and Meduse, placed at his disposal, immediately waited upon him: his first question was, "Can you get out unobserved by the enemy?" the reply was, "That is not likely, except a gale of wind drive him off:" he was then informed that the Bellerophon, an English line-of battle ship, under the command of Captain Maitland, with some smaller vessels of war, were lying off the road. He inquired "if the frigates would be obliged to engage?" to which he was answered, "It is inevitable; but although one vessel may be taken, the other is almost sure to escape." Notwithstanding, they showed no disposition to attempt the passage: in conformity with the duplicity used towards him, they no doubt had received secret orders not to sail. However this might be, Napoleon, who had made up his mind to the voyage, and was consequently impatient to go to sea, felt greatly disappointed at this unlooked-for obstruction; to remedy this inconvenience, at the same time with a view to avoid interruption from the watch kept up by the enemy's armed ships, a Danish merchant man was hired; and the conqueror of a great portion of the civilized world began to busy himself with devising the most efficient manner to alter his attire, and conceal his person in the hold: on consulting the Dane, however, the captain gave him to understand that should they be visited by an English man-of-war, it was highly improbable that he would be able to deceive the searchers by any such contrivances; the project was therefore abandoned. In this dilemma, a number of young midshipmen gallantly tendered their services, and offered to navigate a small flat coaster, known to French sailors as a *chasse marée*, in which, perhaps, Bonaparte might, under the cover of night, chance to effect his escape; this also was found impracticable, because when the contemplated undertaking was submitted to the opinion of old and experienced seamen, the hazard of any effort to cross the Atlantic Ocean in such a vessel, was deemed much too imminent to warrant its adoption, besides incurring the almost certainty of interception by British cruisers that then swarmed the seas. Napoleon, thus foiled in his expectations, became exceedingly vexed, and somewhat pettishly exclaimed, "Wherever wood can swim, I am sure to find this flag of England." Rochefort being thus, as it were, a sealed port, which could not be opened for the departure of the ex-Emperor without English permission, it was agreed, at a council held upon that subject, to set on foot a negotiation with Captain Maitland, who commanded the British line-of-battle ship, the "Bellerophon."

In pursuance of this resolution, Field-marshal Savary, Duke of Rovigo, accompanied by Count Las Cazes, on the 10th July, 1815, went with a flag of truce on board the English man-of-war, where they were most courteously received by the commanding officer. The business was opened by an inquiry "whether a safe conduct for the Emperor to the shores of America had been received, and if it were in his possession," observing that "his removal from France was a matter of pure voluntary choice:" the English captain at once candidly replied, "as far as my information leads, I know of no safe conduct, neither can I believe that such a document was ever either promised or contemplated, because," added he, "my orders are peremptory to use every possible exertion to prevent the escape of General Bonaparte, and if so fortunate as to obtain possession of his person, to sail directly with him for England." After a long protracted conversation that led to no specific result, they were obliged to be content with an asssertion that he, Captain Maitland, as a private individual, had no reason to doubt that if Napoleon sailed for England in the Bellerophon, he would be well received; but that as an officer of the British monarch, he could not promise anything whatever, not having any authority for such a course.

The conversation was renewed four days after on board the Bellerophon, by the same parties, in the presence of two English naval captains, Sartorious, and Gambier: in this interview, as well as in the former, Captain Maitland was particularly careful to make his auditors distinctly understand, that he had not the slightest power to offer Napoleon Bonaparte any pledge whatever as to the conduct of the English government; that all he could possibly undertake to do was, to convey him in safety off the English coast, there to await the determination of the cabinet of London. Both Savary and Las Cazes, however, persisted to assert that Captain Maitland did pledge himself, that if Bonaparte came on board his ship, the Bellerophon, that he should be received as a voluntary guest, and not treated in any way as a prisoner of war: they further maintained, that it was solely in consequence of this pledge that Napoleon finally resolved to embark, and trust himself to the honour of Englishmen. However this might be, certain it is that when he came to this determination, Bonaparte wrote a letter with his own hand, addressed to the Prince Regent of England, which he sent by General Gourgaud, who was commissioned to deliver it person. Captain Maitland, who read it with admiration, lost no time; he despatched the general who brought it in the English sloop-of-war, the Slaney, which sailed immediately, for the express purpose of its delivery: the letter ran thus:

"Royal Highness,—A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come like Themistocles to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. "NAPOLEON."

"Done at Rochefort, 13th July, 1815."

When Count Las Cazes, with his son, went on board the Bellerophon to announce the intention of Bonaparte to place himself in the hands of Captain Maitland, that officer once more emphatically addressed himself to him, saying, "You will recollect that I am not authorised to stipulate as to the reception Napoleon may meet in England, but that he must, if he come on board, consider himself entirely at the disposal of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent." After which, he instantly made preparations for the comfortable accommodation of the abdicated Emperor.

In consequence of the previous arrangements, the French brig, the Epervier, carrying a flag of truce, got under weigh in Aix Roads, at daybreak, on the 15th July, 1815, bearing Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite, with a view to take their passage to England, in the English man-of-war then lying off Rochefort: as both wind and tide were unfavourable, the barge of the Bellerophon was sent to bring them on board. The parting of the French officers and crew with the fallen monarch was an affecting scene; these hardy sons of Neptune crowded around him for the last time to bid him an affectionate adieu, with tears in their eyes, and when he quitted their vessel, they continued to cheer him as long as their voices could be heard. He was received with every mark of attention, but unaccompanied by any salute or other distinguished honours usually paid to royal personages: on reaching the quarter-deck, Napoleon uncovered himself, respectfully bowing to Captain Maitland, he addressed him in a firm tone of voice, saying, "I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of your prince and the laws of England." The captain then led the way to his own cabin, the possession of which was immediately given to his passenger. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the Superb, an English seventy-four, under the flag of Rear-Admiral Hotham, the commander on the station, who came to visit the Emperor, anchored close to the Bellerophon; the admiral remained to dine, and in the course of conversation, invited Bonaparte to go on board the Superb on the following day: the invite was accepted; the admiral received his guest with great courtesy, carried him round his ship, and explained each object to his inquisitive companion, who appeared much pleased with the admirable order in which everything was maintained.

One morning, a rather unusual sight presented itself to the officers of the Bellerophon. Napoleon stopped short in front of the guard drawn up on the quarter-deck: he made them perform several evolutions, giving the word of command himself; when he desired them to charge bayonets, he perceived this was not performed exactly after the French manner; he advanced into the midst of the marines, put their weapons aside with his hand, then seized a musket from one of the rear rank, with which he went through the exercise himself: the officers expressed their surprise to see him thus carelessly place himself among English bayonets, some of which came in contact with his person. As he had before done in the Undaunted, Captain Usher, Bonaparte quickly made himself a great favourite, and became very popular among both officers and crew of the Bellerophon; he examined everything minutely—asked numberless questions—praised everything—passed the highest eulogium on the British Navy, and extolled the English nation as a generous, brave, and honourable people. On the 23rd July, 1815, the Bellerophon passed Ushant: Napoleon fixed his eyes rather mournfully on the island, and long continued to gaze for the last time on the receding coast of France; the next day the ship entered Torbay, where her captain received positive instructions to prevent all intercourse with the shore. On the 26th July, 1815, he was ordered round to Plymouth Sound, where the arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte had already transpired: the vessel was instantly surrounded by swarms of boats, filled with well-dressed persons, attracted by an eager desire to obtain a glimpse of the man who for twenty years had filled Europe with his renown. He gratified their curiosity by appearing on deck from time to time. There was great difficulty to keep the ship clear of these increasing multitudes: armed boats were therefore placed around her, and some of Napoleon's attendants were sent on board other vessels: meanwhile, although the wind was contrary in the Roadstead, two frigates were got under weigh and anchored on each side of the Bellerophon. On the 31st July, 1815, Sir Charles Bunbury, under-Secretary of State, accompanied by Lord Keith, admiral of the Channel fleet, went on board to announce the final resolutions of the British Cabinet:—

First, that General Bonaparte should not land in England, but be forthwith removed to the Island of St. Helena, as the situation, which, more than any other at its command, government thought, offered the best security against a second escape, and where the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and exercise might safely be conceded.

Secondly, that, with the exceptions of Generals Savary and L'Allemand, he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon, together with twelve domestics.

When these conditions were read to him in the French language, he was asked if he had any observations to make in reply: with perfect composure, in a tone of voice decidedly calm, but in the most energetic manner, he protested against the orders with which he had been made acquainted, and denied the right claimed by the English ministers to dispose of him, according to their pleasure, as a prisoner of war:—"I came into your ship," said he, "as I should have done into one of your villages, relying upon the hospitality and good faith of the inhabitants. If I had been previously informed I was to be considered a prisoner, I would not have come. The title by which I am designated is not correct: I have every right to be treated as a sovereign prince. Three months ago I was as much Emperor of Elba as Louis XVIII. was King of France: by invading the dominions of another I cannot have forfeited my own rank as a monarch. By abusing the confidence with which I have relied upon your honour, England will place herself in an ignoble attitude in the eyes of the world. I must believe that the Emperor of Austria my father-in-law, as well as the Czar of Russia, would, under circumstances, have acted far differently towards me. Again, I feel confident that the climate of St. Helena, added to the confinement, will cause my death. I have therefore taken the resolution not to go to that, for me, unhealthy island." By the latter part of this harangue, he unquestionably hinted at suicide, as will appear by a subsequent conversation that he held with Count Las Cazes on the 3rd August, 1815, while walking to and fro in the cabin: he began to speak of St. Helena, inquired what sort of a place it could be? whether it was possible to exist there? with many similar questions. He appeared pensive and somewhat affected at his situation, although perfectly calm. "But," said he, "after all, am I quite sure I shall go thither? Is a man dependent on others when he wishes that his dependence should cease? My friend," he continued, "I have sometimes an idea to quit you, and this would not be very difficult; it will only be necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped: all will be over, and you, with my other friends, can then tranquilly rejoin your families. This will be the more easy since my internal principles do not oppose any bar to it. I am one of those who conceive that the pains of the other world were only imagined, as a counterpoise to those inadequate allurements which are offered to us there. God can never have willed such a contradiction to his infinite goodness, especially for an act of this kind; and what is it, after all, but wishing to return to him a little sooner?" Las Cazes remonstrated with him warmly on the impropriety of such notions, and endeavoured to convince him of both the folly and meanness of such a course: taking up the discourse, he observed, "Poets and philosophers have said, that it was a spectacle worthy of the Divinity, to see men struggling with fortune: reverses and constancy have their glory. Such a great and noble character as yours should not descend to the level of vulgar minds; you who have governed us with so much glory, who have excited the admiration and influenced the destinies of the world, ought not to end your career like a desperate gamester, or disappointed lover. What would then become of all those who look up to, and place all their hopes in, you? Would you thus abandon the field to your enemies? The anxiety shown by the latter to drive you to it, is surely sufficient to cause you to desist. Besides, who can fathom the secrets of time, or dare assert what the future will produce? What might not the mere change of a ministry, the death of a prince, the demise of a confidant, the slightest burst of passion, or the most trifling dispute, bring about? You yourself have often said, "If Marius had fallen upon his sword amidst the marshes of Minturnæ, in Campania, he would never have enjoyed his seventh consulate." The Emperor allowed that some of these suggestions had considerable weight, "But," said he, "what can we do in that desolate place?" Las Cazes replied, "We will live on the past: there is enough of it to satisfy us.—Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and that of Alexander? we shall possess still more—you will re-peruse yourself, sire!" Napoleon, reviving his wonted energy, rejoined, "Be it so! M. le Compte, we will write our memoirs. Yes, we must be employed! for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies; this is my grand doctrine: let mine also be accomplished." That such had been the former feelings of Bonaparte, will appear evident from an order of the day, issued when he was First Consul, bearing date, 22 Floreal, year X. which ran thus:—

"The Grenadier Gobain has committed suicide from love: he was an excellent soldier. This is the second incident of the same nature that has occurred within a month.

"The first Consul directs it to be inserted in the order-book of the Guard:—That a soldier ought to know how to vanquish the pangs and melancholy of the passions; that there is as much true courage in bearing up against mental sufferings with constancy, as in remaining firm on the wall of a battery.

"To give ourselves up to grief without resistance, or to kill ourselves to escape affliction, is to abandon the field of battle before the victory is gained."

On the 4th August, the Bellerophon sailed to meet the Northumberland, a seventy-four, under the command of Admiral Sir George Cockburn; previous to which, Napoleon sent a document to Admiral Lord Keith, headed:

"PROTEST.

"Bellerophon at sea, Friday, 4th August, 1815.

"I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done to me, and the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the Bellerophon,—I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England; I came at the instigation of the captain himself, who said he had orders from his government if agreeable to me, to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite. I came forward with confidence to place myself under the laws of England. When once on board the Bellerophon, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the government, when it gave the captain of the Bellerophon orders to receive me and my followers, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honour and disgraced its flag.

'If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and their liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the Bellerophon.

"I appeal to history; it will say, that an enemy who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to this enemy; and, on giving himself up with confidence, he was immolated." (Signed) "NAPOLEON."

On the 6th August, 1815, the Bellerophon anchored off Start Point; shortly after, the Northumberland and two frigates, full of troops, came alongside. The reason of the flight from Plymouth Sound, as well as the determination not to anchor in Torbay, arose from the circumstance that some individuals, who had determined that Napoleon should land in England, issued out a habeas corpus to bring him up to the metropolis as a witness in a cause: it was to prevent the service of this writ that the anchorage of the Bellerophon was changed.

Previous to the removal of Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite from Captain Maitland's ship, Admiral Lord Keith, accompanied by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, went on board the Bellerophon, to carry into effect their instructions respecting this business: these stated:—

1. That all the effects, as well those of General Bonaparte as of his followers, are to be submitted to examination; and the money, bills, and diamonds, to be placed in the custody of the British government, *pro tempore*, which charged itself with providing regularly for the expenditure of all his establishment.

2. That General Bonaparte is immediately to make a selection of those persons whom he wishes to accompany him, at the same time not to exceed the prescribed number.

3. That all those who constitute his household are to be disarmed: himself to be the only exception.

4. That subsequently, General Bonaparte, together with his whole party, are to be transferred to the Northumberland, and then to sail for St. Helena. This is an India Company's Island seated in the great Atlantic Ocean, twenty-seven miles in circumference, lying between the continents of Africa and South America, about twelve hundred miles west of the former, and eighteen hundred miles east of the latter: derives its name from St. Helena, on whose festival, 1501, it was discovered by the Portuguese: has some lofty mountains, particularly one called Diana Peak, which is covered with wood to its very summit: there are also hills that bear evident marks of a volcanic origin, some of which have huge rocks of lava and a kind of half-vitrified flags. The interior valleys and small eminences are covered with verdure, and interspersed with gardens, orchards, and various plantations: the climate is temperate, exempt from the extremes of heat and cold, as also from lightning, thunder, and hurricanes; it is, however, moist; as not above one day in three is cheered by sunshine;

has a fine breed of small cattle, and English sheep: goats are numerous, and poultry plentiful. The number of its inhabitants does not exceed three thousand, including near five hundred soldiers and sixteen hundred blacks. James Town, in 5° 43′ west longitude, 15° 55′ south latitude, is a small place, situated at the bottom of a bay on the south side of the island, between two steep dreary mountains; the principal street is well built, contains about thirty houses, at the top of which two other streets branch off to the east and west. The church stands in front of the gateway by which the town is entered, and near it is a small theatre.

In conformity with these orders, the baggage was examined by Admiral Cockburn, aided by an officer of the customs, and money to the amount of four thousand pounds taken away; but his plate, chiefly gold, and of great value, was left untouched. Napoleon's suite, as finally arranged, consisted of:—

Field-marshal Count Bertrand, Grand Master of the Palace.

General Count Montholon and General Gourgaud, his aides-de-camp.

Count Las Cazes, one of his Council of State, and his Secretary.

Mr. O'Meara, of the Bellerophon, his Surgeon by permission.

The son of Count Las Cazes, together with twelve upper domestics of the Imperial Household, who agreed to follow their master's fortune.

Counts Bertrand and Montholon were accompanied by their respective countesses and their children.

The accession to Napoleon's suite of Count Las Cazes, who went out in a civil capacity as his secretary, was the result of negotiation with the admirals, who at last sanctioned the appointment. The time had arrived when Bonaparte was about to be finally and for ever torn from kindred and country, when he was even to be separated from a portion of the few attached friends who had accompanied him thus far on his ill-omened voyage. The barge of the Tonnant was already alongside the Bellerophon, waiting to convey the exile and his associates on board the Northumberland: with them went Admirals Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn. A painful sensation was manifested at parting, by those whom he was compelled to leave behind him: the ex-Emperor, however, preserved his equanimity, and politely bowing to the officers as he passed them, he advanced towards the accommodation-ladder. When he began to descend, Generals Savary, L'Allemand, and others, burst into tears: even the ship's company expressed regret at his departure, so much had Napoleon ingratiated himself with them during the short period he had been their passenger.

That almost unrivalled son of genius, Napoleon Bonaparte, the meteor of his time, a man of lucid intellect, as remarkable for the suavity of his manners, as for the soundness of his understanding, equally renowned for the splendour of his victories as for the severity of his misfortunes, whose fame, notwithstanding the malevolence with which he has been assailed, will emblazon the pages of history in ages yet to come, may be said to have ended his career, as also that England sullied her fair fame and impeached British hospitality, on the 8th August, 1815, when the English man-of-war, the Northumberland, under the flag of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, sailed with the illustrious prisoner for his destination, a rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean, where he was to be immolated for the residue of his existence. After a favourable run of seventy days, she anchored off James Town, the 15th October, 1815; and the thrice-chosen Sovereign of France, to which rank he had been elected by the voice of the French people, landed on that shore from whence, far removed from the bosom of his family, he was doomed never to return alive. The ashes of this astonishing individual, however, were latterly claimed, in May, 1840, by the government of the Tuilleries. Now, although his enemies would not part with the living flesh and blood, yet the shrouded corpse, although denied to his mother, was readily conceded to royalty. Perhaps the certainty that the dead can neither command armies, nor head insurrections, operated when it was granted. Be this as it may, a national frigate *La Belle Poule*, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, a son of Louis Philippe, King of the French, was despatched to St. Helena, to convey the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte to Paris ; there to be inurned with distinguished honours in the "Invalides," under a magnificent monument erected to his memory at the public expense, which is surmounted with the sword of this brave and intelligent warrior: for this purpose a million of francs was granted by the Chamber of Deputies, amidst the most vehement and long-continued cheers.

Whatever may be the opinion of the present generation, often under the influence of unbridled passions, respecting this unhappy affair, it is hardly consistent with common sense to suppose that the future historian, when he shall coolly examine the transaction in all its bearings, will speak of it otherwise than as a degrading triumph over a fallen foe, utterly unworthy an enlightened people calling themselves free; as a petty revenge, a refinement of cruelty, the result of a narrow-minded policy, which, however it might have been resorted to by barbarous hordes in remote periods, was altogether at variance with the more generous usages of modern warfare, and incompatible either with lofty ideas or honourable feeling.

As in the two former British ships of war in which he had sailed, Napoleon, by the amenity of his conduct, presently conciliated the officers, and obtained the good will of the crew of the Northumberland. His wants, which he made as few as possible, were cheerfully attended to : all appeared anxious to contribute to his comfort, and afford him every accommodation in their power. When he was about to disembark, the ship's company thronged the gangways in token of their respect: he took a cordial and friendly leave of them. The instructions to Sir George Cockburn were to seek, as early as possible, a suitable habitation for the Emperor and his suite, but to retain him on board until such a residence was ready to receive him : this latter part of his orders, however, the Admiral thought fit to waive upon his own responsibility, as too oppressive under circumstances. At length, after much consideration, the Villa of Longwood, standing about six miles from James Town, at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, was selected as the most desirable. This house was reckoned the best in the island, with the exception of the Governor's country seat, called "Plantation House." Nevertheless, it was considered the most unhealthy spot in the unhealthy Island of St. Helena : it had never been made a permanent place of abode by any of the inhabitants ; moreover, it was as unfavourable to vegetation as to human life. Many of Napoleon's suite died there. To answer the intended purpose, however, it was found too small in its present state: considerable additions were deemed proper. It therefore became of necessity that Bonaparte should have some other abode during the interval required for the alterations : with the full concurrence of Sir George Cockburn, his choice fell upon a neat little cottage, known as "the Briars," romantically situated at somewhat more than a mile from the harbour, in the occupation of Mr. Balcomb : that he might not, however, put the proprietor to any inconvenience, Napoleon contented himself with the use of a small pavilion some twenty yards from the building, that contained but one room on the ground-floor, with two garrets of very contracted dimensions. As it was evident these were inadequate to lodge the whole party, a distribution of it was thus arranged: the Count and Countess Bertrand, with their family, had a small house at Hut's Gate, while those for whom no other accommodation could be found were quartered in the town: of the two attics at the Briars, Las Cazes and his son passed the night in one, while some of the household reposed in the other: two valets-de-chambre, wrapped in their cloaks, slept at the door of the lower apartment, which served Bonaparte himself both as a refectory and for his dormitory. Here, as usual, he became a favourite among Mr. Balcomb's family, who had two daughters, with whom the ex-Emperor often played at cards in the evening, and otherwise entered into their little recreations with so much good humour, that it was with deep regret they parted with him.

One day Napoleon, while walking in the shrubbery at the Briars, with his surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, the discourse turned upon the nature of his confinement, when, pointing to the surrounding frightful precipices, he said, "Behold your countrymen's generosity: this is their liberality to the unfortunate man, who, blindly relying upon what he so falsely imagined to be their national character, in an evil hour unsuspectingly confided himself to their hospitality. I once thought you were free: I now see that your ministers laugh at your laws, which are like those of other nations, formed only to oppress the defenceless, and screen the powerful, whenever your government has any object in view. They also, by way of further degradation, designate me as General Bonaparte; but let them call me what they choose they cannot prevent me from being myself."

By the unremitting perseverance of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and the assiduity of the numerous workmen employed, the enlargement of Longwood was completed in something less than two months. The suite of apartments appropriated to Napoleon's personal accommodations, comprised a saloon, an eating-parlour, a billiard-room, a sleeping-chamber, a bath-closet, a small study, and a library furnished with a good collection of books, with means to increase their number at his pleasure. The opposite wing, comprising a sleeping-room with an anti-chamber and closet, was appropriated to the use of the Count and Countess Montholon and their son. The ex-Emperor, with his attendants and friends, took possession, 10th December, 1815, with the exception of the Count and Countess Bertrand, who, with their children, continued to reside at Hut's Gate, about a mile distant. Twelve thousand pounds sterling were annually allowed for his domestic expenditure, and this could be augmented whenever the governor thought that sum insufficient. The restrictions to prevent the escape of Bonaparte, short of actual incarceration, were such as to preclude the slightest chance of such an event: no human precaution would appear to have been neglected: the most stringent orders were enforced: a subaltern's guard was posted at about six hundred paces from the villa, while a cordon of sentinels and pickets was drawn around the limits. At nine o'clock in the evening, after which Napoleon was not permitted to leave his residence, unless accompanied by an English field-officer, the sentinels were called in, then placed in communication with each other, by whom the house was encompassed on every side in such positions, that no person could either enter or come out without being seen and scrutinized by them:

double sentinels were stationed at the entrance to the house; at the same time patroles continually paraded backward and forward: no one was allowed to pass without giving the countersign. This regulation was continued until daylight in the morning. The landing places in the island, as well as every spot that presented the semblance of one, had a picket guard. Sentinels were even placed upon the craggy goat-tracks that led to the sea.

An English officer was ordered to be constantly at the ex-Emperor's table: to avoid this, Bonaparte took his meals in his own chamber. The officer was also to accompany him when he rode on horseback: the latter, however, was not enforced within certain prescribed limits, say twelve miles, because Napoleon declared he would not take equestrian exercise if shackled with such conditions. His correspondence also was obliged to be submitted to the examination of the governor of the island: Napoleon and his companions, however, frequently contrived to evade this.

Two British armed vessels continually cruised, one to windward, the other to leeward; to whom, when a sail was descried, signals were made from the various signal-posts on the island, from whence ships may frequently be discovered at twenty-four leagues' distance, and always long before they can near the shore. Every ship, except an English man-of-war, was accompanied down to the roadstead by one of the cruisers, which kept company with her until she was either sent away, or was permitted to take up moorings: no foreign vessels were allowed to cast anchor, unless under circumstances of great distress, in which case no person from them was permitted to land; while, to prevent improper communication, a naval officer, with a party from one of the armed ships, was sent to take charge of them so long as they remained. All the fishing-boats belonging to the island were numbered, and anchored every evening at sunset, under the superintendence of a lieutenant of the navy: guard-boats from the ships of war pulled about the island during the whole of the night, and no other craft except these were allowed to be down after nightfall: the orderly officer was also instructed to ascertain the actual presence of Napoleon twice in the twenty-four hours; this, however, was executed with as much delicacy as possible: thus, chance of escape there was none.

Bonaparte was extremely particular as to the neatness of his dress and the cleanliness of his person: this habit he preserved till his death. His costume was one day the uniform of a *chasseur à cheval*, the light horse of the imperial guard; an olive-coloured great-coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugle-horns embroidered in gold, plain sugar-loaf buttons, and gold epaulettes; a small cocked hat, having a tri-coloured cockade, a plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, with white waistcoat and breeches. His decorations were the grand star and cordon of the Legion of Honour, as also the small star of that order, together with the iron crown and the union appended to the button hole of his left lapel. The next he varied it by appearing in shoes with gold buckles, and white silk stockings.

The exiled warrior, who was most decidedly a prisoner, had not long been settled in his new habitation, ere he was doomed to experience a fresh series of vexation, by the arrival, on the 14th April, 1816, of Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, the newly appointed governor of St. Helena, who came out with his staff in the Phaeton frigate, Captain Stanfell. The next day, 15th April, 1816, he was regularly installed in his government, when he sent a message that he should visit Longwood the following morning, at nine o'clock: he was punctual to his appointment: but as that was an earlier hour than Napoleon was accustomed to receive visitors, they did not meet, and two o'clock on the succeeding day, 17th April, 1816, was fixed on for the interview. The meeting was anything but satisfactory to either party: from the first moment they disagreed: the uncourteous style in which Sir Hudson communicated to his prisoner the instructions he had received, as well as the tone in which he intimated the methods by which he proposed to carry them into execution, was considered premeditated insult; acrimonious expressions passed; and they separated mutually displeased. The difference was never afterwards reconciled; indeed, the breach became wider every day, accumulating additional rancour, until the demise of the exile. As if the restrictions imposed by the vigilance of Admiral Sir George Cockburn were not sufficiently galling, a new set of regulations was introduced, and rigidly enforced: all intercourse between the French and the inhabitants was strictly interdicted; the shopkeepers were forbidden to supply them with any article, without having previously obtained the sanction of the governor; the penalty announced for holding any conversation whatever with them, even to answering a question, was banishment from the island; the visits to the Countess Bertrand, at Hut's Gate, by the officers of the 53rd regiment, encamped near Longwood, were discountenanced by an authority, against which there was no appeal; the number of sentinels was increased; a paper was sent for the signatures of the ex-Emperor's domestics, purporting that whoever subscribed his name would be compelled to remain on the island during the life of the captive, while those who refused were to be sent away,—notwithstanding, they all signed. Another source of disquiet was the dispute respecting the name by which he was usually addressed by his little court at Longwood, where the same etiquette was maintained which had been customary at the palace of the Tuilleries: this certainly might be a weakness on the part of Napoleon, but hardly worthy of official notice; it served, however, to engender much unpleasant feeling. Mr. Hobhouse, since one of the English Cabinet ministers, sent him a book, which Sir Hudson Lowe would not allow to be delivered to him, because it had the words "To the Emperor Napoleon" written upon it. Bonaparte, who was keenly alive to these things, resolved to remonstrate through the medium of Count Montholon: to this an answer in no very measured terms was returned, which said:—"No such thing as an emperor was known at St. Helena;" adding, "that the justice and moderation of the English government towards him would be the admiration of future ages." After this, another paper was sent, which all the French were ordered to sign, containing a declaration, wherein "Napoleon Bonaparte" was substituted for "the Emperor Napoleon:" on refusing compliance with this mandate, all his domestics, with the exception of four, were ordered to embark instantly in a ship ready for their reception. Napoleon requested them to go; they would not however, leave him, and without his knowledge affixed their signatures. Next day, Bonaparte sent a note, intimating that he might be called Colonel Meuron, or Baron Duroc, observing to his surgeon, Mr. O'Meara, "I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of Emperor. I do not call myself Napoleon, Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon: sovereigns generally retain their name: thus, Charles of Spain retains the title of king and majesty, after having abdicated in favour of his son. If I were in England, I would not call myself Emperor; but it is wished to make it appear that the French nation had not the right to make me its sovereign: if it had not a right to make me Emperor, it was equally incapable to make me general. A man, when he is at the head of a few, during the disturbances in a country, is called a chief of rebels; but when he succeeds, effects great actions, exalts his country and himself, he is called general, sovereign, &c.: it is only success that makes him such; had he been unfortunate, he would still be chief of rebels, and perhaps perish on a scaffold. Your nation called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the constitution of his country; but his successes obliged it to change its plan and acknowledge both. It is success that makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me, were it not that your ministers force me to it, to call myself Emperor, situated as I am here; and would remind one of those poor wretches in lunatic asylums, who fancy themselves kings amidst their chains and straw."

Candour must admit that two persons so differently placed were by no means upon equal terms; one all powerful, the other powerless, formed an immense difference in their relative positions: the sensitiveness of the one may readily find an excuse in the peculiarity of his situation: the harshness of the other, while it betrayed an uncultivated mind, at the same time manifested an absence of generous feeling, and was wholly inexcusable. It is the characteristic of genuine courage to deal gently with a fallen foe: magnanimity repudiates insult, more especially where circumstances preclude retaliation. The delinquent, when condemned by offended laws to expiate his crimes by forfeiture of life, is still treated with urbanity; even his goaler would loathe the idea to aggravate his misfortunes—would feel ashamed either to add to the misery of the unhappy wretch under his controul, or render his prison more irksome than necessity required. The Governor would seem to have studied in a different school, to have been one, the coarseness of whose manners was well suited to the office he had undertaken: one who, destitute of those noble qualities that elevate one portion of the human race above their fellows, could ignobly stoop to advantage himself of his power further to press down an individual already prostrated: seeing that, although he might not be able to "gild refined gold," he nevertheless possessed the unenviable faculty to add pungency to severity, to augment the wretchedness of seclusion by the goading taunts of official consequence.

In August, 1816, the Newcastle Frigate reached St. Helena, having on board Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and three commissioners: Count Balmaine representing Russia; Baron Sturmer, Austria; and Marquis Montchenu, an old emigrant, the Bourbons. Napoleon remarked on the absurdity of this measure—"What folly it is," said he, "to send these commissioners out hither, without either charge or responsibility—they will have nothing to do but walk about the streets and creep up the rocks: the Prussian government has displayed more judgment, and saved its money." Bonaparte appeared much pleased with Admiral Malcolm, speaking of whom he exclaimed:—"Ah! there is a man with a countenance really pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, and sincere. He carries the face of an Englishman. His appearance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is as good as he looks; I never yet beheld a person of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion:

he carries his head erect, and speaks out freely and boldly whatever he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face at the time. His physiognomy would make every one desirous of a farther acquaintance, and inspire confidence in the most suspicious." This, however, was not his opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe, which might be said to be the reverse of the medal.

Not content with those already in operation, fresh and still more stringent restrictions were imposed upon the inmates of Longwood: they were now prohibited either to go down the valley or enter a house, and fourteen hundred pounds were demanded from Napoleon which had been paid for books: four of his attendants were sent off to the Cape of Good Hope. The allowances were diminished daily: all remonstrance was vain, and only productive of renewed insults. The Countess Bertrand had borrowed some novels from a Miss Chesborough previous to the arrival of Sir Hudson: these were placed in a trunk, at the top of the linen sent to be washed, to be returned to their owner: this, however, was said to be a violation of the proclamation, and that Miss Chesborough should be turned off the island. The Count Las Cazes was the only Frenchman in Napoleon's suite who could read, speak, and understand English: the mulatto servant who waited upon him was forcibly taken away; previous to leaving the island he paid two or three secret visits to his late master, and offered to carry any letter or message for him to Europe. Las Cazes fell into the snare—he incautiously wrote a letter to Prince Lucien upon satin, which was sewed in the man's clothes: the next day the Count was arrested, his papers seized, and his person kept in solitary confinement about six weeks, by which his health was much injured. After this, both he and his son were sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where they were confined upwards of seven months and finally sent to Europe. When they reached the Thames they were seized by an order from Lord Bathurst, and hurried to Ostend: on the Continent he suffered much persecution, but made Europe ring with the miserable state of the ex-Emperor. Before Las Cazes left him, Napoleon requested that, "if he saw his son and the Empress Maria Louisa, his wife, to embrace them for him," adding, "the insalubrity of this dreadful climate, together with the want of every thing that tends to support life, will soon, I feel, put an end to my existence, the last moments of which will be an opprobrium to the English name." These were not the only vexatious circumstances that Bonaparte had to contend with: a marble bust of his son had been executed at Leghorn by order of the Empress Maria Louisa: this had been sent out by the gunner of a ship; from the captain, however, it was understood that an insinuation had been made to throw the bust into the sea, and to say nothing about it. This, however, had not been acted upon: consequently, after a delay of several days, Sir Hudson Lowe informed Bertrand that a sculptor had sent out a bad bust of young Napoleon, the price of which was a hundred guineas, which he, the Governor, conceived to be too much. When this reached Napoleon's ears, he exclaimed, "Surely, no sum could be too great for a father to pay under similar circumstances, but really this man has no feeling: it was further intimated that the Governor's aide-de-camp, Sir Thomas Reade, had wished to have it broken. The day he received the image, he did not eat; but his face was covered with smiles, and evinced the pride he felt in being the father of so lovely a boy. Shortly after it came, he sent for his surgeon, and asked him "if he knew anything about the bust?" Mr. O Meara replied that he had heard of it some days before, and should have mentioned it, but that he expected the governor would have sent it up sooner. The bust was about the natural size, and very well executed: the father's countenance, as he surveyed it, was animated in the extreme; he appeared to be much delighted, and to rivet his eyes on the marble with all the tender affection of a parent. "Look at that bust," said he; "barbarous and atrocious must that man be who could break such an image as that: I consider the person who is either capable to order or execute its destruction to be worse than him who administers poison to another; for the latter has some object to gain, while the former is instigated by nothing but the blackest atrocity, and is capable of committing any crime. That countenance," said he, "would melt the heart of the most ferocious wild beast. The man who gave orders to break that image would plunge a knife into the bosom of the original, were it in his power."

As may readily be conceived by those who cherish the natural affections, the father was anxious to see the gunner who brought out the bust of his son, believing it would enable him to learn some news respecting the condition of his wife and child. He consequently directed Count Bertrand to signify his wish that the man might have permission to come to Longwood: after much delay, and many untrue assertions that the gunner was ill, Bertrand was informed that the desired visit had been granted; the man, however, was previously examined on oath, and before he was allowed to set out, underwent a minute search. A few minutes after his arrival at Hut's Gate, and while he was yet speaking to the Countess Bertrand, Captain Poppleton, by the governor's desire, entered the room, with strict orders not to suffer him to hold any conversation with the French except in his own presence. This was construed into another insult, and the gunner was dismissed without having been questioned.

As a further annoyance to the ex-Emperor, ditches from eight to ten feet in depth were excavated around his garden: the allowance hitherto made for his suite was considerably abridged, while Napoleon himself was prohibited to purchase food for them, even with his own money. His attendants were thrown into great alarm for the safety of his person, by the circumstance of his having been aimed at by a drunken corporal: Bonaparte, however, viewed it in no other light than as a premeditated affront, that presented a fresh obstacle to his appearance out of doors. Speaking on this subject, Napoleon said, "I understand that the Governor proposed, 'if I did not stir out, to send an officer to enter my chamber:' I told Sir Hudson Lowe, a few days since, that if he desired to put an end to me, he would have a good opportunity by carrying his threat into execution, as whoever should attempt to force his way into my private apartment, shall be a corpse the moment he may enter: I know that I shall be put to death afterwards, and then you may write home to your government that Bonaparte was killed in a brawl. I have faced death too often to fear it. I also requested that he would leave me alone, and not torment me with his hateful presence: it is not my custom to abuse any person, but this man's effrontery produced bad blood in me. I could not patiently hear him assert before the admiral that he had changed nothing; that all was the same as when he arrived: when, however, I replied, 'Call the officer, I will leave it to his decision,' he was struck dumb—he was mute." This ill-feeling between them was not likely to be quelled, but rather augmented by a circumstance, which is thus related by Mr. O'Meara:—"When Napoleon was informed that General Meade was on the island, he sent him an invite to Longwood; this, however, was declined. Some days after, Sir Hudson Lowe asked me if General Bonaparte had made any observations relative to General Meade's not having accepted his invitation: I replied, that he had desired me to tell him that he felt convinced that he, Sir Hudson Lowe, had prevented him from calling. No sooner had I pronounced this, than his excellency changed colour, when he exclaimed with great violence, accompanying it with an oath, 'He is a lying scoundrel—a black-hearted villain! I wished General Meade to accept it, and told him to do so.' He then walked about for a few minutes greatly agitated, repeating, that none but a black-hearted villain would have entertained such an idea,' then mounted his horse and rode away. He had not proceeded more than a hundred paces, when he wheeled about, rode back, and in a very angry tone, said in Italian, 'Tell General Bonaparte, that the assertion that I prevented General Meade from visiting him at Longwood is an infamous falsehood, and the person who said it is a great liar; tell him my exact words.' After this, the governor and his staff came to Longwood, but Napoleon refused to see him."

A great quantity of furniture, wood, and building-materials having arrived from England, Sir Hudson Lowe requested Mr. O'Meara to acquaint Napoleon that he was desirous to increase his comfort, either by enlarging his present house at Longwood, or by erecting for him another; but he feared the noise of the workmen making any additions to the present building, would annoy him. Bonaparte acknowledged that it would. "I do not wish him," said he, "to do any thing to this house, or on this very dismal place, where it is impossible to ride a mile without getting wet to the skin; a place that even the English themselves complain of, although accustomed to humidity. If it be determined to build a new house for my use, let him erect one on the other side of the island, where there are shade, verdure, and water, and where I may be sheltered from these cutting winds: I should prefer to have it either on the estate of Colonel Smith, or at Rosemary Hill, which Bertrand has been to see: but depend upon it, his proposals are all delusive; nothing advances since he came. Look there," pointing to the window: "I was obliged to order a pair of sheets to be put up as curtains, as the others were so dirty I could not approach them, and none could be obtained to replace them. I cannot," continued he, "well comprehend the conduct of your ministers; they go to the expense of sixty or seventy thousand pounds to send out furniture, &c., for my use, at the same time the Governor puts me nearly on rations, obliges me to discharge my servants, and makes reductions in my comforts and mode of living: I see contradictions that I cannot reconcile: on the one hand, enormous and useless expenditure; on the other, unparalleled meanness and parsimony. I am told that there is twenty thousand pounds' worth of iron railing sent out: it is money thrown into the sea: before this can be fixed here, I shall be under ground, for I am certain that I shall not hold out more than two years under the treatment I experience."

The conduct pursued by Sir Hudson Lowe towards Mr. O'Meara most assuredly does not speak much in his favour; it was desired that the Doctor should relate the private conversations that he might hold with his patient—in other words, that he should act as a spy upon the ex-Emperor: this request was so utterly at variance with professional honour, inculcated such an unpardonable breach of confidence, and was so repugnant to gentlemanly feeling, that the surgeon, without hesitation, gave a peremptory refusal;

this caused frequent altercations, in which Mr. O'Meara states that, "his non compliance subjected him to much violent abuse." At length he was ordered not to pass out of Longwood, and at the same time forbidden to hold any intercourse with the French other than what related to his profession; this was at once to deprive him of English society, as well as of the pleasures of conversation. As he was neither able nor willing to obey this arbitrary mandate, he sent in his resignation: he continued twenty-seven days in confinement, when he was released in consequence of the commissioners insisting upon the strange surmises that would arise if Napoleon should die while his surgeon was in confinement, or even under the hands of any professional gentleman forced upon him. Mr. O'Meara, as a medical officer originally attached to his majesty's marine, was elected by the officers of the 53rd regiment an honorary member of their mess: when that regiment was replaced by the 66th, the officers of the latter paid him a similar compliment; by the interference of Sir Hudson Lowe, however, the colonel requested him to withdraw from the mess. The Doctor resented this affront, and declared that, "whatever might be asserted injurious to his honour, was a base and insidious calumny." The consequence of this declaration was an order commanding the Doctor "to immediately withdraw from his attendance on General Bonaparte, and to cease to hold further communication of any kind whatever with the persons residing at Longwood;" by way of climax, Mr. O'Meara was, by order of the Governor, sent to England.

Some time after the removal of Mr O'Meara, Napoleon selected for his medical attendant, Mr. Stokoe, the then surgeon of the "Conqueror," an English line-of-battle ship: in this latter choice, however, the ex-Emperor was not more fortunate than in his former: the vigilance of the Governor abated in nothing that could annoy his wretched captive. His orders were as stringent as ever respecting the intercourse between the surgeon and his patient: no conversation whatever was to take place between them, but such as immediately related to the nature of his disease: it must be apparent that this was, in fact, to exact an almost impossibility: was it reasonable to suppose two gentlemen could meet under such circumstances, and strictly keep within the prescribed line? assuredly not. This gentleman's attendance, consequently, was not of long continuance: early in the year 1819, he was brought to a court-martial for breach of orders; the charges preferred against him by Sir Hudson Lowe were:—

"Having held communication with Bonaparte, the exile, other than in his professional capacity;" also for having, in his official documents, designated him as 'Napoleon,' and 'the patient,' not as 'General Bonaparte,' according to the Governor's dictum." Mr. Stokoe was found guilty, dismissed the service, and sent to England.

As the fallen monarch refused to receive any doctor appointed by the Governor, he was left without medical aid, although the nature of his complaint required the most skilful treatment: in this dilemma Count Bertrand wrote to the ex-Emperor's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to send out a priest and a physician on whose judgment Napoleon might place reliance: for this purpose, a negotiation was opened with the English Government, who after a delay of some months, allowed two Romish priests, Bonavita and Vignali, and Dr. Antommarchi, an Italian physician, to proceed to St. Helena. Bonavita was obliged to return home very soon, as the climate was by no means congenial with his constitution. The doctor found his illustrious patient in a frightful state of exhaustion, sinking under the progress of liver complaint, said to be endemic and mortal at St. Helena. So much was he reduced, that Napoleon could hardly walk across his chamber without assistance; his digestive organs were deranged, while his stomach rejected food. The doctor immediately addressed a memorial to Lord Liverpool, in which he described the condition of his patient, and suggested the propriety of changing the place of his exile: Sir Hudson Lowe, however, true to his text, revived the old cause of dispute, and refused to transmit it to England, under the stale pretext that "it gave to Napoleon the title of Emperor;" it will, however, be seen that subsequently even the British cabinet did not scruple to designate him as such.

In his first interview with the Italian doctor, Bonaparte told him that his malady would now defy all human skill; that he felt grateful to his friends in Europe, who were interceding with the allied sovereigns for a change of his place of exile; at the same time, he observed, "it is trouble in vain; it is no longer time to revoke a decree of death, when the murdered victim does no more than palpitate." When Antommarchi was about to prescribe for his patient, 14th October, 1820, Napoleon said, "There is but little use in physicking, Doctor; we are a machine made to live; we are organized for that purpose, and such is our nature; we should not counteract the living principle, but let it alone; leave it the liberty of self-defence, it will do better, perhaps, than with your drugs. Our body is a watch, intended to go for a given time. The watchmaker cannot open it, and must work at random; for once that he relieves or assists it by his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, and at last destroys it." With the decay of his body his mind appeared also to give way; fits of long silence and profound melancholy became frequent: he once said aloud, as if talking to himself "In those days I was Napoleon, now I am nothing—my strength, my faculties forsake me—I no longer live, I only exist."

About the middle of April, 1821, Napoleon's disease began to assume such a very threatening aspect, that Dr. Antommarchi himself became alarmed as well as extremely anxious to have the advice of some English physician. At the earnest solicitation of the Italian, Bonaparte consented to admit the visits of Dr. Arnott, of the 20th regiment. He continued, however, firmly to combat the idea that much advantage was to be derived from the use of medicine, observing, with great calmness of manner, "that which is written is written: our days are numbered, our hour is marked and no one can claim a moment of life beyond what fate has predestined.' From the 14th to the 25th April, 1821, Napoleon was occupied drawing up his last will, &c. To his son he bequeathed a specimen of every article in his wardrobe; he also gave directions that his body should be opened after death, expressed a special desire that his stomach should be scrutinized and its appearances communicated to his child, observing, that 'the almost uninterrupted succession of vomitings would seem to show that of all my organs, the stomach is the most diseased." He then communed with the priest Vignali, described to him the manner in which it was his wish his body should lie in state, saying to him, "I am neither an Atheist nor a Rationalist; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father; I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church as well as receive the assistance which she administers."

On the 3rd of May, 1821, it became evident that the scene was fast verging to a close: the great debt was about to be paid in full; a few more hours, and the conqueror of nearly all Europe would repose with his fathers—the mighty Napoleon would cease to feel the persecution of the governor—would no longer be an object of either jealousy to crowned heads or of dread to European Cabinets. The dying exile summoned to his bedside his faithful adherents, Counts Bertrand and Montholon: extending his withered hand to them, with a faint smile, "Courage, my friends," said he, "I am not deficient in it; but we must separate; the fates decree it: the hour of dissolution is not far off: you know all the objects which I have never failed to cherish; you are not unacquainted with those for whose welfare I have ever been most solicitous; do not let them remain ignorant of the sentiments of friendship with which they have always inspired me. Should you ever approach my son"—here he hesitated, and appeared much affected; then rallying, he resumed, "My friends, in that case I prescribe nothing to you." After another melancholy pause, he continued, "You will no doubt see my ancient comrades of glory and of dangers; tell them that I loved them always, that they have never been absent from my thoughts, that the remembrance of them has followed me to the tomb. Should my mortal remains be proscribed, as my person has been, carry them near to that fountain, the waters of which have so often quenched my thirst; but should my enemies be less exasperated against my corpse than when it was animated by life—should they, ceasing their hostility, leave it at your disposal, transport it to the banks of the Seine, and let my ashes be buried amidst that people whom I so much loved." In the evening of the same day he addressed himself to young Marchand, his valet-de-chambre, saying, "I shall give you little, my friend, but you will not the less on that account cherish my memory. I know your heart; it is made for constancy and friendship." On the 4th May, 1821, the island was swept by a tremendous storm, that tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots: the 5th May, 1821, was another day of tempests. Napoleon, in an almost agonizing state, was again visited by Dr. Arnott, Dr. Mitchell, first medical officer of the navy, and Dr. Short, army-physician. But all assistance was in vain; his fate was sealed; the heavy hand of death was upon him; the grim tyrant did not seem disposed to forego his hold: he had already marked the victor at Marengo for his prey. The last sacraments of the Romish church were administered by Vignali. He lingered on thenceforth in delirious stupor until about ten minutes before six o'clock in the evening, when he faintly ejaculated "*Mon fils!*" my son! His last words were "*Tête d' armée*"—head of the troops. The intrepid warrior closed his eyes, and passed for ever from the dreams of battle and the power of his enemies.

The day following the decease of Bonaparte, the body of the defunct was opened and embalmed by Dr. Antommarchi, in the presence of Counts Montholon and Bertrand, as also of several eminent English practitioners of medicine, when it was discovered that a cancerous ulceration of the stomach had been the cause of his death. Agreeable to his expressed wishes, a grave was prepared for his remains in Slane's Valley, in the immediate vicinity of Longwood, near a favourite spring overhung with weeping willows, beneath the shade of which the illustrious exile had been wont to take his evening seat. The corse of the Ex-Emperor, clad in his accustomed uniform, lay in state, and was visited by nearly, if not all, the population of the island; the troops of the garrison passed through the illuminated chamber in slow but silent file, the officers pausing in turn to press respectfully the icy hand of the departed warrior.

On the 8th May, 1821, the last obsequies were performed: that which was once Emperor of the French and King of Rome—the renowned but dreaded Napoleon—was borne to the tomb by a party of British Grenadiers, the military cloak that he wore at Marengo spread over his bier for a pall: the priest Vignali read the service according to the Romish ritual: during the funeral solemnities minute-guns were fired from the admiral's ship; the coffin was committed to the earth amidst the discharge of triple volleys from fifteen pieces of ordnance, over which, by way of security, was lowered an immense stone. The cortege included not only his own household, but also the governor of the island, the admiral on the station, together with all the civil as well as the military authorities of the place.

It is somewhat difficult to fathom the discrepancies in the conduct of public functionaries, more especially when they are placed at a great distance from the seat of government. Here was an officer of elevated rank vested with great power over a fallen monarch, exiled to a rocky island in the waters of the vast Atlantic. This man ungenerously sought to embitter the existence, to wound the feelings of his prisoner, by privations, exclusions, and restrictions, many of which could neither be morally defended, nor excused on the plea of necessity; yet no sooner was his victim numbered with the dead than he profusely lavished on the lifeless clay those very honours which he so strenuously refused to the living body.

It was thus that the brilliant morning of Napoleon Bonaparte's career terminated in a gloomy evening of murky darkness: a man of whom, it may fearlessly be affirmed, that no one in modern times, at least, ever created for himself so intense an interest in the bosoms of his fellow-men, or enlinked their feelings so effectually in his welfare: a private individual, whose transition from poverty and obscurity to the summit of fortune and command was almost instantaneous: a soldier who recast the art of war, by which he baffled most of the greatest generals of his day: a sovereign, whose gifts were crowns and kingdoms: a statesman, who not only managed his own affairs with considerable address, and changed the face of the world, but also altered the long-established demarcation of territories, made new kings, dethroned others, and crowded his ante-chambers with submissive princes supplicating his favour: a warrior, who removed barriers hitherto deemed impassable, and made a highway of the towering Alps: a conqueror, whose gigantic achievements were echoed through every state of Europe, and filled their respective governments with dismay: a lawgiver, who furnished a code that bids fair to last as long as human beings shall congregate in society: a hero, whose memory is still cherished by the nation whose destiny he guided—whose renown spread itself beyond the confines of civilization, even to the Steppes of the Cossack and the desert of the Arab—whose fame pervaded nearly the whole of our habitable globe, while the vicissitudes of his life afford a valuable lesson to rulers, inasmuch as they tend to show the fragility of human greatness, as well as the instability of tyrannic sway—a lesson equally calculated to teach absolute monarchs their weakness, and misgoverned nations their strength.

The various acquirements of Napoleon take too wide a range for common individuals to give a fair judgment upon his qualifications; few are to be found, if even there be any, adequate to the task, provided credit is to be given to Lady Morgan, who thus speaks of him:—"The man," she says, "who, at the head of a mighty empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet discourse on astronomy with La Place, a proficient in the science; on tragedy with Talma, the most accomplished actor of his day; on music with Cherubini, a professor of his art; on painting with Gerard, a celebrated artist; discuss *virtu* with Denon, the antiquarian: literature and science with any who would listen to him; was certainly out of the roll of common men, even allowing for a moment that he had taken the royal road to learning, and was, as his enemies would insinuate, but superficially acquainted with the various subjects that engrossed his restless and all-grasping capacity." It will hardly be contested that his intimate acquaintance with the science of projectiles gave him a pre-eminence as an artillery officer not often equalled: that he applied it with astounding effect is acknowledged on all hands: in his disposition of a field of battle he would appear to have distanced all competitors: even his most inveterate denunciators must admit that it was no every-day character who could conduct an army to victory against a powerful and experienced enemy, at the same time direct from his tent the civil affairs of the country: that he had great faults is not to be denied, but absolute perfection was never yet the lot of humanity: of his own imperfections he does not seem to have been entirely ignorant: more than once he has been heard to confess that "he owed his reverses to nothing so much as to the extravagance of his own errors," at the same time observing, "it must be owned that fortune spoiled him—that ere he was thirty years of age, he found himself vested with great power—the mover of great events: that this taught him to believe there was something superhuman in his own faculties; that consequently he expected mankind not merely to submit, but to admire as well as reverence his actions;" if, however, the old but homely proverb, "know a man by the company he keeps," be applied as a test, it certainly would not speak much in favour of his discretion that he should have selected two such men as Fouché and Talleyrand for his associates and counsellors: this he found to his cost when he came to pay the penalty of his unhappy choice: he most assuredly fell by the deep-laid treachery of these two titled knaves, whom he had imprudently elevated to undeserved rank. After all, if Napoleon were to be tried by the standard of high moral courage, he would most unquestionably be found wanting: unfortunately, however, that is not the scale whereby aggressing conquerors are usually measured; their courage is anything but moral. High moral courage is as remote from the usages of war as the poles are asunder—like them, they can never meet. The first is creative of happiness, the foundation of prosperity, and progressively on the increase; the latter subversive of social comfort, destructive of property, and always on an inclined plane. It is a melancholy reflection to think that the day is distant, very far distant, when moral qualifications shall be held in greater esteem than military glory; when destruction shall cease to win applause by outraging the kindlier feelings of our nature; when it shall no longer be deemed praiseworthy either to saturate the earth with the blood of our fellow-creatures, or to cover its surface with the mangled carcasses of those whom, if we possessed christian charity, we are bound to love as brethren; when to destroy the labour of the husbandman, and to convert the peaceful dwellings of man into heaps of smoking ruins; to multiply, without restraint, the widow and the orphan, shall, instead of covering the vile perpetrator with laurels, consign him to that infamy which deeds of so foul a complexion so justly merit.

That Napoleon Bonaparte was essentially a despot, his most ardent admirers must admit—the fact is too glaring for dispute. He, however, overthrew a much more mischievous despotism than that which he himself exercised. Therefore, as life is little more than a choice of evils, the French people, although they did not reap all the advantage they ought to have gathered from the Revolution, were evidently gainers by the change. Moreover, it is equally possible that despotism should eventually lead to perfect freedom, as that it should smother all advances to liberty—much will depend upon the features it may assume. History is pregnant with substantive proofs that this is truth. Many of his actions disseminated the seeds of liberty that must ultimately ripen into wholesome fruit. His appeal to the people at large for their assent when he was about to clothe himself with the imperial purple was a tacit acknowledgment that it rested with the population to choose their sovereign. If it be, as asserted, that he adopted measures to procure this assent, not altogether consistent with freedom of election, that will not by any means vitiate the principle laid down,—namely, "the inalienable right of every citizen to give his unbiassed vote,"—a principle is not annihilated because it has been abused. The value of this recognition is already beginning to appear; the doctrine of universal suffrage has made rapid strides in consequence.; men begin to be weary of slavery, to throw off slavish habits, and to turn their thoughts to the enjoyment of rational freedom. In evidence to this, many millions of money have been lavished upon the slave-holders, to redeem from the degrading yoke of slavery the coloured population in the West Indian colonies. Morally speaking, these slave-masters could never have had any just claim to compensation, because they could never have had a moral right to the persons of their slaves; this is fully evinced by the fact, that when any of the latter chanced to set foot on the soil of the mother country, and continued to reside in it, they were emancipated, and their self-styled owners across the Atlantic were compelled to acquiesce without the receipt of any remuneration for their supposed loss. How, then, is it to be reconciled with consistency, that among the inhabitants of the parent state the many should be still subjected to the caprice of the few? Can the most ingenious sophist deny, that to oblige one portion of the people to work hard to supply taxes, as also to compel them to defend the country as well as its wealthy proprietors, with their persons, at the same time to declare them incapable to exercise a voice either by themselves or by their representatives, in the distribution of these resources, is the very system of slavish obedience, to abolish which the money was paid to the West India planters.

Notwithstanding the harshness as well as the marked indelicacy with which he was treated by Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon, generally speaking, sustained his solitude and underwent his privations with great serenity; 'tis true he was apt occasionally to express in warm terms his indignation at the restraints to which—according to his own opinion, at least—he was unnecessarily subjected: yet, on the whole, he was good-humoured, and maintained a cheerful deportment. Those who had access to him at St. Helena acknowledge that, with extensive conversational powers, he possessed great suavity of manners; that he not only received his visitors at Longwood graciously, but also with polished politeness, in which he displayed the ease and dignity of a man superior to adversity. Among those who paid him their respects were most of the officers on their way to and from India: Sir Murray Maxwell, Lord Amherst, and his suite, on their return from their Chinese embassy; also Captain Basil Hall, who thus speaks of him.—"His self-command must have been more extraordinary than was generally supposed, because it is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness—I may almost call it benignity—than that which played over his features during the whole time of our interview: he asked many questions, for my answers to which he waited with great patience as well as kindness: his speech was rather slow, but perfectly distinct; the quick penetrating expression of his eye could not be overlooked; when he was excited by any circumstance of peculiar interest, its brilliancy was dazzling—almost beyond conception." This was corroborated by his attendants during his last illness: these would fain have called in additional medical aid, but conscious of his feelings on this head, they durst not—"even had he been speechless," said one of them, "we could not have brooked his eye." His doors were always open to the English, whether male or female; their presence appeared to afford him great gratification. He expressed himself highly pleased with Colonel and Miss Wilks, addressing himself to the daughter with much gallantry and good feeling.

The rigour of his confinement, the immense distance from his family, added to the equanimity of his temper and philosophic endurance, awakened an almost general sympathy for his sufferings: never before, perhaps, did so large a portion of the European population manifest such strong feelings in favour of one who was most unquestionably for ever removed from the great theatre of human action. Among others, Lord Holland: this talented nobleman, in 1817, called the attention of Parliament to the situation of Napoleon, and had a statue erected to him in the gardens of Holland House, Kensington, on which were inscribed a Greek quotation from Homer, purporting that "The godlike Ulysses is not yet dead, but still lingers in some unapproachable island within the breadth of ocean, where savage men detain him a 'living captive.'" Lord Byron invoked his lofty poetic muse, and eulogized him thus:—

"Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou,
She trembles at thee still—and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself—nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.
Well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide,
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of Hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled."

Napoleon certainly enjoyed the faculty to render himself agreeable to such an extraordinary degree, that whenever he chose to exercise it, it was impossible to escape the power of his fascination: to this fact there is the unbiassed evidence of two English naval officers of rank. The first, Captain Maitland, who commanded the Bellerophon of 74 guns, speaks of him thus:—"However surprising it may appear that a possibility should exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favour of one who had caused so many calamities to his country; yet to such an extent did he possess the power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have sat at the same table with him for nearly a month, as I did, without feeling a sensation of pity, perhaps allied to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and who had held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him; while Lord Keith, when some one alluded in the old Admiral's hearing to Bonaparte's repeated request of a personal interview with the Prince Regent, exclaimed:—"On my conscience, I believe, if he consent to that, they will be excellent friends within half an hour."

In his mode of living Napoleon was abstemious; he preferred plain food, and ate heartily; the habits of his life were simple, but marked with great industry. No man seemed better to know the value of time, while whatever he conceived to be worth doing, he did promptly: his disposition inclined to the playful rather than the morose: he had great command over his passions, notwithstanding his ruling one was ambition; neither did he seem deficient in pride: he was also a great stickler for etiquette, and even in his exile he caused the same ceremony to be maintained which had been observed at the Tuileries in his most palmy days. His avocations had accustomed him to need but little sleep, and even frequently to take that by starts. At Longwood he rose early, when, if he did not mount his horse, he either read or dictated until between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon; then breakfasted *à la fourchette*, sometimes alone, sometimes with his companions. This over, he again recurred to his books, or else dictated to his secretary the history of his life. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon he received such visitors as he chose to admit. Whenever he felt an inclination to quit the house, he rode out for a couple of hours, generally attended by his suite: on his return he resumed his dictation, or amused himself with reading until eight o'clock, when he sat down to dinner, at which he seldom consumed more than fifteen minutes; during this repast, he drank a few glasses of claret—less than an English pint: so little was he addicted to the bottle, that a single glass of champagne, or any stronger wine, sufficed to call the blood into his cheek: a cup of coffee concluded the second, which was the last meal takenby him in the day: sometimes a game of chess, at others a French tragedy read aloud, or else social converse, closed the evening, when he retired to rest, seldom later than ten o'clock. He absorbed great quantities of snuff, was extremely fond of the bath, which he entered at least once during the twenty-four hours. He slept on a little plain iron bedstead, with green silk curtains.

In the course of conversation at St. Helena with Dr. O'Meara, Napoleon brought under review the various quackeries, sophistries, and fancied systems with which from time to time the world has been both amused and abused. "Man," he said, "is fond of the marvellous; he cannot resist its fascinations; ever ready to abandon that which is near at hand, he fails not to run after that said to be at a distance, which is fabricated for him, and lends himself voluntarily to his own delusions. The truth is, that everything about us is a wonder; there is nothing which may not be properly called a phenomenon. Our existence is a phenomenon; the wood that burns on our hearths, and warms us, is a phenomenon, as is also the candle that gives us light. The whole of nature is a phenomenon—our understanding, our faculties, all first causes, are phenomena. They all exist, yet we cannot define them—memory is a phenomenon, imagination is a phenomenon; as, for example, I take leave of you here, in fancy, and, lo! I am in Paris entering my box at the opera. I bow to the audience, I hear the acclamations, I see the performers, I listen to the music; but tell me if I can bound over the distance from St. Helena, why should I not bound over the distance of centuries? why should I not see the future as well as the past? why should the one be more extraordinary, more wonderful, than the other? The only reason is that the first does not exist. This is the argument that will always annihilate all visionary wonders, without the possibility of reply. All sophists deal in very ingenious speculations; their reasoning may be seductive, even just, but their conclusions are false, because they are unsupported by facts.

"I contributed very much to bring Gall's Theory of Bumps into discredit. Nature is not so barren as this system would pretend. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly, and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets, however, are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius in a little hunchback, and a man with a fine commanding person turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head with a large brain is sometimes destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And here observe the imbecility of the phrenologist: he will attribute to certain protuberances propensities and crimes which are not inherent in nature, which arise solely from society and the compact of mankind. What will become of the protuberance denoting thievery, where there is no property to steal?—or of that indicating drunkenness, where there are no fermented liquors?—and of that characterizing ambition, where there is no social establishment?

"The same remarks apply to the system of Lavater, with his physical and moral relations. Our credulity lies in the defect of our nature. It is inherent in us to wish for the acquisition of positive ideas, when we ought, on the contrary, to be carefully on our guard against them. We scarcely look at a man's features before we undertake to ascertain his character. We should be wise enough to repel the idea, and to neutralize those deceitful appearances. I was robbed by a person who had grey eyes, and from that moment am I never to look at grey eyes without the idea of the fear of being robbed? It was a weapon that wounded me, and of that I am apprehensive wherever I see it; but was it the grey eyes that robbed me? Reason and experience prove that all these external signs are so many false beacons—we cannot be too strictly on our guard against them. The only true mode of appreciating and gaining a thorough knowledge of mankind, is by associating with, and submitting them to trial. It must, however, after all, be confessed, that we meet with countenances so hideous, that the most powerful understanding is confounded, and condemns them in spite of itself."

In the year 1840 an application was made to the British Cabinet by the government of the Tuileries for permission to remove the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte from their sepulchre at St. Helena to the metropolis of France. This was immediately complied with, and a frigate, "La Belle Poule," commanded by the Prince de Joinville, a son of Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was despatched to the island for that purpose. It will, however, perhaps puzzle posterity to comprehend upon what principle it was that the empty title of Emperor should have been so fastidiously refused to the unhappy captive when under durance—the denial of which was not only a petty revenge, utterly beneath the character of a great nation, but also a source of great vexation to the illustrious exile; and yet, that it should, nearly twenty years after his decease, be spontaneously conceded by an official document of the English authorities, as will be apparent by the following:—

"GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENT.—All inhabitants of the island wishing to accompany the procession about to take place during the disinterment of the mortal remains of the late *Emperor* Napoleon, are requested to attend at the Alarm-house, in decent mourning, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th instant, and be ready to join the rear of the procession. None but those who are officially attached to the ceremony can be permitted to pass the line gate. The officers of government, inhabitants, and others attending, are requested at that place to pass upon the terrace in front of the castle, which will be reserved for them and the respectable part of the community. By order of his Excellency the Governor. Signed, W. H. Seale, Colonial Secretary. St. Helena, 13th Oct. 1840."

In consequence of this, the body of the Emperor was disinterred, and delivered over to the royal commander, who conveyed it safely to the French shore, where it met with a most enthusiastic reception, the particulars of which are here recounted:—

When the French frigate, the "Belle Poule," arrived at Cherbourg, the entire population of the place, and the adjoining neighbourhood, flocked to the port to witness the ceremony of transfering the remains of Napoleon to the steam-boat, the "Dorade," destined to carry them up the Seine to Paris. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a solemn mass was said on board the vessel, while the band played detached pieces of sacred music: all the authorities of the town assisted: during the removal minute-guns were fired from the batteries of the fort and arsenal. A platform was erected from the frigate to the steam-boat, over which the coffin was borne, preceded by General Bertrand, whose venerable appearance, together with the emotion he evinced, excited universal sympathy among the spectators. At Rouen, the preparations to receive the body of the defunct Emperor, on the 10th December, 1840, were made on a most extensive scale. A triumphal arch had been raised on the centre of the Suspension-bridge thrown across the waters of the Seine. This was covered with violet-coloured cloth, decorated with the letter N, and studded with bees—the whole surmounted with a crown, imperial eagles, and the figures of Fame and Victory. From the bridge to the Pont Neuf pyramids were erected, over which the same coloured cloth was spread, and inscribed with the names of his different victories in gold characters. The inhabitants were determined to show their veneration for the memory of Napoleon, because he did a great deal for Rouen, and mainly contributed to render it one of the most commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom: "Paris, Rouen, and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street." About nine o'clock in the morning, when the cannon announced that the *cortège* had left the Val de la Haye, where it had lain during the night, the clergy of all the parishes, dressed in their richest ornaments, left the Cathedral, preceded by the Cardinal Archbishop, and repaired in procession to the tent prepared for their reception on the Quay de St. Sever. The Prefect, the civil, judiciary, and military authorities, also proceeded thither respectively, and the retired officers, the members of the

Legion of Honour, the wounded and soldiers of the old army of the empire, who had assembled at the Town-hall, traversed the streets, bearing crowns of *immortelles* and laurel, then went to take their station under the triumphal arch. The latter certainly constituted the most interesting portion of the *cortège*. They were from 1,400 to 1,500 in number. A very old man, stationed at the rear of the column, evincing some fears as to the solidity of the iron bridge to bear so considerable a weight, a veteran "grognard" walking by him observed, "It is easy to see that you were not with us at the passage of the bridge of the Beresina, or you would not be so squeamish." About a quarter past ten o'clock a discharge of artillery announced that the *convoi* was entering the precincts of the city. It was immediately responded to by the cannon of the National Guard, stationed, since six o'clock in the morning, on the Coté St. Catherine, and by the batteries of the Vaisseaux d'Honneur, which afterwards fired minute-guns until the close of the religious ceremony. The bells of the churches rung the knell, while the bands of the National Guard and troops played funeral marches. The Prince de Joinville, in compliance with the orders he had received not to quit his charge an instant, remained on deck all the time.

From Rouen to Passy the funeral *convoi* was received everywhere with the utmost respect. After a brilliant reception at St. Germain, the *cortège* proceeded slowly to Courbevoie, where it arrived about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, 14th Dec., 1840. The day was bitter cold, yet scores of thousands of Parisians of all but the lower classes repaired to St. Germain, Chateau St. Denis, and Asnieres, to witness its passage. The troops stationed at Courbevoie were under arms, and drawn up along the left bank of the river, which was covered with an immense multitude, who saluted the remains of the hero with deafening acclamations. The National Guards had not been called out, as it was found impossible to land the coffin until the next morning; but they were represented by their officers, who repaired to the beach with the authorities of the surrounding districts. As each of the steamers came up she fired a salute, and then took the station assigned to her for the night. One of them towed up a boat adorned with laurels and *immortelles*, on the deck of which arose a monumental tomb, which had been prepared by the inhabitants of Neuilly, and sent down to meet the *convoi* as far as Asnieres. In the front and rear were four tripods throwing out flames, round the cenotaph were inscribed on escutcheons the names of the principal victories of the republic and empire. The wharf constructed for the landing of the coffin was terminated by an open Grecian temple, one hundred feet high, under which the body was to lie in state, from thence to be afterwards transfered to the funeral car. This temple, a handsome and tasteful structure, was decorated at its angles with branches of palm and tri-coloured flags, while the eagle, with displayed wings, having a span of sixteen feet, which was to have surmounted the rostral column, was placed over the front of the building. The most interesting spectacle, however, was a colossal statue of the Empress Josephine, erected at the extremity of the bridge of Neuilly, on the road leading to the Chateau Malmaison. At five o'clock Marshal Soult. Admiral Duperré, and M. Duchatel arrived at Courbevoie, and repaired on board the Dorade steamer, to pay their homage to the Prince de Joinville. Shortly afterwards the Duke de Nemours joined them, and spent part of the night with his brother. All the steamers were illuminated, and the tripods of the tumular boat threw out flames during the whole night. The Prince de Joinville remained on board, and only a few of the sailors were allowed to land. One man, however, came ashore by special leave, who no sooner set his foot on the quay than he was surrounded and embraced by all the generals, in presence of the troops. This man, whose name was Sergeant Hubert, had never abandoned the Emperor, dead or alive. After the demise of Napoleon, he assigned to himself the mission of guarding his tomb, which he had piously discharged ever since the 8th of May, 1821. Hubert was dressed in the uniform of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and wore the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 15th December, 1840, long before day, the population was seen proceeding in the direction of the Barriere de l'Etoile, by which the *cortège* was to enter Paris. The greater number of them, however, did not stop there, but pushed on to Neuilly, the avenue of which was, in the course of a short time, occupied by at least from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand persons. The troops of the line and the National Guards arrived soon afterwards, and drew up on the ground allotted to each corps on both sides of the avenue. The artillery which was to fire the salute on the landing of the coffin, having been by some accident delayed in its passage through the city, in order to make up for the time they had lost, next came up, at full gallop. The passage on the bridge of Neuilly having been interrupted at seven o'clock in the morning, the people could not accomplish their pilgrimage to Courbevoie. Between two and three thousand persons, however, got into boats, and crossed over to one of King Louis Philippe's islands, just opposite to Courbevoie, from which a good view of the ceremony of the landing of the remains of Napoleon could be had. The twenty-four seamen of the Belle Poule who were to carry the coffin ashore were standing on each side of the catafalque. The troops and National Guards of Courbevoie, Rueil, and other neighbouring districts, lined the quays, while the artillery was drawn up close to the river side. The triumphal funeral car shortly afterwards was seen passing the bridge, and on reaching Courbevoie was stationed under the portico of the Grecian Temple. This car, which was truly magnificent, and is said to have cost fifty-five thousand francs, consisted of five distinct parts—1, the base; 2, the pedestal; 3, the caryatides; 4, the shield; and 5, the cenotaph. The base rested on four massive gilt wheels: it was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, presenting the form of a parallelogram, with a semi-circular platform in front: on this last stood a group of four genii, supporting the crown of Charlemagne; at the four angles were four other genii, in relievo, who held garlands with one hand, having in the other the trumpet of Fame; above were fasces; in the middle eagles, also the cipher of the Emperor surrounded with crowns; the base and its ornaments were covered with burnished gold; the pedestal placed on this base was eighteen feet in length by seven in height, and entirely covered with gold and purple cloth, with the cipher and arms of the Emperor, on both sides hung two velvet imperial mantles, sprinkled with bees; behind was a profusion of flags; on this pedestal stood fourteen caryatides, somewhat larger than life, six on each side, with two at the extremities, all placed back to back, entirely gilt over, and supporting with their heads and hands an immense shield; the shield was of burnished gold, of an elongated oval form, loaded with fasces of javelins; the sarcophagus, of an antique form, was raised above the shield: in the centre, on a rich cushion, lay the sceptre, the hand of justice, and the imperial crown, studded with jewels. This monument of gold and velvet, about fifty feet high, was drawn by sixteen black horses, yoked by fours, and so caparisoned as only to show the extremity of the feet. The caparisons were of gold cloth cut in the shape of those used for the tournament horses of the middle ages. The manes of the steeds, led by valets, richly dressed in the livery of the Emperor, were adorned with gold tresses and white plumes. While preparations were making for landing the coffin on shore, the people in the island struck up the "Marseillais." When they had got through thie national hymn, they gave three cheers for Napoleon, and as many curses for his enemies. At half-past nine o'clock the clergy of Courbevoie were seen descending the quay, and when it had reached the Dorade, prayers were read over the body. The Prince de Joinville then gave orders to land, when all the assistants, preceded by the priests, went on shore, and the twenty-four seamen, having raised the coffin on their shoulders, followed the procession. The artillery fired a salute of twenty-one rounds, and the corpse was landed amidst the joint acclamations of the troops and the people. This was the first place where the remains touched the French ground. They were conveyed to the Grecian Temple, and after lying there in state for a short time, while M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, with the other clergymen, chanted prayers, the seamen again took up their precious load and carried it to the triumphal car. By this time the prefects of the Seine and of police, the mayors of the twelve municipal districts of Paris, as well as of the rural districts, the adjoints, the conseilleurs de Prefecture, and the other civil authorities, arrived at the bridge of Neuilly, to receive the body on the limits of the department. While waiting for the departure of the *cortège* in the Avenue de Neuilly, a number of veterans of the old army, dressed in the uniform of the corps to which they had belonged, passed through the crowd, on their way to join the procession at the bridge. They were all but carried in triumph by the people! As most of them belonged to the Imperial Guard, they were saluted as they went along with cries of "Vive la Vieille Garde!" "Long live the Old Guard!" "Honor to the Emperor!" He who seemed to excite the most lively sympathy was an old chief of the squadron of Mamelukes of the Imperial Guard, attired in the rich costume of that regiment, bearing on his breast the decorations of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown. The people taking him for Roustan, the favorite Makeluke of the Emperor, treated him with the greatest respect, dividing as he walked down the avenue to let him pass, and taking off their hats. The Polish Lancers of the Guard were also loudly cheered with cries of "Vive la Pologne!" "Long live Poland!"

About eleven o'clock the *convoi* left Courbevoie: after pausing a while near the statue of Josephine, the procession commenced its march, amidst the roaring of artillery, in the following order:—

1. The Gendarmerie of the Seine with trumpets, headed by the colonel.
2. The Municipal Horse Guards with their colonel, standards, and trumpets.
3. Detachments of the 7th Lancers, commanded by their colonel, with the flags and band of the regiment.
4. Lieutenant-General Dariule, commandant of Paris, together with his staff.
5. A battalion of Infantry of the Line, with their colonel at the head, and accompanied by the band, sappers, &c.
6. The Municipal Foot Guards, with their colonel, flags, and drums.
7. Sappers and Firemen, with their lieutenant-colonel, flags, and drums.
8. Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with their lieutenant-colonel.

9. Two squadrons of the 5th Cuirassiers, flags and band, with the colonel.

10. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the division and his staff.

11. Officers of all grades employed at the War-office.

12. The Military College of St. Cyr, headed by its staff.

13. The Polytechnic School, with its staff.

14. The Ecole d'Application d'Etat-Major, with its staff.

15. A battalion of Light Infantry, with the colonel at its head.

16. Two batteries of Artillery.

17. A detachment of the 1st battalion of the Foot Chasseurs.

18. Seven companies of the Engineers, under a Chief of Battalion.

19. Four companies of non-commissioned veteran officers.

20. Two squadrons of the 5th Cuirassiers, with the colonel at the head.

21. Four squadrons of the mounted National Guards, with flags and band, commanded by their colonel.

22. Marshal Gerard, Commandant-in-Chief, General Jacqueminot, the Deputy-Commander, with their respective staffs.

23. The Second Legion of the Suburban National Guards.

24. The First Legion of the Paris National Guards.

25. Two squadrons of the Cavalry of the National Guards, headed by the lieutenant-colonel.

26. A carriage, in which sat the Almoner, the Chaplain of the expedition, and his assistants.

27. General officers of the army and Navy of the reserve, or retired list, residing in Paris, on horseback.

28. General officers and others belonging to the Royal Navy.

29. The principal band of funeral music.

30. The war-horse of Napoleon, led by grooms in the imperial livery.

31. A detachment of tweny-four non-commissioned officers, chosen from the National Guard, from the Cavalry and Artillery of the Line, and from the Municipal Guard, under the command of a captain of the General Staff of the National Guard.

32. A mourning carriage, drawn by four horses, in which was placed the Commission of St. Helena.

33. A body of thirty-three sub-officers, wearing the decorations and selected from the Foot National Guard, the Infantry of the Line, the Municipal Guard, the Sappers Firemen, under a captain of the staff of the Foot National Guard.

34. The Marshals of France.

35. Eighty-six mounted sub-officers, bearing the colours of the departments, under the command of a staff major, Corsica preceding the rest.

36. His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville and his staff.

37. The 500 sailors who accompanied the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, forming the escort, and surrounding the imperial car, in two ranks.

The Funeral Car.

38. Two marshals, an admiral, and Lieutenant-General Bertrand, on horseback, each holding a riband *d'honneur*, attached to the imperial pall.

39. The old aides de camp and civil and military officers belonging to the Emperor's household.

40. The Prefects of the Seine and of Police, the members of the General Council, the mayors of Paris, their adjoints, &c.

41. The old soldiers of the Imperial Guard in uniform, the deputation from Ajaccio, and retired military men, in uniform.

42. A squadron of the First Dragoons, the lieutenant-colonel at its head.

43. Lieutenant General Schneider, commanding the division without the walls, and his staff.

44. Field-Marshal Hequet, commanding the 4th Brigade of Infantry outside Paris.

45. A battalion of the 35th regiment of the Line, with the band and banners, headed by the colonel.

46. Two batteries of Artillery, stationed at Neuilly.

47. A battalion of the 35th regiment, with the lieutenant-colonel.

48. Field-Marshal Laucestine, commanding the brigade of the Paris Cavalry.

49. Two squadrons of the First Dragoons, with their flags and band, headed by their colonel.

The National Guards and troops of the line, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, stationed along the course of the procession, formed into line after the passage of the car, and closed the procession. No description can give an adequate idea of the enthusiasm which this ceremony excited. Everywhere on the passage of the hearse the loudest acclamations resounded. and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rent the air, particularly when it reached the triumphal arch. The Prince de Joinville was exceedingly well received, but not a cry of "Vive le Roi!" was uttered. The day passed off quietly, although several attempts were made to create confusion.

The Barriere de L'Etoile.—The Triumphal Arch.—The programme indicated that the funeral procession would make a grand halt at the Barriere de l'Etoile, beneath the imperishable monument commenced by Napoleon himself. The anxiety of the Parisians to witness this national solemnity induced them to start betimes, choking up all the approaches. It was extremely cold—the thermometer (Fahrenheit) at that moment marking 22½ degrees below zero. The road and alleys of the Champs Elysées were all alive with earnest and anxious pedestrians on their way to Courbevoie. The drums of the National Guards were beating the *rappel* in every direction. The report of cannon from the Invalides also occasionally drew attention in that direction. The most striking objects were some thirty or forty masts, about thirty feet high, from each of which floated an immense tri-coloured pennant, surmounted by black crape, each bearing the letter of one or other army of the republic, or the empire, as "The Army of the Rhine," "The Army of the Rhine and Moselle," "The Army of Italy," "The Army of Rome," "The Army of Holland," "The Grand Army;" on both faces of the arch, "The Army of the Sombre et Meuse," "The Army of Catalonia," &c. From these the eye ascended to the pediment, where men, seeming about six inches in height, were busy in completing the work which the intensity of the cold absolutely prevented the possibility of their accomplishing during the night. It was, however, completely finished by ten o'clock, A. M. displayed good taste as well as architectural proportion, was termed, "The Apotheosis of Napoleon," and consisted of a figure of the Emperor himself, in his imperial costume, supported in some degree by an eagle on each hand; beyond them Fame, on horseback proclaiming his deeds of arms. Standing under the triumphal arch, as also upon the bronze eagle which indicates that it is the centre, the sight was even at an early hour (eight o'clock) interesting. From Paris by the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg du Roule, also by that of Charles X., from Passy, Auteuil, St. Cloud, Boulogne, &c., on the other side, swarms of people of all conditions rushed towards the Avenue de Neuilly—some to be present at the removal of the Imperial remains from the steamer to the car, which shortly afterwards passed for Courbevoie, under an escort of Municipal Guards. Gradually the windows of the houses adjoining to the Rond Pont (of l'Etoile), the stages in front of or connected with them, the sloping bank on the south side of the road, the alleys and causeys, became crowded. At nine o'clock two batteries of the 4th regiment of Artillery (that in which Napoleon made his *début*) took up a position to the right of the triumphal arch (looking from Paris); immediately in succession, their drums beating *au champ*, appeared the first National Guards, appointed to figure in the procession, or line the road from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Bridge of Neuilly. For two hours the passage was incessant; the whole of that time a continuous stream of pedestrians, which ultimately became a torrent, poured in from the points mentioned. At ten o'clock a buz more than ordinarily audible—that is, sufficiently loud to drown ten thousand voices—announced the near approach of some very formidable or important body; it was "the students." Their manner and bearing showed, that if they did not court a fray, it could not come amiss to them, while their possession of a flag, of which, as well as of its bearer, they took especial care, was evidence not to be mistaken that they either set interference at defiance, or were ready to repel it. About a quarter past eleven o'clock, the cannon at Courbevoie announced the departure of the *cortege*. The procession, when it reached the triumphal arch, was headed by a detachment of gendarmes d'Elite. To these succeeded Municipal Guards, Cuirassiers, Lancers, Dragoons, Infantry, Artillery, &c.—the remains of those armies named on the streamers or oriflammes. Here were, in all their variety of uniform, the soldiers of Hoche and Marceau, of Moreau, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Lannés, Kilmaine, Davoust, Ney, Berthier, Lasalle, Murat, Bernadotte, Bessières, Kleber, Kellerman, &c. All "arms" were represented—the Imperial Guard, Horse Grenadiers, Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars, Chasseurs, Grenadiers, Fusileers, Chasseurs *à pied*, Pontoneers, Marines, Guides, and even Mamelukes. Many of these veterans had, in addition to scars and cicatrices, other strong personal claims to popular interest.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—So early as eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Champs Elysées presented an animated appearance. The National Guard began to arrive at nine o'clock, and the battalions were observed to be more complete than on any occasion of their assembling since the revolution of 1830. Marshal Gerard, attended by a numerous and brilliant staff, passed through in the direction of Neuilly, to take his station in the procession. Besides a number of columns which had been erected on either side of the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, between the obelisk of Luxor and the Barrière de l'Etoile, and which were tastefully decorated with wreaths of laurel, *immortelles*, and tri-coloured flags, large vases placed on pedestals in imitation of marble were filled with inflammable matter, which was ignited shortly before the procession arrived, and emitted a thick smoke with intermitting flame, that had a solemn effect.

About a quarter past twelve o'clock the procession, which was opened by a squadron of Cuirassiers, made its appearance in the Champs Elysées, and moved slowly forward, halting at intervals. The anxiety of the multitude was excited to the highest pitch, but when the funeral car appeared, it is impossible to describe the approbation of the beholders. Shouts of admiration spread through all ranks; some few raised their hats and cried, "Vive l'Empereur," but the majority seemed to have reserved all their applause for the car itself, which fully equalled in splendour any thing of the kind which has been seen, in modern times : it was indeed a unique specimen of funeral pomp; every effort was made to keep it in view as long as possible.

An undefined feeling that some attempt would be made to disturb the order of the procession, was not only prevalent with the people, but, judging by the precaution used, would seem to have influenced the government. The terrace of the Tuileries gardens was occupied by a strong body of troops, where they remained under arms until the pageant had quietly passed the bridge leading to the Chamber of Deputies. This alarm, however, would appear to have been groundless—the populace, far from making any revolutionary display, seemed bent to enjoy the passing scene in its fullest extent; thus, although the return of an immense multitude from Neuilly pressed sorely upon those who had taken their stations in the *Champs Elysées*, yet the whole went off with extreme good humour—not a single accident occurred, while it was subject of common observation that this was the first procession in honour of mortal remains that satisfied all parties. The Prince de Joinville, with the crew of the Bellepoule, attracted general notice, while the eighty-six eagles, which represented the various departments of the kingdom, carried before the funeral car, added greatly to the splendour of the day, and excited universal commendation. The Cuirassiers, the troops of the line, as well as the corps of Engineers, appeared to have been selected with great care : they were composed of smart, soldier-like looking men, and attracted the favorable notice of the whole vast assembled multitude.

Place de la Concorde.—At an early hour in the morning all the terraces of the Tuileries facing this square were thronged by those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets and had sufficient patience with courage to stand out several hours of intense cold. The balconies of the Hotel of the Minister of Marine as also of the Garde Meuble were densely occupied by privileged spectators. On looking across the Place de la Concorde, from the Rue Royale, the eye became fixed upon the Bridge, on which the decorative talents of the committee seemed to have been principally lavished, with the view to render it one of the most conspicuous objects in this memorable ceremony. Two noble lofty columns at each end, surmounted by gilded eagles, and decorated with rich silk tri-coloured flags, eight colossal statues lately erected on each side, among which was one of War, exactly in front of that representing Prudence, a profusion of tri-coloured banners, a double file of National Guards, troops of the line, and municipal cavalry, the newly-finished façade of the Chamber of Deputies at the further end, with the splendid statue of Immortality on a pedestal in front—all combined to render the *coup d'œil* truly admirable. From this spot to the avenue leading up to the Invalides an immense concourse of people had assembled during the morning. A large *estrade*, tastefully fitted up, was erected in the garden of the Palais Bourbon, which was solely appropriated to those who had tickets from the President of the Chamber of Deputies. It was expected, and confidently asserted, that the procession would reach the Place de la Concorde by ten o'clock, as his Majesty Louis Philippe (according to the official announcement) was to arrive at the Invalides precisely at eleven. It was, however, a quarter past one before it made its appearance at the former spot, and the spectators had full time to exercise their patience under the influence of a temperature as cold as that experienced at the funeral of the Duke of York. In the interval, the natural buoyancy of the

French character, and their love of fêtes kept hope alive: they therefore managed to kill the time as agreeably as possible. Some derived amusement from the breaking down of over-loaded benches and rickety chairs, others from the dislodgment of boys and adults from young and old trees, and others from the administration of a *petit verre* of brandy or other cordial from the numerous ambulatory fountains of refreshment, whose harvest must have been considerable on this occasion. At last the long wished-for moment arrived: the approach of the head of the procession was announced by the beating of drums, solemn funeral music, and the appearance of a detachment of Cuirassiers at the entrance to the square from whence the splendid *cortège* moved slowly on in the order above described, passing through a double file of National Guards and soldiers of the line, winding round at the near side of the obelisk, and continuing its course in a straight direction across the Bridge de la Concorde to the Palais Bourbon, and

The Hotel Des Invalides.—The programme of the grand ceremonies of the day, as put forth by the government, announced that the peers, deputies, &c., were expected to be in the places allotted for them in the interior of the *Invalides*, by eleven o'clock in the forenoon, as also that private personages, munificently supplied with tickets, were not to be later than ten. On entering the great court of the hotel, the *coup d'œil* was really superb. An amphitheatre of steps descended to the ground from the gallery, which was hung round with black trappings. The capacious porch at the entrance of the beautiful chapel was admirably painted with columns and archways that had a very pleasing effect. To give space for the occasion, the great altar that separates the nave from the dome was removed; thus, from the entrance to the farthest extremity the view was uninterrupted, and presented a very noble opening; the archways were covered with garlands; between each of these were suspended festoons, on which were represented trophies, shields, laurel-crowns, and enwreathing swords; along the whole length of the nave were placed gilt carved candelabra, that emitted red, blue, and white flame, which communicated a very animating appearance to the whole. On both sides, the archways, as well above as below, were filled with tribunes, for the accommodation of the audience, handsomely decorated with black velvet draperies, studded with Napoleonic emblems. The space beneath the dome, arranged as an illuminated chapel, presented one blaze of dazzling light, that issued from the thousand and tens of thousands of wax tapers which either hung in clusters or lined the walls. In the centre was erected the *catafalque* for the reception of the coffin: beside this, rising tier above tier, were seats tastefully covered with black drapery destined for the use of the great officers of state, the members of the two chambers, as also the royal family. The scenic effect of the chapel with its splendid vista, taken as a whole, was one of imposing grandeur, especially when the archways in the nave and the seats in the dome became thronged with spectators all habited in mourning attire. These included the ministers, the representatives of the people, the different state authorities, the field-marshals and superior officers of the army, with their respective staffs, the various deputations from the courts of justice, the *employés* of the thousand and one inferior departments of the public service; in short, it would seem all that France contained of the brilliant, either in uniform or costume, were there assembled: these were still more crowded at a later period of the day with the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, soldiers and sailors, who had formed part of the escort. The discharge of cannon had again and again warned those assembled within the chapel that the body was near at hand, when at length the entrance of the sailors who had borne the coffin from the car, the arrival of the decorated non-commissioned officers of the National Guard and of the line, of all that survived of the Old Guard, with the deputation of Polish officers who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, who had also joined the procession, to accompany the remains of their great master to his last home in France, proclaimed that the body of the late Emperor had reached the inner court. The archbishop, with his gorgeous train of clergy, went forward to meet the coffin, and perform the rites of absolution at the entrance of the church; after which the funeral cortége entered, headed by the numerous priests. The Prince de Joinville, who from the first had charge of the body, and who now accompanied it to its final destination, walked immediately before it. The King Louis Philippe was announced—the Prince then addressed him, saying, "Sire, I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon." The King, elevating his voice, replied, "I receive it in the name of France." General Athalin, who carried the Emperor's sword upon a cushion, gave it to Field-marshal Soult, who handed it to the King. His majesty then, turning to General Bertrand, said, "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the defunct Emperor upon his coffin," which command having been complied with, it was advanced, borne upon the shoulders of thirty-two non-commissioned officers appointed for that purpose—General Bertrand taking his station in front, while field-marshals occupied each corner, holding up the funeral pall, surmounted with the imperial crown. A mass of military men lined one side of the dome as the coffin was slowly carried up the steps that led to it from the nave. The old Invalides marched in the first rank; in a few minutes more it was raised upon the *catafalque* that occupied the middle of the dome, and the mortal remains of Napoleon reposed where it was his last wish they should be deposited—in that place worthy of France's greatest general,—among the veterans of the *Invalides.* Mass then began. Mozart's *Requiem* was admirably performed. The voices of Lablache, Tamburini, Duprez, Marie, Grisi, Persiani, Dorus Gras, Stolz, Bercollet, with other celebrated singers, made the music tell delightfully. At the conclusion, sacred water was sprinkled upon the *catafalque* by the archbishop, who then handed it to some of the field-marshals and elder officers to go through the same rite, according to the observances of the Catholic funeral service. Thus ended a ceremony which, for the interest inspired by the occasion, for the extraordinary congregation of men whose actions for good or for evil have been celebrated throughout the world, as well as for its own intrinsic splendour, will probably long remain without a rival, in modern ages at least: because, however magnificent, however expensive the tribute paid by the French nation to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, it bears no comparison with the costly pomp of the funeral obsequies bestowed by Alexander the Great upon the mortal remains of his bosom friend and almost inseparable companion, Hephæstion, who died at Babylon three hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era, the expense of which is said to have been twelve thousand talents, or something more than one million eight hundred thousand pounds of our money: to say nothing of the stately sepulchre that Artemisia, Queen of Caria, caused to be reared at Halicarnassus, the metropolitan city, as the resting-place for the remains of her departed husband, Mausolus, who was also her brother, whose decease happened towards the end of the hundred and sixth Olympiad, about twenty-six years antecedent to that of Hephæstion, or three hundred and fifty-one years before Christ—an erection so sumptuous that it was ranked among the seven wonders of the world, from which time all splendid tombs have been called "mausoleums." This noble monument of affectionate regard, with an elevation of thirty-five cubits, was constructed entirely of marble, supported by thirty-six curiously wrought columns.

On mature consideration, it cannot fail to strike all reflecting minds that if these posthumous honours have been worthily bestowed, then was the object of them most unworthily treated; because, whatever may have warranted their bestowal, must have occurred previous to his exile: the whole, therefore, resolves itself into a question of desert or non-desert.

If Napoleon deserved them, what shall be said for the conduct of the allied sovereigns?—what will become either of their humanity or their justice?—can they possibly be screened from the reproach of having exercised great cruelty?

If he did not deserve them, how can it be reconciled with moral courage? how can it quadrate with integrity, that two of the most influential nations on the face of the earth should have lent themselves to countenance such a dishonourable course as would be evinced by so gross a violation of truth?

For Louis Philippe, indeed, as far as he is concerned, something may be said: being himself, like Napoleon, not a sovereign by hereditary right, but one who occupies a throne by popular election, he may have had misgivings, lest he might be reduced to experience a similar fate, and may therefore have been extremely anxious to bring so unpalatable a precedent into as much discredit as possible.

Thus, at length, after the lapse of nearly nineteen years, the French people have, as he often predicted they would, recalled to their soil the ashes of a hero to whose transcendant genius and almost unparalleled activity, they are indebted for that martial fame which they so eagerly covet, and to which they are so thoroughly devoted. The splendid dome of the *Invalides* at Paris now canopies the earthly remains of a warrior whose renown, if it be measured by the brilliancy of his exploits on the field of battle, will be found to be still more splendid than his present mausoleum.

Napoleon's government was spread over a space of sixteen years. His sway, brief as it was, endured sufficiently long to give both permanency and breadth to the French revolution—to impress on Europe at large the most lasting as well as important traces of his empire—to effectually break down those barriers to improvement, custom, and prejudice—to destroy the offensive privileges of caste, leaving but slender chance that the increasing intelligence of the French population will ever allow them to be revived, —in fact, to revolutionize the spirit of the continent. However short the period of his rule, it will be found to have continued still longer than either the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar or the reign of Alexander the Great, two personages who occupy very prominent positions in the pages of history. It exceeded that of the latter by four years, that of the former by nine years. The Macedonian, who was himself a compound of vices and virtues, certainly conquered the gigantic forces of Darius, comprising six hundred thousand men; but then this immense army was composed of effeminate undisciplined Persians, more remarkable for their opulence and luxurious habits than distinguished for their courageous prowess in the field. The Roman carried his well-practised legions into barbarous countries, whose hordes, but little versed in the art of war, fell an easy prey to his assaults.

The Emperor Napoleon, on the contrary, fought against not less formidable numbers, but who were men in the highest state of discipline—veterans accustomed to the use of arms, conversant with battles and sieges: nevertheless, he conquered the most civilized nations of Europe—nations whose troops were led on by generals of consummate ability. In detailing the great actions of each of these eminent disciples of Mars, the palm of victory must most unquestionably be yielded to the French commander, who, with all his ferocity, displayed more of the milk of human kindness than either of the other two.

Although the character of a warrior ought never to be put in competition with that of a disciple of moral courage, yet common justice demands that the immunities derived by the world at large from the career of Napoleon Bonaparte should not be under-rated. The political condition of several European communities has, without question, been considerably ameliorated. His unruly ambition gave impetus to a spirit of inquiry that threw into strong light the noxious miseries of war, as contrasted with the healthful pleasures of peace. Nations, hitherto always at enmity, laid aside their animosities, and began to seek advantages in the latter which they found it vain to expect from the former. Thus, combination to resist domination superseded those angry jealousies which had only produced weakness. At the eleventh hour it was found that union is strength, that power is the sure consequence of amicable association. Friendly intercourse, therefore, succeeded to hostile defiance. The result has been favourable to the advance of freedom by the establishment of more rational institutions in Spain and Portugal: France herself has greatly benefited: above all, to come nearer home, it has been the cause of protracted peace between England and her continental neighbours, which, as compared with former times, augurs propitiously for the future, while it has given the spur to her people to agitate—not without chance of success—the great questions of liberty of conscience, and extended suffrage, to bring under popular review the right of the taxed to participate in the appropriation of the taxes. In truth, it may be said that previous to his time the people were considered by most of their respective governments as nothing—as mere *canaille*,—but at last these rulers felt the necessity to follow his example, and in their utmost need, like him, were not backward to appeal to the population for that assistance they found they so much wanted.

If Napoleon Bonaparte had numerous failings, he had also many, very many redeeming qualities; in him good and evil would appear to have been closely interwoven, at the same time to maintain a continued struggle for ascendancy; his weft and his warp most assuredly were not of the same texture; most decidedly they were not homogeneous. If, however, he committed great errors, as a counterpoise, he achieved mighty projects. To him, therefore, the words of our immortal Shakspeare may not inaptly be applied:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

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